

Digitized by the Internet Archive in 2010





A COMPLETE

WORD AND PHRASE

CONCORDANCE

TO THE

POEMS AND SONGS

ΟF

ROBERT BURNS.



A Complete

Word and Phrase

Concordance

to the

Poems and Songs

of

Robert Burns

Incorporating a Glossary of Scotch Words, With Notes, Index, and Appendix of Readings.

Compiled and Edited by

J. B. Reid, M.A. & CHORAWN
MINONS COLLEGE
LIRRARY



Glasgow

Kerr & Richardson, 89 Queen Street.

[All rights reserved.]

PRINTED BY ROBERT ANDERSON, 22 ANN STREET, GLASGOW.

PROBLEGO EMONINES MOTEOR

PREFACE.

HAKSPEARE has his Concordance; lesser poets, such as Tennyson and Cowper, have theirs—why not Burns, the National Poet of Scotland? It may be said that Burns is not a voluminous writer; yet there are no fewer than six hundred distinct pieces in his "Poems and Songs;"

and the difficulty of verifying a quotation, finding a phrase, a happy expression, or the exact words of a passage, is further augmented by the hopeless character of the Index to any "Edition" that may be possessed. But, apart from the question of utility, a genius like Burns—wielding with unrivalled power what Ruskin characterises as "the sweetest, richest, subtlest, most musical of all the living dialects of Europe"—is a writer whose every word is deserving of study.

This Concordance claims to be not only a complete Verbal but also a complete Phrase Concordance*—the first instance in which this combination has been attempted. In view of the fact that no poet, except Shakspeare, is more quotable than Burns, the aim has been to give every quotation in sufficient fulness to serve the purpose of the literary man, the public speaker, or the conversationalist. This fulness of the quotations also makes it easy to determine from the context the various shades of meaning in The Text adopted is that of the First Editions, which any word may be used. edited by the Poet himself. Alterations and additions made by the Poet's own hand are embodied in the Work, and explained in an Appendix to which references are given. It has been too much the practice of Editors to improve upon Burns. They have, evidently, been unable to rid themselves of the idea that, although Burns was a genius, he was also a ploughman, and therefore deficient in critical perception. The "Titles" and "First Lines" of the Poems and Songs are given in as extended a form as the exigences of space would permit. They are those with which the Poet headed his pieces; in a few instances only, such popular titles as "My Nannie's Awa," "Wandering Willie," "Tam Glen," etc., have been preferred. The Glossary will be useful to those Scotsmen whose acquaintance with their native tongue has become vague and shadowy, as well as to those who are ignorant of the Scottish language; and, as incorporated, will save some trouble.

This Concordance—done in intervals of other duties during several years past—has been a growing pleasure; that it may add another stone to the cairn which many successive hands have reared in love of ROBERT BURNS is the humble ambition of

THE EDITOR.

^{*} The Concordance contains over 11,400 words, and 52,000 quotations.



EXPLANATIONS AND ABBREVIATIONS.

A complete Index, arranged in Alphabetic order, of all the "Titles" and "First Lines" used in the Concordance, is appended to the Work. "Titles" and "First Lines" not used in the Concordance are also given along with the above; where these occur the lines are slightly indented.

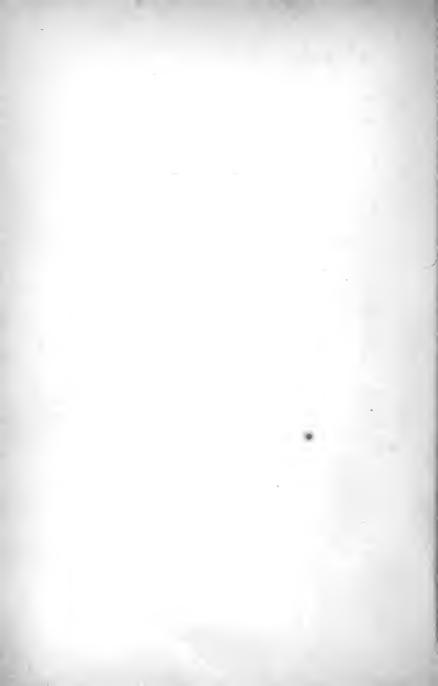
An English numeral after a "Title" or "First Line" indicates the verse, stanza, or division of the poem or song in which the quotation occurs.

Brackets [] enclose any explanatory word or words of the Editor. Words within parentheses () are the Poet's own.

A quotation beginning without a capital letter means that it does not begin with the first word of the line, but shows where the quotation has been cut out. The pointing of the Poet has been preserved at the end of every quotation; and the capitals which occur in the Poet's text retained.

+ indicates that the words which stand before it are a first line or part of a first line.

Add.			Address.	Lns Lines.
adj			adjective.	P., or P.S Postscript.
adv.			adverb.	fres present tense of the verb.
Ans.			Answer.	fret preterite of the verb.
Ded.			Dedication.	pp perfect participle of the verb.
D			Duan.	R Recitativo.
dim.			diminutive.	[re.] indicates that the word is repeated in
E1			Elegy.	the poem or song, in the same or a similar line, or in a similar connection; or, that
Ep			Epistle.	the word, if a proper name, occurs again
Epig.			Epigram.	in the same piece.
Epit.			Epitaph.	S Song.
Extem.			Extempore.	s substantive.
fr			from.	Sp Spoke, Spoken.
Frag.			Fragment.	V., V.s Verse, Verses.
Ib			in the same place.	τ See.
inser.			inscribed.	[v.A.1, &c.] See Appendix, under heading 1, &c.
lit			Literally.	Wr Written.



CONCORDANCE

TO THE

POEMS AND SONGS

OF

ROBERT BURNS.

A. First enter'd A. a grave, broad, solemn wight, The Vowels.	But still, but still, I like them dearly— God bless them a'! . Ep. to Major Logan. q.
A' [all]. bonie blossoms a',	But here we're a' in ae accord,
God bless you a'!	For ilka man that's drunk's a lord S. Gane is the day t
Amang his en'mies a', man	An' ye drink it a' ye'll find him out
Nae mercy had at a', man;	An' warly cares, an' warly men,
'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!'	May a gae tapsalteerie, O! . S. Green grow the rashes.
	We're a' noddin, nid nid noddin. S. Gudeen to you, kimmert
till they a' did wauble, Far, far behin'! A Guid New-year † 7.	How's a' wi' you, Kimmer,
My Pleugh is now thy bairntime a'; 1b. 15.	Are they a' Johnny's?
They lay aside a' tender mercies, . Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	Their stocks maun a' be sought ance; Halloween. 4.
But smash them! crash them a' to spails!	They roar an' cry a' throw'ther; 1b. 5.
My funny toil is now a' tint, Add. to Illegit. Child.	For it was a' but nonsense:
Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee,	An' ran thro' midden hole an' a',
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin; , Add. to the Deil. 4.	Set a' their gabs a steerin ;
3	And a' the hills wi' echoes roar, . S. Highland Laddie.
Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse	Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell, A' for thy glory, . Holy Willie's Prayer.
thou hell o' a' diseases, Add. to Toothache.	A burnin' an' a shinin' light. To a' this place 1b.
	A' my flowery bliss (lestroy'd
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal A towmond's Tooth-Ache!	I've been her darling a' my days S. I'm o'er young t
Tho' a' my daily care thou art,	Now a' is done that men can do,
And a' my nightly dream, S4h, Chloris†	And a is done in vain S. It was a for our
Ye gallants braw, I rede ye a', S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne	Love to love mak's a' the sport. S. Jockey fou, and Jenny t
When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,	Weel may we a' be! S. Landlady count †
I clasp my countless treasure, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet	Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,
How's a' the folk about Gl-nc-r; Auld comrade dear t	Will ever mend her, . Letter to J. Goudie,
God bless them a' wi' grace an' gear 1b.	Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
My riches a's my penny-fee, S. Behind you hills t	And the earth conceals sae lowly: I wad turn my hack on you and it a', S. My Collier Laddie.
My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O	But her tenpund lands o' tocher gude
Aboon them a' I loo him better; S. Braw lads on Yar. braest	Were a' the charms his Lordship lo'ed.
And a' the day to sit in dool, S. Ca' the ewes.	S. My Lord a-hunting †
She draigl't a' her petticoatie Comin' thro' the rye S. Comin' thro' the rye †	We're a' dry wi' drinking o't, S. My love she's but
Oh Jenny's a' weet, poor body	But Mary she is a' my ain, S. Now bank and bract
But a' the lads they lo'e me, and what the waur am 1 Ib.	The merry birds are lovers a S. Now rosy May t
A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a';	I sigh'd, and said amang them a', Ye are na Mary Morison. S. O Mary, at thy window t
S. Contented wi' little †	May a' that's gude watch o'er them: S. O may thy morn!
To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r, I set mysel, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.	It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
	It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;
Bonie was the Lammas moon, Glowrin' a' the hills aboon,	S. O meikle thinks my love t
We freely wad exchang'd the wife,	An' kissin' my Katie when a' was done.
An' a' been weel content Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	S. O merry hae I been †
And a' your views may come to nought,	()' a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer, An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing; 16.
Ep. to Young Friend. 2.	An exile frae her father's ha',
	And a' for loving thee; S. O mirk, mirkt
Dat Cell I I illustration in the cell	My thoughts are a' bound up in ane S. O Phely †
Debar a' side-pretences;	Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
There's a' the pleasures o' the heart, , 1b. 8.	An' twere na for my Jeame S. O poortith cauld t
It heats me, it beets me,	Its pride, and a' the lave o't:
And sets me a' on flame!	To steel a blink by a unseen : S. O this is no my aint
Wi' a' this care and a' this grief, Ep. to H. Parker.	A' for a penny fee, jo? S. O wat ye what my t I'd feast on beauty a' the night; . S. O were my love yout
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 3.	
It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,	Thy bield should be my bosom, To share it a', to share it a'. S. O wert thou in the t
A' to the life	And syne deny'd she did it at a'. S. O when she cam' ben't
May fireside discords jar a base	And kissit, a Collier lassie an a'?
To a' their parts! . Ep. to Major Logan. 7.	

A' [all]. O never look down, my lassie, at a', S. O when she cam' ben'	But why should ae man better fare.
And a' my tears be tears of joy, When he comes hame that's far awa'.	And a' men brithers! To Dr. Blacklock. An' if a Devil be at a'.
S. Oh, how can I be blythe †	In faith he's sure to get him To Gav. Hamilton. This life, sae far's I understand,
The Muse was a' that he took pride in. On Scot. Bard gone to W. Indies.	Is a' enchanted fairy land,
His faults they a' in Latin lay, . On Mr. Cruickshanks.	Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks, To Miss Ferrier. I'll cock my nose aboon them a', To Mr. M'Adam.
Ye'se a' be het or I come back On Kirk of Lamington.	I'll cock my nose aboon them a', To Mr. M'Adam. He was a dictionar and grammar
If there's a hole in a' your coats, I rede you tent it: On Grose's Percgrinations.	Amang them a';
I rede you tent it: On Grose's Percgrinations. Abjuring a intentions evil, I quat my pen: Poem on Life.	Till echoes a' resound again
They carry the gree frae them a', man. S. Ronalds of Bennals.	Her weel-sung praise To 11. Simpson. 6
And a conduct that beautifies a', man	O Nature! a' thy shews and forms To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms! 1b. 14.
My stomach's as proud as them a', man	Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a. S. True-hearted was he †
And wish them in hell for it a', man	S. True-hearted was he t
And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,	in some sma points, aitho not a: 1.s to 1. Kanken.
She says she lo'es me best of a' S. Sae flaxen were to Of n' the thoughtless sons o' man.	The breaking of ae point, tho' sma', Breaks a' thegither.
Commen' me to the Bardie clan; . Second Ep. to Davic.	To please us a', I've just ae ither
But a' the pride of Spring's return	I never can please him, do a' that I can;
Can yield me nought but sorrow. S. Sweet fa's the cvc	S. What can a young lassie †
To anger them a' is a pity,	I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet, . S. When first I saw t
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious! Tam o' Shanter. 6.	For a' that, and a' that,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl	And twice as meikle's a' that, S. Women's minds. She'll be my nin for a' that. 1b.
A' plump and strapping in their teens, 1b. 13. Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches) 1b. 15.	She'll be my nin for a' that
	When in his arms he taks me a': . S. Young Jockey
tell your crack Before them a'.	A-back. The third, that gaed a wee a-back, The Holy Fair. 2.
'Na, waur than a'! 'cries ilka chiel. Tam Samson's El. 1. tell your crack Before them a'. The Author's cry and prayer. 6. An' strive, wi' a' your wit an lear. 16. 18	O would they stay aback frae courts, . The Twa Dogs. 26.
	Abandon'd, a hope-abandon'd wight,
But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'. The Belles of Mauchline.	Unfitted with an aim, . Despondency, an Ode. 2.
Oh wha wad leave this humble state	She sunk abandon'd to the wildest woe. On Death of R. Dundas.
For a' the pride of a' the great? S. The Contented Cottager.	Abash'd. Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid?
He ca't the girrs out o'er us a'; S. The Cooper o' Cuddy t	Ep. to R. Graham, s.
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care heguile. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	ABC. 'Their Latin names as fast he rattles As ABC.' . Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile. [v. A. 5] Ib.	Sir Abece the great, In all his pedagogic powers elate,
For a' that, and a' that, [re.] The Election Ballads, II.	The Vowels.
The tongue o' the trump to them a';	Abel. The knife that nicket Abel's craig On Grose's Peregrinations.
Quoth I, 'With a' my heart, I'll do't;' . The Holy Fair, 6.	Aberfeldy. the hirks of Aherfeldy [re.]. S. Eonie lassie will ye go
For a' the real judges rise,	Abhor. Tho' some there be abhor him: S. Come boat me o'er.
Are a' clean out o' season	O Thou whom Poetry abhors, Epig. on E.'s Martial.
Till a' the hills are rairan,	Abhorr'd. thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd, . To Ruin.
They're a' in famous tune For crack	Abhorrent. Scenes so abhorrent to my heart! Sent to Gent. offended.
He swoor by a' was swearing worth	Abhorring. Wi wh-re-abhorring rigour; The Ordination. 4.
The Yolly Beggars, R. VI.	Abide. The deil would ne'er abide her. S. The Joyful Widower.
I've wife eneugh for a' that. [re.]	Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
Up and waur them a', Jamie, S. The Laddies by † The bride wint to bed wi' the silly bridegroom,	S. 'Twas na her bonie blue e'e † Abiegh [at a shy distance].
In the initiat o her kinimers a . The last braze bridal	Towns-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh, A Guid New Year \$ 8.
Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a' The Ordination.	Gart poor Duncan stand abiegh; . S. Duncan Grav t
Then up wi't a', my ploughman lad, S. The Ploughman.	Abject. poor, o'erlabour'd wight.
I kent her heart was a' my ain; S. The Rigs o' Barley. That happy night was worth them a', Ib.	So abject, mean, and vile, . Man was made to Mourn.
	Abjuring. Abjuring n' intentions evil, I quat my pen: Poem on Life.
gin the truth were a' but kent, The Ruined Maid's Lament. The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a', S. The Taylor fell †	Abjuring their democrat doings, The Election Ballads. III.
S. The Taylor fell †	Able. And sev'n braw fellows, stont an' able, To serve their King an' Country weel,
Cut aff his head and a', man. The Tree of Liberty. She sang a sang o' liberty,	A Ded. to G. H. 14.
Which pleased them ane and a', man	As able—and as wicked as the Devil Scots Prologue.
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble! . The Twa Dogs. 13	By which heroic Tam was able To note Tam o' Shanter. 11.
But human bodies are sic fools.	No tongue then was able their joy to express. The Poor Thresher.
For a' their colledges an' schools,	I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able.
And a' that she has made o' that.	S. Tho' fickle Fortune †
Is an poor pund o' tow	Ablins v. Aiblins.
He'll be a credit 'till us a', We'll n' be proud o' Robin S. There was a lad t	Ablution, Strong ale was ablution, Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.
And his hair has a natural buckle and a'. S. There's a youth	Aboard. Then heave aboard your grapple airn, A Dream. 13.
The Pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'	Abode. Seeks Science in her coy abode. Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
But th' laddie's dear sel he loe's dearest of a'	Taks up its last abode : Epit. on Holy Willie.
Aboon them a 'ye tak your place, To a Haggis.	Learning and Worth in equal measures trode, From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode:
An' set your beauties a' abread! To a Louse. For a' his meal and a' his maut, S. To daunton me.	From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode: The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
For a' his meal and a' his maut, S. To daunton me.	For their abode they chuse it; . S. The noble Maxwells †

For Comedy abroad he need na toil, . Scots Prologue. Abode. Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode? Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep,

Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Why am I loth t As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in. . Tam o' Shanter. 7. That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad : The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19. Aboon [above, up]. a wee bit heap Aboon the timmer; Whistling his [Combustion's] roaring pack abroad,

The Election Ballads, VI. A Guid New Yeart 13. "Yon wee white Cot aboon the Mill, . As on the banks + Nor from the seat of scornful Pride . The 1st Psalm. Casts forth his eyes abroad, Aboon them a' I loe him better: S. Braw lads on Yar. braes t . The Twa Does. I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee, S. Braw lads of G. water. But whalpet some place far abroad, As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad, . . The Holy Fair. 2. Bonie was the Lammas moon, - -Absence. Can all the wealth of India's coast, Glowrin a' the hills aboon, S. Duncan Grav. Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 3. Atone for years in absence lost ? S. Slow spreads the gloom t And screw your temper-pins aboon Ep. to Major Logan. 4. Sae sad was 1. In absence o' my dearie. S. The tither morn t . Halloween. 5. coziely, aboon the door, . . . Absent. When absent from my sailor lad? My pains o' hell on earth are past,
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
S. O ay my wife she dang. S. How can my poor heart t And oh, her widow'd heart is sair. Gude ale keeps my heart aboon [re.] . . O gude ale comes t That's absent frae her dearie. S. How lang and dreary t Within yon chariot gilt aboon. , S, O Mally's meek. The absent lover, minor heir. The powers aboon will tent thee, S. O saw ye bonic Lesley t In vain assail him with their prayer, Sketch. New-Yr's Day. On Willie Chalmers. May powers aboon unite you soon, But hear their absent thoughts o' ither, The Twa Dogs. 33. His heart will never get aboon! . . Poor Mailie's El. Absolute. I find that contentment's an absolute feast The Poor Thresher. And near the thorn, aboon the well. Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. Tam o' Shanter, 10. Absolutely. For absolutely in my breast She reigns without control. S. Handsome Nell. A' ve douce folk I've borne aboon the bro The Brigs of Ayr. 9. Absorbent. Their hearts, no selfish stern absorbent stuff, though his brow be beld aboon. . S. The cardin' o't. Ep. to R. Graham, 5. Aboon distress, below envy. . S. The contented Cottager. Abstraction. But truce with abstraction, and truce with a muse. Aboon the plain sae rashy, O. S. The Highland Lassie. Fragment, inser. to Fox. But an honest man's aboon his might Abuse. Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse, On Young-Guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse; Add. to the Deil. 11. S. The honest man the best. the kebars sheuk, Aboon the chorus roar The Jolly Beggars. R. II. And even th' abuse of poesy abused! Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria. It raises man aboon the brute. The Tree of Liberty. Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd;
The Bries of Avr. 10. But ay a heart aboon them a' [misfortunes]: Abuse, to. Abuse a Brother to his back; A Ded. to G. H. S. . To a Haggis. Aboon them a' ye tak your place, . Though I mann own, as monie still, To J. S. And ev'ry star that blinks aboon, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 10. As far abuse me. I'll cock my nose aboon them a'. . To Mr. M'Adam. Abused, -'d, -'t. Which I in just proportion have abused, Tragic Frag. Ramsay an' famous Ferguson Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon: . To W. Simbson. Till aft his guidness is abus'd; A Ded. to G. H. 5. . S. Women's Minds. But there is ane aboon the lave, . The Jolly Beggars. S. iii. I, ance, was abus'd i' the kirk,. Abortion. From mildews of abortion; . . Nature's Law. mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sae abus't him. To Rev. J. M. Math. Abound. And still the more and more they drank, John Barleycorn. Abusin'. Abusin' me for harsh ill nature On holy men.

Third Ep. to J. Lap. Their joy did more abound. About. At length we had a hearty yokin. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 2. At sang about. . Accent. But, Delia, more delightful still But Rab slips out, an' jinks about, Halloween. 6. . Delia, an Ode. Steal thine accents on mine ear. I vow and swear, I dinna care, With accents wild and lifted arms she cried; On Death of Sir J. Blair. How lang ye look about ye. . S. Here's to thy health t 'Those accents, grateful to thy tongue, The Vision, D. ii. 16. Above. Who would set the Mob above the throne, S. Does haughty Gault Accept. Will Ye accept a Compliment, Above the world on wings of love I rise, In vain rold Prudence + A simple Bardie gies Ye? 4 Dream, o. "Accept this tribute from the Bard. Lament for Glencairn. O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above! O thou dread Pow'rt New Psalmody. Now hear our pray'r, accept our song, . While joys above my mind can move. S. The day returns t Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere, Once fondly lov'd+ Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above, The farewell to St. J.'s L. The oft-attested Powers above; . The Lament. 3. But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard, The off-attested rowers above,

And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,

S. The Posie. Poet. Add. to Tytler. Scotch Drink. 18 Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks! Abram. Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane? Accept the gift; the humble he who gives, To Miss Graham. S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. Grose t God won't accept your thanks for murther! V. on Nat. Thanks. How Abram was the Friend of God on high; Accept the gift a friend sincere Wad on thy worth be pressin'; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. 1's under Grief. When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram ; Acclaim. by a generous Public's kind acclaim, The Jolly Beggars, S. i. Prologue, sp. by Woods. Abread [abroad, in sight]. Accomplish'd. that which laid th' accomplish'd Eurnet low. An' set your beauties a' abread ! To a Louse. El. on late Miss Burnet. A-breaking. My heart is a-breaking, dear titty,
S. Tam Glen. Accord. But here we're a' in ae accord. S. Gane is the day t Accord, to. Abreed (in breadth). To you [wastes, cliffs] I fly, ye with my soul accord.

El. on late Miss Burnet. An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket, A Guid New Year 12. A-brewing. To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing;

The Kirk's Alarm. Accorded. For boons accorded, goodness ever new, To R. Graham. But, G-d-sake! let nae saving-fit Abridge. Account. Lord, to account who dares Thee call, Abridge your bonie Barges An' Boats this day. On Com. Goldie's brains. A Dream. 7. Abroad. Look abroad through Nature's range,
S. Let not woman't And call the trembling vowels to account. . The Vowels. Accustom'd. They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight.
The view o't gies them little fright.
The Twa Dogs. 15 Tho', by the bye, abroad why will you roam? Prologue, at Th., D.

Ace. Till the Diamond's Ace. of Indian race,	Add. Will time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,
Led him a sair faux pas, man: . A Fragment. 7. The ace an' wale of honest men; . Auld comrade dear †	Add to our date one minute more? Sketch, New-Yr's Day.
But tent me, Davie, Ace o' Hearts! . Ep. to Davie. 8.	Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair! . Blest be M'Murdo t
A-chasing. My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer; S. My heart's in the Highlands †	But to my heart I'll add my hand, . S. Where Cart rins † Added. And ev'ry time has added proofs,
Ache. But for their sake my heart doth ache, S. The sun he is sunk †	That man was made to mourn. Man was made to Mourn. 3.
Achieve. feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em. Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	This sting is added—" Blame thy foolish self!" **Remorse, a Frag.** Address - The feet blanches of the self-self-self-self-self-self-self-self-
Aching. Well thou knowst my aching heart, S. Can'st thou leave me thus t	Address. The frank address, the soft caress, O leave novels† The frank address, and politesse. Are all finesse. 1b.
In naked feeling, and in aching pride, . To R.G. of F. 3. Achmacalla. 'That liv'd in Achmacalla: IIalloween, 10.	Address, to. She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light, And handsomely address ye. The Tarbolton Lasses.
Acquaint. 'He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan, Death and Dr. Hornbook, 14.	Address'd, -st. When thus the Caird address'd her The Jolly Beggars, R. VI.
when we were first acquaint. S. John Anderson, my jo† Acquaintance. An next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy.	That some kind husband had addrest. To some sweet wife: Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 3.
Of lordly acquaintance you boast, On empty Fellow. Should auld acquaintance be forgot.	Adieu. Adieu, my Liege!
S. Should auld acquaintance †	With, adieu for evermore, S. It was a fort Now a sad and last adieu S. Scenes of woet
Before we part. $Ep. to f. L-k, Ap. 1st. 19$. Acquiesce. Then let us chearfu' acquiesce: $Ep. to Davie. 7$.	Bowers adieu! where love decoying, First enthrall'd . 1b. Adieu too, to you too,
Acquirements. Whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits;	My Smith, my bosom frien'; The Farewell. Thee Hamilton and Aiken dear, A grateful, warm adieu! H.
Fragment, inser, to Fox. Acre. O gie me the lass that has acres o' charms, S. Awa' wi' your witcheraft †	Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu! The Farewell to St. J.'s L. Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action, To a Kiss.
A farm of full forty good acres of land S. The Poor Thresher. His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; The Twa Dogs. 30.	Since thou, in all thy youth and charms. Must bid the world adieu. Adjust. Then at the balance let's be mute.
Acre-braid (acre-broad).	We never can adjust it; . Add. to Unco Guid.
In vain the burns cam down like waters, An acre-braid!	Adjust the unimpair'd machine, Sketch, New-Y'r's Day. Adjusted. If Self the wavering balance shake,
Act. Sure Thou, Almighty, caust not act From cruelty or wrath! A Prayer under Anguish.	It's rarely right adjusted! Ep. to Young Friend. 3. Adjutant. The adjutant o' a' the core,
He hade me act a manly part. Though I had ne'er a farthing, O;	Willie's awa! To W. Creech. Adle [foul putrid water].
S. My father was a farmer † That feeling heart but acts a part, O leave novels †	Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like adle, The Kirk's Alarm.
I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able, S. Tho' fickle Fortune† Loves and graces all rejected,	Admiration. The charms o' the min', the langer they shine The mair admiration they draw, Kenalds of Bennals.
Then indeed thou dst act a part To Miss Fontenelle. Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan? Why am I loth †	Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
Acted. I rather wou'd bear a' the load o' my sorrow Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.	Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration! The Rights of Woman.
S. As I was a-wand ring † Acting. thanks to Nature, Thou art acting but thyself.	Admire. But ah! how bootless to admire, When fated to despair! S. Anna, thy charms† It is na, Jean, thy bonie face,
Action. Ilk action may be rue it; On W. Stewart.	Nor shape that I admire, S. It is na, Jean † I'll drap the lyre, and mute, admire, S. Lovely Davies.
Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,	And whose that generous princely mien Even rooted foes admire? V.s., below a Picture.
That active man engage; Despondency, an Odc. 5. Manhood's active might; Man was made to Mourn.	whose vernal tints His other works admire
Actor. "Alas! I feel I am no actor here!" Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.	If ance I had my lovely treasure, Let the rest admire and die. S. Will ye go and marry!
When here your favour is the actor's lot. Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Admir'd. Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage ends: Ep. to R. Graham. 3. Admiring. With little admiring or blaming: To Capt. Riddel.
Adair. Wha wadna be happy Wi' Eppie Adair? [rc.] S. Eppie Adair.	Admiring Nature in her wildest grace, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Adam. As father Adam first was fool'd. Epit. on Henpecked Squire. For broken laws.	They charm th' admiring gazer's sight, . S. Voung Peggy† Admit. Farewell, dear Friend! may guid luck bit you! And 'mang her favourites admit you! A Farewell.
Five thousand years 'fore my creation, Thro' Adam's cause	Admonish'd. by the heel and hand admonish'd, Tam o' Shanter, 11.
So may he hae auld stanes in store, The very stanes that Adam bore,	Admonition. The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. Grose† Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg The cut of Adam's philibeg; On Grose's Pergrinations. When angels met, at Adam's wett. The Fishe Chambetre.	Ado. Hey ca' thro' ca' thro', For we hae mickle ado, S. Hey ca' thro'.
The cut of Adam's philibeg; On Grose's Peregrinations. When angels met, at Adam's yett, The Fête Champetre.	Adore. L—d, we thank an' thee adore,
Adamhill [name of a farm in Ayrshire].	To adore thee is my duty, S. Bonie wee thing t
By Adamhill a glance he [Death] threw, Lns add. to J. Ranken.	And 'a my days o' life to come I'll gratefully adore thee S. Craigic-burn Wood.
Adams. New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat, That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams got:	And owning Heaven's mysterious sway, Submissive, low, adore. Fragment of Ode.
A'-day [all day], heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains	The maid that I adore! S. From thee, Eliza† Thy goodness constantly we prove,
The Brigs of Ayr, 7.	And grateful would adore Grace after Dinner.

Adore. The deities that I adore, Are social Peace and Plenty, Lns on windows, Gl. Tav.	Advice, They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice; Italloween. 23. But Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice; S. O Tibbie, I hac t
Or nations to adore you, O, . S. My father was a farmer t	sae wise, As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice! Tam o' Shanter. 3.
But I adore my Mary's heart S. My Mary's face t	How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The hearts of men adore thee. S. O saw ye bonic Lesley † For why? that God the good adore	The husband frac the wife despises!
Hath giv'n them peace and rest, The 1st Psalm.	Had I to guid advice but harket, The Vision, D.I. 5. Dear —, I'll gie ye some advice, To a Fainter.
This, all its source and end to draw, That to adore. [v. A. 4] The Vision.	Advise. To sum up all, he merry, I advise;
That to adore. [v. A. 4]	Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Adore the rising sun, S. Ye Jacobites by name †	Gin ye will advise me to marry The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen S. Tam Glen.
Adored, -'d. But, had I in my glory been, He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.	Advisement. Of gude advisement comes nae ill. S. In simmer when †
The Petition of Br. Water. Those accepts, grateful to thy topque.	Adviser. And may ye better reck the rede, Than ever did th' Adviser! Ep. to Young Friend, 11.
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue, Th' adored Name, The Vision. D. II. 16.	A-dying. The Devil got notice that Grose was a-dying,
Adoring. Fair B—— strikes th' adoring eye, Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	Epig. on Capt. Grose.
By all on high adoring mortals know! To Clarinda.	Ae lonel. Than did ae day
Adorn. Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,	Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	Ae night the storm the steeples rocked, A Winter Night. 2.
When they wha wad hae starv'd thy life Thy senseless turfadorn! Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.	Ae dreary, windy, winter night, Add. to the Deil. 7.
A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,	Ae bonie simmer morn 1 stray'd
How pleasant the banks t	In ac constellation shine; S. Bonic wee thing
And Man, whose heav'n-erected face, The smiles of love adorn, Man was made to Mourn.	An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther, Death and Dr. Hornbook. b.
The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,	The ac best fellow e'er was born! . El. on Capt. M. H. 2.
S. My Nanie's awa'. When flow'ry May adorns the scene, S. On Cessnock banks †	There was ae sang, amang the rest,
Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn, . Scotch Drink. 3.	Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 3. Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
A sprig her fair breast to adorn; Spoke extem. to yng Lady.	But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
kind connubial Dear Your But-and-hen adorns, . The Calf.	I'm on your list
Here's an honest conscience Might a prince adorn; . The Election Ballads, IV.	There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me,
Let fragrant birks. in woodbines drest,	We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
My craggy cliffs adorn; . The Fetition of Br. Water.	Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
thy rays adorn The faintly-marked distant hill: The Lament.	Ae Hairst afore the Sherra-moor, Halloween. 15.
Adorn'd. Saw him in shootin' graith adorn'd. Saw him in shootin' graith adorn'd. Tam Samson's Et. S.	l am my mammy's ae bairn, S. I'm o'er young t Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
Adorning. When past the show'r, and ev'ry flow'r	For Buskie-glen and a his gear. S. In simmer when t
The garden is adorning: . S. Lovely Davies.	Ae day, as Death, that grusome carl, Lns add. to J. Kanken. Without, at least, ae honest man,
Nature gladdening and adorning; S. Sheep'st thou, or wak'st † Love's the cloudless summer sun,	To grace this damn'd infernal clan
Nature gay adorning S. Thine am I	As I was a-wand'ring ae morning in spring, Lus on a Ploughman.
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning! To J. S. 15.	True it is, she had one failing, Had ae woman ever less? Lns under Piet. of Miss Burns.
With early gems adorning S. Young Peggy † Adown. Adown a corn-inclosed bank, S. A Rosebud by my †	
The stream adown its hazelly path,	O let me in this ae night, This ae, ae, ae night;
Adown my beard the slavers trickle! . Add. to Toothache.	This ae, ae, ae night; For pity's sake, this ae night, S. O lassic art thou sleep.
Adown winding Nith I did wander, S. Adown winding Nith †	I tell you now this ae night,
The shrinking hard adown an alley skulks, Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.	Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute, . S. O steer her up t
Adown her neck and bosom hing; . S. Her flowing locks †	As he frae Ayr ae night did canter, . Tam o' Shanter. 2.
Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd; The Brigs of Ayr. II.	Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
	Ae market-night, Tam had got planted unco right; . 1b. 5. For ae blink o' the bonie hurdies! 15. 13.
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV. Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,	There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,
Adown the glade The Vision. D. 11. 20.	first ae caper, syne anither,
Adown some trottin burn's meander, . To W. Simpson. 15.	Ae spring brought off her master hale,
At noon the fisher seeks the glen, Adown the burn to steer, my jo: . S. When der the hill †	Ae social, honest man want we:
Adria. A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand;	Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr, The Brigs of Ayr, 3. Was ae day nibbling on the tether, The Death &c. of Mailie.
S. Caledonia.	But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the Land,
'Then turn me, if Thou please adrift, Et. to I. L-k, At. 21st. 13.	Was the deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman. S. The deil cam' fiddlin't
A-dryin. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, Like haby-clonts a-dryin: . The Ordination. 7.	Our lads gaed a hunting, as day at the dawn, S. The heather was blooming t
Advance. in his [Want's] grim advances, A Ded. to G. H. 16.	Ac auld wheel barrow, mair for token,
Advance, to. As Youth and Love with sprightly dance, Beneath thy morning star advance,	Ae leg an' haith the trams are broken; The Inventory. Ae night at e'en The Jolly Beggars, R.I.
Wr. in Friars-Carse II. Advanc'd. A venerable Chief advanc'd in years; The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh—ring, The Twa Dogs. 32 And a' that she has made o' that,
Advancing. seasons dancing, life advancing, S. Bonic Bell. Adverse. wayward fortune's adverse hand	And a that she has made o that, Is ae poor pund o' tow. Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen, S. There livid ance a carle
S. The Banks of Nith.	S. There liv'd ance a carle
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest); . To R. G. of F. 1.	a tale o' love Ae ev'ning on the lily lea? S. There was a lass †

Ae [one]

Ae [one]. And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine.	I'd gie my shoon frae off my feet,
S. There's auld Rob M.† Just ae hauf muchkin does me prime, There's naethin' like†	To taste sic fruit, I swear, man. The Tree of Liber May a pack aff The Twa Herds.
I mean your ingle-side to guard	Nor kick your rickles aff their legs, Third Ep. to J. L.
Ae winter night Third Ep. to J. Lap. But why should ae man better fare,	"You shou'd remember To cut it aff, an' whatfore no, What ails ye no
And a' men brithers! To Dr. Blacklock.	Trifled aff till she's grown auld, S. Will ye go and marry
I get it no ae day in ten	Affair. Somebody tells the Poacher-Court,
An' stay ae month amang the Moons To W. Simpson, P.S.	The hale affair Ep. to J. R.
Ae kind blink before we part; S. Turn again, thou fair† Ae sweet smile on me bestow. Ib.	dousely manage our affairs In Parliament, The Author's cry and praye
	To mind the Kirk and State affairs; . The Twa Dogs.
gin I fa', Ae way or ither, The breaking of ae point, tho' sma' Breaks a' thegither	Affected. Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette, Ep. fr. Esopus to Man.
"To please us a', I've just ae ither, . What ails ye now !	awkward, stiff, affected, Spurning nature, torturing art;
Ae look deprived me o' my heart, . S. When first I saw!	To Miss Fontener
Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter: . S. Willie Wastlet This ae thing I hae to tell, . S. Will ye go and marryt	Affection. In loyal, true affection, A Dream. From friendship and dearest affection removed;
This ae thing I hae to tell, . S. Will ye go and marry † Aerial. 'Know, the great Genius of this Land,	Monody, on a Lac
'Has many a light, ærial band, The Vision. D. II. 3.	She steals our affections awa, man
Aesop. Like Aesop's Lion, Burns says, sore I feel All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.	What words can ever speak affection
Reply to a Reproof.	So thrilling and sincere as thine!
Afar. Thy rough, rude Fortress gleams afar; Add. to Edinburgh. 5.	In mutual affection to join,
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,	Ay free, aff han', your story tell, . Ep. to Young Friend.
Ep. from Esopus to Maria. Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore;	An' wad hae done't aff han': To Gav. Hamilto
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.	Aff-hand [off-hand]. And marriage aff-hand,
The shouts o' war are heard afar, S. My bonic Mary.	S. Last May a braw wood turn a Carpet-weaver Aff-hand this day. The Ordination.
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Affirm'd. This was deny'd, it was affirm'd;
	To W. Simpson. P.
an ancient nation fam'd afar, Prologue sp. by Woods. For your poor friend, the Bard afar, He only hears and sees the war, . The Election Ballads. VI. What makes hereic strife fam'd afar.	Afflicted. But if I must afflicted be, To suit some wise design;
What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar,	A Prayer under Anguis
He only hears and sees the war, The Election Ballads. VI. What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, S. Ye facobites by name;	Affliction. 'Affliction's sons are brothers in distress; A Winter Night.
Aff [off]. Aff straught to H—II Add. to the Deil. 14. She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O . S. Amang the trees†	I see the children of affliction, Unaided through thy curs'd restriction;
"And stript the claeding aff your braes As on the banks†	Lus back of Bank Not
Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,	Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28. Aff she started in a fright, S. Donald Brodie.	The Author's cry and frage Aff-loof [off-hand, extemporaneously].
Tak thou the Carlin's carcase aff, Thou'se get the saul o' boot. Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	But I shall scribble down some blether
Thou se get the saul o' boot. Epig. on Henpecked Squire. While caps an' bonnets aff are taen,	Just clean aff-loof Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st.
As by he walks? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 12.	Afford. The soupe their only Hawkie does afford, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 1
But your curst wit, when it comes near it, Rives't aff their back. Ep. to J. R. 3.	And wi' the beggar shares a mite O' a' he can afford, man The Tree of Libert
Rives't aff their back. Ep. to J. R. 3. Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,	And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd,
Till skin in blypes cam haurlin Aff's neives Ib. 23.	And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd, While Life a pleasure can afford,
They parted aff careerin Fu' blythe 16. 28.	Affright. Or guilt affrights thy contemplation, The Herman
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy hummle, On Scot. Bard gone to W. Indies.	Affrighted. startling half awake, Away affrighted springs. S. On a bank of flower.
On Scot. Bard gone to W. Indies. Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg The cut of Adam's philibeg; On Grose's Peregrinations, She eyes her freeborn, martial boys.	Affront. 'So dinna ye affront your trade, Ep. to f, L-k, Ap. 21st.
She eyes her freeborn, martial hovs.	Affronted. An' dinna, for a kebbuck-heel,
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys, Tak aff their wbisky. The Author's cry and prayer, P.S.	Let lasses be affronted On sic a day! The Holy Fair. 2
Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throw 'ther, 16. Freedom and Whisky gang thegither,	A-fiel [a-field]. At hame, a-fiel, at wark or leisure,
tak an your drain:	Second Ep. to Davi
Tak' aff your whitter, [v. A. 2]	A field. By night, by day, a field, at hame, S. O were I on Parnassus
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, Frae aff its thorny tree; S. The Banks of Doon.	Afore [before]. Ae Hairst afore the Sherra-moor, Halloween. 1
Gifted by black Jock	And no for ony guid or ill
To get them aff his hands. The Election Ballads, IV.	They've done afore thee! . Holy Willie's praye
Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass, . The Holy Fair. 4. An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,	That I am here afore thy sight,
While Common-sense has taen the road.	On Scot. Eard gone to W. Indie
An' aff, an' up the Cowgate Fast, fast 16. 16.	I have four brutes o' gallant mettle, As ever drew afore a pettle.
He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling, As fast as ony in the dwelling The Inventory.	My Lan' afore's a gude auld has been, The Inventor;
Haud aff your hands, young man, said she, S. The lass that made the bed.	Foreby a Cowt, o' Cowts the wale, As ever ran afore a tail,
Then aff to B—gb—'s in a raw.	And sairly thole their mither's ban,
An' pour divine libations The Ordination. 1.	Afore the howdy
An' touch it aff wi' vigour,	Ep. to K. Graham.
Now there, they're packed aff to h-ll,	While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak; The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Cut aff his head and a', man The Tree of Liberty.	No more I shrink appall'd, afraid; To Ruin
	••

Afresh. These bleed afresh, those ties I tear. S. The gloomy night	How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring bills, S. Afton Water.
Afric. Afric's burning zone, S. Now Spring has cladt	Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides, 16.
savages From Afric's burning sun, . On Miss J. Lewars.	Afton's Laird, Afton's Laird, P.S. to " The Kirk's Alarm."
This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth, The Tree of Liberty.	trusty auld worthy Clackleith, Afton's Laird, 16.
Afright. Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief,	Again. An somebodie were come again,
Reigns, haggard-wild, in sore afright: . The Lament. Aft. The Fiddler rak'd her, fore and aft,	Then somebodie maun cross the main, S. Carl, an the king come.
The Jolly Beggars, R. VII.	My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again!"
Aft [oft]. Till aft his guidness is abus'd; A Ded. to G. H. 5.	S. Contented voi little †
Vet aft a ragged Cowte's been known,	A man may kiss a bonie lass, And ay be welcome back again. S. Duncan Davison.
To mak a noble Aiver; , , A Dream. 11. Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun, A Guid New-yeart 11.	And ay be welcome back again. S. Duncan Davison. The beast again can bear us baith, S. Duncan Gray.
Aft thee an' I, in aught hours gaun, A Guid New-year † 11. Aft 'yont the dyke she's heard you bumman,	What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again El. on Year 1788.
Add. to the Deil. 6.	But pennyworths again is fair, Ep. to J. R. 13.
An' aft your moss-traversing Spunkies Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:	My horny fist assume the plough again; Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is: Ib. 13. 'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel	You have my choicest model ta'en,
In gore a shoe-thick; Add. to Toothache.	How shall I make a fool again? Epit. on IV—.
(what's aft mair than a' the lave) . Add, to Unco Guid, 3.	Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rah. S. Eppie M'Nab. I've dar'd his face, and in this place
His cheek to hers he aft did lay, . S. As down the burn t	I scorn him yet again! . S. Farewell, ye dungeons t
If I had twenty thousand lives, I'd die as aft for Charlie S. Come boat me o'er†	Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head Bring our Banish'd hame again; S. Frae the friends †
Alas! how aft, in haughty mood,	Bring our Banish'd hame again; S. Frae the friends † An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless l-g
God's creatures they oppress! Ep. to Davie, 6.	Again upon her Holy Willie's Prayer.
An' aft my wife she hang'd me, S. O ay my wife she dang	And by you garden green again; S. I'll ay ca' in by t
Let witless, trusting woman say How aft her fate's the same, jo.	And see my bonie Jean again
	What brings me back the gate again,
Aft has he doudl'd me upon his knee; S. O whare did ye get t	And stownlin's we sall meet again
Poor man the flie, aft bizzes bye.	O haith, she's doubly dear again!
Poor man the flie, aft bizzes bye, And aft as chance he comes thee nigh, Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi joy, Poem on Life.	I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir S. I'm o'er young t
Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy, Poem on Life. And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd, P. on Pastor. Poetry	But I hae parted frae my Love,
On thee aft Scotland chows her cood, . Scotch Drink, 4.	Never to meet again, S. It was a' for our
Aft, clad in massy, siller weed,	John Earleycorn got up again, John Barleycorn. But far better days I trust will come again;
Wi Gentles thou erects thy head;	S. Lady Mary Ann.
Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon, . S. The Banks of Doon.	Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid; The Cotter's Sat. Night, 11.	But nocht in all-revolving time Can gladness bring again to me. Lament for Glencairn.
That aft has borne me hame frae Killie, . The Inventory.	And at night she'll return to her nest back again.
But O[liphant] aft made her [Common-sense] yell, The Ordination,	Lns on a Ploughman, I'll never see him back again.
	O for him back again S. My Harry was a †
Fu' aft at e'en S. The tither morn † That aft ba'e made us black and blae, S. The Twa Herds, 12.	Spirits kind, again attend me, S. Musing on the roaring †
The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men,	Gae back the gate ye cam' again, . S. O can ye labour leat
Gang aft agley, To a Mouse,	And blest be the day I did it again. S. O merry hae It.
Where glorious WALLACE Aft bure the gree, To W. Simpson, 10.	And blest be the day I did it again
Bout which our herds sae aft hae been	There's nane again sae honie. S. O saw ye honie Lesley
Maist like to fight	Again, again that tender part,
trysting thorn, Where Nancy aft I courted: S. When wild War's †	That I may catch thy melting art! S. O stay, sweet warbling † Wha will kiss me o'er again? . S. O wha my babie-clouts †
pledging aft to meet again,	Never to rise again, Oh! S. Oh, open the door †
S. Ye banks and bracs and streams† those rosy lips 1 aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly! Ib.	To run the twelvemonth's length again:
Aften [often]. Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,	Sketch, New-Yr's Day.
Ep. to J. R. 3.	Or R[obinson] again grown weel, To preach an' read?
Lament 'im Mauchline husbands a', He aften did assist ye; . Epit. on Wag in Mauchline.	Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair; . S. The Catrine woods t
The man wha boasts o' warld's wealth,	Again ye'll charm the vocal air
Is aften laird o' meikle care; . S. Now bank and bract	if e'er again he keep As muckle gear as buy a sheep. The Death, &-c., of Mailie.
How aften didst thou pledge and vow, Thou wou'dst for ay be mine; S. O mirk, mirk †	As muckle gear as buy a sheep. The Death, &-c., of Mailie. I'll try him yet again The Election Ballads. I.
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led; S. Scots, wha ha'e t	Again Thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
An' aften labour them completely The Inventory.	'Return ye into nought!' . The 1st b 1 s. of 90th Ps.
He's aften wat and weary: S. The Ploughman.	Scenes, if in stupor I forget, Again I feel, again I burn! . The Lament. 10.
I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath. What sort o' life poor dogs like you have; The Twa Dogs. 7.	I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
Sic game is now owre aften played;	S. The lass that made the bed.
Till curst with Age, obscure an' starvin',	I kiss'd her owre and owre again, The Rigs o' Barley.
They aften groan	Gie me the groat again, cany young man, S. The Taylor fell! There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
Aftentimes [oftentimes]. Beneath the woods and rocks, aftentimes for a home,	To see the hit Taylor come skippin again 1b.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	Acra Vet here to crazy Age we're brought.
After. As fill'd his after life wi' grief What ails ye now t	,4 Gua New-Year 110.
Afternoon. Some wait the afternoon The Holy Fair. 26. When wearing thro' the afternoon, . The Twa Dogs.	nae kindly thowe Shall melt the snaws of age; S. But lately seen t
When wearing thro' the afternoon, . The Twa Dogs. Afton. Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,	Oh! age has weary days!
S. Afton Water.	The fears all, the tears all,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream Ib.	Of dim declining Age! . Despondency, an Ode. 5.

Age. Auld age ne'er mind a feg; Ep. to Davic. 2.	Ahint [behind]. May Hornie gie ber doup a clink
They [Misfortunes] gie the Wit of Age to Vouth; . 1b. 7. The friend of age, and guide of youth: . Epit. on a Friend.	Abint his yett, Adam A—. A-hunting. My Lord a-hunting he is gane,
My age's future shade S. Fate gave the word †	S. My Lord a- Ai. And flagrant from the scourge he grunted, ai! Th
He faded into age; John Barleycorn.	Aiblins, Ablins. And aiblins ane been better A I
the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age Liberty. Age and Want, Oh! ill-match'd pair!	Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle; A Guid New-
Man was made to mourn.	Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken— Still hae a stake Add, to the
The frost of hermit age might warm; S. My Mary's face† An' fill auld-age wi' grips an' granes; The Twa Dogs. 29.	Ve're niblins nae temptation Add. to Unce
curst with Age, obscure an' starvin, To J. S. 19.	She'll aillins listen to my vow; S. I gaed a
Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age, . To R. G. of F. 5.	And aiblins when they winna stand the test, Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their hest.
The forms of ages long gone by . On Lincluden Castle.	Scots .
That wound degenerate ages cannot cure. On Death of R. Dundas.	Till when ye speak, ye aiblins blether, [v. A. 2] The Author's cry and pra
"And future ages hear his growing fame. On Death of Sir J. Blair.	And aiblins gowd and honour baith The Election B.
In this braw age o' wit and lear, . Poem on Pastor. Poetry.	She's dour and din, a deil within, But aiblins she may please ye. The Tarbolton
What force or guile could not subdue, Thro' many warlike ages, S. The Union.	aiblins thrang a parliamentin, The Twa
Charm or instruct the future age, [v. A. 4] . The Vision.	Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
Which [tropby] now in his house has for ages remained;	But aiblins honest Master Heron, Had at the time some dainty fair one, . To Dr. E
The Whistle, 5. And tell future ages the feats of the day;	For, faith, they'll ablins fin' them [chiels] fashious:
Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,	Auld comra Aid. Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid?
A future ages;	Ep. to R. Gr
Add. to Shade of Thomson.	Frae the Glenkin came to our aid A chief o' doughty deed; . The Election Ea
So deckt the woodbine sweet you aged tree, El. on late Miss Burnet.	I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
Trees with aged arms were warring, . S. I dream'd I lay +	Aid, to. Who hold your being on the terms,
"The honours of the aged year, . Lament for Glencairn.	Aid, to. Who hold your being on the terms, 'Each aid the others,' Ep. to f. L-k, Af
"I am a bending aged tree,	Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them. The Brigs of
whose aged step Seem'd weary, Man was made to Mourn.	Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal.
Welcome the hour, my aged limbs Are laid with thee at rest!	O, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine!
See aged winter 'mid his surly reign,	Why as Aik loak!. And gie their hides a noble curry
Sonnet writ, on birthday. Beneath the shelter of an aged tree; The Cotter's Sat. Night, 3. Where like an aged man is the houstorn trode of	Aik [oak]. And gie their hides a noble curry Wi oil of aik. Adam A-
	By Ochtertyre grows the aik, S. Blythe Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik:
hreak o'day;	S. Lady Me He lean'd him to an ancient aik, Lament for G
Dispensing good [v. A. 4] The Vision.	
Agent. like himsel', a full free agent El. on Year 1788.	On lofty aiks the cushats wail, S. The contented When I forlorn, Aneath an aik sat moaning, S. The tithe
Aghast. aghast, The wheeling torrent viewing, S. Farcwell, thou stream †	Aiken [oaken]. She'll wander by the aiken tree, S. I'll a
As trembling U stood staring all aghast, . The Vowels.	Aiken. O L—d my G-d, that glib-tongu'd A—n,
Agincourt. Him at Agincourt wha shone, . A Dream. II. Agley [off the right line, wrong].	Holy Willie's Pr
The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men,	What A[iken] in a Cottage would have been; The Cotter's Sat.
Gang aft agley,	Thee Hamilton, and Aiken dear, The I
Agonizing. Can reason down its agonizing throbs;	And now, remember Mr. A-k-n.
Remorse, a Frag.	Nae kind of licence out I'm takin'; The In Ail. Yet wist na what her ail might be, S. There wa
Ah! must the agonizing thrill.	Ail, to. Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy; The Twa
For ever har returning Peace! The Lament. 2. Agony. But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever,	What ails ye now, ye lousie b-b, What ails
Anguish unmingl'd and agony pure.	Ailed. I couldna tell what ailed me, S. When first Ailsa Craig. Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig, S. Dunce
S. Gloomy December. Agree. How we love, and how agree; S. First when Maggy t	Aim. Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;	To bless himself alone! A Winter
S. No Churchman am I† Wi' his proud, independent stomach,	Unfitted with an aim, Despondency, a
Could ill agree; . On Scot. Bard gone to W. Indies.	And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fa On seeing wound
That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld, Till they agree The Twa Herds. 10.	They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Agreed. Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed, To see me thro' the harley S. The Rigs o' Barley.	The Cotter's Sat. A Who formed this frame with beneficent aim.
And soon 'twill be agreed, man, . The Tree of Liberty.	Who formed this frame with beneficent aim, S. The Sons
Agriculture. To rustic Agriculture did bequeath The broken iron instruments of Death,	For me, an aim I never fash; I rhyme for fun. T With steady aim, Some Fortune chase;
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	Make content and ease thy aim. Wr. in Hermitage
A-groaning. each bedpost with its burden a-groaning, Epig. on Capt. Grose.	Detraction's eye no aim can gain, Her winning powers to lessen; S. Young
Ague. When fevers burn, or ague freezes, Add. to Toothache.	Aimed, -'d. But yet he drew the mortal trigger Wi' weel-aim'd heed; Tam Samson
Ahin [behind]. My Lan' ahin's a weel gaun fillie, The Inventory.	Wi' weel-nim'd heed; Tam Samson With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
My Furr ahin's a wordy beast,	I see each aimed dart;

yett, Adam A—'s Prayer. g he is gane, S. My Lord a-hunting t e he grunted, ai! The Vowels. ne heen better A Dream. 3. orattle; A Guid New-year | 10. Add. to the Deil. 21. Add. to Unco Guid. 6. . S. I gaed a waefu't and the test, is hae done their hest." Scots Prologue. lether, [v. A. 2] Author's cry and prayer, P.S. mith The Election Ballads. I. The Tarbolton Lasses. . The Twa Dogs. 21. To a Louse. ir one, . To Dr. Blacklock, m [chiels] fashious: Auld comrade dear t thy friendly aid? Ep. to R. Graham, 5. id The Election Ballads, V. . To Kuin. n the terms, , Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 21. ly in to aid them. The Brigs of Ayr. 10. are immortal, S. Where are the joys t potence Divine! Why am I loth t a noble curry

Adam A-'s Prayer.

S Elvthe was she! sprout of an aik : S. Lady Mary Ann. Lament for Glencairn, S. The contented Cottager. sat moaning,
S. The tither morn t by the aiken tree, S. I'll ay ca' in t lih-tongu'd A-n,
Holy Willie's Prayer, 11. ld have been; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 1. , . . . The Farewell. . The Inventory. ght be, S. There was a lass t et uneasy; The Twa Dogs. 30. b, . . What ails ye now t S. When first I saw t me, Ailsa Craig, S. Duncan Grayt lfish aim, . . . A Winter Night. 8. . Despondency, an Ode, 2. mourn thy hapless fate.
On seeing wounded Hare. he noblest aim : The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13. neficent aim, S. The Sons of old K. W'r. in Hermitage at F. C. S. Young Peggy t he mortal trigger I heed; Tam Samson's El. 11.

. . To Ruin.

Alming. And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye; On seeing wounded Hare. Aln (own). What's no his ain, he winna tak it; A Ded. to G. H. 5. For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin! But he wan my heart's consent, To be his ain at the neist meeting. S. As I canne dery And every man shall hae his ain, S. Carl, an the king come. This was a kinsman o' thy ain, Set by the Dell's ain dibble; Eftit on D. C. She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab. [re.] Cross the seas and win his ain. S. Frae the friends that it is nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling, An' her ain fit, it brunt it; Halloween. 9. Frae G—d's ain priests the people's hearts He steals awa'. Why ain gudeman, it is nae faute. S. For young to marry't My ain gudeman, it is nae faute. S. John, come kisst gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave, Letter to J. Gondie. S. Nabebly.	Air (look, mien, manner). An sweet an 'gracefu' she did ride W' maiden air'
But Mary she is a' my ain, My ain dear, dainty Davie. S. Now bank and bract The wierd may he her ain, jo. S. O Lassie, art thou t And swear on thy white hand, lass, That thou wilt be my ain. S. O lay thy loof t But now he [love] is my deadly fae, Unless thou'lt be my ain. Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above, To be my ain dear Willy. [re.] O this is no my ain lassie, S. O this is no my ain t O weel ken I my ain lassie, S. O when she cam' ben't We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like, Scots Prologue. O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise, 8 ta'en thy ain facte!	When with an elder Sister's air She did me greet. What airs in dress an 'gait wad lea'e us, And ev'n Devotion! Her air like nature's vernal smile; S. Twas even—the dewy't Pleasure with her siren air Mr. in Friars-Carse H. Air (the atmosphere). On trembling string, or vocal air, S. A rosebud by my't Where the wa' flower scents the dewy air, A Vision. the air was still, They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land: S. Caledonia. Winter, hurling thro' the air The roaring blast, El. on Capt. M. H. 13. What tho', like Commoners of air, We wander out, we know not where, Ef. to Davit. 4.
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,	Such as the slightest hreath of air might scatter; Ep. to R. Graham. 3. As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair, S. Eppie M'Nab. All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! S. Had a cave thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart! like the morning sun That melts the fogs in limpid air, Lament for Glercairn. And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast; S. Lus on a Ploughman. Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air, Lus extent, in Lady's pocket-book. But see you the Crown how it waves in the air, S. No Churchman am It Tho raging winter rent the air, S. O aut ye wha's int I hear her charm the air, On Death of Sir), H. Blair. larks with little wing, Fann'd the pure air, S. Phillis the Fair, in its native air And rural grace; Poem on Fastoral Poetry. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, The Tre' likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea. 1b. 8. Again ye'll charm the vocal air. S. The Catrine woods't to view the corn, An' snuff the callor air. The Holy Fair. I.
Art thou my ain dear Willie?. 1b. Then nae inher man can get ye, But ye'll he my very ain: S. Will ye go and marry! Or if thou wilt na be my ain, Say na thou'lt refuse me. S. Wilt thou be my! The bonie lass that I lo'e hest She'll be my ain for a' that. S. Homen's Minds. Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath: An' ay he vows he'll be my ain As lang's he has a breath to draw. S. Young Jockey! Air [early]. De'il tak the war! I late and air Hae wish'd S. The tilther morn't I'm weary sick o't late and air! To Dr. Blacklock. Air [of music], struck old Scotia's melting airs, The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	As high in air the bursting torrents flow, Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Aire [old spelling of the town and river Ayr]. Along the banks of Aire, Man was made to mourn. Auld Aire ran by before me, One night as It who on Aire your chanters tune! Poor Mailie's El. While Irwin, Lugar, Aire, an' Doon, To W. Simpson. Airle—Arle-penny [earnest-money]. I fee'd a man at Martinmas, Wi 'arle-penney [earnest-money]. Your proffer o' love's an airle-penny, S. O neikle thinks my love! Airles [earnest-money]. An' name the airles an' the fee, To Gav. Hamilton.

Airn (iron). Then heave aboard your grapple airn. A Dream. 13. a good hay mare, As ever trode on airn; El. on Peg Nicholson. Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets, On Grose's Programations. Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel; Scotch Drink. 11. A morderer's banes in gibbet airns; Tamo's Shauter. 11. Patronage, wir od o'airn, The Ordination. 8. Airt (direction, quarter of the sky). If he but want the miser's dirt, Ye'll cast your head anither airt, S. O Tibbie! I hact	Alarm. watching high the least alarms, Add. to Edinburgh., Awa' wi' your witcheraft o' beauty's alarms, S. Awa' wi' yo witcheraft And rueful thy alarms: . Sad thy tale Let me sound an alarm to your conscience; The Kirk's Alarm war's loud alarms S. There was a bonie lass Alarm, to. Wi'a jump, yell and bowl, alarm every soul, The Kirk's Alarm No anxious fear their little heart nlarms; S. The sun he is sunk How your dread bowling a lover alarm! S. Wandering Willie
My plaidie to the angry airt, I'd shelter thee, S. O wert thou in the † Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,	Is it departing pangs my soul alarms? . Why am I loth: Alarm'd. The herds an' hissels were alarm'd:
I dearly like the west, S. Of a' the airts† Alrt, to [to direct]. But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,	To W. Simpson, P.S Alarming. O then the heart alarming, And all resistless charming, S. Mark yonder Pomp
Wad airt me to my treasure	Had ne'er sic powers alarming: S. O wat ye wha that lots! Alas! "Alas!" quoth 1, "what ruefu' chance, "Has twin'd ye o' your bonie trees; As on the banks:
A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: Auld comrade dear † Alry. Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels Circling the lake: El. on Capt. M. H. S.	"Alas! I feel I am no actor here!" Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria Alas! how aft, in haughty mood,
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Ane on the Auld Brig his airy shape uprears, Ib. 4.	God's creatures they oppress! Ep. to Davie. 6. Justice, nlas! has gi'en him o'er, . Epit. on Holy Willie.
Fame a restless, niry dream; Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Aisles. Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong; On Lincluden Castle.	Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie . S. Farewell, dear mistress
Her home, these aisles and arches high;	Alas! Alas! a devilish change indeed. Lns wrote on death-bed. The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die; S. No Churchman am 1
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25. But Duncan swoor a haly aith, . S. Duncan Davison, But Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith, . S. Duncan Gray.	And gane, alas! the sheltering tree, On birth of Posth. Child. One farewell, alas, for ever! S. One fond kiss! But alas! when forc'd to sever,
Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 7. I'll pledge my nith in guid braid Scotch, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Then the stroke, O how severe! S. Scenes of woe! Alas! my roupet Muse is haerse! The Author's Cry and Prayer. 2.
And a deadly aith she's ta'en, The Election Ballads. I. To which I'm clear to gi'e my aith The Inventory. Did tak a solemn aith, man, The Tree of Liberty.	Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
To swear by a' yon starry roof, Or some rash aith,	The bonie Lass of Albany. Alas the day, and wo the day, But here, alas! for me nae mair Shall birdie charm, or flow ret smile; S. The Catrine woods
Frae words an' niths to clours and nicks; ToW.Simpson,P.S. Aith-detesting. Thee, nith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran; The Author's Cry and Prayer. 13.	For woman's wit, or strength o' man, Alas! can do but what they can; The Election Ballads. I'I.
Aits (oats). And Aits set up their awnie horn, Scotch Drink. 3. Aiver [an old horse]. Vet aft a ragged Cowte's been known, To mak a noble Aiver; A Dream, 11.	Alas! misfortune stares my face,
Aizle (a hot cinder). She notic't na, an aizle brunt Her braw, new, worset apron Out thro' . Halloween. 13.	S. The lass that made the bed. For e'en and morn she cries, alas! . S. The lovely lass of I. Alas! sae sweet a tree as love,
Ajee [to one side]. And come na unless the back-yett he ajee; S. O whistle, and I'll †	Sic bitter fruit should bear! Alas! that e'er a bonie face Should draw a sauty tear! . The Ruined Maid's Lament.
A thought ajee, Cock'd sprush . S. The tither morn† A-keeping. And has my heart a-keeping? S. O wat ye wha that loes†	And, alas! I am weary, weary O!. S. The Slave's Lament. Alas! can I make it no hetter return! S. The small birds rejoice!
Alacrity. With arcb-alacrity and conscious glee Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	Albany. They've wranged the Lass of Albany. [re.] S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
Alake [alas!] Alake, alake the meikle deil, Friend of the poet† Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason, To wyte her countrymen wi' treason! . Scotch Drink. 14. Without this tree alabe this life.	May they never eat of ber bread!
Without this tree, alake this life Is but a vale o' woe, man; Alane [alone]. Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae, Extent. on Comments of Thomson.	That ruled Albion's kingdoms three, S. The bonie Lass of Albany. thro' Albion's farthest kin, The Petition of Br. Water.
Love alane can gi'e delight. S. Jockey fou, and Jenny† I bear alane my lade o' care, Lament for Glencairn.	Ale. honest lucky, Brews gude ale S. A' the lads o' Thornie† I wish ber sale for ber gude ale, Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang. S. Contented wi' little†
[Winter] Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa', S. My Nanie's awa. We'll e'en let this subject alane. The Election Ballads. III. Adorns the histic stibble-field,	set him to a pint of ale,
Unseen, alane. To a Mountain-Daisy. Alang [along]. The stars they shot alang the sky; A Vision. That shoots my tortur'd gums alang; Add. to Toothache.	O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes, Gude ale gars me sell my hose, Gude ale keeps my heart aboon Ib.
I gi'e them a skelp as they're creeping alang, S. Contented wi' little†	Gude ale hauds me bare and husy,
To echo bore the notes alang. Lament for Glencairn. Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang But wi' miscarriage? Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	And ay the ale was growing hetter:

Alexander. She's gane like Alexander, To spread her conquests farther.	Allan (Ramsay the poet).
S. O saw ye bonie Lesley	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 14. come forrit, honest Allan! Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Alias. I Rhymer Robin, alias Burns, On dining with Daer.	to speel, Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield.
Master Tootie, Alias, Laird M'Gaun, . To Gav. Hamilton.	The braces o' fame; To W. Simpson.
Alison. My honie Peggy Alison. [re.] S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †	Allan Masterton, who composed the air of "O Willie
A-listening. A-listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean.	brew'd."] And Rob and Allan came to see; . S. O Willie brew'd†
S. Their groves of †	All-bitter, Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief,
Alive. That year I was the waest man O' ony man alive The Election Ballads, V.	From such a horror-breathing night. The Lament. S.
Alkali, Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings,	All-chearing. All-chearing Plenty, with her flowing horn,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22. All. The fears all, the tears all,	The Bries of Avr. 13.
Of dim declining Age! Despondency, an Ode. 5.	All-conquering. O these are my Lassie's all-conquering charms. Non suild massy mountains t
And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep;	S. You wild mossy mountains †
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria. Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? Ib.	All-directing. impell'd by all-directing Fate, The Brigs of Ayr 3.
In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares	Allegiance. I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
And dare the war with all of woman born: Ib.	And so good-bye, allegiance! S. Husband, husband †
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply. 1b.	Allegretto. Set off wi' allegretto glee His giga Solo.
O, all ye Pow'rs who rule above! Ep. to Davic. 9.	The Jolly Beggars, K. V.
Vet oft the sport of all the ills of life; . Ep, to R. Graham.	But [your life] "allegretto forte" gay Harmonious flow Ep. to Major Logan. 5.
And with him all the joys are fled, Life can to me impart S. Fate gave the word †	Alley. The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks.
So fell the pride of all my hopes,	Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the Devil.	All-forgot. all-forgetting, all-forgot. Despondency, an Ode. 3.
Frag. inser. to Fox. All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! S. Had I a care!	All-Good. Thou, All-Good, for such Thou art, A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
All underneath the birchen shade; S. Here is the glen †	All-hail. All-hail then, the gale then,
We've all things that's nice, and mostly in season, Impromptu.	Wafts me from thee, dear shore! The Farewell.
Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all! In vain would Prudence†	All hail! ye tender feelings dear! Add. to Edinburgh. All hail! ye tender feelings dear!
John Barleycorn got up again,	All hail! my own inspired Bard! . The Vision, D. 11. 2.
And sore surpris'd them all John Barleycorn.	Alliance. Sae knit in alliance are kin.
All for to court this pretty maid, Katharine Jaffray.	The Election Ballads. III. All-important. Who left the all-important cares
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd. Lns sent to Sir J. Whiteford.	Of fiddles, wh-res, and hunters; The Election Ballads, VI.
With all her [fortune's] wonted malice, O:	
My father was a farmer	Allow. That sic a comple fate allows ye To grace your blood Ep. to Major Logan. 13.
But as daily bread is all I need, I do not much regard her, O	The little fate allows, they share as soon, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Make, all and every one, A joyful noise, New Psalmody.	Besides, I farther man allow, Holy Willie's Prayer. 8.
a big-hellied hottle's a cure for all care. S. No Churchman am I †	Ve foam-crested billows, allow me to wail.
Nature's gifts to all are free: . On scaring Water-fowl.	Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
Tyrant stern to all heside	Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows. Once fondly lov'd †
All on Nature you depend,	Ve've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow, The Kirk's Alarm.
O burning hell! in all thy store of torments There's not a keener lash! Remorse, a Frag.	Alloway. Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk, By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,	I am o Shanter, 3.
"The passing moment's all we rest on!"	Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh.
Sketch. New Yr's Day.	Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry
Yes—all such reasonings are amiss!	Allowed'd. To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
And in an instant all was dark: Tam o' Shanter. 16.	Why am I wint
With all the venal soul of dedicating prose?	On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be, 4 Ded. to G. H. 4. They durst nae mair than he allow'd, To W. Creech.
The Brigs of Ayr. I. He glows with all the spirit of the Bard, Ib.	Alloy God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!
All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e; 16. 3.	Ep. to K. Granam. 5.
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;	All-prevailing. And Burke shall sing, O prince, arise! Thy power is all prevailing!
But all the soul of Music's self was heard; . 16. 12.	Thy power is all prevailing! The Election Ballads, V1.
That thus they all shall meet in future days: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.	All-revolving. But nocht in all-revolving time
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,	Can gladness bring again to me. Lament for Glencairn.
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see, To their gratis grace and goodness. The Dean of Faculty.	Allseeing. Thou Being, Allseeing, O hear my fervent pray'r! . Ep. to Davic. 9.
Despising worlds with all their wealth As empty idle care: The Petition of Br. Water.	Allur'd. An' nighted Tray'llers are allur'd
Here's to all the wandering train! The Jolly Beggars, S. VIII.	To their destruction Add. to the Dett. 12.
One and all cry out, Amen!	Alluring. Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Of all the women in the world,	Almagro [one of the Spanish conquerors of Peru].
I never could come at her S. The Joyful Widower. And mourn, in lamentation deep,	
How life and love are all a dream! . The Lament, I.	A seat, I'm sure ye're weel deservint; Add. of Deciscous.
Morality himsel, Embracing all opinions; The Ordination. 12.	Almighty. O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
And nought but his labour to keep them up all.	Sure Then Almighty canst not act
The Poor Thresher. Allan. By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove	From cruelty or wrath! . A Prayer under Anguism.
S. By Allan stream †	Alms. When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor; The Kirk's Alarm
	1

	1
Aloft. I rather think she is aloft,	Amalak On Namehada standa anafan ara
And imitating thunder; . S. The Joyful Widower.	Amalek. Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage, With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Aloft on dewy wing; Lament of Mary of Scots. Alone. the selfish nim, To bless himself alone!	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. Amalthea. And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
Who made the heart, 'tis He alone A Winter Night. 8.	To R.G. of F. 3.
Decidedly can try us, Add. to Unco Guid. 8. I ask for dearest life alone,	Amang [among]. Amang that Birth-day dresses. A Dream. 1.
That I may live to love her. S. Come, let me take thee t	Amang his en'mies a', man
Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell, Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.	Amang the fresh, green leaves bedew'd, S. A. Rosebud by my tup amang that lakes and seas, Add. of Beelzebub.
Who says that fool nlone is not thy due,	Amang the springs, Add, to the Deil. 8.
The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe;	
For had he said the soul alone - Epit. for Author's Father.	hear'st the bell Amang them n'! Add. to Toothache. Amang the reeds the ducklings cry, S. Again rejoicing nature And down amang the blooming heather S. At League dest
Then thou hadst slept for ever! . Epit. on Country Laird. The engle's gaze alone surveys	And down amang the blooming heather, S. As I came o'cr
The sun's meridian splendour; S. Lovely Davies.	O'er you moss, among the heather; S. Braw lads of G. Water.
Look not alone on youthful Prime, Man was made to mourn.	Down amang the broom, the broom,
O why thus all alone are mine The weary steps o' woe. S. Now Spring has clad †	There was ae sang, among the rest,
-Man, to whom alone is given	Aboon them a it pleas'd me hest, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 3,
A ray direct from pitying Heaven, On scaring Water-fowl. Virtue alone who dost revere,	Or dealing thro' amang the naigs Their ten-hours bite, Ib., Ap. 21st. 2.
Thy own reproach alone dost fear, . Poet. Inscription.	The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Dread Omnipotence, alone, Can heal the wound He gave; Sad thy tale †	Are spent amang the lasses, O. S. Green grow the rashes. Amang the rocks an' streams
That future-life in worlds unknown	To sport that night Halloween, 1.
Must take its hue from this alone; Sketch, New-Yr's day. The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels. The Brigs of Ayr. 1.	Amang the boule, winding hanks,
While joys above my mind can move,	But Och! that night, among the shaws,
For thee, and thee alone I live: . S. The day returns t	She gat a fearfu' settlin!
As theirs alone, the patent-bliss, To hold a Fête Champetre S. The Fête Champetre.	Amang the brachens, on the brae,
For her dear sake, and her's alone! The Lament. 4.	Sounding Clouden's woods among, S. Hark! the mavis' † Tho' bred among mountains o' snaw!
dear, dear admiration! In that blest sphere alone we live and move;	S. Here's a health to them †
The Rights of Woman.	Amang its native briers sae coy, . S. I do confess thou † If he's amang his friends or foes?
Your dear idea reigus, and reigns alone: . To Clarinda.	Ken ye aught of Capt. Grose? †
Then let your schemes alone, in the state, S. Ye Jacobites by name †	The youngest he was the flower amang them a': S. Lady Mary Ann.
Aloud. When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud; Tam o Shanter, 17.	The flower amang our harons hold, Lament for Glencairn.
An tell aloud	The meanest hind in fair Scotland
Their jugglin' hocus-poens arts . To Kev. J. M'Math. Already. She's got mischief enough already;	May rove their sweets amang: Lament of Mary of Scots. Amang the heather in my plaidie, S. Montgomerie's Peggy.
Adam A'-s Prayer.	Amang the blooming heather: . S. Now westlin winds t
I've paid enough for her already, The Inventory.	How pure, among the leaves sae green; S. O bonic was you rosy t
Altar. The altar sinks, the tapers fade, On Lincluden Castle. Alter. Who knows how the fashions may alter,	Amang her nestlings sits the thrush; S. O Logan, sweetly didst †
Poet. Add. to Tytler.	S. O Logan, sweetly didst † I sigh'd, and said amang them a', Ye are na Mary Morison. S. O Mary at thy window † And I mysel' the Zenbyr's breath
And thou'rt the angel that never can alter, S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †	And I mysel' the Zephyr's breath,
Alteration. To see each melancholy alteration;	Amang its bonie leaves to play. S. O were my love you t
The Brigs of Ayr. 9. Alter'd. No cold approach, no alter'd mien, The Tears I shed.	Wha last beside his chair shall fa', He is the king amang us three. S. O Willie brew'd †
Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass, S. When wild War's †	A chield's amang you, taking notes,
Alternate. Alternate Follies take the sway;	On Grose's Peregrinations. Say, Lassie, why thy train among,
Man was made to Mourn. 4. Hope and Fear's alternate billow S. Musing on the roaring t	Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
Alway,-s. Guide Thou their steps alway. O Thou dread Pow'rt	Poem on Pastoral Poetry. And amang guid companie; S. Kattlin, roarin Willie.
'And O! he sure to fear the Lord alway!	
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6 Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them always.	Fair beaming, and streaming Her silver light the boughs among; S. Sae flaxen were †
S. Caledonia. b.	Care, mad to see a man sae happy, E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy: Tam o' Shanter, 6.
He's always compleenin frae mornin' to e'enin, S. What can a young lassic †	You hald gray stane, among the heather,
	Tam Samson's El. 12.
Amaist [almost]. I had nmaist said, ever pray, A Ded. to G. H., 13.	When first among the yellow corn A man I reckon'd was; . The Ans. to the Guidwife.
The words come skelpan, rank and file,	The rough burr-thistle spreading wide Amang the bearded bear,
Amaist before I ken! Ep. to Davie, 11.	They've lost some gallant gentlemen
Amaist as soon as I could spell, Ep. to J. $L-k$, Ap. 1st. 8 Leeze me on rhyme! it's ay a treasure,	Amang the Highland clans, man; The Battle of Sherra-moor.
My chief, amaist my only pleasure, Second Ep. to Davic.	Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
For fear amaist did swarf, man, The Battle of Sherra-moor.	To rank amang the Nowte The Calf.
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	The craik among the clover hay, S. The Contented Cottager. At Service out, among the Farmers roun';
By a thievish midge They had amaist been lost, . The Election Ballads. IV.	The Cotter's Sat. Night, 6.
I had amoist forgotton close To W. Simton D. C.	An' clos'd her e'en among the dead! The Death of Mailie.
Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe Ye'll find ane plac'd;	As flames amang a hundred woods, The Election Ballads, VI. The gay-green woods, amang, man; The Fête Champetre
ren ma me piacu,	and Say Steen woods, among, man, Int Pett Champetre

How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups, Amang the furms an' benches; . . . The Holy Fair. 23. They're left, the whitening stanes amang,

The Petition of Br. Water. But I will down you river rove among the wood sae green, S. The Posic. I set her down, wi' right good will, Amang the rigs o' barley: S. The Rigs o' Barley. Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles: The Twa Dogs. 23. Forby turn-coats amang oursel, . . The Twa Herds. 11. But stray among the heather bells. S. There was a lass t She's sweet as the evining among the new hay;
S. There's and Robt Then I maun rin amang the rest . Third Ep. to J. Lap. For I maun crush amang the stoure To a Mountain Daisy. Thy slender stem: . . He was a dictionar and grammar Amang them a'; . To W. Creech. When lintwhites chant among the buds, To W. Simpson. 12. An' stay ae month amang the Moons . . Ib. P.S. amang the chief O' lang syne saunts. . What ails ye now t We heard nought but the roaring linn, Amang the braes sae scroggie. . S. What will I do gint He strays among the woods and briers, S. Young Jamie t Amaze. But seeing the ring, then she stood in amaze. S. The Poor Thresher. Amaz'd. As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious Tam o' Shanter. 12. Amazement. The eye with wonder and amazement fills; Wr. in Kenmore Inn Amber. While thro' your pores the dews distil . . . To a Haggis. Like amber bead. Ambition. mad Ambition's gory hand, A Winter's Night. 8. Ambition would disown . S. Mark vonder Fombt The world's imperial crown, . Ambition is a meteor gleam, . Wr. in Hermitage at F.C. Ambush'd. ambush'd by the chimla cheek, Ep. to H. Parker. Amoust u. Holy Willie's Prayer. And the Priest shall say, Amen. S. Will ye go and marry t Amendment. And after proper purpose of amendment, Remorse, A Frag. Amends. To mak amends for scrimpet stature, . To J. S. 3. America. Ae night, at tea, began a plea, A Fragment, 1. Within America, man: Amiable. Adieu, dear, amiable Youth! Ep. to Young Friend. 11. Amiss. Were sayin or takin aught amiss: Kind Sir, I've read t An' gin she tak the thing amiss . S. O steer her upt en let her flyte her fill, jo. Yes-all such reasonings are amiss! Sketch, New-Yr's Day. Ammunition. Ammunition you never can need; The Kirk's Alarm. Amorous. While falling, recalling, The amorous thrush concludes his sang; S. Sac flaxent Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene: To Mary in Heaven. And jinkin hares, in amorous whids, Their loves enjoy, . To W. Simpson. 12. Amount. While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarket,
Is a th amount. The Vision The Vision. D.I. 5. Amour. By some sweet elf I'll yet he dinted, Then, vive l'amour! Ep. to Major Logan, 12. May powers aboon unite you soon, And fructify your amours, On W. Chalmers. Learn'd vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour; . . . A Sketch. The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides; Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Amuse. A being form'd t'amuse his graver friends, Ep. to R. Graham. 3. Amuse me at my spinning-wheel. S. The Contented Cottager. Amus'd. The daisy amus'd my fond fancy,
S. Adown winding Nith t

Will time, amus'd with proverh'd lore,
with the more? Sketch, New-Yr's Day.

Amusement. Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn. An, An', And [if]. Carl, an the king come, [re.]
S. Carl an the king come t An somebodie were come again. Then somebodie mann cross the main, . 15 And pleasure is a wanton trout, An' ye drink it a', ye'll find him out. S. Gane is the day t What signifies the life o' man, An' 'twere na for the lasses, O. S. Green grow the rashes t Deil tak Kate An she he na noddin too! . S. Gudeen to you Kimmert An ye had been whare I hae been, Ye wad na been sae cantie O; An ye had seen what I hae seen, S. Killiecrankie O father, O father, an ye think it fit, We'll send him a year to the College yet; S. Lady Mary Ann. Cog an ye were ay fou, . . . S. Landlady, count t O an ye were dead, gudeman, S. O gin ye were dead. Yet poortith a' I could forgive, An' 'twere na for my Jeanie. S. O boortith cauld t An 'twere na lot my Johnson

An he get na hell for his haddin,

The Election Ballads. III. And see an onie bonie lad will fancy me.

S. There grows a bonie brier † And thou live thou'll steal a naigie. . . S. Hec balou † Ananas [the pine-apple]. Far dearer than the torrid plains Where rich ananas blow! . . . The Farewell. Anarchy. Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyrany damn'd;
At a Meet, of D. Volunteers. Anathem. An' rouse their holy thunder on it And snathem her. To Rev. J. M'Math. Anbank [Mr. Cuninghame of Anbank, Ayrshire]. Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,

The Fete Champetre.

The Fete Champetre. Ance [once]. What ance he says, he winna break it; A Ded. to G.H., 5. A Guid New Year † 2 Thou ance was i' the foremost rank, Ib. 3. Than let them ance out owre the water; Add. of Beelsebub. a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd. S. Amang the trees t And ance she bore a priest; . . El. on Per Nicholson. My spavet Pegasus will limp, Till ance he's fairly het; . Et. to Davic. 11. Ance to the Indies I were wonted, Ep. to Major Logan. 12. But ha'd your nine-tail cat a wee, Till ance you've heard my story. Epit. on Holy Willie. Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't Friend of the Poet t For ance and ay. . Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December! Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care; S. Gloomy December. Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks, . Halloween. 2. My beart was ance as blythe and free
As simmer days were lang, . . . S. My heart was ance † As simmer days were mag;.

My life was ance that careless stream,

S. Now Spring has clad † And ance for a' this ae night S. O Lassie, art th. sleeping † Ance crowdie, twice crowdie, Three times crowdie in a day; . S. O that I had ne'er t Hand up thy han' Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
There, sieze the blinkers! Scotch Drink, 20. That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair, Tam o' Shanter, 13. L-d! if ance they pit her till't,

The Author's Cry and Frayer, 17. Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank ! The Brigs of Ayr, 5. The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. O Wives be mindfu', ance yoursel, . The Holy Fair, 25. How bonie lads ye wanted, ance whan in my wooing pride . . . The Inventory. I, ance, was ty'd up like a stirk, l, ance, was abus'd i' the kirk, The Jolly Beggars, S. III. To confound the poor Doctor at ance. The Kirk's Alarm, 15. O love will venture in, where wisdom ance has been; S. The Posic. It stands where ance the Bastile stood. The Tree of Liberty.

Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,	They hecht him some fine braw ane; . Hallowcen. 23.
He's greater than a lord, man, The Tree of Liberty.	Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, S. Here's a health t
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke, The Posic.	Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,
Forgather'd ance upon a time The Twa Dogs, 1.	A' for thy glory, Holy Willie's Prayer.
There liv'd ance a carle in Killyhurn-braes,	It's ye hae wooers mony ane, S. In simmer when t
S. There lived ance a carle †	And ane to wait on every hand, . S. My Collier Laddic.
When ance life's day draws near the gloamin, Ib.	There's ane to you, and twa to me, S. O gin ye were dead.
For, ance that five an' forty's speel'd,	I sell'd them a' just ane by ane; . S. O gude ale comes †
See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild, To J. S. 15.	
And spunkie, ance to make us mellow To Mr. J. Kennedy.	The deil a ane would spier your price
Down droops her ance weel-burnish't crest, To IV. Creech.	My thoughts are a' hound up in ane,
I hae been in for't ance or twice, . V.s to J. Ranken.	
For Scotia's son-ance gay like thee . 1'.s under gricf.	And ne'er a ane to peer her. S. O wat ye wha th. lo'es t
And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms.	But I hae ane will take my part, S. Oh, how can I be blythe †
S. Wandering Willie.	It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed, . S. When wild War's †	Some eldritch part, On Grose's Peregrinations.
Ance the darling o' the men: S. Will ye go and marry †	And ane would rather fa'n than fled; Ib.
If ance I had my lovely treasure,	And Modesty assume your air,
Let the rest admire and die	And ne'er a ane mistak her: On Willie Chalmers.
Ance lightly lap ye owre the knowe, S. I'e hae lien wrang.	my fond regard For ane that shares my hosom, 1b.
Ancestor. Whose ancestors in days of yore,	Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan!
Old Scotia's bloody lion hore: Add. to Edinburgh 7.	There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan! Form on Pastoral Poetry.
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.	There's ane they ca' Jean, Ronalds of Bennals.
The Whistle, 14.	For thrice I drew ane without failing, S. Tam Glen.
Anchor. A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n.	And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd, Tam o'Shanter. 16.
Is sure a noble anchor! Ep. to Young Friend, 10.	And any a char that's d—ma'd suddfarran
Ancient. Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust;	And ane, a chap that's d—ma'd auldfarran, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
S. Awa, whigs, awa.	Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape uprears,
He lean'd him to an ancient aik, . Lament for Glencairn.	The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
The flow'r of ancient nations;	That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams got; Ib.
The piety of ancient days! On Lincluden Castle.	But nae ane could their fancy please,
Oh! had each Scor of ancient times,	O ne'er a ane but tway. The first ane was a belted knight, The Election Ballads. I.
Been, Jeany Scott, as thou art, . On Miss J. Scott.	And ilka ane at London court
I saw my sons resume their ancient fire; On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Would bid to him gude day Ib.
an ancient nation fam'd afar, Prologue, sp. by Woods.	But we'll bae ane frae 'mang oursels, Ib. II.
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire; 16.	The deil ane but honours them highly,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; . Tam o' Shanter. 5.	The deil ane will give them his vote Ib. III.
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race, The Brigs of Ayr.4.	Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine,
O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings, . Ib. q.	Anither gies them clatter; S. The Fête Champetre.
Her ancient weed was russet gray, The Election Ballads. I.	Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins, Anither sighs and prays: The Holy Fair. 10.
Fareweel our ancient glory; S. The Union.	
	On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk, They're makin observations;
An ancient Borough rear'd her head; The Vision, D.I. 15. Ancle. Her pretty ancle is a spy,	Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
Betraying fair proportion, S. Sae flaxen†	A gandsman ane, a thrasher tother, . The Inventory.
In vain the Gout his ancles fetters; Tam Samson's El. 9.	Heav'n sent me ane mae than 1 wanted 16.
Anderson. John Anderson, my jo, John, [re.]	in auld, red rags, Ane sat; The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
S. John Anderson †	But what could ye other expect
Andrew. Andrew dear helieve me, Ep. to Young Friend, 2.	Of ane that's avowedly daft? Ib. S. III.
Her thoughts on Andrew Bell:	I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
Poor Merry Andrew, in the neuk, Sat guzzling wi' a Tinkler-hizzie;	Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
Sat guzzling wi' a Tinkler-hizzie;	For preaching that three's ane and twa.
S. The Jolly Beggars. R. III. Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,	The Kirk's Alarm, 4. Swith to the Laigh Kirk, and an a. The Ordination, 1.
Andro [Andrew].	He's wal'd us out a true ane, And sound
Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book, The Kirk's Alarm.	As ane were peelin onions!
Ane [one]. And aiblins and been better Than You A Dream. 3.	She sang a sang o' liberty, Which pleased them ane and a', man. The Tree of Liberty.
Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him! . A Ded. to G.H.3.	Thy're no sae wretched's ane wad think; The Twa Dogs. 15.
I'll reserve ane Laid by for you A Guid New-year 17.	The young anes rantan thro' the house 16. 20.
a feckless matter To gie ane fash Add. to Illegit. Child.	It wadi for ev'ry ane be better,
A dream of ane that never wanks. S. Again rejoicing Nature	But he has gotten to our grief,
And O for ane and twenty, Tam ! [re.]	Ane to succeed him, The Twa Herds. 13.
S. And O for anc and twenty †	And mony a ane that I could tell,
My heart it shall never be broken for ane. S. As I was a-wand ring. †	There's S[mit]h for ane,
S. As I was a-wand ring. †	Our monarch's hindmost year but ane S. There was a lad †
But there is ane, a secret ane, S. Braw lads on Yar. bracs †	Sweet ane an' twenty! Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Ilka body has a body, ne'er a ane hae 1; S. Comin thro' the rye.	An' naething, now, to big a new ane, To a Mouse.
Ilka Jenny has her Jockey, ne'er a ane hae I,	if ye're ane o' warl's folk, To Mr. J. Kennedy.
Till ane Hornhook's ta'en up the trade,	ane, Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.	An' shortly after she was done
I threw a noble throw at ane;	They gat a new ane To W. Simpson, P.S.
Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae-death,	amaist on ev'ry knowe Ye'll find ane plac'd;
A hich house and a laigh ane; S. Gat ye met	She has an e'e, she has but ane, S. Willie Wastle †
For muckle anes, an straught anes Hallowcen. 4.	It's a pity ane sae pretty
For monie a ane has gotten a fright, Ib. 14.	Should no do the thing they can. S. Will ye go and marry
Sometime when nae ane see'd him,	But there is ane aboon the lave, S. Women's Minds.

	V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-V-
Ane anither [one another]. We'll toyte about wi' ane anither; A Guid New Year† 18. An' hae a swap o' thymin-ware, Wi' ane anither. Ep. to J. L—K, Ap.1st. 18. And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither; S. John Anderson, my jo† An' when ye think upo' your Mither, Mind to be kind to ane anither. The death of Mailie. Aneath [beneath]. When I forlorn Aneath beneath]. When I forlorn Aneath an aik sat moaning, S. The tither morn. Angel. The Poet, some guid Angel help him, A Ded. to G. H. 3. May guardian angels tak a spell. An' steer you seven miles south o' hell; Auld comrade dear! Now health forsakes that angel face. Fragment. I guess by the dear angel smile, S. Hers's a kealth to anet Guardian angels! O protect her, S. Highland Mary. I love my Mary's angel air, S. My Mary's face! No fallen angel, hurled from upper skies; No sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave, My dear little angel, for ever, On Death of fave, Child. An angel form's faun to thy share! Twould been o'er meikle to ve gi'en thee mair, I mean an angel mind. S. She's fair and fause! Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand; The Cetter's Sat. Night, 15. And swear he has the Angel met That met the Ass of Balaam. The Dean of Fac.	To see thee in another's arms,
When angels met, at Adam's yett, The Fite Champetre. And bring an angel pen to write My transports wi'my Anna! S The gowd. locks of A. Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel band, The Petition of Br. Water.	And ne'er made sic anither! S. O sato ye bonie Lesley† First shore her wi'a kindly kiss, And ca' anither gill, jo; . S. O steer her up† gin the lassie winna do't Ye'll find anither will, . Ib. If he but want the miser's dirt
Vou shouldna paint at angels mair, To a Painter, To paint an angel's kittle wark, Ib. An angel could not die. To Dr. Maxwell. Twas guilty simers that he meant— Not angels such as yon. And thou'rt the angel that never can alter, To Miss Ainslie. And thou'rt the angel that never can alter, To Miss Ainslie. And thou'rt the angel that never can alter, To Miss Ainslie. The golden hours on angel wing, and brates and streams! Angelic, Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care! Panger. I canna tell, I maunna tell, I darena for your anger: S. Craigie-burn II ood. If Providence has sent me here. Twas surely in an anger. Fife, on being neglected at inn. Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart, Yet dare na for your anger: S. Sweet fa's the eve! They canna sit for anger. The Holy Fair. 14. Anger, to. When neebors anger at a plea, Seetch Drink. 13. To anger them a'is a pity, The anger'd the silly gudeman, O. That anger'd the silly gudeman, O. The Cooper o' cuddy!	Ye'll cast your head anither airt. S. O Tilbie! I hae seen t But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be. For now he's taen anither shore, On Scot. Bard gue to IV. Indies. The priest o' the parish fell in anither [fever]. S. Seraggam, first ae caper, syne anither, She'll teach you, wi' a reekan whittle, Anither sans. The Author's Cry and Prayer, 15. Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine, Anither sans. The Author's Cry and Prayer, 15. Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins, Anither sighs and prays: The Fête Champttre. An curses feet that fyl'd his shins, Anither sighs and prays: The Holy Fair, 10. And or I wad anither jad, I'll wallog in a tow. S. The weary fund. Gae fa' upo' anither plan, Il'hat ails ye novo! Ann. O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa!, S. Lady Mary Ann. Anna, Anna, thy charms my bosom fire, S. Anna thy charms! Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin, Ronaldis of Bounals. Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine The gowden locks of Anna, Ire.] S. The gowd. locks of A. Annandale, Boss of (the town of Annan). And blinkin Dess of Annandale,
Angler. And safe beneath the shady thorn Defies the angler's art: S. Now Spring has clad † Anglian. The Anglian lion, the terror of France, S. Caledonia. Angry. Come Winter, with thine angry how. S. Again rejoicing Nature †	That dwelt on Solwayside, The Election Ballads, I. Then started Bess of Annandale And a deadly aith she's ta'en, Ib. Anne. Beware o' bonie Anne, Ir.:] S. A. Masterton's bonic Anne.
If angry fate is sworn my foe, S. O wart ye wha's in † My plaidie to the angry airt, I'd shelter thee, S. O wert thou in the † braving angry winter's storms, S. Peggy Chalmers, As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke, Tam o' Shanter. 17. And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had be! November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2. Tho' stars in skies may disappear	Annie. O dearly do I lo'e thee Annie. S. By Allan stream † Beneath the moon's unclouded light, I held awa to Annie: . S. The Rigs o' Barley. Anointed. That Thou might's greater glory give Unto thine own anointed. *Xew Psalmody. Friday firsts the day appointed, By our Right Worshipful anointed, To a Medical Gent. Annual. When ye [craiks] wing your annual way Frie our caudi shore. *El. on Capt. M.H. Q. Frie our caudi shore. *El. on Capt. M.H. Q.
And angry tempests gather, S. The noble Maxwells + I tremble to approach an angry God, Why am I loth † Anguish. on the couch of anguish? S. Ay waking, O + Leslie is sae fair and coy, Care and anguish seize me, S. Blythe hac I been †	Audi, cantie Coil may count the day, As annual it returns,
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish, Lest my wee thing be na mine S. Bonie wee thing t But what avails the pride of art, When wastes my soul with anguish? S. Could aught of song t	To see thee in another's arms, - 'Twill be my dead, S. Craigie-burn Wood. Like thee, where shall I find another, The world around! El, on Capt. M.H. 15.

If there's another world, he lives in hiss; If there is none, he made the hest of this.	But now thy flowery banks appear Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
Fill wed another like my dear - Then all hell will fly for fear, S. Husband, husband† Henceforth to meet with unconcern, One rank as well's another; On dining with Daer.	S. O. Logan! sweetly! mark! Who in widow weeds appears, Ode, to allem. of Mrs.— But not for panegyric I appear, Prologue at Th., D. Before whose sons I'm honourd to appear! Prologue sp. by Woods.
Another year is gone for ever Sketch, New-Yr's day. Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another	Shall no longer appear in the records of fame; Reproof by Himself.
S. Ye sons of old Killie† Thou canst love another maid, S. Thou hast left me†	At length his lonely Cot appears in view, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.
Answer. For still th' important end of life, They [wha fa'] equally may answer:	O thou, whase lamentable face Appears to mourn my woeful case! The Death of Mailie.
Ep. to Young Friend. 4. And answer him fu' dry S. O Tibbie! I hae†	Appear no more hefore Thy sight Than yesterday that's past. The 1st 6 V,s of 90th Ps.
Till Echo answer frae her cave, . Tam Samson's El. 13. His flunkies answer at the hell; . The Twa Dogs. S.	The death in ev'ry shape appear, The wretched have no more to fear: S. The gloomy Night †
Come hither lad, an' answer for't, What ails ye now †	When presently it does appear, 'Twas but some neebor snoran The Holy Fair. 22.
Answ'rest. Thou, weeping, answ'rest no! . The Farewell. Ant. Each one loves the other, we join with the ant,	How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear, S. The lazy Mist †
S. The Poor Thresher. Anthem. The holy anthem lond and clear;	And the the puny wound appear, Short while it grieves
On Lincluden Castle. Anticipation, Anticipation forward points the view;	(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears, To R. G. of F. q.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5. Antidote. an antidote Against sic possion'd nostrum;	Appear'd. When glimmering thro' the trees appear'd, You wee white Cot aboon the Mill, As on the banks †
The Holy Fair. 15.	And still, as signs of life appear'd,
Antiquarian. And taen the—Antiquarian trade, I think they call it. On Grose's Peregrinations.	They toss'd him to and fro. John Barleycorn. Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Antonine. Like Socrates or Antonine,	A fairy train appear'd in order hright:
Or some and pagan heathen, The Holy Fair. 15. Anxious. An' monie an' anxious day, I thought We wad be beat! A Guid New-year † 16.	Appease. No arts could appease them, no arms could repel; S. Caledonia.
Still anxious to secure your partial favor, And not less anxious sure this night than ever,	Appetite. Nae the meat, but appetite Maks our eating a delight: . S. Jockey fou †
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,	Applaud. Like Caledonians, you applaud or hlame. Prologue, sp. by Woods.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4. With heart-struck, anxious care enquires his name, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.	Applause. So sung the Bardand Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 7. No anxious fear their little heart alarms; S. The sun he is sunk† An anxious c'e I never throws	The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. Apple. 'I'll eat the apple at the glass,
Diff. 1	She gies the Herd a pickle nits, An' twa red cheeket apples,
Any. For I'm as free as any he, . S. Here's to thy health +	It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree; S. O meikle thinks my love †
Apart. in some Cottage far spart, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17. Apart let me wander, apart let me muse, S. The lazy mist †	Applecross [Mr. Mackenzie of Applecross]. Faith, you and A**** were right Add. of Beelzebub.
Ape. nameless wretches, That ape their betters.	Appointed. Th' ungodly o'er the just prevailed,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry. A-piece. Half-a-crown a piece Will pay for their fleece, Johnny Peep.	For so thou hadst appointed; New Psalmody. Friday first's the day appointed, To a Medical Gent.
Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,	Apprehend. He'll apprehend them, poind their gear; The Twa Dogs. 13,
The Whistle. 14. Apollo. Then in an arioso key, The wee Apollo	Apprehension. In rueful apprehension enter'd O, The Vowels.
Set off wi' allegretto glee His giga Solo. The Jolly Beggars, R. V.	Approach. No cold approach, no alter'd mien, The Tears I shed.
With Pegasus upon a day, Apollo weary flying,	Approach, to. Approach this shrine, and worship here. Poet. Inscription.
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,	See approach proud Edward's power, . S. Scots, wha ha'e† The hour approaches Tam mann ride; . Tam o' Shanter. 7.
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue, The Election Ballads, III.	I tremble to approach an angry God, . Why am I loth †
But chiefly thon, apostle A[ul]d, We trust in thee, The Twa Herds. 10.	Approach'd. When he [Satan] approach'd where poor Francis lay moaning,
Apothecary. But yet the hauld Apothecary Withstood the shock;	Epig on Capt. Grose. For none e'er approached her hut rued the rash deed.
Death and Dr. Hornbook, 18. Appalled, -'d, Critics—appalled, I venture on the name.	Approaching. As soon the rooted oaks would fly
To R. G. of F. 4. No more I shrink appall'd, afraid,	Before th' approaching fellers. The Election Ballads, VI.
Appeal. To common sense they now appeal, Auld comrade dear †	The morn that warns th' approaching day, The Lament. 7. Approve. Let my fancy first approve S. Jockey fou †
Appealing. Reid, to common sense appealing.	Approv'd. His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd. Lus sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Appear. In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,	Approving. Yet deviating own I must, For so approving me. Wr. on leaf of H. More.
Perhaps I must appear! A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	Apron. Her hraw, new, worset apron Halloween. 13.
Till smiling Spring again appear S Rouse Rell	An' take a share with those that bear

Till smiling Spring again appear. . . S. Bonie Bell.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear, S. Frae the Friends †

Each eye it chears when she appears, . S. Lovely Davies.

Despondency, an Ode. 1.

Dim-hackward as I cast my view, What sick ning scenes appear! Aproned. all mechanics' many-aproned kinds.

Ep. to R. Graham. 2.

Apt. Fickle man is apt to rove: . . S. Let not woman t

Aqua-fontis. Aqua-fontis, what you please,

He can content ye.

Death and Dr. Hornbook, 21.

Aquavitae [whisky]. E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction On Aquavitae; The Author's Cry and Prayer.

muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ . Third Ep. to J. Lap.

Arab. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-brown'd Arab's lips; . . Delia, An Ode. A-ranklin. May set their Highland blude a-ranklin;

Add. of Beelzebub, 2.

Arbour. Von knot of gay flowers in the arbour, They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:

S. Adown winding Nith t Arcadian. No shepherd's pipe-Arcadian strains; The Lament. Arch. Lifts high it's roof and arches wide, On Lincluden Castle. Her home, these aisles and arches high; 16.

That hour, o'night's black arch the key-stane, Tam o'Shanter.7. Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch; The Brigs of Ayr. 4. The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;

Wr. in Kenmore Inn

Arch, to. Altho' his hair began to arch, He was sae fley'd an' eerie: . Halloween. 10. Arched. The high-arched windows, painted fair, On Lincluden Castle.

Arch-alacrity. With arch-alacrity and conscious glee Ep. to R. Graham. 3.

Arch-fiend. — lust and pride.

The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers. The Hermit.

Arching. Bewitchingly o'er arching
Twa laughing e'en o' honie blue.

S. Sae flaxen were t O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.

Architect. The glorious Architect Divine !

The Farewell to St. I's L. Architecture. There Architecture's noble pride Bids elegance and splendor ris

Add. to Edinburgh, 2. A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost, That Architecture's noble art is lost! The Brigs of Ayr. 7.

Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't! . . . Ib. 8. Ardent. A flatt'ring ardent kiss he stole; S. On a bank of flowers +

With ardent eyes, complexion sallow, Sketch, New Y'rs Day. To muster o'er each ardent Whig, The Election Ballads, VI.

'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, They ardent, kindling spirits pour; The Vision, D. II. 5.

Ev'ry pulse along my veins, Tells the ardent lover, S. Thine am I + O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer! To R. G. of F. 9. Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns, To R. Graham. Ardour. All you who follow wealth and power
With unremitting ardour, O,
S. My father was a farmer†

Or tore, with noble armour stung, The Sceptic's bays. The Vision. D. II. 6. Poetic ardonrs in my bosom swell, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. A Bard's Epit. Area. That weekly this area throng, Argument. Till in a declamation-mist, His argument he tint it:

Extem. in Court of Session.

Argyle. The great Argyle led on his files, S. The Battle of Sherra-moor. Aright. They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright. . . . The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6. Arioso [light, airy].

Then in an arioso key, The wee Apono Set off wi' allegretto glee His giga Solo. The Jolly Beggars, R.U. To J.S. 27. In arioso trills and graces Ye never stray, .

Arise. And, hy the moon-beam, shook, to see A stern and stalwart ghaist arise, . A Vision. Then may L[aprai]k and B[urns] arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 18.

No other light shall guide my steps
Till the bright heams arise. S. Farewell, dear mistress t

And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land. On Birth of Posth. Child. While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

S. Sleef'st thou, or wak'st t

And Burke shall sing, O prince, arise!

The Election Ballads. VI.

But the Doctor's your mark, for the L-d's haly ark, He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't.

The Kirk's Alarm. Arle-penny, a Airle-penny.

Arm. With open arms the Stranger hail; Add, to Edinburgh, 2.

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †

Clos'd in my arms, she murmur'd still, . S. As I gaed up by t Come kiss me at your leisure. .

And stately oaks their twisted arms, Threw broad and dark across the pool: As on the banks t

The slender hit beauty you grasp in your arms;
S. Awa' we yr witchcraft; And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep, . S. Ca' the Ewest

To see thee in another's arms, - - 'Twill be my dead, . . S. Craigic-burn Wood. in his arms he lock'd her sicker. . S. Donald Brodie t

Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 21. Whose arms of love would grasp the human race:

Eth. to R. Graham. 5.

Collected Harry stood awee, Then open'd out his arm, . Extem. in Court of Session.

And shelter, shade, nor home, have I, Save in those arms of thine, Love. S. Forlorn, my Love t fell a martyr in her [Victory's] arms, . Fragment of Ode. My arms about my Dearie, O; S. Green grow the Rashes. But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,

For then I am lock'd in thy arms S. Here's a health to ane! To my arms their charge convey, S. How can my poor heart t Trees with aged arms were warring, . S. I dream'd I lay t And some will hause in ithers arms, . S. John, come kiss + No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,

Lament on leaving Nat. Land. That arm which, nerved with thundering fate, Braved usurpation's holdest daring!

the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age. . . . 16. the palsied arm of toucing, pro-I'd seek some dell, and in my arms I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy. S. Montgomerie's Peggy.

I'll flee to's arms I lo'e the hest, . S. Now rosy May t Wi' Chloris in my arms, . S. O bonie was you rosy t Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,

An' come to my arms and kiss me again!

S. O merry hac I been t S. O wat ye wha's in t But gi'e me Lucy in my arms, With accents wild and lifted arms she cried;
On Death of Sir. J. Blair.

Death tears the brother of her love From Isabella's arms. Sad thy tale t

But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a'. The Author's Cry and Prayer.

The scented birk and hawthorn white, Across the pool their arms unite, S. The Contented Cottager. 'In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,

The Cotter's Sat. Night, 9.

dying raptures in her arms, . S. The gowd. locks of A. My Donald's arm was wanted then
S. The Highl, Widow's Lam.

Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back, . The Holy Fair, II. He sweetly does compose him; .

And hirks extend their fragrant arms To screen the dear embrace. The Petition of Br. Water. His doxy lay within his arm; . The Jolly Beggars, R. I. there I left for witness, an arm and a limb; . . . Ib. S. I. tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg.

Encircled in her clasping arms,

How have the raptur'd moments flown! . The Lament. I flang my arms about her neck. S. The Lass that made the bed. There lie my sweet habies in ber arms, S. The sun he is sunk \$ The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters, . The Twa Dogs. EE. Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal, . The Whistle.

Till war's lond alarms Tore her laddie frae her arms, S. There was a bonic lass t

Weel are ye wordy of a grace . . To a Haggis. As lang's my arm. An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned, Like taps o' thrissle, . 75

And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms,
S. Wandering Willie.

She sank within my arms, and cried, Art thou my ain dear Willie? S. When wild war's t	Arrogant. The arrogant assuming; On dining with Daer. Arrow. She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly, S. Caledonia.
A weak arm, and a strang For to draw. S. Ye Jacobites by name †	
And the heart beating love as I'm clasped in her arms, S. Von wild mossy mountains †	Or turn the pole like any arrow; Ep. to H. Parker. Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, And pierc'd my darling's heart: . S. Fate gave the word †
When in his arms he taks me a'; . S. Young Jockey t	Arse [the buttocks].
Armament. But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions, With bloody armaments and revolutions.	Or if bare a—yet were tax'd; Kind Sir, I've read† Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
The Rights of Woman. Arm'd. His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears, John Barleycorn.	At ither's arses!
Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd core, The Election Ballads. VI.	Abjuring their democrat doings,
Arming. distress, with borrors arming, . S. Sensibility †	By kissin' the a of a peer. The Election Ballads. III. They set them down upon their arse, [v.A.1] The Twa Dogs.6.
Arminian. Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank, The Twa Herds. 5. Armorial. Here's armorial bearings	Art. Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving; . A Ded. to G.H. 8.
Frae the manse o' Urr; The Election Ballads. IV.	Who long with jiltish arts and airs has strove; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Apmour, In her [Beauty's] armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs; You wild mossy mountains t	Your better art o' hiding Add. to Unco Guid. 3. No arts could appease them, no arms could repel; S. Caledonia.
Armour, Jean. But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'. The Belles of Mauchline.	But what avails the pride of art.
Arms. Like some bold Vet'ran, gray in arms, Add. to Edinburgh. 5.	When wastes the soul with anguish? S. Could aught of songthy gentle mind Disdains art's gay disguising; 1b.
In a' their charms, and conquering arms, S. A. Masterton's bonic Anno.	wi' his art 'And cursed skill, . Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15. Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;	And just to stop, and just to move,
S. Caledonia. haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,	With self-respecting art: Despondency, an Ode. 4. Her [nature's] Hogarth art perhaps she meant to show it)
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria. The man in arms, 'gainst female charms, S. Lovely Davies.	Ep. to R. Graham. 3. Yet has sae mony takin' arts, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.
'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms. Scots Prologue.	The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art:
Or hounded forth, dishonor arms	S. Mark yonder Pomp† Her native grace so void of art; . S. My Mary's face†
In hungry droves. The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.S. And train'd to arms in stern Misfortunes field,	And safe beneath the shady thorn Defies the angler's art: S. Now Spring has clad †
The Brigs of Ayr. When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,	'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel O leave novels †
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms? The Rights of Woman.	Again, again that tender part, That I may catch thy melting art; S. O stay sweet warbling
As Arts or Arms they understand, Their labors ply The Vision. D. II. 3.	S. O stay sweet warbling \(\bar{\pi} \) Inhuman man! curse on thy harb'rons art,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms) . To Chloris For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms; Why am I loth †	On seeing wounded Hare. The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,
Army. Plunderer of Armies, lift thine eyes,	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Ode to Mem. of Mrs. — Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws	Wi' deils, they say, L-d safe's! colleaguin At some black art. On Grose's Peregrinations.
His army shade, The Vision, D. II. 20. Arose. Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,	With Art's most polish'd blaze S. Peggy Chalmers. The flower it blaws, it fades and fa's,
S. Caledonia. From peaceful slumber she arose, S. It was the charming †	And Art can ne'er renew it, S. Polly Stewart. —every science—every nobler art—
Before this ponderous globe itself	That can inform the mind, or mend the heart, Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Arose at thy command: The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps. Put up arose the martial Chuck, The Jolly Beggars. R. 11.	A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
Around. Around me scowls a wintry sky, S. Forlorn, my Love †	That Architecture's noble art is lost! The Brigs of Ayr. 7. While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung, Ib. 11.
Ye lavish woods that wave around,	with studied, sly, ensnaring art, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
S. Slow spreads the gloom † I could range the world around	Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
For the sake of Somebody S. Somebody. When you green leaves fade frac the tree,	Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd! . 1b. 19.
Around my grave they'll wither. S. Sweet fa's the eve† And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.	Wha canna win her in a night, Has little art in courting The Tarbolton Lasses,
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 20.	There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art, The joy can scarcely reach the heart The Twa Dogs. 31.
Arouse. Arouse my boys! exert your mettle, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	There distant shone, Art's lofty boast, The lordly dome. The Vision, D.I. 13.
Arous'd. While slee D—nd—s arous'd the class Be north the Roman wa', man; A Fragment. 8.	Harmonionsly, As Arts or Arms they understand, Their labors ply
Aroused by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,	Some teach the Bard, a darling care, The tuneful Art
The Erigs of Ayr. 7. Arraign. Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign; To R. G. of F.	Or wake the bosom-melting throe, With Shenstone's art; 1b. 19.
APPay. Yet maiden May, in rich array,	Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art; The Vowels.
In simplicity's array; S. Mark yonder Pomp †	For ne'er a bosom yet was prief Against your arts
I see the hours in long array, The Lament. Array, to. Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,	Spurning nature, torturing art; To Miss Fontenelle. Even silly woman has her warlike arts, . To R. G. of F.
S. My Nanie's awa.	Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
Array'd. In beauty's pride array'd; The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps. Arrest. Some black bog-hole, Arrests us,	To cheat the crowd To Rev. J. M'Math. Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! To W. Simpson.
Ep. to Major Logan. 2. Arrive. Behold the hour, the boat arrive! S. Behold the hour †	Artemisa. One Queen Artemisa, as old stories tell, Epig. on Henpecked Squire, Another.

Artful,-fu'. Could artful numbers move thee,
S. Could aught of song S. Behind you hills t Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:

Artillery. Miller brought up the artillery ranks,
The many-pounders of the Banks,
The Election Ballads. VI.

Artisan. The Rustic Bard, the labring Hind,
The Artisan, The Vision, D. II. 7. The Artisan,

Artless. [The daisy] So artless, so simple, so wild;
S. Adoron winding Nith Bonie lassie, artless lassie! . S. Lassie wi' the lint white t this dear artless creature, . . S. My Love's a winsome † The Hero of these artless strains,

A lowly Bard was he, Nature's Law. . Once fondly lov'd t the simple artless rhymes, though his artless strains he rudely sings, The Brigs of Ayr. The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise; . Ib 13. Some grace the Maiden's artless smile; The Vision, D. II, q. the simple, artless lays Of other times. Ib. 12. Now what could artless Jeanie do? . S. There was a lass t

As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea, S. There's auld Rob M. . To a Mountain-daisy. Such is the fate of artless Maid,

Ascend. The brace ascend like lofty wa's,
S. Bonic lassic, will ye go to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

The lav'rock, to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy;
Ascends the holy rostrum:

S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st†
Ascends the holy rostrum:

The Holy Fair. 16. Ascertain. I could not then just ascertain It's worth, for want of time, .

Symon Gray † Ase [ashes]. In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
Till white in ase they're sobbin, Halloween 10.

Ash. She's stately like you youthful ash, S. On Cessnock Banks †

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool, My lowly banks o'erspread, The Petition of Br. Water. Ashamed. O! art thou not ashamed

To doat upon a feature? S. Deluded Swain t Asham'd himself to see the wretches, Lns add to J. Ranken. Ashes. Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest, Lament on leaving Nat. Land.

Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid, [v. A. 4] The Vision. Aside. Or frailty stept aside, A Frayer in prosp. of Death. To step aside is human: . . Add. to Unco Guid. 7.

Say, sages, what's the charm on earth, Can turn death's dart aside? Epit. on Miss J. Lewars. Wilt thou lay that frown aside

And smile as thou wert wont to do? . S. Fairest Maid t

Yet same thou shalt be thrown aside, Like ony common weed and vile, S. I do confess thou art † They lay aside their private cares, . . The Twa Dogs. 18. I turn'd my weeding heuk aside, The Ans. to the Guidwife. His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. Ask. At present we will ask no more, . . . A. Grace.

In heaven itself, I'll ask no more, Than just a Highland welcome

A Verse on being hosp, entertained. Ask why God made the gem so small,

While huge he made the granite? Ask why God made t I ask for dearest life alone, That I may live to love her. S. Come, let me take thee t

Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid? Ep. to R. Graham. 5. If thou should ask my love, Could I deny thee?
S. Jamie, come try me Why then ask of silly Man.

To oppose great Nature's plan? . S. Let not woman t One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more, Once fondly lov'd t But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question; Prologue at Th., D.

To crown your happiness he asks your leave, Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.

Sonnet writ. on birthday.

And would you ask me to resign, The sole reward that crowns my pain. S. The capt. Ribband. One round, I ask it with a tear, The Farewell to St. J.'s L. Grant me but this, I ask no more, Ay rowth o' rhymes.

To J. S. 21. I ask no kindness at thy hand,

To Lord G. For thou hast none to give. .

Askance, askance the creature eyeing, Add. sp. by Fontenelle Asked. I asked no more but a Sodger laddie,

The folly Beggars, S. II.

And many a question he ask'd him at large, S. The Poor Thresher,

Asklent (not straight, aslant).

Sin' thou came to the warl asklent, Add. to Illegit. Child. Look'd asklent and unco skeigh. . . S. Duncan Grayt Asleep. My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream, S. Afton Water.

The half asleep start up wi' fear, . The Holy Fair. 22. Twas but some neebor snoran Asleep that day. . . . 16. The prosperous man is asleep, S. The sun he is sunk t Aspar. Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you gar, The bonie lasses lie aspar, S. There was a ladt

Aspect. What aspects old Time in his progress has worn; S. The lasy mist t

While they mann stan', wi' aspect humble, The Two Dogs, 13. Aspire. Far he't frae me that I aspire

. A Dream. 5. To blame your Legislation, . Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire. May to Patrician rights aspire! Add. of Beelzebub. 2.

The soher laverock, warhling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire; . The Petition of Br. Water. Ass. They gang in [to College] stirks, and come out Asses,

Ep. to f. L-k, Ap. 1st. 12.

Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
S. Green grow the Rashes.

That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass; On Grose's Feregrinations. sore I feel All others' scorn-but damn that ass's heel

Reply to a Reproof. And swear he has the Angel met That met the Ass of Balaam. The Dean of Fac.

Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes. The Kirk's Alarm. Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell, To R.G. of F.

Assail. Like wind-driv'n bail it did assail,

Extent. in Court of Session. In vain assail him with their prayer, Sketch, New-Yr's Day.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke, When plundering herds assail their byke; Tam o' Shanter.17

My Lord, I know, your noble ear Woe ne'er assails in vain; . The Petition of Br. Water. And nocht could him quail,

Or his bosom assail, S. There was a bonic lass t Assailing. Have oft withstood assailing War,

Add, to Edinburgh, 5. Assassin. What makes heroic strife?

To whet th' assassin's knife, S. Ye Jacobites † When yearly ye assemble a', One round, I ask it with a tear, Assemble. The Farewell to St. J.'s L.

Assembled. Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie, To follow the noble vocation;
S. The Sons of old Killic t Assiduous. To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,

o catch Dame Fortante S Assiduous wait upon her; Ep. to Young Friend, 7.

Assignation. An' forming assignations To meet some day. . The Holy Fair, 20. Assign'd. At my right hand assign'd your seat,

Add. of Beclzebub. 5.

To lower Orders are assign'd, The humbler ranks of Human-kind, The Vision. D. II. 7. Auld comrade dear t Assist. Assist poor Simson a' ye can,

Epit, on a Wag. He aften did assist ye [husbands]; With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me, Why am I loth t Since to enjoy Thou dost deny. Assist me to resign!

Assisting. Implore his counsel and assisting might:

The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Assume. Nature sees Her robe assume its vernal hue S. Again rejoicing Nature †

My horny fist assume the plough again; Ep. to K. Graham. 5. And Modesty assume your air, . . . On W. Chalmers. Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name:

Prologue, sp. by Woods. Assuming. The gentle pride, the lordly state,

The arrogant assuming; On dining with Daer. Asteer [astir]. An' who was it but Grumphie Asteer that night? Halloween, 20.

Astonlshed,-'d.	Attendant. Youth, grace, and love attendant move,
Astonished! confounded! cry'd Satan, by G-d,	S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d-ble load.	Nor for a train-attendant; Ep. to Young Friend. 7.
Epig. on Capt. Grose.	Attended. Attended in his [Want's] grim advances,
And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends. Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	By sad mistakes, and black mischances, A Ded. to G. II. 16
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam, S. Peggy Chalmers.	Ev'n them he canna get attended, Death and Dr. Hornbook.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd, Tam o' Shanter, 11.	Does the train-attended carriage
	Thro' the country lighter rove? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
And seem'd to my astonish'd view, A well-known Land The Vision, D. I. 12.	Long did 1 hear the heavy voke
With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,	Long did 1 bear the heavy yoke, And many griefs attended; . S. The Joyful Widower.
Astray. (Not moony madness more astray)	Attention. And thy attentions plighted,
Sent to a Gent. offended.	S. O wat ye wha that loes t
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,	The Rights of Woman merit some attention.
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.	The Rights of Woman.
That auld grey yaud, yea, Nidsdale rade, Astray upon Nidside The Election Ballads. V.	Let Majesty your first attention summon, Ah! ça ira! The Majesty of Woman!
Astray upon Nidside The Election Ballads. 1.	
But yet the light that led astray, Was light from Heaven. The Vision, D. II. 17.	Attentive. Attentive still to sorrow's wail, Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
	My dying words attentive hear, . The Death of Mailie.
	Attested. The oft-attested Powers above; The Lament. 3.
	Attire. My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,
Asunder. For why,—methinks 1 hear her yoice Tearing the clouds asunder.	May touch the heart. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 13.
S. The Joyful Widower,	Ye shall gang in gay attire, . S. My Collier Laddic.
We tore ourselves asunder.	Attir'd. Attir'd as minstrels wont to be A Vision.
S. Ye banks and bracs and streams t	Attour [over, besides]. Bye attour, my Gutcher has
A-swearing. But heavens! how he fell a-swearing, S. Last May a braw wooer†	A hich house and a laigh ane;
At. His haly lips wad licket at her S. Donald Brodie,	S. Gat ye me †
Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel,	Attribute. Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!
In my poor ponches Friend of the Poet †	Ep. to R. Graham, 5.
At strife thir carlines fell; The Election Ballads. I.	Attune. But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest, To Miss Graham.
Of all the women in the world,	Atweel [well! in truth!].
I never could come at her S. The Joyful Widower.	Are they a' Johny's? Eh! atweel no:
Come-one bottle more-and have at the sublime!	S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †
The Whistle. 17.	Atween [between]. Or how the collieshangie works Atween the Russians and the Turks;
An' if ye mak objections at it, . Third Ep. to J. Lap.	Kind Sir, I've read †
Atheist. But twenty times, I rather won'd be	Ha'e had a bitter black out-cast
An atheist clean, To Rev. J. M' Math.	Atween themsel The Twa Herds. 2.
Atheist-laugh. An atheist-laugh's a poor exchange For Deity offended!	Auchenbay, An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy; Auld comrade deart
Ep. to Young Friend. Q.	Aught. Could aught of song declare my pains,
Athole. Or I had fed an Athole Gled . S. Killiecrankie.	S. Could aught of song acctare my panis,
Athole. Or I had fed an Athole Gled . S. Killizerankie. The grace be—"Athole's honest men,	"Tis sweeter for thee despairing, S. Could aught of song t
The grace be-"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonnie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water.	S. Could aught of song † "Tis sweeter for thee despairing, Than aught in the world beside, Jessy. S. Here's a health †
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonnie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen,	"Tis sweeter for thee despairing, Than aught in the world beside, Jessy. S. Here's a health t We're sayin or takin aught amiss: Kind Sir, I've read t
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonnie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, S. There grows a bonie †	S. Could aught of song † Tis sweeter for thee despairing, Than aught in the world beside, Jessy. S. Here's a health † We're sayin or takin aught nmiss: Even they maun dare an effort mair,
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonnie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, S. There grows a bonie f Athort fathwart!. Athort the lift they start and shift	"Tis sweeter for thee despairing, Than aught in the world besides, Jessy. S. Here's a health't We're sayin or takin aught nimis: Even they maun dare an effort mair, Than nught they ever gave us, S. Locely Davis.
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonnie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, S. There grows a bonie! Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, Athort [athwart].	S. Could aught of song † Tis sweeter for thee despairing, Than aught in the world beside, Jessy. S. Here's a health! We're sayin or takin aught amiss: Kind Sir, I've read † Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than aught they ever gave us, The deil be cou'dna skathe thee.
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonnet lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, S. There groves a bonic t Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, A Usion. Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her; J. Dram. 13.	"Tis sweeter for thee despairing, Than aught in the world besides, Jessy. S. Here's a health' We're sayin or takin aught miss: Even they maun dare an effort mair, Than nught they ever gave us, The deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, Or aught that wad belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lesicy!
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonnie lasses!" The Tetition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, S. There graves a bonie ! Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, A Usion. Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her; A Dream. 13. like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet, Add. to Tytler.	"Tis sweeter for thee despairing, Than aught in the world beside, Jessy. S. Here's a health' We're sayin or takin aught amiss: Even they maun dare an effort mair, Than aught they ever gave us, The deil he cou'dna skathe thee, Or aught that wad belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lesley † 1, careless, quit aught else below,
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonnet lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, S. There groves a bonic t Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, A Usion. Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her; J. Dram. 13.	"Tis sweeter for thee despairing, Than aught in the world beside, Jessy. S. Here's a health' We're sayn or takin aught miss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than aught they ever gave us, The deil he cou'dna skathe thee, Or aught that wad belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lesley † 1, careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in you't Can thy keen inspection trace
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonnie lasses!" The l'etition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, S. There graves a bonie † Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, A Usion. Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her: J. Dream. 13. like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet, Add. to Tytler. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once fondly lov'd †	"Tis sweeter for thee despairing, Than aught in the world besides, Jessy. S. Here's a health' We're sayin or takin aught miss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than nught they vere gave us, The deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, Or aught that wad belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lesley t 1, carcless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in yon't Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting crace?
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonnet leases!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, A Usion. Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her; A Dram. 13. like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th Atlantic roar. Once fondly lov'd the Across the Atlantics roar? Atmosphere. Hid in an atmosphere of reek, Ep. to H. Parker.	"Tis sweeter for thee despairing, Than aught in the world beside, Jessy. S. Here's a health We're sayn or takin aught miss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than nught they ever gave us, The deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, Or aught that wad belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lesley † 1, careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in yon † Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her: A Dream.13. like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once fondly lov'd A Across the Atlantic's roar? Atmosphere. Hid in an atmosphere of reek, Ep. to H. Parker. Attone. Can all the wealth of India's coast,	"Tis sweeter for thee despairing, Than aught in the world besides, Jessy. S. Here's a health't We're sayin or takin aught miss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than nught they ever gave us, The deil he cov'dna skaithet thee, Or aught that wad belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lestley't, Larcless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in yon't Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Mem. of Mrs. From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Quencherry.
The grace be—"Athole's bonest men, "And Athole's bonest leases!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, A Usion. Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her; A Dramu. 13. like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Across the Atlantic's roar? Atmosphere. Hid in an atmosphere of reek, Ep. to H. Parker. Atone. Can all the wealth of India's coast, Across for years in absence lost?	"Tis sweeter for thee despairing, Than aught in the world besides, Jessy. S. Here's a health't We're sayin or takin aught miss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than nught they vere gave us, The deil he cov'dna skaithe thee, Or aught that wad belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lestley't 1, careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in yon't Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Mem. of Mrs. — From aught that's good exempt. Ou Duke of Queensherry. Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, Al 'Ision. Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her; A Dramu, 3, like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once fondly lov'd Across the Atlantic's roar? Atmosphere. Hid in an atmosphere of reek, Ep. to H. Parker. Atone. Can all the wealth of India's come. Atone for years in absence lost? S. Skov streads the vision.	S. Could aught of song! Than aught in the world beside, Jessy. S. Here's a health We're sayn or takin aught miss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than aught they ever gave us, The deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, Or aught that wad belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lesley † 1, careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O voat ye voha's in you't Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Mem. of Mrs. — From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensberry. Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. S. Slovu spreads the gloom †
The grace be—"Athole's bonest men, "And Athole's bonest leases!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, A Usion. Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her; A Drama. 13. like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Peet. Add. to Tytler. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Across the Atlantic's roar? Atmosphere. Hid in an atmosphere of reek, Ep. to H. Parker. Atone. Can all the wealth of India's coast, Across the Atlantic's and Seen least of the Seen of Seen and Seen least of Seen Seen Seen Seen Seen Seen Seen See	"Tis sweeter for thee despairing, Than aught in the world besides, Jessy. S. Here's a health't We're sayin or takin aught miss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than nught they ever gave us, The deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, Or aught that wad belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lestey 1, careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye woha's in yon't Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Mem. of Mrs.— From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Ouccusberry. Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. S. Slows spreads the gloom t Or nature aught of pleasure give; S. The day returns?
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, Al' Ye've lately come athwart her; Al' Tream. 13. like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once fondly lov'd Across the Atlantic's roar? Atmosphere. Hid in an atmosphere of reek, Ep. to H. Parker. Atone Cor years in absence lost? Sieve spreads the gloom! A' thegither [altogether]. Tam tint his reason a' thegither, Tam of Shauter. 16.	S. Could aught of sone? Than aught in the world besides, Jessy. S. Here's a health? We're sayin or takin aught amiss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than nught they vere gave us, The deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, Or aught that was belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lesicy t. 1, careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye bonie Lesicy t. Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Mem. of Mrs. — From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensberry. Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. Stown spreads the gloom? That few for aught but folly lusted; S. The day returns? That few for aught but folly lusted; The Hermit.
The grace be—"Athole's bonest men, "And Athole's bonic lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, S. There groves a bonic t Athort (athwart). Athort the lift they start and shift, A Vision. Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her; J. Dramu, 13. like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Peet. Add. to Tytler. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once foundly lov'd t Across the Atlantic's roar? Across the Atlantic's roar? Atmosphere. Hid in an atmosphere of reek, Ep. to H. Parker. Atone. Can all the wealth of India's coast, Atone for years in absence lost? A' thegither [altogether]. Tam tint his reason a' thegither, The Tam o' Shanter. 16. B' the L—d' I ye's get them a' thegither. The Trentory.	S. Could aught of song! Than aught in the world beside, Jessy. S. Here's a health We're sayn or takin aught miss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than nught they ver gave us, The deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, Or aught that wad belang thee! S. Lovely Davis, The deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, I careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in you't Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Mem. of Mrs.— From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensberry. Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. Or nature aught of pleasure give; S. The day returns? That few for aught but folly lusted; The Hermit. Aught [eight]. in aught hours gaun, A Guid Newyeart 11.
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her: A Dream. 13. Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her: A Dream. 13. Athwart. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Across the Atlantic's roar? Across the Atlantic's roar? Atlamtic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Across the Atlantic's roar? Atlantic's roar? Atlantic's roar? Atlantic's roar? Atlantic's coast, Atone for years in absence loat? A'thegither lattogether). Tam tint his reason a' thegither, Tam o' Shanter. 16. B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither. What ails ye now!	S. Could aught of song than aught in the world besides, Jessy. S. Here's a health We're sayin or takin aught amiss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than aught in the world besides in the series of the could be series. Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than aught they ever gave us, The deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, Or aught that wad belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lesley t 1, careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in yout Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Mem. of Mrs. — From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensberry. Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. Solow spreads the gloom t That few for aught but folly lusted; The Hermit. Aught [belong]. Whese aught thac Chiels maks a' this Aught [belong].
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her: A Dream.13. like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once Jondy Ivo'd A Across the Atlantic's roar? To Mary. Atmosphere. Hid in an atmosphere of reek, Ep. to H. Parker. Atone. Con all the wealth of India's coast, Atone for years in absence lost? A' thegither S. Skru spreads the gloom! A' thegither altogether). Tam tint his reason a' thegither Tam o' Shauter. 16. B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither What ally se new! Attach'd. Attach'd him to the generous truly great.	S. Could aught of song the Street of the despairing. Than aught in the world beside, Jessy. S. Here's a health We're sayin or takin aught miss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than aught they ever gave us, The deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, Or aught that wad belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lesley to aught that wad belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lesley to aught that wad belang thee? In careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O voat ye voha's in you't Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Mem. of Mrs. — From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensberry. Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. S. Slows spreads the gloom to Or nature aught of pleasure give; S. Slows spreads the gloom to The Hermit. Aught [eight]. in aught hours gaun, A Guid Newyear 11. Aught [belong]. Whase aught thee Chiels maks a' this
The grace be—"Athole's bonest men, "And Athole's bonic lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, S. There grows a bonic t Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, Al 'Ision. Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her; I Dram. 13. like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlandic roar. Once fondly lov'd t Across the Atlantic's roar? To Mary. Atmosphere. Hid in an atmosphere of reek, Ep. to H. Parker. Atone. Can all the wealth of India's coast, Atone for years in absence loos! A' thegither [altogether]. Tam int his reason a' thegither, The Inventory. 'I'll frankly gie her't a' thegither, What aits ye now't Attach'd. Attach'd him to the generous truly great, Ep. to R. Graham. 4. Attained. For care and trouble set your thought,	S. Could aught of song than aught in the world besides, Jessy. S. Here's a health We're sayin or takin aught miss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than nught they ever gave us, The deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, Or aught that was belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lesley to large the country of the count
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her: A Dream.13. like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once fondly lov'd A. Across the Atlantic's roar? Atomes Can all the wealth of India's coast, Atone. Can all the wealth of India's coast, Atone for years in absence lost? A'thegither lattogether). Tam tin this reason a' thegither, Tam o' Shauter. 16. B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither. What lay enwy Attach'd. Attach'd him to the generous truly great, E's o Men your end's attained; E-f. to N. Graham. A Attained. For care and trouble set your thought, E've when your end's attained; E-f. to N. Graham. A Leva when your end's attained; E-f. to N. Graham. A	S. Could aught of song? Than aught in the world beside, Jessy. S. Here's a health twe're sayin or takin aught miss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than aught they ever gave us, The deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, Or aught that wad belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lesity † 1, careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O vant ye bonie Lesity † 10, careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O vant ye wha's in you't Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Mem. of Mrs. — From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensberry. Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. S. Slow spreads the gloom t Or nature aught of pleasure give; S. Slow spreads the gloom t Or nature aught of pleasure give; S. Slow spreads the gloom t That few for aught but folly lusted; The Hermit. Aught [eight], in aught hours gaun, A Guid Newyear † 11. Aught [belong], Whase aught thae Chiels maks a' this Scott Prologue. Aughteen [eighteen]. A prisoner aughteen year awn,
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her: A Dream.13. like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once fondly lov'd A. Across the Atlantic's roar? Atomes Can all the wealth of India's coast, Atone. Can all the wealth of India's coast, Atone for years in absence lost? A'thegither latlogether). Tam tin this reason a' thegither, Tam o' Shauter. 16. B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither. What lay enwy Attach'd. Attach'd him to the generous truly great, E's o Men your end's attained; E-f. to N. Graham. A Attained. For care and trouble set your thought, E've when your end's attained; E-f. to N. Graham. A Leva when your end's attained; E-f. to N. Graham. A	"Tis sweeter for thee despairing, Than aught in the world besides, Jessy. S. Here's a health't We're sayin or takin aught miss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than nught they very gave us, The deil he cov'dna skatibe thee, Or aught that was belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lestey't 1, careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye won's in yon't Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Mem. of Mrs.— From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensherry. Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. S. Slow spreads the gloom't Or nature aught of pleasure give; S. The day returns't That few for aught but folly lusted; The Hermit. Aught [eight], in aught hours gaun, A Guid Newyear 1/1. Aught [belong]. Whase aught thae Chiels maks a' this bustle here? Aughteen [eighteen]. A prisoner aughteen year awang the trees't Augment. May beaven augment your blisses, A Dream. I.
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her: A Dream.13. like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once Jondy lov'd A. Across the Atlantic's roar? To Mary. Atmosphere. Hid in an atmosphere of reek, Ep. to H. Parker. Atone. Con all the wealth of India's coast, Atone for years in absence lost? A'thegither latlogether). Tam tin this reason a' thegither, Tam o' Shauter. 16. B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither. What is penw't Attach'd. Attach'd him to the generous truly great, Ey'n when your end's attained; Ep. to N. Graham. A. Attained. For care and trouble set your thought, Ev'n when your end's attained; Ep. to N one Friend. 2. Attempted. Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief, That e'er attempted stell to rief. To 1.5.	S. Could aught of song the second aught of song the second aught of song the second aught in the world beside, Jessy. S. Here's a health the second aught aniss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than aught they ever gave us, The dell he cou'dna skaithe thee, Or aught that was belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lestey the second aught that was belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lestey the second aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? On the sen inspection trace aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? On Duke of Queensberry. Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. Solow spreads the gloom to rature aught of pleasure give; S. Slow spreads the gloom to rature aught of pleasure give; S. Slow spreads the gloom to rature aught of pleasure give; S. Slow spreads the gloom to rature aught of pleasure give; Aught [eight], in aught hours gaun, A Guid New-year til. Aught [belong]. Whose aught the Chiels maks a' this was believed. S. Solow spreads the gloom to Solom the control of the second such that the second such that the Solom the second such that the Solom the second such that the Solom th
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonie lasses!" The lectition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, Al'ision. Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her; I Drann. 13. like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once londly lov'd Across the Atlantic's roar? To Mary. Atmosphere. Hid in an atmosphere of reek, Ep. to H.Parker, Atone. Con all the wealth of India's cons. A' those for years in absence lost? S. Slove spreads the gloom? A' thegither [altogether]. Tam tint his reason a' thegither, What ails ye now! Attach'd. Attach'd him to the generous truly great, Attained. Por care and trouble set your thought, Ev'n when your end's attained; Ep. to Young Friend. z. Attempted. Dear S[mith], the sleets, pawkie thief, Tha te'er attempted stealth or rief, To J.S. Attend. Reader attend & Bard's Epit.	"Tis sweeter for thee despairing, Than aught in the world besides, Jessy. S. Here's a health't We're sayin or takin aught miss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than nught they very gave us, The deil he cov'dna skatibe thee, Or aught that was belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lestey't 1, careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye won's in yon't Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Mem. of Mrs.— From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensherry. Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. S. Slow spreads the gloom't Or nature aught of pleasure give; S. The day returns't That few for aught but folly lusted; The Hermit. Aught [eight], in aught hours gaun, A Guid Newyear 1/1. Aught [belong]. Whase aught thae Chiels maks a' this bustle here? Aughteen [eighteen]. A prisoner aughteen year awang the trees't Augment. May beaven augment your blisses, A Dream. I.
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonie lasses!" The lectition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, Al'ision. Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her; I Dream.13. like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once londly lov'd Across the Atlantic's roar? To Mary. Atmosphere. Hid in an atmosphere of reek, Ep. to H. Parker, Atone. Con all the wealth of India's cons. Atone for years in absence lost? S. Slove spreads the gloom? A' thegither [altogether]. Tam int his reason a' thegither, Tam o' Shauter. 16. B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither The Inventory. 'I'll frankly gie her't a' thegither, What aits ye now! Attach'd. Attach'd him to the generous truly great, Attach'd. Attach'd him to the generous truly great, Ep. to K. Graham. p. Attained. For care and trouble set your thought, Evn when your end's attained; Ep. to I voung Friend. 2. Attempted. Dear S[mith], the sleets, pawkie thief, That e'er attempted stealth or rief, To J. S. Attend. Reader attend Al Bard's Epit. Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend! Epit for Author's Father.	S. Could aught of song? Than aught in the world besides, Jessy. S. Here's a health? We're sayin or takin aught miss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than nught they very gave us, The deil he cov'dna skatibe thee, Or aught that was belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lestley! 1, careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye won's in yon! Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Mem. of Mrs.— From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensberry. Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. S. Slows spreads the gloom! Or nature aught of pleasure give; S. The day returns? That few for aught but folly lusted; The Hermit. Aught [eight], in aught hours gaun, A Guid Newyear! 11. Aught [belong]. Whase aught thae Chiels maks a' this bustle here? Augment. May beaven augment your blisses, A Proram. 1. August. When August winds the heather wave, Augment. May beaven augment your blisses, A Prama. 1. August. When August winds the heather wave, August. When August winds the heather wave, Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her: "A Dream. 12, like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once fontly lov'd the Across the Atlantic's roar? Atmosphere. Hid in an atmosphere of reek, Ep. to H. Parker. Atone. Con all the wealful of India's coast, Atone for years in absence lost? A' thegither [altogether]. Tam tint his reason a' thegither, Tam o' Shauter. to. B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither. The Inventory. I'll frankly gie her ta' thegither. What aits ye now't Attach'd. Attach'd him to the generous truly great, Evn when your end's attained; Ep. to I'ong Friend. 2. Attempted. Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief, That e'er attempted stealth or rief., To J.S. Attend. Reader attend . A Bard's Epit. Draw near with pious rev'ence and attend! Epit for Author's Father. And pray, a' gude things may attend you! Kind Sir, Fee read	S. Could aught of song? Than aught in the world beside, Jessy. S. Here's a health! We're sayin or takin aught amiss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than aught they ere gave us, The dell he cou'dna skaithe thee, Or aught that was belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lestey t. 1, careless, quit aught else below. But spare me, spare me hucy dear. S. O wat ye bonie Lestey t. Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Men. of Mrs. — From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensberry. Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. From that dear stream which flows to Or nature aught of pleasure give; Som spreads the gloom to Or nature aught of pleasure give; Som spreads the gloom to That few for aught but folly lusted; The Hermit. Aught [eight], in aught hours gaun, A Guid New-year t11, Aught [belong]. Whas aught thee Chiels maks a' this bustle here? Som spreads the green aught of the bustle here? Augment. May beaven augment your blisses, A Dramn. I. August. When August winds the hearter wave, Tam Samson's El., 13. Auld (Rev. Mr.). Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld, The Kirk's Alarm. S.
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonie lasses!" The lectition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, Al'ision. Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her; I Dream.13. like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once londly lov'd Across the Atlantic's roar? To Mary. Atmosphere. Hid in an atmosphere of reek, Ep. to H.Parker. Atone. Cor all the wealth of India's costs. Atone for years in absence lost? A' thegither [altogether]. Tam tint his reason a' thegither The Inventory. I'll frankly gie her ta' thegither What ails ye now Attach'd. Attach'd him to the generous truly greet, E'n when your end's attained; E.P. to I Joung Friend. z. Attempted. Dear S[mith], the sleets, bankle thief, To J.S. Attend. Reader attend A Bard's Epit. Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend! Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend! Spirits kind, again attend me, Mains on the rearing	S. Could aught of song? Than aught in the world beside, Jessy. S. Here's a health! We're sayin or takin aught amiss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than aught they ere gave us, The dell he cou'dna skaithe thee, Or aught that was belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lestey t. 1, careless, quit aught else below. But spare me, spare me hucy dear. S. O wat ye bonie Lestey t. Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Men. of Mrs. — From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensberry. Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. From that dear stream which flows to Or nature aught of pleasure give; Som spreads the gloom to Or nature aught of pleasure give; Som spreads the gloom to That few for aught but folly lusted; The Hermit. Aught [eight], in aught hours gaun, A Guid New-year t11, Aught [belong]. Whas aught thee Chiels maks a' this bustle here? Som spreads the green aught of the bustle here? Augment. May beaven augment your blisses, A Dramn. I. August. When August winds the hearter wave, Tam Samson's El., 13. Auld (Rev. Mr.). Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld, The Kirk's Alarm. S.
The grace be—"Athole's bonest men, "And Athole's bonic lasses!" The lectition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, S. There grows a bonic! Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, A l'ision. Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her; A lorann. 13. like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlandic roar. Once fondly lov'd Across the Atlantic's roar? Action for haply lies beneath th' Atlandic roar. Atlantic. On all the wealth of India's coast, Atone. Can all the wealth of India's coast, Atone for years in absence lost A' thegither [altogether]. Tam tint his reason a' thegither, B' the L—d! ye's eget them a' thegither. Than o' Shanter. 16. B' the L—d! ye's eget them a' thegither. That ails ye new Attach'd. Attach'd him to the generous truly great, Attach'd. Attach'd him to the generous truly great, Attach'd. Attach'd him, the sleets, pawkie thief, That e'er attempted stealth or rief, That e'er	S. Could aught of song? Than aught in the world beside, Jessy. S. Here's a health? We're sayin or takin aught amiss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than nught they very gave us, The deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, Or aught that was belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lesicy t 1, careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye bonie Lesicy t 1, careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye bonie Lesicy t 2, careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in yout Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Mem. of Mrs. — From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensberry. Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. Solow spreads the gloom t That few for aught but folly lusted; The Hermit. Aught [eight]. in aught hours gaun, A Guid Newyear 11. Aught [belong]. Whas aught thae Chiels maks a' this bustle here? Augment. May becwen augment your blisses, A Dream. 1. August. When August winds the heather wave, Tam Samson's El., 13. Auld (Rev. Mr.). Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld, The Kirk's Alarm. S. But chiefly thou, apostle A—d, We troust in thee, The Twa Herds. 10.
The grace be—"Athole's bonest men, "And Athole's bonic lasses!" The lectition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, S. There grows a bonic! Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, A l'ision. Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her; A lorann. 13. like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlandic roar. Once fondly lov'd Across the Atlantic's roar? Action for haply lies beneath th' Atlandic roar. Atlantic. On all the wealth of India's coast, Atone. Can all the wealth of India's coast, Atone for years in absence lost A' thegither [altogether]. Tam tint his reason a' thegither, B' the L—d! ye's eget them a' thegither. Than o' Shanter. 16. B' the L—d! ye's eget them a' thegither. That ails ye new Attach'd. Attach'd him to the generous truly great, Attach'd. Attach'd him to the generous truly great, Attach'd. Attach'd him, the sleets, pawkie thief, That e'er attempted stealth or rief, That e'er	S. Could aught of song? Than aught in the world besides, Jessy. S. Here's a health? We're sayin or takin aught miss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than nught they very gave us, The deil he cov'dna skatibe thee, Or aught that was belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lestley! 1, careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye woha's in yon? Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Mem. of Mrs.— From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensberry. Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. S. Stows spreads the gleon of Or nature aught of pleasare give; S. The day returns? That few for aught but folly lusted; That few for aught but folly lusted; That few for aught but folly lusted; Aught [eight], in aught hours gaun, A Guid New-year + 11. Aught [belong], Whase aught thae Chiels maks a' this bustle here? Augment. May beaven augment your blisses, A Pronam. I. August. When August winds the heather wave, Augment. May beaven augment your blisses, A Prama. I. Aught (Rev. Mr.). Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld, The Kirk's Alarm. S. But chiefly thou, apostle A—d, We trost in thee, I did na suffer hal's ac much
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, All'ision. Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her; All Tision. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once fondly lov'd Across the Atlantic's roar? To Mary. Atmosphere. Hid in an atmosphere of reek, Ep. to H. Parker. Atone. Cor all the wealth of India's come. Atone for years in absence lost? S. Slove spreads the gloom the A'thegither latting the green of the S. Slove spreads the gloom the Tam tin this reason a' thegither Tha Inventory. 'I'll frankly gie hert a' thegither, What ails ye new tattach'd. Attach'd him to the generous truly great, Ep. to K. Graham. p. Attained. For care and trouble set your thought, Ev'n when your end's attained; Ep. to I young Friend. z. Attempted. Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief, Tha te er attempted stealth or rief, To J. S. Attend. Reader attend Al Bard's Epit. Draw near with pions rev'rence and attend! Epit for Author's Father. And pray, a' gude things may attend you! Kind Sir, I're read's Epit for Author's Father. And pray, a' gude things may attend you! Kind Sir, I're read's Epit for Author's Father. And pray, a' gude things may attend Y. Sonnet on Death of R. Ny Bessings aye attend the chiel, Wha piuted Galia's slaves, man, The Tree of Liberty.	S. Could aught of song? Than aught in the world besides, Jessy. S. Here's a health? We're sayin or takin aught amiss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than nught they very gave us, The deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, Or aught that was belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lesley t 1, careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in yout Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Mem. of Mrs. — From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensberry. Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. Solow spreads the gloom t That few for aught but folly lusted; Laught [belong]. Whas aught thac Chiels maks a' this bustle here? Aughten [eighten]. A prisoner aughteen year year. Augment. May becwen augment your blisses, A Dream. I. August. When August winds the heather wave, Tam Samson's El., 13. Auld (Rev. Mr.). Daddy Aud, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld, The Kirk's Alarm. S. But chiefly thou, apostle A—d, We trust in thee, The Twa Herds. 10. I did na suffer ha's sae much Free Daddie Auld What ailst ye now
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her: A Dream.13. like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once Jondy lov'd A. Across the Atlantic's roar? To Mary. Atmosphere. Hid in an atmosphere of reek, Ep. to H. Parker. Atone. Con all the wealth of India's coast, Atone for years in absence lost? A' thegither altogether). Tam tin this reason a' thegither. Tam o' Shauter. 16. B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither. The Inventory. I'll frankly gie her ta' thegither. What alts ye now't Attach'd. Attach'd him to the generous truly great, Eva when your end's attained; Ep. to Young Friend. 2. Attempted. Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief, That e'er attempted stealth or rief, To J.S. Attend. Reader attend A Bard's Epit. Draw near with pions rev'ence and attend! Epit. for Author's Father. And pray, a' gude things may attend you! Aiming on the roaring! How can I to the tuneful strain attend? Sounce on Death of R. Wy blessings ave attend the chiel, Wha pitted Gallia's slaves, man, Not a hope that dare attend; S. Thickets night!	S. Could aught of song? Than aught in the world besides, Jessy. S. Here's a health? We're sayin or takin aught miss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than nught they very gave us, The deil he cov'dna skaithe thee, Or aught that was belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lestey? 1, careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye bonie Lestey? 1, careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye won's in yon? Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Mem. of Mrs.— From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Oucensberry. Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. S. Stows spreads the gloom! Or nature aught of pleasure give; S. The day returns? That few for aught but folly losted; The Hermit. Aught [eight], in aught hours gaun, A Guid Newyeart 11. Aught [eight], in aught hours gaun, A Guid Newyeart 11. Aught [eight], in aught sweet melting grace? Augment. May beaven augment your blisses, A Dream. 1. August. When August winds the heather wave, S. Amang the trees? Augment. May beaven augment your blisses, A Dream. 1. Audld (Rev. Mr.). Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld, The Krik's Alarm. S. But chiefly thou, apostle A—d, We trust in thee, The Two Herris. 10. I did na suffer hat Sae much Auld (old). Ye've gien and Britain peace, A Dream. 6. Andul (old). Ye've gien and Britain peace, A Dream. 6.
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, All'ision. Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her; All Tesion. Accoss the Atlantic's roar? Accoss the Atlantic's roar? Accoss the Atlantic's roar? Atmosphere. Hid in an atmosphere of reek, Ep. to H. Parker. Atone. Can all the wealth of India's cost. A' thegither [alltogether]. Tam tint his reason a' thegither. Tam tint his reason a' thegither. Tam tint his reason a' thegither. The Inventory. 'I'll frankly gie her! a' thegither. What ails ye now Attach'd. Attach'd him to the generous ruly great, Ep. to K. Graham. p. Attained. Por care and trouble set your thought, Evin when your end's attained; Ep. to I'oung Friend. z. Attempted. Dear S[mith], the sleets, pawkie thief, That e'er attempted stealth or rief, The Cadder attend. All End's Epit. Draw near with pions rev'rence and attend! Epit for Author's Father. And pray, a' gude things may attend you! Kind Sir, Free readth Spirits kind, again attend me, Muning on the roaring thow can I to the tumeful strain attend? Somet on Death of R. My blessings aye attend the chiel, Wha piited Gallia's slaves, man, Not a hope that dare attend! Nor with nowilling car attend 'S. Thickest night's	S. Could aught of song? Than aught in the world besides, Jessy. S. Here's a health? We're sayin or takin aught miss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than nught they very gave us, The deil he cou'dna skatibe thee, Or aught that was belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lestey t, I, careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in yon't Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? The day wha's in yon't Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queentherry. Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. S. Stow spreads the gloom't S. Stow spreads the gloom't That few for aught but folly lusted! Aught [eight], in aught hours gaun, A Guid Newyear 11. Aught [belong]. Whase aught thae Chiels make a' this bustle here? Aughteen [eighteen]. A prisoner aughteen year awa, S. Amang the trees t Augment. May beaven augment your blisses, A Dram. I. August. When August winds the heather wave, Tam Samson's EL, 13. Auld (Rev. Mr.). Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld, We trost in thee, The Twa Herds. 10. I did na suffer ha'f see much. The Kirk's Alarm. S. But chiefly thou, a postle A—d, We trost in thee, The Twa Herds. 10. I did na suffer ha'f see much. The Twa Herds. 10. I did na suffer ha'f see anach. The third sharm. S. Auld (lold). Ve've gien and Britain peace, A Dram. 6. Auld (lold). Ve've gien and Britain peace, A Dram. 6. Alle (lold). Ve've gien and Britain peace, A Dram. 6. Alle (lold). Ve've gien and Britain peace, A Dram. 6. Alle (lold). Ve've gien and Britain peace, A Dram. 6. Alle (lold). Ve've gien and Britain peace, A Dram. 6.
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonie lasses!" The lectition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her: A Dream.13. like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once fondly lov'd to Across the Atlantic's roar? Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Attone. Can all the wealth of India's coast, Atone Can all the wealth of India's coast, Atone for years in absence lost? A' thegither altogether). Tam tin this reason a' thegither, Tam o' Shauter. 16. B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither. The Inventory. I'll'Irankly gie her't a' thegither. What ails ye now't Attach'd. Attach'd him to the generous truly great, E'va when your end's attained; E.f. to I' omy Friend. 2. Attempted. Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief, That e'er attempted stalth or rief, To J.S. Attend. Reader attend Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend! Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend! E'fit. for Author's Father. And pray, a' gude things may attend you! Kind Sir, I'ree read's Spirits kind, again attend me, Musing on the roaring't How can I to the tuneful strain attend? Sounce on Death of K. Wy blessings aye attend the chiel, Wha pitted Gallia's slaves, man, Not a hope that dare attend; Nor with unwilling car attend The moralizing Mose To Chloris.	S. Could aught of song? Than aught in the world beside, Jessy. S. Here's a health? We're sayin or takin aught amiss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than aught in the world besides. Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than aught they ever gave us, The deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, Or aught that wad belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lesicy! I, careless, quit aught else below. But spare me, spare me thucy dear. S. O wat ye bonie Lesicy! Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Mem. of Mrs.— From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensberry. Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. Solons spreads the gloom! Or nature aught of pleasure give; Solons spreads the gloom! Or nature aught of pleasure give; Solons spreads the gloom! Aught [eight], in aught hours gaun, A Guid Newyear 11. Aught [eight], in aught hours gaun, A Guid Newyear? Aught [eight], hase aught the Chiels maks a' this bustle here? Aughteen [eighteen]. A prisoner aughteen year awn, Solons the dear the complete of the complet
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her: I Dream. 13. Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her: I Dream. 13. All 'ision. Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her: I Dream. 13. All 'ision. Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her: I Dream. 13. Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her: I Dream. 14. Attaintie. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once Jondy lov'd t Across the Atlantic's roar? Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Atone. Can all the wealth of India's coast, Atone for years in absence lost? A' thegitther [allogether]. Tam tint his reason a' thegither, The Inventory. 'I'll frankly gie her! a' thegither, I'hat aigs now't Attach'd. Attach'd him to the generous truly great, Ev'n when your end's attained; Ep. to Young Friend. 2. Attempted. Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief, Ev'n when your end's attained; Ep. to Young Friend. 2. Attend. Reader attend A Bard's Epit. Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend! Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend! Spirius kind, again attend me, Musing on the roarings! How can I to the turned! I starian attend! Nor with nawilling ear attend! The noralizing Muse. The Nic God willius I'll attend to To Chloris. The Sir God willius I'll attend to To To The Staries. The Sir God willius I'll attend to To To To The Sir God willius I'll attend to To To To The Proceed To To The The sir Colloris. The Sir God willius I'll attend to To To The The To The The To The The The The The The The The	"Tis sweeter for thee despairing, Than aught in the world besides, Jessy. S. Here's a health't We're sayin or takin aught amiss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than nught they very gave us, The deil he cov'dna skatibe thee, Or aught that was belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lestey't 1, careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye won's in yon't Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Mem. of Mrs.— From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensherry. Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. S. Slow spreads the gloom't Or nature aught of pleasure give; S. The day returns't That few for aught but folly lusted; The Hermit. Aught [eight]. In aught hours gaun, A Guid Newyear 11. Aught [belong]. Whas aught thae Chiels maks a' this bustle here? Augment. May beaven augment your blisses, A Dream. I. August. When August winds the heather wave, Augment. May beaven augment your blisses, A Dream. I. August. When August winds the heather wave, I Tam Samson's El., 13. Auld (Rev. Mr.). Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld, The Kirk's Alarm. S. But chiefly thou, apostle A—d, We trust in thee, I the Twa Hersts. 10. I did na suffer ha'f see nuch Frae Daddie Auld. What ails ye nowt Auld (old). Ye've gien auld Britain peace, A Param. 6. Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie: A Guid New-Year! An'thy auld hide as white's a daisie, But thy auld hid eas white's a daisie, But thy auld hide as white's a daisie,
The grace be—"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonie lasses!" The lectition of Br. Water. We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, Athort [athwart]. Athort the lift they start and shift, Athwart. Ye've lately come athwart her: A Dream.13. like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once fondly lov'd to Across the Atlantic's roar? Atlantic. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Attone. Can all the wealth of India's coast, Atone Can all the wealth of India's coast, Atone for years in absence lost? A' thegither altogether). Tam tin this reason a' thegither, Tam o' Shauter. 16. B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither. The Inventory. I'll'Irankly gie her't a' thegither. What ails ye now't Attach'd. Attach'd him to the generous truly great, E'va when your end's attained; E.f. to I' omy Friend. 2. Attempted. Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief, That e'er attempted stalth or rief, To J.S. Attend. Reader attend Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend! Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend! E'fit. for Author's Father. And pray, a' gude things may attend you! Kind Sir, I'ree read's Spirits kind, again attend me, Musing on the roaring't How can I to the tuneful strain attend? Sounce on Death of K. Wy blessings aye attend the chiel, Wha pitted Gallia's slaves, man, Not a hope that dare attend; Nor with unwilling car attend The moralizing Mose To Chloris.	S. Could aught of song? Than aught in the world beside, Jessy. S. Here's a health? We're sayin or takin aught amiss: Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than aught in the world besides. Even they mann dare an effort mair, Than aught they ever gave us, The deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, Or aught that wad belang thee! S. O saw ye bonie Lesicy! I, careless, quit aught else below. But spare me, spare me thucy dear. S. O wat ye bonie Lesicy! Can thy keen inspection trace Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Mem. of Mrs.— From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensberry. Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde. Solons spreads the gloom! Or nature aught of pleasure give; Solons spreads the gloom! Or nature aught of pleasure give; Solons spreads the gloom! Aught [eight], in aught hours gaun, A Guid Newyear 11. Aught [eight], in aught hours gaun, A Guid Newyear? Aught [eight], hase aught the Chiels maks a' this bustle here? Aughteen [eighteen]. A prisoner aughteen year awn, Solons the dear the complete of the complet

Auld, grim, black-bearded Geordie's sel, Adam A-'s Prayer.	Thou paints auld nature to the nines
And [Death] tips auld drunken Nanse the wink, 1b. May twin auld Scotland o' a life Add. of Beelzebub.	that trusty auld worthy Clackleith,
An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter	Ilk feature—auld nature
To gie ane fash Add. to Illegit. Child. Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie, . Add. to the Deil. 1.	Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mai
Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee, 16. 2.	O thou my Muse! guid, auld Scotch An' sends, heside, auld Scotland's ca
where auld, ruin'd castles, gray, Nod to the moon, 16.5.	An' sends, heside, auld Scotland's ca To her warst faes.
ye auld, snick-drawing dog!	Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland we Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me
But fare-you-weel, auld Nickie-ben! 16, 21.	Searching auld wives' barrels
Auld Caledon drew out her drone, S. Amang the trees	Och, ho! the day! .
Auld comrade dear and brither sinner, Auld comrade dear† My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen,	Till hairns' hairns kindly cuddle Your auld gray hairs.
When bending down with auld grey hairs, 16.	Should auld acquaintance be forgot, S. Sho
My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie,	For auld lang syne, my dear,
Our auld Guidman delights to view	Sin' auld lang syne. [re.]
His sheep and kye thrive bonie, O; S. Behind yon hills † It brake the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame,	By Alloway's auld haunted kirk
S. By you castle wa't	Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots
But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame, And Charlie's faes before him! . S. Come boat me o'ert	There sat auld Nick, in shape o' bear But wither'd beldams, auld and droll
Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scotish sang. S. Contented wi' little†	Has auld K[ilmarnock] seen the Deil
The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.	Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatter
Our Mess John, wi' his auld grey pow, . S. Donald Brodie.	Yon auld gray stane, among the hear for poor auld Scotland's sake . 7
And auld Mess John will mend the skaith, S. Duncan Gray.	The auld man he came over the lea,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie Wi' thy auld sides! . El, on Capt. M.H. 1-	Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven [re.
In some auld tree, or eldritch tower,	To see his poor, auld mither's pot, T The Au:
An' my auld teethless Bawtie's dead; El. on Year 1788. An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn! Ib.	The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet, Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's
While tears hap o'er her auld hrown nose! Ep. to H. Parker.	Auld Scotland's wran
Or, when auld Phoebus bids good-morrow, 1b.	auld Demosthenes or Tully To get auld Scotland back her kettle
As my auld pen's worn to the grissle; Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 22.	Tell you guid bluid o' auld Boconto
honest-hearted, auld L[aprai]k,	An' drink his health in auld Nanse T
Straught to auld Nick's	Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue; if she promise auld or young To tak
Here lies with death auld Grizel Grim, Epit. on Grizel Grim.	Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
So may the auld year gang out moaning Friend of the poet † Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears	Scotland, my auld, respected Mither But gin ye be a Brig as auld as me,
Her noblest work she classes, O: S. Green grow the Rashes.	Auld Vandal, ye but show your little
The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet uits	Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tum
young an' auld come rinnan out, 16. 20.	Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's
a swirlie, auld moss-oak,	How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lin
Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys, Sin' Mar's-year did desire,	And ilka wife cries "Auld Mahoun, "I wish you luck o' the prize, man.
They say ye're turning auld, John, and what though it he so, S. John Anderson, my jo t	The fieut-ma-care, quo' the feirrie as
So may ye hae auld states in store, S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. Groset	O haud your tongue, my feirrie auld
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet :	A carline auld and teugh,
S. Last May a braw woocr† Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple, . Letter to J. Goudie.	The auld gudeman o' London court The auld gudeman, or the young gu
There wons auld Colin's honnie lass, S. My Lord a-hunting †	For me may sink or swim;
Auld, cantie Coil may count the day Nature's Law.	Her auld Scots heart was true; . And can we forget the auld Major,
To sing auld Coil in nobler style 16. And bless auld Coila, large and long, 16.	He founder'd his horse among harlot
Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear.	But gied his auld naig to the Lord Fame and high renown, For an auld
On Scot. Bard gone to W. Indies. 'Twill mak her poor, auld heart. I fear.	The crest, an auld crab-apple Rotter
'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear, In flinders flee:	The Murray, on the auld grey yaud, Auld covenanters shiver
By some auld, houlet-haunted. biggin. On Grose's Peregrinations.	Like Socrates or Antonine,
Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer, 16. He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets: 16.	Or some auld pagan heathen, An thinks it auld wives' fables:
He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets: 16. And parritch-pats, and auld saut-hackets,	The auld guidmen, about the grace, Frae side to side they bother,
Before the Flood	Frae side to side they bother, My Lan afore's a gude auld has bee
Auld Tuhalcain's fire-shool and fender; 16. Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair, On W. Chalmers.	An' your auld burrough mony a time
I sat me down to ponder.	Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for toker
Upon an auld tree-root: One night as I† Auld Aire ran by before me,	An' my auld mother brunt the trin'le uiest the fire, in auld, red rags,
that curst carmagnole auld Satan, Poem on Life.	Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan
Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy Ib.	I

Thou paints auld nature to the nines,	
Poem on Pastoral Foetry that trusty auld worthy Clackleith, P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm.	٠.
Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair! S. Sae flaxen	t
O thou my Muse! guid, auld Scotch Driuk! Scotch Drink. : An' sends, heside, auld Scotland's cash	
To her warst faes	
Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me S. Scroggam	ι.
Searching auld wives' harrels Och, ho! the day! . Searching auld wives'	t
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle Your auld gray hairs. Second Ep. to David	с.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, S. Should auld acquaintance S. Should auld acquaintance	t
rot and ming syne, my dents	v.
Sin' auld lang syne. [re.]	
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk Tam o' Shanter.	3.
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet; 16.	
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast; 16.1	
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,	
Has auld K[ilmarnock] seen the Deil? Tam Samson's El.	
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters,	
You auld gray stane, among the heather,	
The auld man be came over the lea, . S. The auld man	
	ъ.
To see his poor, auld mither's pot, Thus dung in staves, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	
The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,	,
Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's Auld Scotland's wraps	
auld Demosthenes or Tully	
To get auld Scotland back her kettle!	
Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's,	
An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's, I	ò.
Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;	
	ъ.
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,	
But gin ye be a Brig as auld as me, The Brigs of Ayr., Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense, 16.	6
Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea: 16.	
Gars and class look amaist as weel's the new:	′
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new; The Cotter's Sat. Night.	5.
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the hell. Ib. I	1.
And ilka wife cries "Auld Mahoun, "I wish you luck o' the prize, man. S. The deil cam' fiddlin	ď
The fieut-ma-care, quo' the feirrie auld wife. S. The deuks dang o'er	
	6.
A carline auld and teugh, The Election Ballads.	
	Ь
The auld gudeman, or the young gudeman, For me may sink or swim;	ъ.
Her auld Scots heart was true;	6.
And can we forget the auld Major,	Ι.
He founder'd his horse among harlots.	ъ.
Fame and high renown, For an auld sang Ib. Ii	v.
The crest, an auld crab-apple Rotten at the core	6.
The Murray, on the auld grey yaud,	
This coverances and a	۷٠
Like Socrates or Antonine, Or some auld pagan heathen, The Holy Fair.	
Au' thinks it auld wives' fables:	1
The auld guidmen, about the grace, Frae side to side they bother,	
My Lan' afore's a gude auld has been, The Inventor An' your auld burrough mony a time,	10
An your auld burrough mony a time,	6.
Ac and wheelparion, man for tower,	16
The last term of the la	,
uiest the fire, in auld, red rags, . The Jolly Beggars, K.	
uiest the fire, in auld, red rags, The folly beggars. A. Yet that winus save ye, auld Satan must have ye, The Kirk's Alarm.	4

Why desert ye your auld native shire? The Kirk's Alarm. 18.	Auld-light [of the old, orthodox School of Theology].
Now auld K[ilmarnock], cock thy tail, . The Ordination. 6.	An' auld-light caddies bure sic hands, To W. Simpson. P.S.
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch, 16. 10.	Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatan; Ib. Some auld-light herds in neebor towns Ib.
See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes	Some auld-light herds in neebor towns
She's swingein thro' the city!	Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks, . To Miss Ferrier.
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke, The Tree of Liberty.	Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight,
Syne let us pray, auld England may	And trig an' braw : To W. Creech.
	Auld-warld [old-world].
That bears the name o' auld King Coil, The Twa Dogs. I. The cantie, auld folks, crackan crouse, Ib. 20.	To liken them to your auld-warld squad, I must needs say, comparisons are odd. The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
He rives his father's auld entails;	Aumous [aims]. While she held up her greedy gab,
Auld W[odro]w, lang has hatch'd mischief.	Just like an aumous dish:
The Twa Herds. 13.	The Jolly Beggars, R.I. Aunt. Nae weel tochered aunts, to wait on their drants,
My auld grey head had lien in clay, S. The Union.	Ronalds of Bennals.
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek, The auld, clay biggin; The Vision. D. I. 13.	Auntie [dim. of Aunt]. A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,
Auld, hermit Aire staw thro' his woods, 16. 14.	Was left me by my auntie, S. And O for ane and twenty †
He met wi' auld Nick, wha said, how do ye fen?	At hame I faught my Auntie, O: S. Killiegrankie
S. There liv'd ance a carle †	My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity, S. What can a young lassie†
So Nickie then got the auld wife on his back,	Tak a mark by auntie Bettie, S. Will ye go and marry †
There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,	Tak a mark by auntie Bettie, S. Will ye go and marry † Aurora. Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
S. There's auld Rob†	The flashing elements of female souls.
He's the king of gude fellows, and wale of auld men; . 16.	Ep, to R. Graham, 2.
But oh, she's an heiress, auld Rohin's a laird;	Author. I thank thee, author of this opening day! Sounct writ. on birthday.
Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it . Third Ep. to J. Lap. Till ye forget ye're auld an' gutty,	should my Author health again dispense, Why am I loth \$
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,	And yet can starve the author of the pleasure
Betbankit hums To a Haggis.	Wr. under Port. of Fergusson. Autumn. Autumn, benefactor kind,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware [v. A. 7] 16.	Add. to Shade of Thomson.
on an auld wife's flainen toy; To a Louse.	And yellow autumn presses near, S. Bonie Bell.
Wi' auld Nick there's less danger; To a Painter. But an auld man shall never daunton me. [re.]	How cheery, thro' her shortening day,
S. To daunton me.	Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow: S. By Allan Stream. Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow, 1b.	In grief thy sallow mantle tear; . El. on Capt. M. H. 13.
my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay To Dr. Blacklock.	The sober autumn enter'd mild, John Barleycorn.
Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks, To Gav. Hamilton.	Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
That auld, capricious carlin, Nature, To J. S. 3. And leave auld Scotia's shore? S. To Mary.	Wave o'er the yellow corn! Lament of Mary of Scots.
And leave and Scotia's shore? S. To Mary. And may be wear an auld man's beard, To Mr. M'Adam.	Wave o'er the yellow corn! Lament of Mary of Scots. Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey, S. My Nanie's Awa,
Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye, To Terraughty.	Autumn's piensant weather; S. 1000 westlin winds †
Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest, To IV. Creech.	Not Autumn to the Farmer, So dear 1b.
Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight, 16.	How I would mourn when it was torn, By autumn wild and winter rude! S. O were my love †
Until a pow as auld's Methusalem! He canty claw! . 1b.	yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn:
Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain. To W. Simpson. 6	The Brigs of Avr. 13.
We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,	The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn S. The gloomy night † The robiu pensive Autumn cheer, The Petition of Br. Water.
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;	As autumn to winter resigns the pale year. S. The lazy mist †
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a newk	And sweet is night in autumn mild, S. Twas even—the dewy †
Should think they better were inform'd,	Ava [at all, of all].
Than their nuld dadies,	An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked scawl
when the auld Moon's gaun to lea'e them,	Was warst ava? . Add. to the Deil. 18.
Auld Clinkum at the Inner port	For fient a wame it had ava, . Death and Dr. Hornbook. The deil gets na justice ava, . The Election Ballads. III.
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?	The deil gets na justice ava, . The Election Ballads. III. What way poor bodies liv'd ava The Twa Dogs. 7.
S. What can a young lassie †	Nae joy her bonie buskit nest
O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man. [re.] 16. My auld aunty Katie upon me takes pity, 16.	Can yield ava, To W. Creech.
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan! 1b.	But, Sir, this pleas'd them warst ava. What ails ye now †
Auld baudrans by the ingle sits, S. Willie Wastle †	Avail. And are they of no more avail, Ten thousand glittering pounds a year?
Trifled aff till she's grown auld, S. Will ye go and marry	Ode to Mem. of Mrs,
Auld-age [old-age]. Auld age ne'er mind a feg; Ep. to Davic. 2.	Avail, to. But what avails the pride of art, When wastes the soul with anguish?
In vain Auld-age his body hatters; Tam Samson's El. 9.	Avarice. Even Avarice would deny
Auld Brig [Old Bridge].	Avaunt. Avaunt, away! the cruel sway, Tyrannic man's dominion; S. Now west lin' winds †
Ane on th' Auld Brig his airy shape aprears, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Avenged. It burns my heart I must depart
Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race, 1b.	And not avenged be. S. Farewell, ye dungeous†
Aulder [older]. I'll aulder be gin simmer,	Avenging. Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
S. I'm o'er young to marry t	By her inspired, the new-born race
Auldfarran, -rent [knowing, sagacious]. And ane a chap that's d—mn'd auldfarran,	Soon drew the avenging steel, man; The Tree of Liberty.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod. Why am I loth
your auld-farrent, frica'ly letter; . Second Ep. to Davie.	Avoid. But wha can avoid the fell snare? Inscrip. on Goblet.

Ard some their New-light fair avow, Just quite barefac'd. To W. Simpson, P.S. Avow'd. Their title's avow'd by my conntry. Poet. Add. to Tytler. Avowedly. But what could ye other expect Of are that's avowedly daft?	Her darling bird that she loe's best Wilhie's awa! [pr.] . To W. Creech. Then to the blessed, New Jerusalem, Fleet wing awa!
Avowed. Their title's avow'd by my country. Poet. Add. to Tytler. Avowedly. But what could ye other expect	Thea to the blessed, New Jerusalem, Fleet wing awa!
Avowedly. But what could ye other expect	Fleet wing awa!
Of ane that's avowedly daft?	Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie
The Jolly Beggars, S. III.	Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie, Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame; S. Wandering Willie.
Awa [away]. But sneer na British-hoys awa; A Dream. 14.	An' snoov'd awa' before the Session . What ails ye now † I said 'Gude night,' and cam' awa',
He swept the stakes awa', man, A Fragment. 7.	In a' our town or here awa; S. Young Jockey †
But just thy step a wee thing hastet, Thou snoov't awa	Await. If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
Forhy sax mae, I've sell't awa,	Monody, on a Lady. In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin! Tam o' Shanter. 18.
Frightin awa your deucks and geese Add. of Beelzebub. 4. Awa ye squatter'd like a drake, Add. to the Deil. 8.	Unconscious what evils await; The Kirk's Alarm.
Awa wi' your belles and your beauties,	Awake. So Nelly startling half awake, Away affrighted springs. S. On a bank of flowers t
S. Adown winding Nith†	Awake, to. Amang the fresh, green leaves bedew'd,
A prisoner aughteen year awa, . S. Amang the trees † Awa, whigs, awa! S. Awa, whigs, awa.	Awake the early morning, S. A Rosebud by my† The balmy gales awake the flowers, S. Behold, my love †
And I'll awa to Nanie, O S. Behind you hills t	A workhouse! ah, that sound awakes my woes.
But now our joys are fled On winter blasts awa! [v.A.8] . S. But lately seen †	Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria. Your blood shall with incessant cry
Awa ye selfish, warly race, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 20.	Awake at last th' nosparing power Fragment of Ode.
Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter Ep. to Major Logan. 2.	Awake thy last sad voice, my harp! Lament for Glencairn. Awake, resound thy latest lay,
For had ye staid whole weeks awa', Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. Epit. on Wag in M.	And blythe awakes the morrow, S. Sweet fa's the evet
He gaped for't [his argument], he graped for't. He fand it was awa, man:— Extem. in Court of Session.	Awakes me up to toil and woe: The Lament.
Twa o' them were gotten	Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Awaken. Farewell! within thy bosom free
When Johny was awa. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer. Some start awa, wi'saucy pride, Halloween. 7.	A sigh may whiles awaken; V.s under grief.
Frae G-d's ain priests the people's hearts	Awald [down and unable to help oneself]. The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald heside it,
He steals awa'. Holy Willie's Prayer.	S. O ken ye what Meg †
I think on him that's far awa', S. It was a' for our† And the days are awa that we hae seen; S. Lady Mary Ann.	As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning,
Kings and nations, swith awa! Louis what reck It	S. As I was a-wand ring t A-wandering wi' my Davie S. Now rosy May
But to me its delightless, my Nanie's awa'. S. My Nanie's awa.	Award. Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate :
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow Talk of him that's far awa. [re.] Musing on the roaring t	Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria. Aware. wakeful caution still aware Of ill To a yng Lady.
O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie! S. O Kenmure's on and awat	Awauk [awake]. Altho' thy beauty and thy grace Might weel awank desire. S. It is na, Jean
Here's him that's far awa, Willie!	Might weel awauk desire. S. It is na, Jean
Till fley'd awa' hy Phæbus' light . S. O were my love yon † Wha first shall rise to gang awa,	Awauken [awaken]. And blythely awankens the morrow S. Craigie-burn Wood.
A cuckold coward loun is he! . S. O Willie brew'd †	Away. False flatterer, Hope, away! . Fragment of Ode Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Is o'er the hills and far awa? . S. O how can I be blythe † The bonie lad that's far awa. [re.]	Are with him that's far away.
Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp	On the seas and far away, On stormy seas and far away, S. Howcan my poor hearts
Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers On Willie Chalmers. They fade and they wither awa, man. Ronalds of Bennals.	For his weal that's far away, [re.]
If that wad entice her awa, man	Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
She steals our affections awa, man	Tyrannic man's dominion ; S. Now westlin winds
But for her sake sae far awa; [re.] . S. Sae far awa.	Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away. S. O that I had no er Away affrighted springs. On a bank of flowers.
For loyal Forbes' Charter'd boast Is ta'en awa!,	What wealth could never give nor take away!
Your mortal Fae is now awa', . Tam Samson's El. 7.	Sonnet, w.r. on Birthday I wear away My life, and in my office holy
With clavers and haivers Wearing the time awa': The Answer to the Guidwife.	Consume the day
Till fey men died awa, man. The Battle of Sherra-moor.	Awe. My poverty keeps me in awe, man, Ronalds of Bennals But with humility and awe
The Cooper o' cuddy cam here awa; S. The Cooper o' cuddy t	Still walks before his God
And danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman; S The deil cam' fiddlin t The de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman, [re.] Ih.	His guardian seraph eyes with awe
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa. [re] The Farewell to St. J.'s L.	The noble ward he loves
Awa, thou flaunting god o' day! Awa, thou pale Diana! . S. The gowd. locks of A.	Awe, to. Shall ever danton me, or awe me, Add. to Illegit. Child Awe [owe]. But deevil a shilling I awe, man.
An' I held awa to the school; The Jolly Beggars, S. III.	Awee [a little while; somewhat].
Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie, S. The Laddies by † Ye turncoat Whigs awa!	Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee, Add. to the Deil, a
Beneath the moon's unclouded light.	I grudge a wee the Great folk's gift, . Ep. to Davic. I straiket it a wee for sport, Ep. to J. R. &
I held awa to Annie:	I straiket it a wee for sport,
Awa they gaed wi mock parade, . The Tree of Liberty.	Collected Harry stood awee Extem. in Court of Session
Whiles scour'd awa in lang excursion, The Twa Dogs. 6.	Then wait a wee, and cannie wale S. In simmer when
We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen, S. There grows a bonie brier †	And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee; S. O whistle, and I'll
What will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa?	She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame, But by my south she'll wait a wee! . S. O Willie brew'd
That he from our lasses should wander awa; S. There's a youth †	And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And Then ye'll see him! On Grose's Percgrination.
	The third that gaed a wee aback, The Holy Fair. 2

Fareweel the bonie banks of Ayr, S. The Catrine woods †

Aweful,-fu'. The smile or frown of aweful Heaven, W'r. in Friars-Carse H.	And ay it charms my very saul, The kind love that's in her e'e S. O this is no my ain t
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,	The kind love that's in her e'e S. O this is no my ain † And ay I muse and sing thy name, S. O were I on Parnassus † Thou's ay the dearer, and dearer to me
The Rights of Woman. His awful chair of state resolves to mount, . The Vowels.	
An awfu' scythe, ont-owre ae shouther, Clear-dangling, hang; Death and Dr. Hornbook.	S. O whare did ye get † Ay vow and protest that ye carena for me,
Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu', Which even to name wad be unlawfu'. Tam o' Shanter, 11.	S. O whistle, and I'll t
Awe-struck. With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,	Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
Add. to Edinburgh. 6. Awhile. And fare thee weel, a while! . S. A red, red Rose.	On Scot. Bard gone to W. Indies. Ay wavering like the willow wicker,
To shun impelling ruin,	I ween good and ill Poem on Life.
A while her pinions tries; S. How cruel are the † Tho' thou may gayly bloom a while, S. I do confess thou †	And ay my Chloris' dearest charm, She says she lo'es me best of a'. S. Sae flaxen were t
(A while forbear, ye torturing fiends) Ode to Mem. of Mrs	An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think Braw sober lessons. Second Ep, to Davie.
Each worldly thought a while forbear, On Lincluden Castle. A-winding. No more a-winding the course of you river,	Leeze me on rhyme! it's ay a treasure,
S. Where are the joys t	And ay the ale was growing better: . Tam o' Shanter. 5.
Awkart [awkward]. My Awkart Muse sair pleads and begs	An' ay the tither shot he thumpit, Tam Samson's El. 10. So touched, bewitched, I rav'd ay to mysel:
I would na write. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 2.	The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Awkward. Wert thou nwkward, stiff, affected, Spurning nature, torturing art:	Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
To Miss Fontenelle.	And ay the wild-wood echoes rang, S. The Catrine woods †
Awnie [having awns, bearded]. And Aits set up their awnie horn, Scotch Drink. 3	An' ay was guid to me an' mine; . The Death of Mailie.
Axiom. call alond This axiom undoubted	An' warn him ay at ridin time, To stay content wi' yowes at hame; [v. A. 3] 1b.
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson. Axis. While Terra firma, on her axis,	But ay keep mind to moop an mell,
Diurnal turns, To W. Simpson.	ay on Sundays duly, nightly,
Ay. Ay! quo he, and shook his head, Death and Dr. Hornbook.	(L-d keep me ay frac a' temptation!)
Ay, and I love her still, S. Handsome Nell.	An' ay he gies the tozie drab The tither skelpan kiss, The Jolly Beggars, R.I.
Ay [always]. We took the road ay like a Swallow; A Gude New Year † 9.	And ay she wist na what to say; S. The lass that made the bed. But ay she sigh'd and cry'd "Alas!
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay To free the ditches; Death and Dr. Hornbook, 3,	But ay she sigh'd and cry'd "Alas!
And ay he catch'd the tither wretch, . The Ordination. 10.	Ye ay shall mak' the bed to me
She ay shall bless that happy night, S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Aye. She dresses aye sae clean and neat, S. Handsome Nell.
For ay he pree'd the lassie's mou, S. The Taylor †	And aye I wish him back again S. My Harry was † But aye the tear comes in my ee, S. O how can I be blythe †
At kirk and fair, I'se ay be there, S. The tither morn † And ay she shook the temper-pin S. Duncan Davison.	(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret; . Poem on Life.
And ay she set the wheel between:	It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee To taste the barrel. Scotch Drink. 13.
And ay be welcome back again	And aye the salt tear blinds her ee; S. The lovely lass of t
Ay free, aff han', your story tell, . Ef. to Young Friend, 5. Let that ay be your border:	And ave the o'erword o' the spring.
Has ay some cause to smile: Ep. to Davie. 3.	Was Irvine's bairns are bonie a. The Night was still † My blessings are attend the chiel.
The heart ay's the part ay, That makes us right or wrang	My blessings are attend the chiel, Wha pitted Gallia's slaves, man, The Tree of Liberty.
And ay a westlin leuk she throws, . Ep. to H. Parker.	But vicious folk aye hate to see The works of virtue thrive, man;
It pits me ay as mad's a hare; Ep. to J.R. 13	Aye [yes]. An' saying aye or no's they bid him:
Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune, Ep. to Major Logan.	Ayont [beyond]. Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright.
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't For ance and aye Friend of the Poet †	Ayont the lough; Add. to the Deil. 7. Some wee, short hour ayont the twal,
I dighted ay her een sae blue, S. Had I the wyte †	Death and Dr. Horubook. 31.
An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,	"Is o'er ayont the water:" S. Had I the wyte † And a' the comfort we're to get,
Thon'rt ay sae free informing me	Is that ayont the grave, man The Tree of Liberty.
Thou hast nae mind to marry; S. Here's to thy health † But far off fowls hae feathers fair,	Heaven keep you free frae care and strife, Till far ayout fourscore; V.s to Landlady of Inn.
And ay until ye try them:	Ayr [v. Aire]. As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd, Add. to Edinburgh.
And ay the stound, the deadly wound, Came frae her een sae bonie blue. S. I gaed a waefu'†	When in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,
But ay fu-han't is fechtin best, In simmer when t	Ef. to Major Logan. 14.
Ye're ay the same kind man to me, . S. John Anderson † Cog an ye were ay fou,	L—d hear my earnest cry an' pray'r, Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr; Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.
I wad sit and sing to you, If ye were ay fou. S. Landlady count †	Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr. S. How pleasant the banks †
I sat beside my warpin-weel, And ay I ca'd it roun'; S. My heart was ance †	And on you bonie braes of Ayr; . S. O what ye wha's in † As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
O ay my wife she dang me S. O ay my wife she dang.	(Auld Ayr, whom ne er a town surpasses,
And dear was she, I darena name, But I will ay remember S. O may thy morn †	For honest men and bonny lasses.) Tam o' Shanter. 2. Ae night within the ancient brugh of Ayr, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
How aften didst thou pledge and vow,	The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Thou wou'dst for ay be mine; S. O mirk, mirk† O Willy, ay I bless the grove	The Sprites that ower the Brigs of Ayr preside Ib. 4. Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea; Ib. 7.
Where first I own'd my maiden love, . S. O Phely†	In Ayr, Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle
But prudence is her o'erword ay, S. O poortith cauld t	To mouth "A Citizen," a term o' scandal: Ib. 10.

But ay I'm eerie they come ben. . S. O that I had ne'er †

The Fite Chamtetre. May woman on him turn her back, On W. Stewart. O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man? . Th. And warsle Time, and lay him on his back. Scots Prologue. On the bonie banks of Ayr to meet, Ne'er claw your lug. and fidge your back, Ao' hum an' haw, The Author's Cry and Prayer. . The gloomy Night + Along the lonely banks of Ayr. Ib. Far from the bonie banks of Avr. 1re. 1 . His back's been at the wa'; . . The Election Ballads, I. Town of Ayr, town of Ayr, it was mad I declare,
The Kirk's Alarm. Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back. . . The Holy Fair. 11. His breast was white, his towzie back, The Ordination. Q. Or try the wicked town of A** . The Twa Dogs. 5. Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black; Can I forget the hallow'd grove, Where by the winding Ayr we met But he ne'er turned his back on his foe-or his friend, To Mary in Heaven. The Whistle. 9. Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore, So Nickie then got the auld wife on his back, O Ayr, my dear, my native ground, To Rev. J. M' Math. S. There lived ance a carle t And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr; . What ails ye now t To thresh my back at sic a pitch?. S. Truchearted was he t Back, to. And Honour safely back her [Truth]. Azure. Now Phoebus chears the crystal streams, On W. Chalmers And glads the azure skies;

Lament of Mary of Scots. Backet [backed]. Tho' thou's howe-backet, now, an' knaggie, A Guid New-year † 1 When ripen'd fields, and azure skies, Backet [bucket]. parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets, Call'd forth the Reaper's rustling noise, The Vision, D. 11. 15. On Grose's Peregrinations. Ba' [hall]. Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man, A Fragment. o. Backlins-comin [coming backwards]. However Fortune kick the ba', . . Et. to Davie. 3. An' backlins-comin, to the lenk, She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba', She [the Moon] grew mair bright. To W. Simpson, P.S. S. Lady Mary Ann. Back-recoiling. While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
Their Suthron foes. [v. A. 4] The Vision. Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba', The Farewell to St. J.'s L. Babbling. Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep; Liberty. Backsliding. We're frail backsliding mortals merely, Babel. Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep.

The Ordination. 7. Ep. to Major Logan. 9. Back-stairs. He'd up the back-stairs, and by G-he would steal 'em, . . Fragment, inse. to Fox. Babie [baby]. Weel, my babie, may thou furder : S. Hee balou t Back-style. Syne up the back-style, and let naebody see And send him safe hame to his babie and me.

S. O whare did ve get t S. O whistle, and I'll + Backward. Dim-backward as I cast my view. What sick ning Scenes appear! Despondency, an Ode. 1. The lad that is dear to my babie and me. S. Out over the Forth t There lie my sweet babies in her arms, S. The sun he is sunk t Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid? Ep. to R. Graham, 5. Babie-, Baby-clouts [baby-clothes]. O wha my habie-clouts will buy? S. O wha my babie-clouts + The sun a backward course shall take Ere ought thy manly courage shake; S. Highland Laddie. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, While frighted rattons backward lenk . The Ordination, 7. Like baby-clouts a-dryin: . The Jolly Beggars, R. II. Bab'lon. And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. The Vision, D. I. A. I backward mus'd on wasted time. His twisted head look'd backward on his way. The Vowels. Bacchus, 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken Bacchus, But Och! I backward cast my e'e. Scotch Drink. 1. On prospects drear! He was a care-defying blade, As ever Bacchus listed! Back-yett [back-gate]. And come na unless the back-yett The Jolly Beggars, R. VII. As ever Bacconis used.

Bachelor. The boast of our hachelors a man:

Ronalds of Bennals. be a-jee; S. O whistle, and I'll Bacon. And plenty of bacon each day in the year;
Impromptu. Back, adv. "Friend, whare ye gann. Will ye go back?"

Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8. But why always Bacon-come, give me a reason? S. O Lassie, art thou t Bad. And clout the bad girdin o't. . S. Duncan Gray. Gae back the gate ye cam' again, They may prove as bad as I am. . S. Here's to thy health t So gratefu', hack your news I send you, Kind Sir, Fre read t The past was bad and the future hid; S. My father was a farmer t Soor Bigotry, on her last legs, Girnin' looks back, Letter to J. Goudie. I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's a' my complaint, S. There liv'd ance a carle And at night she'll return to her nest back again. Lns on a Ploughman. Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny
What can a young lassic t I'll never see him back again. O for him back again! [re.] S. My Harry was a gallant + Rad. Bade. Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk, S. O can ye labour lea † Hallmuren, 17 Gae back the gate ye cam' again, On Kirk of Lamington. And had her mak' a hed for me; . S. The lass that made t Ye'se a' be het or I come back. Ye bad me write you what they mean To IV. Simpson, P.S. To get auld Scotland back her kettle! The Author's Cry and Prayer, 15. . S. Had I the wyte + Had I the wyte she bade me?. . . I saw mysel, they did pursue
The horse-men back to Forth, man,
The Battle of Sherra-moor.
The Battle of Sherra-moor. Had Kirk and State been in the gate, 16. I lighted when she bade me 15. And bade me mak nae clatter; . The Holy Fair. 21. An' echoes back return the shouts; He bade me act a manly part, S. My father was a farmer t But I call'd her quickly back again, S. The lass that made the bed. And bade gudeen to me, jo. . S. O wat ye what my t The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say, "Yon're one day older this important day." Prologue at Th.D. And to her ain heapeck e'en carried her back, S. There liv'd ance a carle He [Time] bade me on you press this one word—"Think!" Ib. Then back I rattle on the rhyme There's naething like t My mither she bade me gie him a stool, [re.] S. The auld man † As gleg's a whittle! Back, s. Abuse a Brother to his back; . A Ded. to G.H. S. And mony bade the warld gudenight: S. The Battle of Sherra-moor. Add. of Beelsebub. 4. Wi' a' their bastards on their back! Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage. Or die a cadger pownie's death, r Moses bade eternal wallings With Amalek's ungracious progeny; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. At some dyke-back, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 7. But your curst wit, when it comes near it, Rives't aff their back. There came a piper t When fient a hody bade him. . Ep. to J. R. 3. Bade [desired; endured]. But Merran sat behint their hacks. I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth. . Halloween. 11. Her thoughts on Andrew Bell; . To Dr. Blacklock. And bade nae better. Altho' my back be at the wa', [re.] S. Here's his Health in Water. Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang.

The Brigs of Ayr. 4. John Barleycorn. They laid him down upon his back,

Badge. Its just the Blue-gown badge an claithing, O' Saunts;	An' gied you a' baith gear an' meal; . El. on Year 1788.
whose merits claim.	Baith careless, and fearless, Of either Heaven or Hell; Ep. to Davie. 6.
Justly that highest badge to wear! The Farewell to St. J.'s L.	A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
That gallant badge, the dear cockade, S. When wild War's † Bag. weel brac'd wi' mealy bags, The folly Beggars, R. I.	To hear your crack. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 7.
When the tother bag I sell and tother bottle tell, Ib. S. i.	In rhyme or prose, or baith thegither, Ib. Ap. 21st. 7.
Here's to budgets, bags and wallets!	An' baith a yellow George to claim, An' thole their blethers! . Ep. to J. R. 12.
Baggie [dim. of bag; the stomach],	He's tell'd her father and mother baith, Katharine Jaffray.
Hae, there's a ripp to thy null baggie: A Guid New Year † Balginet (bayonet). When bagginets o'ernower'd the target	And shook baith meikle corn and bear, Tam o' Shanter. 15.
Balginet (bayonet). When balginets o'erpower'd the targe, S. The Battle of Sherra-moor.	I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith: . The Death of Mailie.
Ballie, Baillie (a Magistrate of a Burgh).	aiblins gowd and honour baith . The Election Ballads. I. The lads and lasses, blythely bent
In some bit brugh to represent A Baillie's name? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 11.	To mind baith saul an' body, The Holy Fair. 20.
Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony n Bailie, Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay;	Ae leg an baith the trams are broken; The Inventory.
Wha in the paths o righteousness did toil ay; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	Are riven out baith root an' branch, . The Twa Dogs. 21. He smell'd their ilka hole and road,
Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies.	Baith out and in, The Twa Herds. 6.
I canna say but they do gailies; . Add. of Beelechub. 4. Bairan [baring]. Bairan a quarry, an' sic like,	And baith the S[haw]s
The Twa Dogs. 10.	Shall make us baith sae blythe an' witty, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Bairn [a child]. Since I tint my hairns, S. By yon castle wa't	Baith snell an' keen!
Ye [hills, cliffs] Nature's sturdiest bairns, El. on Capt. M.H. 3. O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn, El. on Year 1783.	And bless your bonie lasses baith, To Mr. M'Adam.
Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ve pass	Baith honest men and lasses bonie, . To Terraughty.
To school in bands thegither, Epit. on Wag.	Baith loud an' lang To IV. Simpson, P.S. Bake [biscuit]. Here's crying out for bakes an' gills,
How mony bairns hae ye? . S. Gudeen to you Kimmer† I am my mammy's ae bairn, . S. I'm o'er young to marry †	The Holy Fair, 18.
Now I've gotten wife and bairns, . S. O that I had ne'er +	Bake, to. An' bake them up in brunstane pies For poor d—n'd Drinkers. Scotch Drink. 20.
We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like.	Bak'd. farls, bak'd wi' butter, Fu' crump The Holy Fair, 7.
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle	
Your auld, gray hairs. Second Ep. to Davie.	Baking. Frae morn to een its nought but toiling At baking, roasting, frying, boiling; The Twa Dogs. 9.
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn, Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn; Tam o' Shanter, 10.	Balaam. I hat which distinguished the gender
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns; Ib. 11.	O' Balaam's ass; On Grose's Peregrinations.
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean, In mourning weed; Tam Samson's El. 2.	And swear he has the Angel met
Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in. The Cotter's Sat. Night.	That met the Ass of Balaam The Dean of Fac, Balance. High wields her balance and her rod;
The Cotter's Sat. Night,	Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave. Ib. & An' bairns greet for them when they're dead.	Then at the balance let's be mute, We never can adjust it :
The Death of Mailie.	If Self the wavering balance shake,
And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath, I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith:	It's rarely right adjusted! Ep. to I oung Friend. 3. Her doubtful balance eyed, a d sway'd her rod;
The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout,	On Death of R. Dundas
S. The deuks dang o'er† Irvine's bairns are bonie a' The night was still †	Balance, to. They took nae sains their speech to balance, To W. Simpson, P.S.
An' set the bairns to daud her	She's twisted right, she's twis ad left, To balance fair in ilka quar :r; S. Willie Wastle †
like a godly elect bairs	Bald. But now your brow is b ld. John.
But Heaven's curse will blast the man Denies the bairn he got; The Ruined Maid's Lament.	S. Iohn Anderson, my io t
Denies the bairn he got; The Ruined Maid's Lament. Balrntime [a family of children; a brood].	Bald-pate. To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow, Prologue at Th., D.
That bonie Bairntime, Heaven has lent, . A Dream. 9.	Bald-pated. I see the old bald-pated fellow, With ardent eyzs, complexion sallow,
My Pleugh is now thy bairn-time a'; A Guid New-year † 15.	Sketch, New-Yr's Day.
Baissemains. Faites mes baissemains respectueuse, Ep. to Major Logan. 13.	Baleful. Never baleful stellar lights, Taint thee with untimely blights! . To Miss C.
Baited. Such witching books are baited hooks O leave novelst	Ball. An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races.
Baited with many a deadly curse? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs	The Twa Dogs. 31. Ballad, -t. To lowse his pack an' wale a sang,
Baith (both). I'm baith dead sweer, an' wretched ill o't; A Ded. to G. H. 13.	A ballad o' the best.
Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows, And sodgers baith; Adam A-'s Prayer.	The Jolly Beggars, R. VIII. They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches;
But, in the teeth o' baith to sail,	Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Ballantyne. When B[allantyne] befriends his humble name.
It maks an unco leeway. Add. to Unco Guid. 4. The night's baith mirk and rainy, O; S. Behind you hills †	The Brigs of Ayr.
Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, [v. A. 6]	Ballochmyle. Fareweel the braes of Ballochmyle. S. The Catrine woods t
Death and Dr. Hornbook, 1.	Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle! 1b.
Has made them batth no worth a f—t	Among the braes o' Ballochmyle. S. Twas even, the dewy t
Which rais'd us baith:	Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle. [rc.]
I tint my curch and haith my shoon, S. Duncan Gray.	Balloon. Are mind't, in things they ca' Balloons, To tak a flight, To W. Simpson, P.S.
The beast again can bear us baith,	Balm. Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin', . S. Duncan Gray †	Frae woman's pitying e'e. Lament of Mary of Scots. The gust o' joy, the balm of woe, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Now they're crouse and canty baith! 16. And counted was baith wight and stark,	Dropping dews, and breathing balm To Miss C.
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.	Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds: Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
	The second of the

Balmaghie [Mr. Gordon of Balmaghie].	Bane [bone]. It just played dirl on the bane,
It may send Balmaghie to the Commons. In Sodom 'twould make him a king.	When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin. Ep. to Davie. 3.
The Election Ballads. III,	Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
Here's a reputation Tint by Balmaghie,	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 12, Below thir stanes lie Jamie's hanes; Epit. on noisy Polemic.
But Balmaghie had better been	Here lie Willie M[ic]hie's banes On a Schoolmaster.
Drinking Madeira wine. 16.	A murderer's banes in gibbet airns; Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Balmerino. bold Balmerino's undying name, Fragment of Ode,	A boy no sae black at the bane: The Election Ballads, III.
Balmy. The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer, Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest :	Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke, The Jolly Beggars, S.V. They've nae sair-work to crare their banes.
S. Adown winding Nith †	The Twa Dogs. 29.
The balmy gales awake the flowers, S. Behold my love † But, Delia, on thy balmy lips	Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle, Your thick plantations To a Louse.
Let me, no vagrant insect, rove! . Delia. An Ode.	— by his banes wha in a tub Match'd Macedonian Sandy! To Mr. M'Adam.
Tis but the balmy, breathing gale, S. Here is the glent rosy lips, Rich with balmy treasure: S. Thine am It	Bane. But English gold has been our bane . S. The Union.
rosy lips, Rich with balmy treasure: S. Thine am I† Balou [a lullaby]. Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald,	Morality, thou deadly bane,
S. Hee balou †	Bang [a stroke, an effort].
Baltic. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whistle. 4.	Bang [a stroke, an effort]. Yet, teughly doure, he bade an unco bang. The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Bamboozle. May never wicked men bamboozle him!	bang, w [strike, beat].
Ban. And sairly thole their mither's ban, Afore the howdy. What ails ye now †	An I shall bang your hide, gudeman. S. Ogin ye were dead. Bang'd [struck, beat]. An' aft my wife she bang'd me, S. O ay my wife.
Ban, to. The devil-haet, that I sud ban,	And banged the despot weel, man. The Tree of Liberty.
Ban', Band [a badge of office worn by ordained	Bangor [name of a minor Psalm Tune].
ciergymenj,	An' skirl up the Bangor: The Ordination. 3. Banie [having large bones].
gown, an' ban', an' douse black bonnet. To Rev. J. M' Math Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,	The brawnie, banie, ploughman-chiel, . Scotch Drink. 11.
And band upon his breastie; . On IV. Chalmers.	Banish. Phoebus, gilding the brow of the morning, Eanishes ilk darksome shade. S. Sleep'st thou †
Band [company, troop]. Wi' sword in hand, before his band, A Fragment. 2.	Banished, -'d. Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head
To school in bands thegither, Epit. on Wag.	Bring our banish'd hame again; S. Frac the friends †
Altho' that his [Charlie's] band be sma', S. Here's a health to them †	But now he's banish'd far away, S. My Harry was a gallant †
Success to Kenmure's band, S. O Kenmure's on and awa t	lone in Patmos banished, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. They banish'd him beyond the sea, The Jolly Beggars, S. IV.
The beauteous seraph Sister-band, O Thou dread Pow'r tyranny's empurpled bands; S. Streams that glide t	Now there, they're packed aff to h-ll.
tyranny's empurpled bands; S. Streams that glide † Whigs to h—ll Flew off in frighted bands,	And banish'd our dominions, . The Ordination. 12. Be banish'd o'er the sea to France The Twa Herds. 16.
S. The Battle of Sherra-moor.	Bank. As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd, Add, to Edinburgh. 1.
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage. The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below,
a belted knight, Bred of a border band, The Election Ballads. I.	on the banks of winding Nith,
Oft have I met your social band, The Farewell to St. J.'s L.	When a' my weel-clad banks could see,
Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel band The Petition of Br. Water.	Their woody picture in my tide:
Know, the great Genius of this Land	The primrose banks how fair; S. Behold, my love †
Has many a light, aerial band, . The Vision. D. II. 3. A candid lib'ral band is found	Blythe by the banks of Earn, . S. Blythe was she † On Yarrow banks the birken shaw,
Of public teachers, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	She tripped by the banks of Earn,
And little lambkins wanton wild, In playful bands disporting. S. Young Peggy †	O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae, S. Braw lads of G. Water
Band [tie, fetter, bond].	Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks, S. Duncan Davison. Fairest maid on Devon banks! S. Fairest Maid†
The captive bands may chair 'he hands, But powerful love enslave 'ne man:	Along the flowery banks of Cree, . S. Here is the glen t
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne. The bands and bliss o' mutual love,	How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon, S. How pleasant the banks †
S. Braw lads on Yar. bracs †	the bonniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon, 16.
And oft a more endearing band, Ep. to Davie, 10.	Now blooms the lily by the bank, Lament of Mary of Scots.
Untie these bands from off my hands, S. Farcwell, ye dungeons t	No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander, Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
Yet here I lie in foreign bands, Lament of Mary of Scots.	Along the banks of Aire, . Man was made to mourn.
O why should Fate sic pleasure have Life's dearest bands untwining? S. O poortith cauld t	Now bank and brae are clothed in green, S.Novo bank and brae †
In Love's silken band can bind it S. Sweetest May t	To Cassills' banks when evining fa's,
The iron hand that breaks our band, S. The day returns † By sacred truth and honour's band! S. The Highland Lassie.	Then let me range by Cassills' banks,
I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love, S. The Posic	Like drumlie winter, dark and drear, S. O Logan, sweetly †
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove,	But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks, S. O whare did ye get! On a bank of flowers one summer's day, On a bank of flowers!
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,	On Cessnock banks there lives a lass, S. On Cessnock banks †
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet. The Whistle. 12.	Her voice is like the evining thrush That sings in Cessnock banks unseen,
My daddie sign'd my tocher band, S. Where Cart rins † Bandits, Banditti. Those [critics] cut-throat bandits in the	On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells;
paths of fame: To R. G. of F. 4.	Oh! banks to me for ever dear! S. Slow spreads the gloom
In spite o' dark banditti stabs At worth an' merit, To Rev. J. M' Math.	Ye lofty banks that Evan bound!

The banks by Castle Gordon S. Streams that glide †	Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.
Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,	Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers, The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.	The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Far from thy bonie banks and braes, S. The Banks of Nith.	Barb'rous. Inhuman man! curse on thy harb'rous art, On seeing Wounded Hare.
Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank! The Brigs of Ayr. 5.	Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,
Fareweel the bonie banks of Ayr, . S. The Catrine woods t	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith.	Bar'd. And bar'd the treason under.
S. The Election Ballads. I	The Election Eallads. VI. Bard. a Bard of rustic song, A Bard's Epit.
Buy braw troggin, Frae the banks o' Dee; 1b. 1l'.	The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks,
'Twas by the hanks o' bonie Dee,	Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.
On the bonie banks of Ayr to meet, The Fête Champêtre. Along the lonely banks of Ayr. S. The gloomy night †	Thou bure the Bard through many a shire?
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr. [re.]	Ep. to H. Parker.
He'll shade my banks wi' towering trees, And bonie spreading bushes. The Petition of Br. Water.	a Bard, Laden with years and meikle pain, Lament for Glencairn.
Delighted doubly then, my Lord, You'll wander on my banks,	Accept this tribute from the Bard Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom. 1b.
Let lofty firs and ashes cool,	The friendless Eard and rustic song, Became alike thy fostering care
My lowly banks o'ersprend,	A lowly Bard was he,
The Laddies by the banks o' Nith, . S. The Laddies by t	And lo! the Bard, a great reward,
I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes, S. To thee, loved Nith †	Has got a double portion!
Ettrick banks now roaring red, To IV. Creech.	By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown; S. No Churchman am I †
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells, To W. Simpson.	Forgive the Bard! my fond regard . On W. Chalmers.
And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr;	I send you a trifle, a head of a bard, Poet. Add. to Tytler.
S. True hearted was he †	O, a' ye Bards on bonie Doon! Poor Mailie's El.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil, S. When wild Wars †	
While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes down, And roars frae bank to brae;	Is there no daring Bard will rise and tell, Scots Prologue. The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough, The Brigs of Ayr. 1.
Ve banks, and braes, and streams around	The Brigs of Ayr. 1.
The castle of Montgomery, S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams	He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams	a simple Bard, Unknown and poor,
Ye banks and bracs o' bonie Doon, S. Ye banks and bracs †	(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
Bank [for money]. The many-pounders of the Banks, The Election Ballads, VI.	
Or strutted in a Bank and clarket	And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung 16. 11. No mercenary Bard his homage pays; The Cotter's Sat. Night.
My Cash-Account; The Vision. D.I. 5.	The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Banned, -'d. And bann'd the cruel randy, S. Had I the wyte †	Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire; . Ib. 14.
The courtly vermin's banned the tree, The Tree of Liberty. Banner. The trumpets sound, the banners fly, S. My bonie Mary.	But still the Patriot, and the Patriot-Bard, In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard! Ib. 21.
Reclined that banner, crst in fields unfurl d.	For your poor friend, the Bard afar, He only bears and sees the war, The Election Ballads. VI.
On Death of Sir J. Blair. And by our banners march'd Muirhead,	One round, I ask it with a tear, To him, the Bard, that's far awa. The Farewell to St. J.'s L. That to a Bard I should be seen
The Election Ballads, V. To muster o'er each ardent Whig	That, to a Bard, I should be seen Wi' balf my channel dry: . The Petition of Br. Water.
Beneath Drumlanrig's banners;	Here baply too, at vernal dawn.
S. The Ploughman †	Here baply too, at vernal dawn, Some musing bard may stray,
Bannock, Bonnock [a round flat thickish cake of oat, pease, or barley-meal, baked on the fire].	I am a Bard of no regard, Wi' gentle folks an 'a' that; The Jolly Beggars, S. VII.
Wi' hale-breeks, saxpence, an' a bannock; Auld comrade †	So sung the Bard-and Nansie's waws
Bannocks o' bear meal, hannocks o' barley;	Shook with a thunder of applause,
S. Eannocks o' bear meal †	All hail! my own inspired Bard! . The Vision. D. II. r. And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,
Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley. [re.] 1b.	Charm or instruct the future age, [v. A. 4]
Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' harley	Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
O whare did ye get that bauver-meal bannock? S. O whare did ye get †	The tuneful Art,
I'll be his debt twa mashlum bonnocks,	The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind, the Artisan; Ib. 7. To mark the embryotic trace, Of rustic Bard; Ib. 10.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. Banquet. The flower-enamour'd busy bee	Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, A rustic Bard
The rosy banquet loves to sip; Delia. An Odc. Banter. — then the scathe an banter	A bard was selected to witness the fray, The Whistle. 11.
We're forced to thole Ep. to Major Logan. 2.	A bard who detested all sadness a id spleen,
Baptiz'd. Baptiz'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight.	Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink: . Ib. 17. Such is the fate of simple Bard, . To a Mountain Daisy.
Bar. The pondrous wall and massy bar,	So prays thy faithful friend, the bard To a Young Lady.
Add. to Edinburgh. 5. Or loup the ecliptic like a bar; . Ep. to H. Parker.	Then take what gold could never buy An honest Bard's esteem To J. M'Murdo.
Bar, to. And har the doors wi' driving snaw, Ep. to Davie. 1.	See wha take notice o' the bard! To Mr. M'Adam.
Ah! must the agonizing thrill.	But Oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
For ever bar returning Peace! The Lament.	To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
They bar the door on frosty win's; The Twa Dogs. 20. Barbarian. Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.	To R. G. of F. 3. A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns; To R. Graham,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	An' may a hard as small his issue
Barbauld. In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives Even Sappho's flame. Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	An' may a bard no crack his jest
roem on rastoral Poetry.	Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.

Bardie, -y [dim. of Bard]. A bumble Bardie wishes! A Dream. 1.	Barkin [barking]. Now colie-grips, an' barkin hoast, May kill us a'; . Scotch Drink, 19.
Will ye accept a Compliment,	Barley. Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley; S. Bannocks o' bear meal †
A simple Bardie gies ye? 1b. 9. (Inspired Bardie's saw, man) A Fragment. 8.	Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley Ib.
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin, . Add. to the Deil. 20.	Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley. [re.] 16.
Put O for Hogarth's magic pow'r	And ay we'll taste the barley bree. S. O Willie brew'd †
To show Sir Bardy's willyart glowr, On dining with Daer.	Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed, To see me thro' the barley S. The Rigs o' Barley.
On make our Bardie dowie wear	Amang the rigs o' barley; [re.]
The mourning weed: 10.	Rapley-hrie [harley-juice, malt liquor].
Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence	How easy can the barley-brie Cement the quarrel!
Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks! Scotch Drink. 18.	Barleycorn v. John Barleycorn.
Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man, Commen' me to the Bardie clan; Second Ep. to Davie.	Barley-scone. A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail, And barley-scone shall cheer me. To Mr. M'Adam.
To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs Are humbly sent. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 1. Vour humble Bardie sings an' prnys While Rab bis name is	Barm. That clarty barm should stain my laurels; Searching auld wives' barrels †
I, a simple, countra bardie, To Rev. J. M. Math.	Barmie (of, or like barm). My barmie noddle's working prime, To J. S. 4.
She's [Coila's] gotten Bardies o' her ain, To W. Simpson.	Pann To chans who in a harn or byre.
I hope we, Bardies, ken some better	Wad better fill d their station A Drawn. 3.
Than mind sic bruizie 16. P.S. Bardship. My Bardship bere, at your Levee, A Dream, 1.	To lye in kilns and barns at e'en, . Ep. to Davie. 3. Meg fain wad to the Barn gaen
Bare. "But now, the Cot is bare and cauld, As on the banks?	Meg fain wad to the Barn gaen
"Has laid your rocky bosom bare, 16.	Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre; . S. In simmer when t
When birks are bare at Yule. S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †	An' first cou'd thrash the barn, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare. El. on Miss Burnet.	— na bred to barn and byre,
Thy strong right band, L-d make it bare, Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.	And at night, in barn or stable, Hug our doxies on the bay. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
	At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge, S. There was a lass †
Bare ber leg and bright her e'en, S. I met a lass † Or if bare a — yet were tax'd; . Kind Sir, I've read †	Barn-yard. Commend me to the Barn-yard, S. The Ploughman
When shill November's surly blast	Baron. The flower amang our barons bold,
Made fields and forests bare, Man was made to Mourn.	Lament for Geneui'n.
Gude ale bands me bare and busy, S. O gude ale comes to Sae bleak and bare. S. O wert thou in the t	Were I a baron proud and high, . S. Montgomerie's Peggy.
Dishing her mough or hare as Winter	An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron, The Laird o' Graham; The Author's Cry and Prayer. 13.
The Author's Cry and Frager, 6.	Maywelton that baron hold. The Election Dallais, VI.
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	Barrel. And empty all his barrels: Epit. on G. Richardson.
Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck; . The Holy Fair. 9.	A toom tar barrel An' twa red peats wad send relief, Letter to J. Goudic.
Thon saw the fields laid bare an' wast, To a Mouse.	It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee To taste the barrel Scotch Drink. 13.
made bare My peace, my bope, for ever! U.s under grief.	To taste the barrel
Bare, to. Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow, Now, fond, I bare my breast,	Searching auld wives' barrels Och, ho! the day! Searching auld wives' barrels †
Some rouse the Patriot up to bare	To gie the jars an' harrels A lift The Holy Fair. 14.
Corruption's heart: Inc v ision. D. 11. 4.	And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels, To a Medical Gent.
Barefac'd. An' some, their New-light fair avow, Just quite barefac'd. To W. Simpson. P.S.	Barren. In Poverty's low barren vale, Lament for Glencairn. What signifies his barren shine,
Barefit. A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet, S. O Mally's meek. Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp	Of moral pow'rs an' reason? And hap'ly, eye the barren but With high disdain. To J. S., 17.
Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers	Rapp Steennie [Rev. Stephen Young, of Barr].
The lasses, skelpan barefit, thrang,	Barr Steennie, Earr Steennie, what mean ye! what mean ye! The Kirk's Alarm.
Bargain. For me, thank God, my life's a lease, Nae bargain wearing faster, A Dream. O.	Barskimmin. And also Barskimmin's gude knight; The Election Ballads. III. Barter. Weel rigg'd for Venus barter; A Dream. 13.
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools, . Add. to Toothache. 'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be't; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.	Bartie. I am as fu' as Bartie:
Loove for loove is the bargain for me, . My Collier Laddic.	29.1011
	What sae base as be a sacret
My tocher's the bargain ye wan buy, S. O meikle thinks my love t	When we heggt the base degen rate race: Inc Driss 9 117.9.
Bargain'd. A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair; Ep. to J.K. 5. Barge. But, G-d-sa'ce! let nae saving-fit	Ob! can she bear so base a beart,
Abridge your hopie barges A Drum. (.	Busy haunts of base mankind, S. Thickest night t
Bark [of a tree]. Ye're like to the bark o' you rotten tree; S. O meikle thinks my love!	That foolish, selfish, faithless ways, Lead to be wretched, vile, and base, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Bark [of a dog]. Misfortune's gowling bark, A Ded. to G.H. 14.	Base [in music]. May fireside discords jar a base
Bark, to. Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter Ep. to Major Logan. 2.	Base. As built on the base of the great Revolution;
And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark The Kirk's Alarm. Be [common sense] banish'd o'er the sea to France, Hards 16	The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
Let him bark there The Tible Herias. 10	Rashfu' [bashful].
Barket [barked]. My heart has been sae fain to see them, That I for joy hae barket wi' them. The Twa Dogs. 20	

Bashing [being ashamed].	Bawd'rons v. Baudrans.
But bashing and dashing, I kend na how to tell The Ans, to the Guidwife.	Bawk (a strip of land left untilled).
Basin. A mickle quarter basin S. Gat ye met	Adown a corn-inclosed hawk, S. A Rose-bud by † Baws'nt [having a white stripe down the face].
Bask. There, ever bask in uncreated rays, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.	Bawtie [pet name for a dog].
Bask'd. He levell'd his rays where she hask'd on the brae S. The heather was bloom.	The Spanish empire's tint a head, An' my teethless Bawtie's dead; El. on Year 1788.
Basket. Curse thou his basket and his store, Kail an' potatoes. Holy Willie's Prayer, 12.	Bay. Peg Nicholson was a good hay mare, El. on Peg Nicholson.
Bass. But gravissimo, solemn basses, Ye hum away To J. S. [27.	Bay, Bays. So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay; The Whistle. 18.
Bastard. And gar the tatter'd gypsies pack, Wi'a' their bastards on their back!	Or tore, with noble ardour stung, The Sceptic's bays. The Vision. D. II. 6.
Bastile. It stands where ance the Bastile stood,	His well-won bays, than life itself more dear, To R. G. of F. 5. Or humbler bays entwining S. When first I saw †
The Tree of Liberty. Batch [a party]. An' there a batch o' Wabster lads,	Be. Be to the Poor like onie whunstane, A Ded. to G. H. S.
The Holy Fair. 9. Bathe. In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;	Twas just the way he wanted
S. How pleasant the banks † And violets bathe in the weet of the morn; S. My Nanie's Awa.	To be that night
Datter. In value Anid-age his body datters;	Her hridegroom for to be, O Katharine Jaffray.
Tam Samson's El. 9. Battle. Is this the power in freedom's war	Where'er he be, the Lord be near him; Ken ye ought o' Capt. Grose †
That wont to hid the battle rage? Liberty. The battle closes deep and bloody: . S. My bonic Mary.	Weel may we a' be! S. Landlady count † My pride and my darling to be? . S. Lecsic Lindsay.
And fight thy chosen's battle; New Psalmody.	How can I be but eerie! . S. When I think on t
the first blow is ever half the battle; Prologue, at Th., D. See the front of battle lour; S. Scots, wha ha'e t	Be, to let [to let alone]. An let poor damned bodies bee; Add. to the Deil. 2.
Or did the battle see, man. I saw the battle sair and tengh, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	An' it [her e'e] winna let a body he! S. Again rejoic. Nature† Bead. While by their nose the tears will revel,
Thou shalt sit in state,	Like ony bead; Tam Samson's El. In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a head,
And see thy love in hattle S. The Captain's Lady. And Gordon the hattle to win! The Election Ballads, III.	The Brigs of Avr. 1.
Such is the rage of Battle	While thro' your pores the dews distil Like amber bead To a Haggis. Beadsman. Stranger, go! Heaven he thy guide!
Batt'ry. I lastly was with Curtis among the floating hatt'ries. The folly Beggars, S.I.	Beadsman. Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide! Quod the Beadsman of Nithside Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Batts [the botts]. A countra Laird had ta'en the hatts, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.	Beagle. As keen as a beagle, . The Black-headed Eagle.
Bauckie-bird (the bat). Or wavering like the Bauckie-bird. The Jolly Beggars. R.I. Baudrans, -ons, Bawd rons [a cat].	Like heagles hunting game, man, The Tree of Liberty. Beam. No other light shall guide my steps "Till thy bright beams arise.
Auld baudrans by the ingle sits, S. Willie Wastle.	S. Farewell, dear mistress † Beneath the moon's pale beams;
Auld baudrans by the ingle sits, S. Willie Wastle. Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch, Just like a winkin haudrons: The Ordination. 10. Saton Watcher like beneficies by a state.	Gaily in the sunny beam; S. I dream'd I lay
Bauk [a cross-beam]. An' darklins grapet for the bauks,	By fits the sun's departing beam Look'd on the fading yellow woods **Lament for Gleneairn.**
Halloween. 11. Bauk-en' [end of a bauk]. Or whether 'twas a bauk-en',	What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam: Monody on a Lady, Epit.
Bauld [bold]. 'But yet the bankd Apothecary	love wi' unrelenting heam . S. Now Spring has clad † A fairer than's in you town,
'Withstood the shock; Death and Dr. Hornbook, 18.	His setting beam ne'er shone upon. S. O wat ye wha's in † Like the beam of the day-star to morrow.
O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Ferguson's the bauld an' slee, Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 1st. 14.	On Death of fav. Child.
bauld L[aprai]k, the king o' hearts, 1b. Ap. 21st. 5.	Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's heam:
A sweeping, kindling, hauld strathspey Ep. to Major Logan. 5. The hauld Pitcur fell in a furr, S. Killiccrankie.	Prologue, sp. by Woods. Thro ilka bore the beams were glancing; Tam o Shanter.10.
May I but be sae bauld As come to your bower-window, S. Lass, when yr mither †	The chilly Frost, beneath the silver beam, The Brigs of Ayr.3.
Was na Robin bauld,	Reflected beams dwell in the streams, The Fête Champetre, saucy Phoebus' scorching beams, The Petition of Br. Water.
Tho' I was a cotter: S. Robin shure in hairst. Livistone, the hauld Sir Willie; The Author's Cry and Prayer †	Or by the reaper's nightly beam,
My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out, . To a Louse.	Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam: The Lament. Would to God 1 had one like a beam of the sun,
Your bodkin's banld, What ails ye now † Bauldest [boldest].	To Capt. Riddel, Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Their handdest thought's a hank'ring swither,	Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams. To R.G. of F. 7.
To stan' or rin, The Author's Cry and Prayer.P. The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd; To W. Creech.	The village glittering in the noontide heam Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Bauldly [boldly]. Syne bauldly in she enters: Halloween. 22. Will bauldly try to gie ns Plays at hame?. Scots Prologue.	Her eyes outshine the radiant beams That gild the passing shower, . S. Young Peggy †
Baumy [balmy]. like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonie mou;	Beam, to. virtue's light that heams beyond the spheres; El. on Miss Burnet.
Bawbee [a half-penny].	Beam'd. Beam'd keen with Honor, The Vision. D. I. 10.
I'll gie John Ross another hawbee, To hoat me o'er to Charlie S. Come boat me o'er.	And eyes again with pleasure beam'd S. When wild War's † Beaming. Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;
Bawd. The news o' princes, dukes, and earls, Pimps, sharpers, hawds, and opera-girls,	S. Gloomy December.
Kind Sir, I've read†	Fair beaming, and streaming Her silver light the boughs amang; S. Sae flaxen †

When through my very heart	Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.
Her beaming glories dart, . S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st † And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye: The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	And when those legs to guid, warm kail Wi' welcome canna hear me;
Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume; S. Their groves of t	No heels to bear him from the opening d
Bean. The Farina of beans and pease, He has't in plenty; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21. At even, when beans their fragrance shed.	He bears the unbroken blast from every s With deaf endurance sluggishly they bea Forsaken and friendless, my burden I be:
Her breath is like the fragrant breeze That gently stirs the blossom'd bean, An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn,	By the treasure of my soul, That's the love I bear thee! S. Wil
Perfume the plain, Scotch Drink. 3. The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,	Beard. Adown my heard the slavers tric
S. Twas even—the dewy † Bear. The carlin gaed thro' them like ony mad bear, S. There liv'd ance a carle†	'I wad ua' mind it, no that spittle 'Out-owre my beard.' Death as His bristling beard just rising in its migh
Bear (barley), Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley;	E.
S. Bannocks o' bear meal† I sing the juice Scotch hear can mak us, Scotch Drink, 1. And shook baith meikle corn and bear, Tam o' Shanter, 15.	Old winter with his frosty beard, Improm. o May claw his lug, and straik his beard,
The rough burn-thistle spreading wide Amang the bearded bear, The Ans, to the Guidwife.	Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven under favor o' your langer heard,
Bear, to. That bears the Keys of Peter, A Dream. 12. Then, man my soul with firm resolves	He taks the Fiddler by the beard, The J
To bear and not repine! A Prayer under Anguish. Calling the storms to bear him [Vengeance] o'er a guilty land!	And may he wear an auld man's heard, A whiskin beard about ber mon',
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. And bear the scorn that's in her e'e! S. Again rejoic. Nature †	Bearded. The rough burr-thistle spread
I rather would hear a' the load o' my sorrow	Amang the bearded bear, The
Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him. S. As I was a-wand ring † A burden more than I can bear. Despondency, an Ode.	Beardless. Thou beardless boy, I pray
'Tis real hangmen, real scourges bear!	When I was heardless, young and blate, The
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria. And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted I'd bear't in mind Friend of the poet †	A beardless boy comes o'er the bills, The That beardless laddles Should think they better were inform'd,
O L—d thou kens what zeal I hear, When drinkers drink, and swearers swear, [v. A. 11] Holy Willie's Prayer.	Than their auld dadies. Bearer. I've sturdy bearers, Gude be that
When you lay me in the dust, Think, think how you will bear it. S. Husband, husband †	Bearing. Provok'd beyond bearing, at 1
Strength to bear it will be given,	Crushing the despot's proudest bearing. Here's armorial bearings Frae the manse o' Urr; . The
Improm. on Mrs. —'s birthday. And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,	The magna charta flag unfurls, All deadly gules its bearing. Bear'st. Thou bear'st the gree.
For thee I'd bear to die S. It is na, Jean, † I hear alane my lade o' care, Lament for Glencairn. Guess ye how the jad! I could bear her.	Thou, Tooth-Ache surely bear'st the hell Amang them a'!
	Beas' [lice]. Flaffan wi' duds, and grey
S. Last May a braw wooder. Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind, Lus on windows Gl. Tav.	Beast. The girdin brak, the beast cam d
So in my tender bosom grows,	The beast again can bear us baith, But least then, the beast then,
The love I bear my Willy S. O Phely, † And suffering I am doom'd to bear, S. O wat ye wha's in †	Should rue this hasty ride, Puir harmless beast! tak thee nae care,
O heavy loss, thy country ill could bear! On Death of R. Dundas.	Or
Thou young-eyed spring, thy charms I cannot hear; Sounct, on Death of R.	That dreary hour he mounts his beast in There sat auld Nick, in shape o' heast;
Is there, that bears the name o' Scot, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 9.	For mony a beast to dead she shot, .
tell them, wi' a patriot-heat, Ye winna bear it? . 1b. 11. Is there, in human form, that bears a heart	Mansions that would disgrace the building of any mason reptile, bird, or beast; The miry heasts retreating frae the pleng
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. An' bear them to my Master dear. The Death of Mailie.	An' if he live to be a beast,
But the sodger's friends bae blawn the best, So be shall bear the horn. The Election Ballads. I.	To pit some havins in his breast! . My Furr ahin's a wordy beast,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth, May bear the gree, and a' that! S. The honest Man.	If he be spar'd to he a beast, He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least.
The world then the love should know 1 bear my Highland lassie, O. S. The Highland Lassie.	Where wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can
An' take a share with those that bear The budget and the apron! The Jolly Beggars. S. 17.	if the beast and branks be spar'd There's Gaun, misca't waur than a beast,
Great love I bear to all the Fair, Ib. S. I'II.	My only beast, I had nae mae, S. And hird and beast, in covert, rest,
Oh! can she bear so base a beart, The Lament. 5.	Beastie [dim. of Beast]. The doited be
The burden 1 must hear, while the cruel scourge I fear, S. The Slave's Lament.	If on a beastie I can speel,
That hears the name o' auld king Coil, . The Twa Dogs. 1. A whisp'ring throb did witness bear The Vision, D. II. 1.	Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie, . What then? poor beastie, thou maun live
A waisp ring throu did witness bear The Vision, D. 11. 1.	What then; poor beaste, thou man

```
S. Tho' fickle Fortune \
nd when those legs to guid, warm kail
Wi' welcome canna bear me;
                                          To Mr. M'Adam.
Wi' welcome canna bear me,
No heels to bear him from the opening dun;
To R. G. of F. 3.
He bears the unbroken blast from every side; . . . Ib,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear, . . . . 1b. 7.
Forsaken and friendless, my burden 1 bear,

S. Wae is my heart
By the treasure of my soul,
That's the love I bear thee! S. Wilt thou be my dearie
ard. Adown my heard the slavers trickle!
                                        Add, to Toothache.
I wad na' mind it, no that spittle 'Out-owre my beard.' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
                                    Extem. on W. Smellie.
Old winter with his frosty heard,
                            Improm. on Mrs. —'s birthday.
May claw his lug, and straik his beard, On W. Chalmers.
Wi his auld beard newlin shaven. . . S. The auld man †
ander favor o' your langer heard, . The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
He taks the Fiddler by the beard, The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.
he rough burr-thistle spreading
Amang the bearded bear,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.
arded. The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
pardless. Thou beardless boy, I pray tak' care,
El. on Year 1788.
When I was beardless, young and blate,

The Ans. to the Guidwife.
A heardless boy comes o'er the hills, The Election Ballads. II.
              That beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd,
Than their auld dadies.

To W. Simpson, P.S.
earer. I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit The Inventory.
earing. Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose,
S. Caledonia, 5,
Crushing the despot's proudest bearing.
Here's armorial bearings
 Frae the manse o' Urr;
                                The Election Ballads, IV.
The magna charta flag unfurls,
All deadly gules its bearing.
                                                     13. 11.
ar'st. Thou bear'st the gree. . . Add. to Toothache.
Thou, Tooth-Ache surely bear'st the bell
Amang them a'!
east. The girdin brak, the beast cam down,
S. Duncan Gray.
The beast again can bear us baith,
                                      . . . . 1b.
But least then, the beast then,
                                  . . Ep. to Davic. 11.
 Should rue this hasty ride, .
Puir harmless beast! tak thee nae care,
                                    On B.'s horse impound.
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in; Tam o' Shanter. 7-
                                                    Ib. 11.
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' heast;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
                                                     Ib. 15.
Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste
Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast; . The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
The miry heasts retreating frae the pleugh;

The Cotter's Sat. Night.
An' if he live to be a beast,
To pit some havins in his breast! . The Death of Mailie.
My Furr ahin's a wordy beast, . . . The Inventory.
If he be spar'd to be a beast,
He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least.
Where wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none!
S. The small birds †

if the beast and branks be spar'd . Third Ep. to J. Lap.
There's Gaun, misca't waur than a beast, To Rev. J. M'Math.
My only beast, I had nae mae, S. What will I do gin t
And hird and beast, in covert, rest,
eastie [dim. of Beast]. The doited beastie stammers;
```

Beat. An' monie an anxious day, I thought	In pride of beauty's light; . S. Skep'st thou, or wak'st
We wad be beat! A Guid New-Year † 16. While pityless the tempest wild	in simple heauty drest, S. Slow spreads the gloom ‡ While Fragrance blooms an' Beauty charms! The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Sore on you beats A Winter Night. 5. The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang,	The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton.
While Damon's beart beat time, S. Damon and Sylvia.	I he Bettes of Mauchtine.
Beat bemp for others, riper for the string: Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.	Sweet Female Benuty hand in hand with Spring; The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
When o'er the bill beat surly storms, S. Montgomerie's Peggy.	Thro' faded groves Maria sang, Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while, S. The Catrine woods†
In weeds of woe that frantic beat ber breast, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	When Love and Beauty heard the news, The Fête Champetre.
While Love's Inxurious pulse beat high, . The Lament. While the life beats in my bosom, S. Turn again, thou fair †	In beauty's pride array'd; The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps. When awful Beauty joins with all her charms.
Beating. Spare my love ye winds that blaw,	When awful Beauty joins with all her charms, Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms? The Rights of Woman. For house and formers the leddic, heep conting.
Plashy sleets and benting rain, S. Jockey's ta'en the †	For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin; S. There's a youth †
And the heart benting love as I'm clasp'd in her arms, S. You wild mossy mountains †	An' set your beauties n' abread! To a Louse. Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover,
Beattie. Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele, Or Beattie's wark;' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 4.	S. True-hearted was het
And Common Sense is gann, she says.	Beauty's of a fading nature, . S. Will ye go and marry † To Beauty what man but mann yield bim a prize,
To mak to Jamie Beattie Her plaint this day The Ordination, 11.	S. You wild mossy mountains t
'Hence, sweet harmonious Beattie sung	Beaver. Hey, brave Jobnie lad, cock up your beaver! S. Cock up yr beaver.
Beau. A back, a beau, or Dem my eyes!	Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush, Ib. Became. The friendless Bard and rustic song,
Epit. on Mr. Burton. Beauteous. Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day.	Became alike thy fostering care. Lament for Glencairn.
S. A Rosebud by my †	Ae look deprived me o' my henrt, And I became a lover S. When first I saw †
by thy beauteous self I swear, S. Fairest maid † What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,	Beck [a curtsey]. She'll gie ye a beck, and hid ye light,
One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him! Fragment, inser. to Fox.	The Tarbolton Lasses. Beckie. My compliments to sister Beckie; To Dr. Blacklock.
The beauteous, seraph Sister-band, O Thou dread Fow'r †	Beck'ning. As thy shades of evening close, Beck'ning thee to long repose;
Ruins yet beauteous in decay, . On Lincluden Castle. Revered defender of beauteous Stuart, Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
For beauteous, hapless Mary: . The Dean of Faculty.	Become. The great Creator to revere, Must sure become the Creature;
Beauteons rose-bnd, young and gay, To Miss C. Still may thy pages call to mind	Ep. to Young Friend, 9. To shun a tyrant father's hate,
The dear, the beauteous donor: Wr. on Leaf of H. More.	Become a wretched wife! S. How cruel† An the horns become your brow, gudeman.
Beautify. And a conduct that beautifies a', <i>Ronalds of Bennals</i> .	S. O gin ve were dead.
The Pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'. S. There's a youth † Beauty. Heav'n's beauties on my Fancy shine:	And some, the pride of Coila's plains, Become thy friends. The Vision. D. II. 18.
Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	Bed. Oh ye! who, sunk in beds of down, Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
Awa wi' your belles and your beauties, S. Adown winding Nith †	While my soul's delight A Winter Night. 10.
But beauty, how frail and how fleeting, The bloom of a fine summer's day!	Is on her bed of sorrow. S. Ay waking, O † I greet round their green beds in the yard,
Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms.	The wife slade cannie to ber bed.
The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms; S. Arwa wi your witchcraft †	But ne'er spak mair. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26. Hold on till thou art mellow,
Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows And withers the faster, the faster it grows;	And then to bed in glory S. Deluded swain †
And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest, The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest; . Ib.	Ever round your midnight bed Horrid sprites shall haunt you S. IIusband, husband †
Hast thon found that beauty's lilies Were not made for aye to last? Blue Bonnets.	For silent, low, on beds of dust, Lie a' that would my sorrows share. Lament for Glencairn.
Wit and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,	Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death! Liberty.
In ne constellation sbine; S. Bonie wee thing † More lovely far ber beauty blows. Delia. An Ode.	Altho' my bed were in yon mnir, S. Montgomerie's Peggy. And make my bed in the Collier's neuk, S. My Collier Laddie.
We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,	when h the lave gae to their bed
El. on Miss Burnet. By love, and by beauty, By law, and by duty; S. Eppie Adair.	S. My Harry was a gallant † She laid me in a saft bed, [re.] . S. O wat ye what my †
S. Eppie Adair. Altho' thy beauty and thy grace	No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
Might weel awank desire S. It is na, Jean †	On seeing wounded Hare. The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,
'Here, in this hand, does mankind stand,	Welcome to your gory hed.
'And there, is Beauty's blossom!' . Nature's Laze. O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty, S. O meikle thinks †	Or to glorious victory S. Scots, wha ha'e † They laid the twa i' the bed thegither, S. Scroggam.
In grace and beauty charming; S. O wat we what that loes t	My mither she bade me put him to bed, S. The auld man †
I'd feast on beauty a' the night; S. O were my love † And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a wee; S. O whistle †	I put him to bed, and he swore he wad wed, Ib.
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen; S. On Cessnock banks +	He left his bed and took his wayward rout, The Brigs of Ayr. Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers, S. The Catrine woods †
With manly lore, or female beauty bright.	And view, deep-hending in the pool, Their shadows' wat'ry bed: The Petition of Er. Water.
(Beauty, whose faultless symmetry and grace, Can only charm us in the second place,) Prologue, sp. by Woods. By conquering beauty's sov'reirn law:	Does the soher hed of Marriage
by defined the beauty 5 sor reigh law,	Witness brighter scenes of love? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII And bad ber mak' a bed for me:
But cold successive noontide blasts May lay its beauties low Sad thy tale †	She made the bed both large and wide, S. The Lass that made the bed.

The loss that made the hed to me fee I	Pofel (hefell) New Wilder and
The lass that made the bed to me. [re.] S. The Lass that made the bed.	Befa' [befall]. May ill befa' the flattering tongue That wad beguile my Nanie, O.
The bride went to hed wi' the silly bridegroom, In the midst o' ber kimmers a'. S. The last braw bridal †	Befel. Which lately on a night befel,
Cast off the wat, put on the dry, And gae to bed, my Dearie. S. The Ploughman †	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 2. Befitted. Was e'er puir Poet sae befitted,
I will mak my Ploughman's bed,	On E.'s horse impound. Before. Say, thou lo'es nane before me;
My mitber, she has ta'en the bed, Wi' thinking on my fa' The Ruined Maid's Lament.	S. Craigie-burn Wood. The words come skelpan, rank and file,
The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a', S. The Taylor† An' I'll no gang to my bed	Amaist before I ken! Ep. to Davic. 11.
Until I get a nod S. There's news, lasses †	On eighteen pence a week I've lived before, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
I'll no gang to my bed Till 1 get a man 1b. But now the share uptears thy bed, To a Mountain-Daisy.	But, like guid mothers, shore before ye strike; Scots Prologue. Tried all my skill, but find I'm still
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death! To R. G. of F. 9.	Just where I was before, Symon Gray †
Thus, resigned and quiet, creep To the bed of lasting sleep; . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Befriend. Nor person to befriend me, O; S. My father was a farmer†
Ye've lien in some unco bed S. Ye hae lien wrang.	Gentle Night, do thou befriend me; S. Musing on the roaring †
Bedded. O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was bedded? [re.] S. O ken ye what Meg †	When B[allantyne] befriends his humble name,
Bedeck. And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale. S. The small birds †	When kindly you mind me,
Bedevil'd. She's a' bedevil'd wi' the spavie. The Inventory.	O then befriend my Jean! The Farewell. But to his utmost would befriend
Bedew. 1 thought sair storms wad never Bedew the scene;	Ought that belang'd ye To Rev. J. M' Math. Beg. And when I downa yoke a naig,
Bedew'd. Amang the fresh, green leaves bedew'd, S. A Rosebud by my †	Then, Lord be thanket, I can beg. A Ded. to G. H. 2.
Bedim. Bedim cauld Boreas' blast; The Jolly Beggars, R. I.	For my sake this I beg it o' you, Auld comrade † The last o't, the warst o't,
Bedlam. Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	Is only but to beg
Bed-post. each bed-post with its burden a-groaning, Epig. on Capt. Grose.	I would na write. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 2. tho' I should beg Wi'lyart pow,
Bedropp'd. Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail, Tam Samson's El. 6.	Wha, wanting thee might beg or steal; Friend of the poet †
Bee. Amang the trees where humming bees	Thy pardon I sincerely beg, Holy Willie's Prayer. 7. Who begs a brother of the earth
At buds and flowers were hinging, S. Amang the trees † The flower-enamour'd busy bee Delia. An Ode.	To give bim leave to toil; . Man was made to Mourn.
The bees burn round the breathing flow'rs: S. O Legan! sweetly t	And bumbly begs you'll mind the important—Now! Prologue, at Th. D. Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll bear
It's a for the hiney he'll cherish the bee;	Your humble slave complain. The Petition of Br. Water.
S. O meikle thinks my love t	tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg, The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
Sips nectar in the opining flower, S. O Phely † As bees flee hame will lades of treasure,	But the Peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair, Ib. S. II. About to heg a pass for leave to beg; To R. G. of F.
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure: Tam o' Shanter, 6.	I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke, When plundering herds assail their byke;	Began. Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils, The Brigs of Ayr. May have charms for the linnet and the bee;	The rising Moon began to glowr The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;
Not the bee upon the blossom,	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.
In the pride of sunny noon; . S. Turn again, thou t	It's e'en n lang, lang time indeed Sin' I began to nick the thread,
No, no! the bees, humming round the gay roses, Proclaim it the pride of the year. S. Where are the joys †	just as be began to tell,
While bees delight in opening flowers; S. Where Cart rins † Beech. spreading beech and tapering elm, As on the banks †	I held the gate till you I met,
Beef. (And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret; Poem on Life.	Syne I began to wander: S. Gat ye me † Altho' his hair began to arch,
Or tumbling in the boiling flood Wi' kail an' beef; Scotch Drink. 4.	Till painting gay the eastern skies, The glorious sun began to rise; . S. It was the charming †
A chield wha'll soundly huff our beef; The Twa Herds. 13. For a' his fresh beef and his sant, S. To daunton me.	when Nature first began To try her canny hand, S. John Anderson, my jo †
Been. I've been but three years in my teens;	And show'rs began to fall; John Barleycorn.
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad!	His bending joints and drooping head Show'd be began to fail
Whare hae ye been sae brankie O? . S. Killiecrankie, An ye bad been whare I hae been,	And then his enemies began To show their deadly rage
Ye wadna been sae cantie O;	Voung stranger, whither wand'rest thon?
Beer. Small beer persecution, Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.	Too soon thou bast began,
With his flail on his back and his bottle of beer, S. The Poor Thresher.	To wander forth, with me, to mourn
Beet [to add fuel to fire]. Lang beet his bymeneal flame, A Ded. to G. H. 14.	Vet they, even they, with all their strength, Began to faint and fail;
It beats me, it beets me, Ef. to Davie. 8.	the Tana Dage 6
It's plenty beets the lover's fire. S. In simmer when † Or noble Elgin beets the beavenward flame,	Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil. The Whist's.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13. Beetling. where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,	Begat. And, agonising, curse the time and place
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,	When ye begat the base, degenrate race! The Brigs of Ayr. 9. Begbie's. Then aff to B-gb-'s in a raw,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Begbie's. Then aff to B-gb-'s in a raw, An' pour divine libations . The Ordination. 1.
E	

Beggar. Lord grant, nae duddie, desperate beggar, Add. of Beelsebub.	A blackguard Smuggler, right behint her,
Dyvor, beggar louns to me, . S. Louis what reck 1 †	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 8. An anxious e'e I never throws
The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.	Behint my lug, or by my nose; To J. S. 25. An' ran them till they a' did wauble, Far, far behin'! . A Gude New-Year † 7.
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout; [v. A. 16] Tam o' Shanter.	And them that comes behin',
And wi' the beggar shares a mite O' a' he can afford, man The Tree of Liberty.	Let them do the like,
Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle; . To a Louse. Begged. He begged for gude-sake! I wad be his wife,	S. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
S. Last May a braw wooer † Begging. Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose.	Behold. Behold, my love, bow green the groves, S. Behold, my love Behold the hour, the boat arrive! S. Behold, the hour
Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Begin. Already I begin to try it, . Auld comrade dear t	Behold that eye which shot immortal hate, Liberty Oh still I behold thee, all lovely in death,
When corn begins to shoot, One night as I †	On Death of fav. Child
An' folk begin to tak the gate;	Fairest flow'r! behold the lily, Blooming in the sunny ray; With the sunny ray; S. Sensibility
An' monie jobs that day begin,	With tears indignant I behold th' oppressor . Tragic Frag Beild v. Bield.
May end in Houghmagandie Some ither day 1b. 27 And infant Frosts begin to bite, . The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	Being. O Thou great Being! what Thou art, Surpasses me to know: A Prayer under Anguish
That merry day, the year begins, The Twa Dogs. 20.	Thou Being, Allseeing, O hear my fervent pray'r! Ep. to Davie. 9.
But why, o' Death, begin a tale? To J. S. 11. Beguile. May ill befa' the flattering tongue	Who hold your being on the terms.
That wad beguile my Nanie, S. Behind yon hills † If e'er 1 beguile thee, My Eppie Adair! S. Eppie Adair.	'Each aid the others,' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 21. A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends,
Pale sickness withers ilka grace, And a' my hopes beguiles Fragment.	Ep. to R. Graham. 3. In weary being now I pine, Lament for Glencairn.
Or wi' his song her cares beguile: . S O Logan! sweetly †	O'er the hope and misfortune of being to mourn, On Death of fan. Child.
Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.	On this poor being all depends; . Sketch. New-Yr's Day
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile. [v. A. 5] Ib. And make his cottage-scenes beguile	Belang [belong to]. The Deil he couldna skaithe thee,
His cares and pains. The Vision. D. 11. 9.	Or aught that wad belang thee! S. O saw ye bonic Lesley
Beguil'd. Wiser men than me's beguil'd, S. First when Maggy †	Belang'd [belonged to]. But to his utmost would befriend
Beguil'd the bonie lassie, S. Her Daddie forbad † But long ere noon, succeeding clouds	Ought that belang'd ye. To Rev. J. M'Math. Beld [bald]. And though his brow be beld aboon,
Succeeding hopes beguil'd,	S. The cardin o't. Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow,
But only—be's no just begun yet. A Ded. to G. H. 3.	S. To dannton me Beldam. Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!
Sae I've begun to scrawl, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 7. And, as the twilight was begun,	Add. sp. by Fontenelle View the wither'd beldom's face Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —
Thought nane wad ken Ep. to J. R. 7.	
An' the wee powts begun to cry,	But wither'd beldams, auld and droll, . Tam o' Shanter. 14 Be-ledger'd. Gie Wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit, To J. S., 23
To think life's sun did set ere well begun To shed its influence on thy bright career Lns on Fergusson.	Belial. The sons of Belial in the Land . New Psalmody Belief. Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief, That Misery's another word for Grief:
My love is like yon sun, whose bright course is begun, S. The winter it is past t	Add. sp. by Fontenelle Let me in this belief expire,—To God 1 fly.' The Hermit
Our monarch's hindmost year but ane Was five-and-twenty days begun, S. There was a lad †	Believe. Believe me, happiness is shy, A Bottle and Friend If e'er Detraction shore to smit you,
Be-had. Or be-had, and I'll tak yon: S. Will ye go and marry †	May nane believe him! A Farewell Tho' real friends I b'lieve are few, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap 1st. 15
Behave. An' could behave hersel wi' mense: Poor Mailie's El.	My much-honor'd Patron, believe your poor Poet, Fragment, inser. to Fox
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	The dence gae wi' him to believe me, S. Last May a braw wooer
Behaviour. There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour S. Cock up your beaver.	Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it. Prologue at Th., D Tho' in his heart he weel believes,
Behest. Yet sure those ills that wring my soul Obey Tby high behest. A Prayer under Anguish.	An' thinks it auld wives' fables: The Holy Fair. 17 Orthodox, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox,
He felt the powerful, high behest, Nature's Law. Behind. Behind the throne then Gr-nv-lle's gone,	Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
A Fragment. 8. an' coost their claise Behind him in a raw,	But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
But left behind her ain gray tail: . Tam o' Shanter. 18.	But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain. S. Wandering Willie.
Till coward Death behind him jumpit, Tam Samson's El. 10. The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind:	Believer. A steady, sturdy, staunch Believer. A Ded. to G. H. 9
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 19. Behint, Behin' [behind]. Behint a kist to lie an' sklent,	Belleving. No matter—stick to sound believing. A Ded. to G. H. &
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 11. jinks about, Behint the muckle thorn: Halloween, 6.	Bell, Andrew. Her thoughts on Andrew Bell; [re.]
	Bell. Thou, Toothache surely bear'st the bell Amang them a'! Add. to Toothache
But Merran sat behint their backs,	The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
Thou need na jonk bebint the ballan, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Death and Dr. Hornbook, 31 The village bell bas told the bour, S. Here is the glen

Bench, the. The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes, How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. Extent, in Court of Session. Bend. And raging bend the naked tree;
S. Again rejoic. Nature The bells they rang, and the carlins sang,
S. The last brave bridal † His finnkies answer at the bell; . The Twa Does, 8. Seest thon whose step, unwilling, hither bends? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. -S. There was a lass t But stray amang the heather bells, Now, feebly bends she, in the blast, On Birth of Posth. Child. But let the kirk-folk ring their bells, Third Ep. to I. Lup. And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

The Cotter's Sat. Night. Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells, To IV Simpson, 10. Belle. Awa wi' your belles and your beanties, Bended. We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray, S. Adown winding Nith † On hended knees most fervently,
S. The bonic Lass of Albany. O leave novels, ye Manchline belles, . . O leave novels t In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,

The Belles of Mauchline, Forms might be worshipped on the bended knee. And still the second dread command be free, Bellow'd. Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd: The Brigs of Ayr. 8. Tam o' Shanter. S. Upon his hunkers bended. . The Jolly Beggars, R. VI. Bellum [force, assault]. Bending. When bending down with auld grey hairs, When bending down with sure by Beneath the load of years and cares, Auld comrade † He wha could brawlie ward their bellum, . To W. Creech. Bellyfu' [bellyful]. On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock, On Scot. Bard gone to W. 1. O'er the dewy bending flowers Fairies dance sae cheery. . S. Hark! the mavis ! Bellys [bellows]. When Vulcan gies his bellys breath, His bending joints and drooping head . John Barleycorn. Scotch Drink, 10. "I am a bending aged tree. . Lament for Glencairn. Belong. We have the honour to belong to you ! Scots Prologue. And view, deep-bending in the pool, Their shadows' wat'ry bed: The Petition of Br. Water. Belov'd. Frae my best Belov'd I rove, S. Frae the friends † Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet! To a Mountain-Daisy. Below. Plac'd for her lordly use, thus far, thus vile, below! A Winter Night. 7. Benefactor. Antumn, benefactor kind, Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes; Epit. on noisy Polemic. Add. to Shade of Thomson. O! had I met the mortal shaft He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round, Which laid my benefactor low! . Lament for Glencairn. Below the gallows-tree. S. Farewell, ye dungeons Dear to his country by the names, Friend, Patron, Benefactor! Whyles cooket underneath the braes, The Election Ballads. VI. Below the spreading hazle Unseen . Halloween, 25. Beneficent. Who formed this frame with beneficent aim, I, careless, quit anght else below. S. The sons of old Killie. But spare me, spare me Lucy dear S. O wat ye wha's in t Benevolence. They dun benevolence with shameless front; Man, your proud usurping foe, Would be lord of all below: Et. to R. Graham, 5. Would be lord of an neron. .

Which sweetly winds so far below;

S. Slow spreads the gloom † Benevolence, with mild, benignant air, The Brigs of Ayr. 13. Benevolent. The heart benevolent and kind The sanl o' life, the heav'n below, The most resembles God. A Winter's Night. 11. Is rapture-giving woman. The Ans, to the Guidwife. His beart was warm, benevolent, and good. Aboon distress, helow envy. . S. The Contented Cottager. Extem. on W. Smellie. By all the conscions villian fears below! . To Clarinda. Benight. Dark despair around benights me.
S. One fond kiss † And still, below, the horrid caldron boils Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Belt. An durk an pistol at her belt, Benign. Great Nature spoke, with air benign, Nature's Law. She'll tak the streets,

The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17. Benignant. Benevolence, with mild, benignant nir, The Brigs of Ayr. 13. Belted. The first ane was a belted knight, Ben-Ledi. While Phœbus sunk beyond Ben-Ledi. The Election Ballads, 1. S. By Allan Stream 1 A prince can make n belted knight, S. The Honest Man. Ben-Lomond. While winds frae off Ben-Lomond blaw, prouder than a belted knight, S. When first I saw t Ep. to Davie. Belyve [by and by].
Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in, Benmost [lnmost]. The benmost neuk beside the ingle, Add. of Beelzebub. 5. The Cotter's Sat. Night. The Jolly Beggars. R. II. An seek the benmost bore: . Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve Bennals. But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals, . To a Haggis. Are beut like drums: Ronalds of Bennals. Bemoan'd. Ilk Sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father; Be-north [to the northward of]. Tant Samson's El. 12. Be-north the Roman wa', A Fragment. 8. Bemused. The idiot strum of vanity bemused, Bent [where bent-grass grows; the hill; the moor]. Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria. Ben [in, into the inner room; the inner room]. Now Phæbns blinkit on the bent. . . S. As I came d'ert Blythe was she but and ben, . . S. Blythe was shet Bent [of mind]. While frosty winds blaw in the drift "I know your bent-these are no laughing times: Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Ben to the chimla lug, Ep. to Davie. 1. . S. Had I the wyte t Bent. Sae gently bent its thorny stalk, S. A Rosebud by my t Sae craftilie she took me ben. A routhie butt, a routhie ben : S. In simmer when \$ To dip her left sark-sleeve in, Was bent . Halloween. 24. But ay I'm eerie they [Want and Hunger] come ben. On peace and rest my mind was bent, S. O that I had ne crt S. O ay my wife she dang me. O when she cam ben she bobbed fu' law. Rosebuds bent the dewy spray; . S. Phillis the Fair. And when she cam ben she kiss'd Cockpen, Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil: S. Streams that glide t Bent on slaughter, 11000, and spon.

The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:

The Brigs of Ayr. 11. S. O when she cam ben t On W. Stewart. The tappit-hen gae bring her ben, . 1 cannily keekit ben, . . S. Kattlin, Roarin Willic. The Election Ballads. VI. bent on winning borough towns, "Gnde day to you," (coof,) be comes ben; . S. Tam Glen. The lads an' lasses, blythely bent With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben; The Holy Fair, 20. To mind baith saul an body, The Cotter's Sat. Night. S. As to the north I bent my way, S. The lass that made the bed. As he gade but and ben, O. . S. The Taylor † Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve Are bent like drums; Ben i' the Spence, right pensivelie, . To a Haggis. 1 gaed to rest. . . The Vision. D. I. z. But still the mair I'm that way bent, Something cries, "Hoolie!.. she blusht, And stepped ben. . To I.S. 7. . 1b. S. To its blackest nook he has carried her ben, Bequeath. A copy o' this 1 bequeath, P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm." S. There liv'd ance a carlet Bench. How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups, To rustic Agriculture did [Peace] bequeatb

Amang the furms an benches; The Holy Fair. 23.

The broken, iron instruments of Death, The Brigs of Ayr.13.

Bereav'd. Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me.	But the Lassie that man loes best,
S. I dream d I lay † Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereaved me, S. The fickle Fortune †	O that's the Lass to mak him blest. S. My Lord a-hunting 1 Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet, [re.]
Bereft. Sad will I be, so hereft, . S. Husband, husband the Whom his ain son o' life bereft,	S. My love she's but† I'll flee to's arms I lo'e the best, S. Now rosy May† And here's the flower that I lo'e best
tho' thou'rt bereft Of my parental care; . The Farewell.	S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
Berry. The polish'd leaves, and berries red,	That for a blink I has lo'ed best, S. O lay thy looft
Did rustling play; The Vision, D. II. 23. Her baffet locks as brown's a berry, S. T. Mensie's Mary.	The lassie I lo'e best S. Of a' the airts the bonie lad that I lo'e best . S. Oh, how can I be blythe t
Berwick-law. The ship rides by the Berwick-law,	Who know them best despise them most.
S. My bonie Mary.	On Window at Stirling.
Beset. Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn, Beset thy servant e'en and morn, Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.	Fare-thec-well, thou hest and dearest! . S. One fond kiss† For far in the west lives be I lo'e best,
a ring, Was a' beset wi' diamonds; . S. My Sandy gied †	S. Out over the Forth † But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best
While here I sit all sore beset, . S. The sun he is sunk †	Ronalds of Bennals.
Consider, Sirs, how we're beset, . The Twa Herds. 11.	The sweetest and best o' them a', man
Beside. Wha will sit beside me there? S. O wha my babic-clouts †	I can hand up my head wi' the best o' the breed, Ib. My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best, Ib.
Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,	And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
Comes clinkan down heside him! . The Holy Fair. 11.	She says she lo'es me best of a'. [re.] . S. Sac flaxen †
Besiege. When gaping they besiege the tents, Scotch Drink. 8.	An' deal't about as thy blind skill Directs thee best Scotch Drink. 21.
Besom. Ruin, with his sweeping besom, A Ded. to G. H. 10.	Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their best."
But I'll sned besoms-tbraw saugh woodies,	Scots Prologue.
Before they want To Dr. Blacklock. Besouth [to the southward of].	My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow, 1b.
Or whare wild-meeting oceans hoil	It was ber best, and sbe was vauntie Tam o' Shanter. 15. I lo'e him best of onie yet S. The cardin o't.
	in the way His Wisdom sees the best.
Bespatter. Your Kingship to bespatter; . A Dream. 3. Bespoke. Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
S. Twas even—the dewy † Bespotted. And mony a guilt-bespotted lad;	But the sodger's friends hae blawn the hest, The Election Ballads, I.
Lns add, to J. Ranken. Bess.	But I will send to London town Whom I like best at bame
blinkin Bess of Annandale, [re.] The Election Ballads, 1.	Or whom in a' the country roun', The best deserves to fa' that?
He up the lang loan to my black consin Bess,	The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill;
S. Last May a braw †	S. The heather was bloom.
Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave: S. O merry hae I been †	Some swagger bame, the hest they dow, The Holy Fair, 26. To lowse his pack an' wale a sang.
Farewell, my Bess!	To lowse his pack an' wale a sang, A ballad o' the best The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.
My sonsie smirking dear-bought Bess, The Inventory.	And dressed them all in the best of their clothes, S. The Poor Thresher.
And such a leg! my Bess, I ween, Could only peer it; [v. A. 14] The Vision, D. I 11.	For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest, The Rights of Woman.
Bessy, -ie. Speer in for bonie Bessy; The Tarbolton Lasses.	
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel, S. In simmer when t	The twa best herds in a' the wast, The Twa Herds. The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men,
Best. Ye'll get the best o' moral works, 'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks,	Gang aft agley, To a Mouse.
A Ded. to G. H. O.	With every kindliest, best presage, To Chloris.
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky. S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †	Her darling bird that she lo'es best To W. Creech.
the best wark-lume i' the bouse, . Add. to the Deil. 11.	We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine Up wi the best To W, Simpson.
My kindest, best respects I sen'it, Auld comrade dear †	Here, firm, 1 rest, they must be best, Because they are Thy Will! Winter.
The ae best fellow e'er was born; El. on Capt. M. H. 2.	The bonie lass that I loe best
And weep the ac best fellow's fate E'er lay in earth	She'll be my ain for a' that S. Women's Minds.
by his noblest work the Godbead best is known. El. on Miss Burnet.	A bonie lass, I like her best,
How best o' chiels are whyles in want, . Ep. to Davic. 2.	Bestow. The last, sad, mournful rites bestow! A Ded, to G. H. 14.
And joys the very hest,	Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man bestows!
Aboon them a it pleas'd me best, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 3.	A Winter Night. 7.
She's saft at best an' something lazy, Ib. Ap. 21st. 3.	Heaven's attribute distinguisb'd—to bestow! Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
And fram'd her last, best work, the human-mind, Ep. to R. Graham. 1.	In all the splendour Fortune can bestow! Lns on Fergusson.
Pity the best of words should be but wind! 16.5.	I wad bestow my widowbood Upon a rantin Highlandman. S. O gin ye were dead.
If there's another world, he lives in bliss; If there is none, he made the best of this. Epit. on a Friend.	Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Frae my best Belov'd I rove, S. Frae the friends †	
A pint o' the best o't, . S. Gudeen to you, Kimmer †	Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace; The Brigs of Ayr.
And, what is best of a',	What be intended on them to bestow; S. The Poor Thresher.
Her reputation is complete S. Handsome Nell. Wha, as it pleases best thysel',	S. The Poor Thresher.
Sends ane to heav'n and ten to hell, Holy Willie's Prayer. 1.	Now life's poor support, bardly earn'd, My fate will scarce bestow: S. The sun he is sunk†
But ay fu-hau't is fechtin best, . S. In simmer when t	'I come to give thee such reward, 'As we bestow The Vision. D. 11. 2.
And as for the lave, let the dell do his best. Jenny M'Craw † Beauty is at best deceit; S. Jockey fou †	On thee a tack o' seven times seven
Beauty is at best deceit; S. Jockey fout my last, best, only friend, Lament for Glencairn.	On thee a tack o' seven times seven Will yet bestow it To Terraughty.
O Death! the poor man's dearest friend.	Ae sweet smile on me bestow. S. Turn again, thout
The kindest and the best! . Man was made to Mourn.	Nor hope dare a comfort bestow: . S. Where are the joys t

Enter the high heaven bestowed, that mite with thee II blanes. Her body is bestowed well, S. The logid Widewer, My goose-quil toor rade is to tell all your goodness. Riddle. Bestowing. For predigal thoughtless bestowing. His ment had wood his report. The Election Ballads, 111. the earth bestowing My simple food. The Election Ballads, 111. the earth bestowing My simple food. The Johly Boggara, R. I. Be's trow. When lyart leaves bearen the pull. Be's trow. When lyart leaves bearen the pull. Be's trow, be's frace me, e'en let the jade (chance) gase. Be's to me, be's frace me, e'en let the jade (chance) gase. Be's to me, be's frace me, e'en let the jade (chance) gase. Be's to me, be's frace me, e'en let the jade (chance) gase. Be's to me, be's frace me, e'en let the jade (chance) gase. Be's light, be's dark, Be's ballyor Logan, 14. Be's light, be's dark, Be's ballyor Logan, 14. Be's light, be's dark, Be's ballyor Logan, 14. Bethanki thums. To a Haggi. Betties in the weether of the the state of the late		
Somet, work on Birkhday. My goose-quilt too rude is to tel all your goodness. S. The Joyla Widnews. My goose-quilt too rude is to tel all your goodness. File merit had won bim respect. His merit had won bim respect. File strow. When hyart leaves beared with the strong of the	Bestowed, -'d.	
Her body is bestowed well, S. The logical Widnesser, Bectow'd on your servant, the Poet; To Capt. Riddel. Bestowing. For profigil thought of the poet in the search bestowing by simple food; The Identity Bestrow. When hard kears bestrow the yrd, The Identity Bestrow. When hard kears bestrow the yrd, The Identity Bestrow. When hard kears bestrow the yrd, The Identity Bestrow. When hard kears bestrow the yrd, The Identity Bestrow. When hard kears bestrow the yrd, The Identity Bestrow. When hard kears bestrow the yrd, The Identity Bestrow. When hard kears bestrow the yrd, The Identity Bestrow. When hard kears bestrow the yrd, The Identity Bestrow. When hard kears bestrow the yrd, The Identity Bestrow. When hard kears bestrow the yrd, The Identity Bestrow. When hard kears bestrow the yrd, The Identity Bestrow. When have keep in the poet of the Identity Bestrow. When have keep it yellow. The Identity Bestrow. When have keep it yellow. The Identity Bestrow. When have been been bestrown the Young the Identity Bestrow. When have been been bestrown the Young the Identity Bestrown. When he was send the solger Ind. The Identity Bestrown the Young the Identity Research. The Identity Bestrown the Identity Research and Identity Research. The Identity Research and Identity Research and Identity Research. The Identity Research and Identity Research. The Identity Research and Identity Research and Identity Research. The Identity Research and Identity Research and Identity Research. The Identity Research and	Sonnet, writ. on Birthday.	She's no the Lass for me
Bestowing. For prodicial thoughtless bestowing. If the ment had would part leaves bestrow the yard, the stream of the part leaves bestrow the yard, the stream of the part leaves bestrow the yard, the stream of the part leaves bestrow the yard, the stream of the part leaves bestrow the yard, the stream of the part leaves bestrow the yard, the stream of the stream	Her body is hestowed well, S. The Joyful Widower, My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness	But far better days I trust will come again; S. Lady Mary Ann
His merit had won him respect. The learth her both of the Election Ballada, II. Be earth beatowing My simple for the Election Ballada, III. Than he the death of twenty. Lat, on Windewe GI. Tat the late Beggara, E. I. Be't in the her between the same her than the head of the Moreover of the the same her between the same her	Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet; . To Capt. Riddel.	Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion
Bet and hestowing My simple food; The Hermit. Betstrow. When part leaves bestrow the pyrd, Be't (he tt.) Be't (he tt.) Be't (he tt.) Be't (he tt.) Be't one, be't frae me, e'en let the jade (planear) gae. S. Contanted of Rittle, Weel, weel! 'says 1, 'a bargain he'; Death and Dr. Horndook. I. Be't light, be't dark, F. to Major Logan. I. Be't light, be't dark, F. to Major Logan. I. Bethankit (the grace after meat). Then and Guidann, maist like to rive, Bethankit (the grace after meat). Whateer beide in. The Election Ballah. I. Whate is see ling shall thee bettle; S. I do congist had she water the fairest she he meets. Sketch and she water the heart she was the seen lang shall thee bettle; S. I do congist had she water the heart she had better been better Than the she was the seen as bonie blue betray. Whateer beide in. What ails ye more Betray, Whoe rever cat of her bread 15. Hor's a health to them but of the means betray when he rever as of her bread 25. Hor's a health to them but of the means and the she was the seen as bonie blue betray. How she repays my passin; S. Opertite hault to the third the state of the seen as bonie blue betray. How she repays my passin; S. The last time 1. My had not one betray' them. Betray the guilty lover. The unwesting groan, the lurating sign. Berray the guilty lover. The unwesting groan the lurating sign. Berray the guilty lover and the state of the state of the seen as bonie blue betray. How she repays my passin; S. The last time 1. My had be the seen the seen that the state of the seen as bonie blue betray. How she repays my passin; S. The last time 1. My had be the seen she better. The cotter's Sat. Night. to the unwesting groan the lurating sign. Berray the guilty lover. He was the seen saw list the better, state to the health to the state of the seen as bonie blue betray. How she may the guilt plotter is say to the seen as bonie blue betray. How she has been. The l'itien. D. I. A. B. First better have the seen of the seen of the seen as bonie blue better. The life of the se	His merit had won bim respect,	I'm better pleas'd to make one more,
Be't (be it). Be't (be it). Be't fight, he't dark, e'en let the jade (chanced out littlet). Be't light, he't dark, Ep to Major Logan. 14. Be't light, he't dark, Ep to Major Logan. 14. Bethankit (the grace after meat). Then auld Colidman, mais like to rive, Bethankit (the grace after meat). Betties. Sie Bethankit hums. To a Haggi. Betties. Sie Bethankit hums. To a Haggi. Betties. Sie Bethankit hums. To a Haggi. Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets. Sketted was seen to stand the street of the street o	the earth bestowing My simple food; The Hermit. Bestrow. When lyart leaves bestrow the yird,	But I gied him a far better thing, I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring, S. My Sandy gied
Be't ome, be't frae me, een let the jade (chancel) gae. S. Controtted will lift! Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be't; Weel and Coliman, maist like to rive, Be't light, be't dark, E. b. Major Logan, 1.5 Bettdankit (the grace after meat). Then audi Goldman, maist like to rive, The a Maggitt lift of the station of the bettier; The design of the bettier of the station of t	The Jolly Beggars, R. I.	For nane in Carrick or Kyle
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets, Bett flight, be't dark, E. f. to Major Logan. 14. Bet Hankit (the grace after meat). Then aud Guidman, maist like to rive, Ectide. Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide: S. I do conject And she was and the sodge file of the Ectide. The Election Ballads. I, Whatever might betide. The Election Ballads. I, Whatever might betide. The Election Ballads I Palanteer's Header in the Stray of the Interest of the Election Ballads I Palanteer's Header in the Stray of the Header Stray of		Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,
Bet light, bet dark, E.p. to Major Logan. 14. Bettaknik the grace after meat.). Then aud Guidman, maist like to rive, Bettade. Sic fate ere lang shall thee bettde; S. I do conjest? And she wad sort the sodger for. Whatee're betide. The Election Balladi. I. Whateer might betide. The Election Balladi. I. Whateer might betide. The Mat aid ye now? Betray. Whoe'er would betray him, on high may be swing: The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groam. Betray the hapless lover: S. Farwordl, thou stream? And what wad betray Old Albion's rights, May be never eat of her bread! S. Here's a health to tham! But fortume may betray thee. S. Here's to thy health! Her een sae bonie blue betray. How she repays my passion; S. O poortith cauld! Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth? The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh, the same betray. Whate she has been. The Usion. D. L. Ah, though my looks betray, I envy your success. S. The last time! Whate she has been. The Vision. D. L. Ah, though my looks betray, I envy your success. S. The heather was thound. By Love's simplicity betrayd, To a Mountain-Duity. Betraying. Her pretty ancle is a spy. Betraying fair proportion, By Love's simplicity betrayd, To a Mountain-Duity. Better. He's just—nae better than he should be. And abilins ane been better than he should be. And abilins ane been better than he should be. And abilins and been better than he should be. Twould vamp my bill, said!, if nothing better. The mair they wad bide nae better. Add. to Hight. Child. In my last plack thy part's be in't, The mair they wad bide nae better. Add. to Hight. Child. In my last plack thy part's be in't, The mair they wad bide nae better. Add. to Hight. Child. In my last plack thy part's be in't, The mair they wad bide nae better. Add. to Hight. Child. In my last plack thy part's be in't, The mair they wad bide nae better. Better has the same heaven the pair. The better hast for'to. Was better ras you can. Add. to the Deil. 17. Your better are you can. Better than want ay on onie day. Abount here in a better	'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain be't;	Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets.
Bethankit (the grace after meat). Then auld (alignam, mais like to rive, Bethankit hums. To a Haggit. Betide. Sight ever lang shall the betide; S. I do confest's And she wad send the sodger had, Whatever might betide. The Election Ballada, I. What e're betide it. What e're what he was betray the e. S. Here's to the hadh't but fortune may betray thee. S. Here's to the hadh't to the held in trouth, And bade na better. The Twa Dogs. It lippen d'to the chiel in trouth, And bade na better, The Derivation of the better in the hadden in the better. Add. of Betzlechub. The better had of the better in the hadden in the hadden in the hadden in the hadden	Be't light, be't dark, Ep. to Major Logan. 14.	And ay the ale was growing better: . Tam o' Shanter. 5
And she wad send the sodger lad, Whate'er betide it. What a list ye now! Betray. Whoe'er wou'd betray him, on high may he swing: Betray the hapless lover: S. Farewell, thou stream? And what wad betray Old Allion's rights, May he never eat of her bread? S. Here's to they health? Her een sae bonie blue betray. May he never eat of her bread? S. Here's to they health? Her een sae bonie blue betray. S. O poortith cauld? Betray weet Jenny's unsuspecting youth? The Cotte's Sat. Night. 10. He newesting gream, the hunsting sigh. S. The last time It While faithless snaws like tep betray. The Ution. D. L. A. Ah, though my looks betray, I envy your success; To Clarinda. And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them. Her colours betray'd her on yon mosy fells: The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Her colours betray'd her on yon mosy fells: S. The last time It A. And shillins ane been better Than You. A Draten. J.	Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,	
And she wad send the sodger lad, Whate'er betide it. What a list ye now! Betray. Whoe'er wou'd betray him, on high may he swing: Betray the hapless lover: S. Farewell, thou stream? And what wad betray Old Allion's rights, May he never eat of her bread? S. Here's to they health? Her een sae bonie blue betray. May he never eat of her bread? S. Here's to they health? Her een sae bonie blue betray. S. O poortith cauld? Betray weet Jenny's unsuspecting youth? The Cotte's Sat. Night. 10. He newesting gream, the hunsting sigh. S. The last time It While faithless snaws like tep betray. The Ution. D. L. A. Ah, though my looks betray, I envy your success; To Clarinda. And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them. Her colours betray'd her on yon mosy fells: The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Her colours betray'd her on yon mosy fells: S. The last time It A. And shillins ane been better Than You. A Draten. J.		Far hetter want them. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 5
Whate'er betide it	And she wad send the sodger lad.	The Brigs of Ayr. 7
Betray, Whoe'er wou'd betray him, on high may he swing; At Metch Of D. Volunters. The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan. Betray the hapkes lover: S. Farevell, thou stream! And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights, May he never eat of her bread? S. Here's a health to them! But fortune may betray thee. S. Here's to thy health! But fortune may betray, How she repays my passion; S. O poortith cauld! Betray sheed Jenny's unsuspecting youth? The Cotice's Sat. Night. to. The unweeting groan, the hursting sigh. Betray the gully lover. S. The last time I While faithless sanws ilk step betray. The Ution, D. I. I. Ah, though my looks betray, I envy our success? Clarinda. The Briggs of Ayr. to. Her colours betray'd hem. The Briggs of Ayr. to. Her colours betray'd he on you mossy felis; S. The heather was bloom. The Briggs of Ayr. to. Her colours betray'd her on you mossy felis; S. The heather was bloom. The Briggs of Ayr. to. Her colours betray'd her on you mossy felis; S. The heather was bloom. The Briggs of Ayr. to. Her colours betray'd her on you mossy felis; S. The heather was bloom. The Briggs of Ayr. to. Her colours betray'd her on you mossy felis; S. The heather was bloom. The Betraying fair proportion, S. Sac flax: not better. He's just—nae better than he should be. A Dream, 3. The heather was bloom. To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre, Wad better fill'd their station h. B. S. Few hetter were or braver; S. Ard. to Hod. to H. J. Hoult have were or braver; S. Ard. to Hod. The Hoult have were or braver; S. Ard. to Hod. to Hod. The heat have was bloom better? The heat her was bloom to the heat her heat have a did he had better. Add. to Hod. to H. J. Hoult have been better. Add. to Hod. The Hod. The heat have was bloom as the heat have was bloomed to the heat have a did he had been better. Add. to Hod. to Hod. The Hod. The heat have was bloomed to the heat had to have the heat		Drinking Madeira wine The Election Ballads, V.
The bursting sigh, th' unwesting groan. Betray the hapless lover: S. Farewell, thou stream? And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights, May he never eat of her bread! S. Here's a health to them? But fortune may betray thee. S. Here's to thy health? Her een sae bonie blue betray. How she repays my passion; Eetray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth? The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. The unwesting groan, the bursting sigh, Betray the guilty lover. S. The last time 14 While faithless snaws lik step betray, Whare she has been. The Vision. D. I. 1. Ah, though my looks betray, I envy your success; The Darinda. And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them. The Envisy of the on yon mossy fells; S. The heather was bloom. Betraying. Her pretty ancle is a spy. Betraying fair proportion, S. Sae flaxent Better. He's just—mae better than he should be. A Ded. to G. H. 4. And aiblins ane been better Than You. A Drams. To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre, Wad better flid' their station Better is the hey was bide on the was allowed to the fill their station The rewelf last between us throw A Drams. The wild-woods grow, and rivers row, and lowed wamp my bill, said I, if nothing better: Add. sp. by Fontenelle. The mair they tank I'm kent the better, Add. to Hiegit. Child. In my last plack thy part's be int, Your better art o' hiding. Aboon them a' I loo him better; S. Braw lads on Yar bracs. We gase the boot and better horse; S. Cark, an the king come. But better stoy on an better thing. Add. to the Ocit. 17. And many ye better reck the rede, Than ever did th' Adviser! Ep. to H. H. Parker. Ye'd better team up spades and shools, O'r knappin-bammers, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 11. An faith, we's be acquainted better Before we part. The row better and shall go the gither. The mother landed dadies. The Tran Dogs. 4. The Didly Beggars. R. HII Wish'd unison between us from? The Twa Dogs. 4. The Tran Dogs. 6. The Tran Dogs. 6. The Tran Dogs. 6. The Tran Dogs. 6. The Tran Dogs. 7. The Tran Dogs. 7. The Tran Dogs. 6. The Tran Dogs. 6. The Tran Dogs.	Betray. Whoe'er wou'd betray him, on high may he swing;	S. The small birds rejoice
May he never eat of her bread! S. Here's a health to them! But fortume may betray thee. S. Here's to thy health! Her sen sae bonie blue betray. How she repays my passion; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh, Betray the guilty lover. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh, Betray the guilty lover. The Utilian, D. I. I. Ah, though my looks betray, I envy your success; To Clarinda. And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them. The Brigs of Ayr. 10. The roots betray'd her on yon mossy fells; er van bloom. By Love's simplicity betray'd, To a Mountain-Daily. Betraying. Her pretty ancle is a synthesis of Ayr. 10. And aillins ane been better Than You. And aillins ane heen better Than You. All to the Cot. Add. 3p. by Fontenelle. They re better just than want ay On onic day. The rould vany my billi, said I, if nothing better: Add. 3p. by Fontenelle. The mair they tank I'm kent the better. Add. to Hegit. Child. In my last plack thy part's be in it, The better baid of: And may be better reck the rede, We gas the boot and better horse; S. Carl, an the king come. But better stylin are rick de rede. And now what sass between us noar, S. How lang and dreary Oportith cauld, and restless love, we week my peace between ye; And mony aid liberwen; And mony aid liberwen; And any be better reck the rede, The pere better olds. And nony aid many better is a continued and the server of the mystic level We gas the boot and better horse; And to the Poil. An aid, who see acquainted better Before we part. It. 10. Better than is	The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan, Betray the hapless lover: . S. Farewell, thou stream †	Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner, Better than ony Tenant-man The Twa Dogs. 9
But fortune may betray thee. S. Here's to thy health's Her een ase bonie blue betray. How she repays my passion; S. O poortith cauld's Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting yound; The unwesting groan, the bursting sigh, Betray the guilty lover. S. The last time I't While faithless snaws ilk step betray. Whare she has been. The Vision. D. I. I. Ah, though my looks betray, I envy your success; Betray'd. And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them. The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Her colours betray'd her on yon moss feliate between. The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Her colours betray'd her on yon moss feliate was blooms. By Love's simplicity betray'd, To a Mountain-Daizy. Bettery. Her pretty ancle is a spy. Better. He's just—nae better than be should be. And albims and been better Than Yon. A Dream. 3. To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre. Wad better fill'd their station M. 5. Few better were or brave; I doubt not hey wad bide nae better. Add. 49 Bet. 66 H. 4. I doubt not hey wad bide nae better. Add. 49 Bec. benter. The mair they tank I'm kent the better. Add. 40 Bec. benter. The mair they tank I'm kent the better, Add. 40 Unco Guid. 3. Aboon them a' I loo him better; S. Brau hads on Yars braus.† We gae the boot and better har's. Was gae the boot and better har's. And may ye better reak the rede, Was gae the boot and better than sell. And may ye better reak the rede, Was gae the boot and better har's. And may be better reak do midden! EL. on Year 1788. A muckle better as yon can. And faith, we she acquainted better Before we part. Ep. to J. Lee, Ap. 1st. 1st. An faith, we she acquainted better Before we part. Ep. to J. Lee, Lee, Lee, Lee, Lee, Lee, Lee, Lee	And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights, May be never eat of her bread! S. Here's a health to them?	
How she repays my passion; S. O poortith cauld † Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth? The convesting groan, the bursting sigh, Betray the guilty lover. While faithless snaws ilk step betray, While faithless snaws ilk step betray, The Vision, D. I. I. Ah, though my looks betray, I envy your success; Betray'd. And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them. How by sould lake, ken some better Than mind sic brukie. Nine Ferriers wad done better. The many and done better. The Miss Ferrier 'Quo I, I fear unless ye geld me. I'll neer the better. What alls ye now 'Gelding's nae better than its cai, Betters, I and Mountain Daizy. Bettersying. Her pretty ancle is a spy. Better, He's just—nae better than be should be. A Ded. to G. H. J. And aiblins and been better Than You. A Dream, J. To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre, Wad better filld their station About them key wad bide nae better. Add. of Becleebub. Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better: Add. of Becleebub. The mair they tank I'm kent the better, Add. of Becleebub. The mair they tank I'm kent the better, Add. to the Deil. 17. Your better art o' hiding. Add. to the Deil. 17. Your better art o' hiding. Add. to the Deil. 17. Your better art o' hiding. Add. to the Deil. 17. Your better art o' hiding. Add. to the Deil. 17. Your better art o' hiding. Add. to the Deil. 17. Your better art o' hiding. Add. to the Deil. 17. Your better art o' hiding. Add. to the Deil. 17. Your better art o' hiding. Add. to the Deil. 17. Your better art o' hiding. Add. to the Deil. 17. Your better art o' hiding. Add. to the Deil. 17. Your better are o' braid on Para Praces. We gae the boot and better horse; S. Carl, an the king come. But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden! EL. on Year 1788. As muckle better as you can. Ale And may ye better eak per spades and shoots, Cr knappin-bammers, Ep. to J. L. k, Ap. 1st. 11. An faith, we se be acquainted better Before we part. Ep. to J. L. k, Ap. 1st. 11. A faith, we se be acquainted better Before we part. Ep. to J. L. k, Ap. 1st. 11. The b	But fortune may betray thee. S. Here's to thy health †	S. Tibbie Dunbar
The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh. Betray the guilty lover. While faithless snaws ilk step betray. Whare she has been. Ah, though my looks betray, I envy your success; To Clarinda. And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them. The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Her colours betray'd her on yon moosy fells; The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Her colours betray'd her on yon moosy fells; The brigs of Ayr. 10. Her colours betray'd her on yon moosy fells; The heather was bloomd. By Love's simplicity betray'd, To a Mountain-Daizy. Bettern, He's just—nae better than he should be. And albilins and been better Than You. A Dream, 3. To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre, Wad better filld their station Ab. 5. Few better were or brave; I doubt na they wad bide nae better. Add. of Beeleebb. Twould vamp my hill, said I, if nothing better: Add. of Beeleebb. The mair they tank I'm kent the better, Add. of Beeleebb. The mair they tank I'm kent the better, Add. of Beeleebb. The better just than want ay On onic day. I the mair they tank I'm kent the better, Add. of Beeleebb. The better is a do to the beelees of the wheel between: The better had to Higgit. Child. In my last plack thy part's be in it, The brigs of Ayr. 10. Your better art o' hiding. Add. to the Deil. 17. And may ye better reck the rede, Than over did th' Adviser! Ept. to Vear 1788. As muckle better as you can. And any ye better reck the rede, Than ever did th' Adviser! Ept. to Vear 1788. As muckle better as you can. An faith, we se be acquainted better Before we part. Ept. to Vear 1788. Ept. to J. 1. 16. 16. Bewall. And not a muse in bonest gried bewall. Elou allies Burnet. Bewall. And not a muse in bonest gried bewall. Elou allies Burnet. Bewall. And not a muse in bonest gried bewall. Elou allies Burnet. Bewall. And not a muse in bonest gried bewall. Elou allies Burnet. Bewall. And not a muse in bonest gried bewall. Elou allies Burnet. Bewall. And not a muse in bonest gried bewall. Elou allies Burnet. Bewall. And not a muse in	How she repays my passion; . S. O poortith cauld t	And bade nae better To Dr. Blacklock
White faithless snaws ilk step betray, Whare she has been. The Ution. D. I. I. Ah, though my looks betray, I envy your success; Betray'd. And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them. Ihe Erigs of Ayr. 10. Her colours betray'd her on you mossy felis; S. The heather was bloom. The Erigs of Ayr. 10. Her colours betray'd her on you mossy felis; S. The heather was bloom. The Erigs of Ayr. 10. Her pretty ancle is a spy. Betraying. Her pretty ancle is a spy. Betraying fair proportion, S. Sae flaxen better, I and abilins ane been better Than be should be. And abilins ane been better Than You. A Dream. 3. To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre. Wad better fill'd their station . M. 5. Few better were or braver; I. M. 11. The by're better just than want ay On onic day. 1b. 14. Houbt na they wad bide nae better. Add. of Betlevebu. Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better: Add. sp. by Fontenelle. The mair they tank I'm kent the better, Add. to Illegit. Child. In my last plack thy part's be in't, The betr art o' biding. Add. to Unco Guid. 3. Aboon them a' I loo him better; S. Braw lads on Yar, braes, twe gae the boot and better horse; S. Carl, an the king come. But better stuff ne'er claw at midden! Lon Ye'ar 1785. As muckle better as you can. And many be better rune; E. to Voung Friend. 11. Ye'll find me in a better tune; E. to Voung Friend. 11. An faith, we she acquainted better Before we part. 1. 1b. 10. To better gaen an 'sair' the king, E. to K. 1s. 1s. 1s. 10. To cheek for chow shall jog thegither, Tso ne'er the better. The moch sall jog thegither. Let no Willing the word by the control of the mother inners in his black beal Ny Jaroba P. S. Soe flaxen the word to the mystic level. Better Her and the same of my bonny Betty. Add. to Illegit. Child. In my last plack thy part's be in't, The better sall in the moch sall in the sall the		And a men brithers!
Whare she has been. The Urision, D. I. I. Ah, though my looks betray, I envy your success; Betray'd. And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them. The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Her colours betray'd her on you mossy fells; S. The heather was bloom. By Love's simplicity betray'd, Betraying. Her pretty ancle is a spy. Betraying and is a spy. Betraying are proportion, S. Sac flaxen's Better. He's just—nae betret than he should her Advisor. And aiblins ane been better Than You. A Dream. 3. To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre, Wad better filld their station. They're better just than want ay On onic day. I doubt not hey wad bide nae better. Add. 49 Beclevib. Twould vamp my hill, said I, if nothing better: Add. 49 better flied their station. The mair they tauk I'm kent the better, Add. 40 Beclevib. The mair they tauk I'm kent the better, Add. 40 better in the word has been better folk. Add. to the Deil. 17. Your better are in biding. Add. to the Deil. 17. Aboon them a' I loo him better; S. Braw lads on Yars braws. We gas the boot and better horse; S. Carl, an the king come. But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden! El. on Year 1789. As muckle better as you can. And may ye better reck the rede, Than ever did th' Adviser! Ef. to Voung Friend. 11. An faith, we se be acquainted better Before we part. Ef. to J. Lo. H., Ap. 1st. 11. An faith, we se be acquainted better Bewall. And not a muse in bonest grieb bewall. El. on Aliss Brunet. The mother linnet in the brake Bewall. And not a muse in bonest grieb evail. The mother linnet in the brake Bewaild. In loud long men the wild bid long long the weight young: S. Fate gave the voord the Bewall bid long long the weight young: S. Fate gave the voord the Bewall bid long long the weight young: S. Colonian and sair the men can. In your better are the passage and shoots, Correspondent with the same and sair the king. Ef. to J. R. F. to J. R. E. We cheek for chow shall jog thegither. Ef. to Mais Payr. 10. Elevanian done the the street. To be	Betray the guilty lover	
And, though my looks betray, I envy your success; To Clarinda. And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them. The Eriga of Ayr. 10. Her colours betray'd her on you mossy fells; S. The heather was bloom. The Eriga of Ayr. 10. By Love's simplicity betray'd, To a Mountain-Daisy. Betraying. Her pretty ancle is a spy. Betraying fair proportion, S. Sae flaxen's Better, Heis just—mae better than he should be. ADed. to G. H. 4. And aiblins ane been better Than You. A Dream. 3. To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre, Wad better fill'd their station B. 5. Few better were or braver; Ib. 11. They're better just than want ay On onic day. Ib. 14. Houbt na they wad bide nae better. Add. of Electebub. Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better: The mair they tank I'm kent the better, Add. to Illegit. Child. In my last plack thy part's be in't, The better ba'f o't. Ib. Your better are o' hiding. Add. to the Deil. 17. Your better are o' hiding. Add. to the Deil. 17. Aboon them a' I loo him better; S. Braw lads on Yar. bracs. twe gas the boot and better horse; S. Carl, an the king come. But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden! El. on Year. 1783. As muckle better as you can. And may she terr reck the rede, Than ever did th' Adviser! Ep. to Young Friend. 11. An faith, we she accupainted better Before we part. Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 11. An faith, we she accupainted better Before we part. Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 11. An faith, we she accupainted better Bewall. And not a muse in bonest gried bewall. El. on Iliss Burnet. The Derethern o' the my make their sack bloom. The word of the mystic level May him gheir head in won't bevel. The Derethern o' the mystic level May him gheir head in won't bevel. El. on Ilis farren. The above the condition. The carling and better than to star on your beker. The All to Illegit. Child. Betters, nameless we geld me. "The Gelding's nae better than tis ca', The J. See they non Pastoral Poetrs. The Bettlers. That pen the betters. The J. S. Def. D. S. Open the See ween u	While faithless snaws ilk step hetray, Whare she has been The Usian D. I.	Than mind sic brulzie
Betray'd. And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them. The Brigs of dyr. 10. Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells; S. The heather was bloom. By Love's simplicity betray'd, Betraying. Her pretty ance is a spy. Betraying. Her pretty ance is a spy. Betraying fair proportion, And silbins ane been better than be should be. A Deal. to G. H. 4. And aillins ane been better Than You A Dream. 3. To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre, Wad better fill d'heir station They're better just than want ay On onic day. They're better just than want ay On onic day. They're better just than want ay On onic day. They're better just than want ay On onic day. They're better just than want ay On onic day. They was been better than the should be. Add, she by Fontenelle. The mair they tank I'm kent the better, Add, she by Fontenelle. The mair they tank I'm kent the better, Add, to He Deil. 17. Aloud by the better half o't. Ye did present your smoutic phir. Aloud to the Deil. 17. Aloud by the better half o't. Your better and bhoom them a' I too him better; S. Bratu lads on Yara bracs.† We gas the boot and better horse; S. Card, an the king come. But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden! El. on Year 1788. As muckle better as you can. And may ye better reck the role. Than ever did th' Adviser! Aloud may be better reach uals on Yara bracs.† We'd better as you can. And faith, we be terry manted better Before we part. Ef, to H. Parker. Ye'd better tane up spades and shools, Or knappin-bammers, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 11. An faith, we's be acquainted better Before we part. Ep, to H. Parker. We'd better as up spades and shools, Or knappin-bammers, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 11. An faith, we's be acquainted better Before we part. Ep, to Mar partition of the brake Bewall. And not a muse in bonest gried bewall. El. on Niss Burnet. Elevall to the brake Bewall. And not a muse in bonest gried bewall. El. on Niss Burnet. Bewall. And not a muse in bonest gried bewall. El. on Niss Burnet. Bewall. And not a muse in bonest gried bewall. El. on N	Ah, though my looks betray, I envy your success:	Nine Ferriers wad done better , To Miss Ferrier.
Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy felacher was bloom. By Love's simplicity betray'd, To a Mountain-Daity. Betraying. Her pretty ancle is a spy. Betraying fair proportion, S. Sae flaxen's Eetter. He's just—nae better than he should be. A Ded. to G. H. 4. And aiblins ane been better Than Yon. A Dream. 3. To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre. Wad better fill'd their station . M. 5. Few better were or braver; J. h. 11. They're better just than want ay On onic day. Ib. 14. I doubt nat they wad bide nae better. Add. of Beelechule. The mair they tank I'm kent the better. Add. of Beelechule. The mair they tank I'm kent the better. Add. to Hegit. Child. In my last plack thy part's be in t, The better had to Hegit. Child. In my last plack thy part's be in t, Mang better folk. Add. to the Deil. 17. Your better art o' biding. Add. to the Deil. 17. Your better art o' biding. Add. to the Deil. 17. Aboon them a' I loo him better; S. Brau hads no Yars brass.† We gae the boot and better horse; S. Carl, an the king come. But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden! El. on Year 1788. As muckle better as you can	Betray'd.	I if the er be better What alls ye now
Bettery Davis simplicity betray'd, Betraying. Her pretty ancle is a spy. Betraying. Her pretty ancle is a spy. Bettery list—nae better than he should be. And aithins ane been better Than You. A Dream. 3. To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre, Wad better fill d their station	The Bries of Avr. 10.	Betters. nameless wretches, That ape their betters.
Bettern. He is just—nae better than he should be. And aiblins ane been better Than You. A Dream. 3. To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre, Wad better filld their station	By Love's simplicity betray'd, . To a Mountain-Daisy.	"There's ither Poets, much your betters, To J. S. &
The Eeles of Mauchline A Deal to G. H. 4. And aiblins ane been better Than You. A Dream. 3. To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre, Wad better fill'd their station . M. 5. Few better were or braver; . Ib. 11. I doubt na they wad bide nae better . Add. of Beelzebub. Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better: Add. of Beelzebub. Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better: Ald. of Beelzebub. The mair they tank I'm kent the better, Add. to Illegit. Child. In my last plack thy part's be in't, The better hal'o't Ib. Your better are o' biding. Add. to the Deit. 7. Mang better folk. Add. to Unco Guid. 3. Aboon them a' I loo him better; S. Braw lads on Yar. bracs.† We gae the boot and better horse; S. Carl, an the king come. But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden! El. on Ye'ar 1783. As muckle better as you can	Betraying, Her pretty ancle is a spy,	Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw:
And aiblins ane been better Than Yon A Dream 3. To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre, Wad better fill'd their station 18. 5. Few better were or braver; 18. 11. They're better just than want ay On onic day 18. 11. They're better just than want ay On onic day 18. 11. They're better just than want ay On onic day 18. 11. They're better just than want ay On onic day 18. 11. They're better just than want ay On onic day 18. 11. They're better just than want ay On onic day 18. 11. They're better just than want ay On onic day 18. 11. They're better just than want ay On onic day 18. 11. They're better just than want ay On onic day 18. 11. They're better just than want ay On onic day 18. 11. They're better just than want ay On onic day 18. 11. They're better just than want ay On onic day 18. 11. The better bar'o't 18. 11. They're better just than want ay On onic day 18. 11. The better had fo't 18. 11. The better bar'o't 18. 11. The better bar'o't 18. 11. The better bar'o't 18. 11. The better had fo't 18. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18	Better. He's just—nae better than he should be.	The Belles of Mauchline,
The cruel fates between us throw A boundless ocean's roar; S. From thee, Eliza Roundless Roundless ocean's roar; S. From thee non, And now what seas between us roar, S. Hou and now what seas between us roar, S. How land now what seas between us roar, S. Hou and now what seas between us roar, S. How land on what seas between us roar, S. How land on what seas between us roar, S. How land on what seas between us roar, S. How land on what seas between us roar, S. How land on what seas between us roar, S. How land on what seas between us roar, S. How land on what seas between us roar, S. How	A Ded. to G. H. 4.	Between. And ay she set the wheel between:
Etween her an 'the moon,	Wad better fill'd their station	The cruel fates between us throw
I doubt na they wad hide nae better . Add. of Beelzebub. Twould vamp my hill, said I, if nothing better: . Add. of Beelzebub. The mair they tank I'm kent the better. Add. to Illegit. Child. In my last plack thy part's be in't, The better hat'o't		Between her an' the moon,
The mair they tank I'm kent the better, Add. to Illegit. Child. In my last plack thy part's be in it, The better hat of t	I doubt na they wad bide nae better . Add. of Beelzebub.	O poortith cauld, and restless love,
The mair they tank I'm kent the better, Add. to Illegit. Child. In my last plack thy part's be in't, The better hat'o't. Ye did present your smoutie phig. Mang better folk. Add. to the Deil. 17. Your better art o' biding. Add. to Unco Guid. 3. Aboon them a' I loo him better; S. Eraw lads on Yar. bracs.† We gae the boot and better horse; S. Card, an the king come. But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden! El. on Year 1788. As muckle better as you can. And many ye better reck the rede. Than ever did th' Adviser! Ep. to H. Parker. Ye'll find me in a better tune; Ep. to H. Parker. Ye'll find me in a better tune; Ep. to H. Parker. Ye'll find me in a better tune; Ef. to H. Parker. Ye'll find me in a better tune; Ef. to H. Parker. Ye'll better gaen an 'sair' the king, Ep. to J. R. E. We cheek for chow shall jog thegither, Is need the devil spictur'd benes; El. to Nilss Eurnel. Bewall. And not a muse in bonest gried bewall. The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd yong; S. Fatte gave the voord to the mount of the pair. El. on Iliss Eurnel. The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd yong; S. Fatte gave the voord to the mystic level May him there is the year san bus and our hame, Tam of Shanter That lie between us and our hame, Tam of Shanter That lie between the san band our hame, Tam of Shanter That lie between us and our hame, Tam of Shanter That lie between us and our hame, Tam of Shanter That lie between us and our hame, Tam of Shanter That lie between us and our hame, Tam of Shanter That lie between us and our hame, Tam of Shanter The felly Beggars. R. III Beuk, Buke [book], And write names in his black bend Wish'd unison between the pair. The Reuk, Buke [book], And write names in his black bend My Grannie she bought me a beuk, The Twa Dogs, 38 Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the benk, To W. Simpson, P.S. Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the benk, To W. Simpson, P.S. Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the benk, To W. Simpson, P.S. Some herds, weel learn'd	Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	
Ye did present your smoutie phis, Mang better folk, Add. to the Deil. 17. Your better art o' biding. Add. to the Deil. 17. Your better art o' biding. Add. to Unco Guid. 3. Aboon them a' I loo him better; S. Braw lads on Yar. bracs.† We gas the boot and better horse; S. Card, an the king come. But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden! El. on Year 1788. As muckle better as you can	In my last plack thy part's be in't,	And mony a hill between; S. Of a' the airts †
Vour better art o' bidding. Aboon them a' I loo him hetter; S. Braw lads on Yar, brues, t We gae the boot and better brose; S. Carl, an the king come. But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden! As muckle better as you can. As muckle better as you can. And may ye better reck the rede, Than ever did th' Adviser! Ep. to Young Friend. 11. Ye'll find me in a better tune; Ep. to H. Parker. Ye'd better taen up spades and shools, Or knappin-bammers, Ep. to J. Lk, Ap. 1st. 11. An faith, we'se be acquainted better. Before we part. It detter gaen an 'sair't the king, Ep. to J. R. C. We cheek for chow shall jog thegither, I'se nee' fibld better. Ep. to Major Logan, 8. We doel earn'd upo' the beak, To W. Simpson, P.S. Bewail. And not a muse in bonest grief bewail. El. on Miss Burnet. The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd yonng; S. Fate gave the word't Rawill'd. In loud lament bewail'd his lord.	Ye did present your smoutie phiz,	Between themsels they were sae husy: The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
Aboon them a' I loo him better; S. Braw lads on Yar. bracs.† We gae the boot and better horse; S. Carl, an the king come. But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden! El. on Year 1732. As muckle better as you can		
We gae the boot and better horse; S. Carl, an the king come. But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden! EL. on Vear 1788. As muckle better as you can		
But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden! El. on Year 1788. As muckle better as you can	We gae the boot and better horse; S. Carl, an the king come.	S. Awa, whigs, awa.
And may ye better reck the rede, Than ever did th' Adviser! Ye'll find me in a better tune; Ep. to H. Parker. Ye'd better taen up spades and shools, Or knappin-bammers, Ep. to J. Lk, Ap. 1st. 11. An faith, we'se be acquainted better Before we part. It detter gaen an' sair't the king, Yebeek for chow shall jog thegither, Is nee't bid better. Fan Samson's El Bewail. And not a muse in bonest grief bewail. El on Miss Burnet. The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd yong; S. Fate gave the word t		My Grannie she bought me a beuk, The Jolly Beggars. S. 111.
Than ever did th' Adviser! Ep. to Young Friend. II. Ye'll find me in a better tune; Ep. to H. Parker. Ye'd better taen up spades and shools, Or knappin-hammers, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. II. An faith, we'se be acquainted better Before we part. Ib. 10. I'd better gaen an 'sair' the king, Ep. to J. R. 6. We cheek for chow shall jog thegither, I'se ne'er bid better. Ep. to Major Logan. 8. The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fatte gave the voord't Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fatte gave the voord't		
Ye'll find me in a better tune; Ep. to H. Parker. Ye'd better taen up spades and shools, Or knappin-bammers, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 11. An faith, we'se be acquainted better Before we part. Ib. 10. Td better gaen an' sair't the king, Ep. to J. R. 6. We cheek for chow shall jog thegither, I'se ne'er bid better. Ep. to Major Logan. 8. Bewails her ravish'd young lament bewail'd his lord.	Than ever did th' Adviser! . Ep. to Young Friend. 11.	
An faith, we'se be acquainted better Before we part. I'd better gaen an 'sair' the king, Eft to H. R. C. We cheek for chow shall jog thegither, I'se ne'er bid better. Eft to Major Logan. 8. En to J. R. C. Bewail. And not a muse in bonest grief bewail. Et. on Miss Burnet. The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word 't Bewail'd. In loud lament hewail'd his lord.	Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,	Bevel. The Brethren o' the mystic level May hing their head in wofu' bevel.
I'd better gaen an' sair't he king,	An faith, we'se be acquainted better	Tam Samson's El. Bewail. And not a muse in honest grief bewail.
I se ne er bid better Ep. to Major Logan. 8. Rewail'd. In lond lament bewail'd his lord.	I'd better gaen an' sair't the king Ep. to J. R. c.	El. on Miss Burnet. The mother linnet in the brake
The better that I'm fou., . S. Gudeen to you Kimmer Bewall a. In loud fament bewall a his lord, Lament for Glencairn	We cheek for chow shall jog thegither, I'se ne'er bid better	
	The better that I'm fon., S. Gudeen to you Kimmer	Bewail'd. In loud lament bewail'd his lord, Lament for Gleneairn.

	a good fellow, a fellow,
Beware. Beware o' bonie Anne, [rc.]	Bid better [seek, wish, or desire better],
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.	I doubt na they wad bid nae better
Then let the louns beware, Sir, . S. Does haughty Gault	Than let them ance out owre the water; Aad of Beelzebub.
There's death in the cup—sae beware! Inscrip. on Goblet. Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung; O leave novels †	We cheek for chow shall jog thegither, I'se ne'er bid better. Ep. to Major Logan. 8.
And bids me heware o' young men; S. Tam Glen.	Bide [to stand, stay, endure].
I red you beware at the hunting, young men; S. The heather was bloom.	It's guid to support Caledonia's cause, And bide by the buff and the blue.
Bewildered. He cheeps like some hewildered chicken, To W. Creech.	S. Here's a health to them † wha bide this brattle O' winter war, . A Winter Night. 3.
Rewitched'd. And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd.	Slighted love is sair to hide, S. Duncan Gray†
Tam o' Shanter.' 16. So touched, bewitched, I rav'd ay to mysel: The Ans. to the Guidwife.	How blythely would I bide the stoure, S. O Mary, at thy window †
Bewitching. The man and his wine's sae hewitching! Inscript on Goblet.	Bide the surging billow's shock On scaring Water-fowl. Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness. S. 'Twas na her bonie blue e'e'	They down abide the stink o' powther; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Bewitchingly. Bewitchingly o'er arching I'wa langhing een o' bonie blue. S. Sae Haxen †	I fear ye'll hide till break o' day; S. Wha is that at † Bield, Biel, Beild (a shelter; a dwelling).
Beyont [beyond]. There sat a bottle in a bole,	And roses blaw in ilka bield; S. In simmer when t
Beyont the ingle lowe; S. The weary Pund.	Thy bield should be my bosom, . S. O wert thou in the † beneath the random hield O' clod or stane,
Blas. He knows each chord its various tone, Each spring its various bias: Add. to Unco Guid. 8.	To a Mountain-Daisy. An' hap him in a cozie biel, On Scot. Eard gone to W.I.
Bible, old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,	The sun blinks kindly in the biel', S. The Contented Cottager.
Reproof by Himself. The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride:	My trunk of eild, but buss or beild, . S. But lately seen †
The Lotter's Sat. Night. 12.	Bien (plentiful, prosperous, decent and comfortable),
Bleker (a wooden drinking-cup).	Her house sae hien, her curch sae clean, S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †
Or reekan on a New-year-mornin In cog or bicker, Scotch Drink. 9.	That live sae bien an' snug: Ep. to Davie. 1.
Bicker [a quick sudden movement, or short run].	Frae tap to tae that cleeds me hien, S. The Contented Cottager.
Tho' leeward whyles, against my will, I took a bicker. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5.	Bier. And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier. Monody, on a Lady.
	O bitter mockery of the pompous bier,
Bicker, to [to run swiftly]. Aff she started in a fright,	Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —. The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,
And through the braes what she could bicker; S. Donald Brodie.	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Bicker'd [flowed with swift tremulous noise].	And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier: [v. A. 10] Sonnet, on Death of Riddel.
Anld Aire ran by before me.	Big. Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent, An' muckle wame, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st 11.
And bicker'd to the seas; One night as I† Bickerlng, -in', -in [moving with swift tremulous	The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
noise; excited noisy contending]. Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,	Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig, And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o'sma' value. The Kirk's Alarm.
Wi bickerin, dancin dazzle;	Big. to [to build]. We will big a wee, wee house,
Thon needna start awa sae hasty, Wi bickering brattle! To a Mouse.	S. Duncan Davison. But I'll hig a bow'r on yon bonie banks, S. O whare did ye get †
For there will be bickerin' there; The Election Ballads. III. Bid. There Architecture's noble pride	An' nnething, now, to big a new ane, To a Mouse.
Bids elegance and spleodor rise; Add. to Edinburgh. 2.	Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast Some spitefu' muirfowl higs her nest, [v. A. 15]
when and Phochus hid good-morrow, Ep. to H. Parker.	I am Samson's El.
And bid wild war his ravage end, S. How can my poor hrt.† Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear; In vain wild Prudence†	Big-belly'd. For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care [re.] S. No Churchman am I†
Is this the power in freedom's war	Riggan [huilding]. Wi' dirty stages biggan a dyke,
That wont to bid the battle rage? Liberty. He [Time] bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,	The Twa Dogs. 10.
That the first blow is ever half the battle; Prologue at Th., D.	Biggan (a building, a house). By some and, houlet-haunted, biggin, On Grose's Peregrinations.
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part, Sonnet, writ. on Birthday.	That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek, The auld, clay biggin; . The Vision. D. I. 3.
And hids me beware o young men; S. Tam Glen. Go hid the hero who has run	Bigotry. Soor Bigotry, on her last legs, Letter to J. Goudie.
Thro' fields of death to gather fame.	Bike v. Byke. Bill [bull]. As yell's the Bill Add. to the Deit. 10.
Go hid him lay his laurels down, . S. The Captive Ribband. And sage Experience hids me this declare	Pill 4 1 1 1 4 ab - and their bill of fine To a Haggie
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.	"Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
O, bid him save their harmless lives, The Death of Mailie. O bid him breed him up wi' care!	Billet. Your billet, Sir, I grant receipt; To Mr. Renton.
O, bid him breed him up wi' care! 16. An' bid him burn this cursed tether, 16.	Billie, -v fa brother; a young fellow; a good fellow;
And ilka ane at London court *	a fellow).
Would bid to him gude day The Election Ballads. I. She'll gie ye a heck, and hid ye light, The Tarbotton Lasses.	But tent me, billie; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9. This was thy billie, dam, and sire, El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.
Aa' saying nye or no's they hid him: . The Twa Dogs. 22.	Though fortune's road be rough an' hilly
Tho' cruel fate should bid us part, . S. Tho' cruel fate †	To every fiddling, rhyming hillie, Ep. to Major Logan. 1. Our billie's gien us a' a jink, On Scot. Eard. gone to W.I.
Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome, S. Tho fickle Fortune †	Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!
No vengeful spirit hid him fear; . S. To thee, lov'd Nith †	When chapmen billies leave the street, . Tam o' Shanter.

Tell ev'ry social, honest billie	The bird of eve flits sullen by . On Lincluden Castle.
Erskine, a spunkie norland hillie;	While birds rejoice on every spray; S. On Cessnock banks † Sett. 11.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14. The billie is gettin his questions,	In each bird's careless song, Glad did I share;
To say in Saint Stephen's the morn. The Election Ballads, 111.	Hapless bird! a prey the surest To each pirate of the skies
My gamesome billy Will,	Sing on sweet bird, I listen to thy strain, Sonnet, writ, on Birthday.
Till lasses strip their shoon: The Holy Fair. 26. A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, The Twa Dogs	How can ye chant, ye little birds. S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.
thae frank, rantan, ramblan bil.ies	Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird, [rc.]
Your flatterin strain. To W. Simpson.	Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast; The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Aft bure the gree, as story tells, Frae Suthron billies	And listen mony a grateful bird Return you tuneful thanks. The Petition of Br. Water.
An' when the new light billies see them, I think they'll crouch!	As canty as ever a bird in the spring. S. The Poor Thresher.
Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come, Your billy Satan sair us! V.s on Window, Carron.	The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning, S. The small birds t
Billow. The billows on the ocean [a type of woman], S. Deluded swain +	Nor birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gayly springing, Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair
Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail. Lament on leaving Nat. Land.	And the small birds sing on every tree; The Winter it is fast † The blythest bird upon the bush,
Hope and Fear's alternate billow . Musing on the roaring† Bide the surging billows' shock On scaring Water-fowl.	Had ne'er a lighter heart than she. S. There was a lass † The birds sang sweet in ilka grove; Ib.
When all his wintry billows pour Against the Buchan Bullers. The Election Ballads. VI.	The birds sang love on ev'ry spray, To Mary in Heaven.
'Tis not the surging billows' roar, . S. The gloomy night †	And every bird thy requiem sings; To Miss C. Her darling bird that she lo'es best
For ber I'll dare the billows' roar; S. The Highland Lassie. Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,	Willie's awa! To W. Creech. The birds sit chittering in the thorn, S. Up in the morning.
Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast, With surging foam; The Vision. D.I. 13. Till billows rage, and gales blow hard.	While birds rejoice in leafy bowers ; S. Where Cart rins +
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard, And whelm him o'er! To a Mountain-Daisy. Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!	Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird.
S. Wandering Willie. Billy [William]. my mason Billie, Auld comrade dear t	S. I'e banks and braes† And ilka bird sang o' its love,
Light lay the earth on Billy's breast, Epig. on noted Coxcomb.	Birdie, -y [dim. of bird]. The little birdie's blythely sing, S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †
Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels [re.] Fragment, inser. to Fox.	The birdie's flit on wanton wing S. Now bank and bract
Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em, 1b. Blnd. In Love's silken band can bind it. S. Sweetest May t	Ye birdies dumb, in with ring bowers, S. The Catrine woods, nae mair Shall birdie charm, or flow ret smile; 1b.
And binds the mire like a rock; Tam Samson's El.	to screen the birdie's nest, . S. The Contented Cottoger. The birdies dowie moaning.
And bind him down wi' caution, . The Ordination. 5. They bind the wild, Poetic rage,	Shall a' be blythely sin ing, S. The young High. Rover.
In energy, [v. A 4] The Vision. D. II. Binding. But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,	An' our gudewife's wee birdy cocks; . El. on Year 1788. Birk [the birch tree].
And spare his golden bindings. The Book-Worms. Birch [for flogging].	The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me. S. Afton Water.
Twas where the birch and sounding thong are ply'd, The Vowels.	And twa-three stinted birks are left, As on the banks † the birks of Aberfeldy [re.]? . S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †
Birch [tree]. The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar, Twin d amorous round the raptur'd scene;	When birks are bare at Yule. S. Cauld is the e'ening blast † And past the birks and meikle stane,
To Mary in Heaven. Birchen. All underneath the birchen shade;	Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;
S. Here is the glen † Bird. An' could hae flown out owre a stank,	The scented birk and hawthorn white, S. The Contented Cottager.
Like onie bird. A Guid New-Year † 3. dear bird, young Jeany fair, S. A Rosebud by my †	And birks extend their fragrant arms To screen the dear embrace. The Petition of Br. Water.
Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing! . A Winter Night. 4.	fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,
As light's a bird upon a thorn. I hear the wild birds singing; S. Craigie-burn Wood.	Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo, S. When o'er the hill t
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang, S. Damon & Sylvia. List'ning to the wild birds singing, S. I dream'd I lay!	How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk, S. Ye banks, and bracs, and streams† Birken [birchen]. Elythe in the birken shaw.
Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing The reliques of the vernal quire; Lament for Glencairn.	S. Eekold, my love † On Yarrow banks the hirken shaw, S. Blythe was she †
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw; S. My Nanic's Awa.	And spring will cleed the birken shaw; S. Oh, how can I be blythe†
The merry birds are lovers a', S. Now rosy May †	Birkie [a fellow; a smart conceited fellow].
The bird that charm'd his summer day, Is now the cruel fowler's prey, . S. O Lassic, art thou;	To shame ye, disclaim ye, Ilk honest birkie swears. The Ans. to the Guidwife.
The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs, . S. O Logan! sweetly † And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave!	And there will be Kempleton's birkie, The Election Ballads. III.
S. O merry hae I been t	But faith! the birkie wants a Manse, . The Holy Fair. 17. Ye see you birkie ca'd a Lord,
S. O stay, sweet warbling † How blest, ye birds that round her sing, S. O wat ye wha's in †	What struts and stares, and a that; S. The Honest Man. Whare birkies march on burning marl: To Mr. Renton.
And 1 a bird to shelter there, S. O were my love †	Farewell, auld birkie! Lord be near ye, To Terraughty.
I hear her in the tunefu' birds, S. Of a' the airts† There's not a bonie bird that sings,	Ripping [whirping], Rejoice, ve birring Paitricks a';
But minds me o' my Jean	Tam Samson's El. 7.

Birsies [bristles]. And tirl the hallions to the birsies;	Still caring, despairing,
Add. of Beelzebub. 4. Birth [berth]. So, took a hirth afore the mast,	Must be my hitter doom; Despondency, an Ode. 1. The bitter blast that round me blaws S. O Lassie, art thou †
On Scot. Eard gone to W.I. Birth. And merchandise' whole genus take their birth:	Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave:
Froof o' shot to Birth or Money, S. Sweetest May't Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth, The Vision. D. II. 14. Passion's birth, and infants' play To a Kiss. Cauld blew the bitter-bitting North	S. O merry hae I been t Or did misfortune's bitter storms Around thee blaw, around thee blaw, S. O wert thou in the t O, bitter mockery of the pompous bier, Ode, To Mem. of Mrs. —
Upon thy early, bumble birth; . To a Mountain-Daisy. And resign to Parent Earth The loveliest form she e'er gave birth To Miss C.	Lang-mustering up a hitter blast; On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. The hitter little that of life remains: On sceing wounded Hare. The bitter frost and snaw. On Birth of Posth. Child.
Birth-day. May heaven augment your blisses, On evry new Birth-day ye see, . A Dream. 1. Amang thae Birth-day dresses Sae fine Ib. To pay your Queen, with due respect,	It's no the loss o' wart's gear, That could sae bitter draw the tear, Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime, Remorse. A Frag. It sets you ill
My fealty and subjection This great Birth-day Ib. & Birth-place. The birth-place of valour, the country of worth; S. My heart's in the High.†	Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell, Scotch Drink. 16. No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Birtwhistle. And there will be roaring Birtwhistle, Yet luckily roars in the right. The Election Ballads. III.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16. When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte, The Jolly Beggars, R. 1. Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief, The Lament. 8.
Bit [used as a dim.; smail, little.] The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms; S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft;	All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost, S. The Slave's Lament. And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear, Ib.
In some bit Brugh to represent A Baillie's name? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 11. Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree;	But for their sake my heart doth ache, With many a bitter throe: S. The sun he is sunk†
The Brigs of Ayr. 2. His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonilie, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5. The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill, S. The Taylor fell †	Alas sae sweet a tree as love,
To see the bit Taylor come skippin again Ib. The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk The Twa Dogs. 26.	Sic bitter truit should bear! The Kunned Mala's Lament. An' purge the hitter ga's an' cankers, [v.A.13] The Twa Dogs. 23. Ha'e had a bitter black out-cast Atween themsel The Twa Herds. 2.
Whyles, owre the wee bit cnp an' platie,	But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it, Third Ep to J. Lap. Alas! what bitter toil an' straining To J. S., 20.
Bit [nick of time, crisis]. Is instant made no worth a louse Just at the bit. Add. to the Deil. 11.	An' sklent on poverty their joke, Wi' bitter sneer, To Mr. J. Kennedy. But Oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard, To R. G. of F., 3. To shun the bitter blaudin' show'r, To Rev. J. M'Math
Bit. And handsome ilka bit about her S. I met a lass† Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe, For bits o' bread; Poor Mailie's El. So wives will gie them bits o' bread, The Death of Mailie.	Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds: Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Bitter-biting. And freeze, thou bitter-biting Frost! A Winter Night. 7.
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit, He's greater than a lord, man, Bitch. Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an' warp; She's but a b-tch. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. &	Cauld blew the bitter-biting North Upon thy early, humble birth; . To a Mountain-Daisy Bitterlie. She wadna trow't, the broust she brew't,
O Death, how horrid is thy taste To lie with such a b—? Epit. on Grizel Grim. He mutters, glow'ring at the hitches, Lns add. to J. Ranken.	Wad taste sae bitterlie. S. Her Daddie forbad † Bittern. Ve bitterns, till the quagmire reels, Rair for his sake. El. on Capt. M. H. S. Bizz [bustle]. D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Ye midnight b—es On Grose's Peregrinations. I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b—h. The Henpecked Husband.	Bizz, to [to buzz]. Poor man the flie, aft bizzes bye, Poem on Life.
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son. To R. G. of F. 6. What ails ye now, ye lousie b—h, What ails ye now† Bitch-fau [bitch-drunk].	As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke, Tam o' Shanter. 17. Bizzard [the Buzzard]. Here is Satan's picture, Like a bizzard gled, The Election Ballads. IV.
Nay been hitch-fou'mang godly priests, On dining with Dacr. Bite. Or dealing thro' amang the naigs Their ten-hours bite, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 2.	Bizzie [busy]. I'm bizzie too, an' skelpin at it, Third Ep. to J. Lap Biack. 'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks,
And fix your claws in Nicol's heart, For deil a hite o't's rotten For W. Nicol. Bite, to. When bitter bites the frost, S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †	Attended, in his [Want's] grim advances, By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
And infant Frosts begin to hite, The folly Beggars. R. I. And gif ye canna bite, ye can bark. The Kirk's Alarm. And that fell cur ca'd common sense, That bites sae sair, The Twa Herds. 16.	(Black he your fa'!) will send him linkan, To your black pit; 1b. 2o. Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes, Add. to Unco Guid. 2. For it's let, let black, an it's like a hawk.
Biting, biting Boreas, fell and doure,	S. Again rejoic. Nature† And write their names in his black heuk S. Awa, whige, awa. The meikle devil wi' a woodie Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie, El. on Capt. M. H.
coming Winter's biting, frosty breath; . The Brigs of Ayr. 2. Bitter. But ere the course o' life be through, It may be bitter sautet: A Dream. 15. While scales an' betthes did him [[ab] call	Spare't for their sakes who aften wear it, The lads in black; Ep. to J. R. 3. Some black hog-hole, Arrests us, . Ep. to Major Logan, 2.
While scabs an' botches did him [Job] gall, W'i bitter claw, Add. to the Deil. 18. Tearing my nerves w'i bitter pang. Add. to Toothache. Was it the bitter eastern blast, As on the banks;	Nae wonder he's as black's the grun, Observe wha's standing wi'him. Epit. on Holy Willie. How virtue and vice blend their black and their white!
"Nae hitter blast," the sp'rit replies,	Fragment inser. to Fox. He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak, For some black, grousome Carlin;

F

Straight the sky grew black and daring; S. I dream'd I lay t	The Cotter's Sat, Night
He spak o' the darts o' my bonie black een,	Tho' thick'ning, and black'ning,
S. Last May a braze † He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,	Round my devoted bead
Dread of black coats and rev'rend wigs, Letter to J. Gondie.	Blade [a careless fellow].
Black gowns of each denomination, Lns add. to J. Ranken.	The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
By the Bard, what d'ye call bim, that wore the black gown: S. No Churchman am I †	The Jolly Beggars. S. II. He was a care-defying blade,
But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e, . S. O robistle t	As ever Bacchus listed!
Wi' deils, they say, L-d safe's! colleaguin	Blade. The progress of the spiky blade. Add. to Shade of Thomson.
At some black art. On Grose's Peregrinations. And you, deep-read in bell's black grammar,	Just sb in a kail-blade and send it.
I'll gie you my bonie black hen, S. Tam Glen.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19. At dawn, when every grassy blade
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,	Droops with a diamond at his head, El. on Capt. M. H. 6.
Tam o' Shanter. 7. A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,	How cut-throat Prussian blades were bingin; Kind Sir, Fre read
Three priests' bearts, rotten, black as muck, [v. A. 16] /b.	But now he's quat the spurtle blade.
The red-coat lads wi' black cockands The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	On Grose's Peregrinations,
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil.	frae the sheath, Drew blades o' death, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
S. The deil cam fiddlin' †	Or Phineas drove the murdering blade, The Ordination. 4.
And black Joan, frae Chricton Peel, [rc.] The Election Ballads. I.	Clap in bis walie nieve a blade, He'll mak it wbissle; To a Haggis.
A boy no sae black at the bane; 16. 111.	On every blade the pearls bung; S.'Twas even—the dewy t
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue	Blae (blue; livid; sharp, keen).
Gifted by black Jock To get them aff his hands Ib. Whose holy priestbood nane can stain,	How do ye this blae eastlin win', Audd Comrade dear t And blae and bluidy bruis'd her; S. Had I the wyte t
For wha can dye the black?	That aft ha'e made us black and blae,
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black, . The Holy Fair. 2. Black [Russel] is na spairan:	Wi' vengefu' paws. The Twa Herds. 12. His bose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae.
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black; . The Twa Dogs. 5.	S. There's a youth †
Ha'e had a bitter black out-cast	Blair. "That distant years may boast of other Blairs" On Death of Sir J. Blair
Atween themsel The Twa Herds. 2. That oft hale made us black and blace	Sodgerin gunpowder Blair The Election Ballads. III.
That aft ha'e made us black and blae, Wi' vengefu' paws	Blam'd. Whom canting wretches blam'd: Epit. for G. II.
To try my fate in guid, black prent; To J. S., 7. May Envy wallop in a tether,	An' some, by whom your doctrine's blam'd (Which gives you honor) To Rev. J. M'Math
Black fiend, infernal! To W. Simpson, 17.	"Ye're blam'd for jobbin'." What ails ye now t
I hae lo'ed the Black, the Brown; I hae lo'ed the Fair, the Gowden; S. Wantonness for ever †	Blame.
Black-bearded. Auld, grim, black-bearded Geordie's sel,	Thoughts, words and deeds, the Statute blames with reason; A Dream Mot.
Adam A—'s Prayer.	Far he't frae me that I aspire To blame your Legislation,
Blackbird. Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den, S. Afton Water.	We darena weel say't though we ken wha's to blame,
In days when Daisies deck the ground,	S. By you castle wa't Trowth, they bad muckle for to blame! . Ep. to J. R. 12.
And Blackbirds whistle clear,	And wad na Manbood been to blame,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Had I unkindly us'd her: S. Had I the wyte !
They beard the blackbird's sang, man; The Fête Champetre. The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,	'Tis you and Taylor are the chief, Who are to blame for this mischief; . Letter to J. Goudie.
The Petition of Br. Water,	I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy, S. One fond kiss. †
Black-bonnet [an Elder of the Church]. A greedy glowr black-bonnet throws, . The Holy Fair. 8.	Like Caledonians, you applaud or blame. Prologue, sp. by Woods.
My music, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet	This sting is added—" Blame thy foolish self!"
On gown, an' ban', an' douse black bonnet. To Rev. Mr. M'Math.	Remorse. A Frag Is grown right eerie now she's done it,
Blackbyre.	Lest they shou'd blame ber, To Rev. J. M'Math.
The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire,	Your doctrines I maun blame, S. Ye Jacobites † Blameless. All blameless joys on earth we find, To Chloris.
Ronalds of Bennals Blackest. To its blackest nook he bas carried her ben,	Blaming. With little admiring or blaming: To Capt. Riddel
S. There livid ance a carlet	Blanket. Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm,
Blackguard. Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows, Adam A-'s Frayer.	The folly Beggars, R. I. The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma'.
A blackguard Smuggler, right behint her, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	S. The Taylor fell †
An' cheat like ony unbang'd blackguard. The Twa Dogs. 33.	Blast. And with a Mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast! A Winter Night. S.
Blackguarding: An' there, a batch o' Wabster lads, Blackguarding frae K[ilmarno]ck	To shiver in the blast their lane
[ne Holy Pair. 9.	Was it the bitter eastern blast. That scatters blight in early spring?
Black-headed. The black-headed eagle,	"Nae bitter blast," the sp'rit replies,
Black-neaded eagle, As keen as a beagle, The black-headed eagle †	But now our joys are fled On winter blasts awa! S. But lately seen †
Black-Jock, Fy, bring Black-Jock, her [Superstition's] state physician,	O cauld blaws the e'enin blast
Letter to J. Goudie.	
Here is Murray's fragments O' the ten commands; Gifted by black Jock To get them aff his bands.	Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air The roaring blast, El. on Capt. M. H. 13.
The Election Ballads. II'.	But now has come a cruel blast, . Lament for Glencairn. the howling wintry blast S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
Black-nebbit. And there will be black-nebbit Johnie, The Election Ballads, III.	O raging fortune's withering blast S. Luckless Fortune.

42

chill November's surly blast . Man was made to Mourn.	Blather [bladder].
No chilly blast nor shower Shall blight this rose of mine. S. My love's a winsome †	May Gravels round bis blather wrench, " Scotch Drink. 17.
And now beneath the withering blast	An' for thy pains thou'se get my blather. The Death of Mailie. Blaud, Blad [a large piece.]
My youth and joy consume. S. Now Spring has clad †	I'll write, an' that a hearty bland, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 4.
The bitter blast that round me blaws Unbeeded howls, unheeded fa's; . S. O Lassic art thon †	To get a blad o' Johnnie's morals, To a Medical Gent.
The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,	Blaud, to [to slap, beat].
in the cauld blast, On yonder lea, S. O wert thou in t	An' he's the boy will blaud her! The Ordination. 2.
Ob, cold is the blast upon my pale cheek,	Blaudin' [pelting]. To shun the bitter blaudin' show'r, To Rev. J. M'Math.
S. Oh, open the door, † Lang-mustering up a bitter blast; On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	To shun the bitter blaudin' show'r, To Rev. J. M' Math. Blaw [to blow].
And wings the blast to blaw, . On Birth of Posth. Child.	Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastet, Then stood to blaw; A Guid New-Year † 14.
Now, feebly bends she, in the blast,	Then stood to blaw; A Guid New-Year † 14.
Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan; On Death of R. Dundas.	In vain to me the cowslips blaw, S. Again rejoic. Nature † It blaws nae here sae fierce and fell, As on the banks †
to the whistling blast and waters' roar,	It blaws nae here sae fierce and fell, . As on the banks † How do ye this blae eastlin win',
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,	That's like to blaw a body blin': . Auld Comrade deart
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill; S. Behind you hills †
Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks, . Ib.	O cauld blaws the e'enin blast When bitter bites the frost, S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast 1b. But cold successive noontide blasts	While winds frae off Ben-Lomond blaw, Ep. to Davic. 1.
May lay its beauties low Sad thy tale †	While frosty winds blaw in the drift, 1b.
Virtue's blossoms there shall blow, And fear no withering blast;	And there blaws up a hearty crack; Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,	Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
See it prostrate on the clay! S. Sensibility †	Blaws through the leafless timmer, Sir; S. I'm o'er young †
The rattling showers rose on the blast; . Tam o' Shanter. S.	And roses blaw in ilka bield; S. In simmer when †
And like the rootless stubble tost, Before the sweeping blast	Spare my love ye winds that blaw, S. Jockey's ta'en the † Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry, S. My bonic Mary.
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast, S. The gloomy night †	They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw, S. My Nanie's awa.
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast; The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	S. My Nanie's awa.
There's a heretic blast has been blawn i' the wast, The Kirk's Alarm.	The scented breezes round us blaw, . S. Now rosy May
That e'er ga'e gospel horn a blast, . The Twa Herds, 2,	The bitter blast that round me blaws S. O Lassie, art thon † How blest, ye flowers that round her blaw,
And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave; S. Their groves of †	S. O wat ye wha's in t
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win' Blew hansel in on Robin S. There was a lad †	Or did misfortune's bitter storms
But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast, Third Ep. to J. Lap	Or did misfortune's bitter storms Around thee blaw, around thee blaw, S. O wert thou in the †
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,	Of a the airts the wind can blaw,
	I dearly like the west, S. Of a' the airts † And wings the blast to blaw, . On Birth of Posth. Child.
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast Did nip a fairer flower.)	Blaw sweetly in its native air
He bears the unbroken blast from every side: To R. G. of F., 3.	And rural grace; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast, S. Up in the morning.	The flower it blaws, it fades and fa's, . S. Polly Stewart.
When wild War's deadly blast was blawn, S. When wild War's †	Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack, Scots Prologue. November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The Wintry West extends his blast, Winter.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.
The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast, 1b.	Lang may bis whistle blaw, Jamie; . S. The Laddies by
Blast, to. That blasts each bud of hope and joy; S. Forlorn, my Love †	Loud blaw the frosty breezes, S. The young High, Rover. The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, S. To daunton me
G-d confound their stubborn face,	And Ettrick banks now roaring red
And blast their name, Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.	While tempests blaw; To W. Creech.
But Heaven's curse will blast the man Denies the bairn he got; The Ruined Maid's L.	Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west, S. Up in the morning.
Blasted, -t. And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;	And hail and rain does blaw; Winter. Blaw [to brag, boast].
On seeing wounded Hare.	I winna blaw about mysel, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 16.
The very name of Douglas blasted, On Duke of Queensberry Here lies a rose, a hudding rose,	He brags and he blaws o' his siller, S. Tam Glen.
Blasted before its bloom; On Poet's Daughter.	Blaw south [to blow south, i.e. to England, banish
O, may thou ne'er forgather up, Wi' onic blastet, moorlan toop; . The Death of Mailie.	from Scotland]. The muckle devil blaw you south.
Our Whipper-in, wee, blastet wonner, . The Twa Dogs. q.	The muckle devil blaw you south, If ye dissemble! The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4.
Ye ugly, creepan, blastet wonner, Το α Louse.	The ill-thief blaw the Heron south! . To Dr. Blacklock.
Blastie [a blasted creature; term of contempt].	Blawing [blowing]. When January winds were blawing cauld,
A d—n'd red wud Kilburnie blastie; The Inventory. Ye little ken what cursed speed	S. The lass that made the bed
The blastie's makin! To a Louse.	Blawn [blown]. The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last; Tam o' Shanter. 8.
Blasting. Still under bleak misfortune's blasting eye; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	But the sodger's friends bae blawn the best, The Election Ballads. I.
Blate [shy, bashful, backward].	Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle.
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool, A Bard's Epit An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,	An' blawn't on fire. The Jolly Beggars. R. V
Nor blate nor scanr Add. to the Deil. 3.	There's a beretic blast has been blawn i' the wast, The Kirk's Alarm
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,	When wild War's deadly blast was blawn, S. When wild War's
O steer her up t	
When I was beardless, young and blate, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Blaze. He falls in the blaze of his fame. S. Farewell, thou fair day
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave; The Cotter's Sat. Night &	Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze, On sprightly coursers prance;

The polish'd jewel's blaze May draw the wond'ring gaze, . S. Mark yonder Fomp †	Blend. How virtue and vice blend their black and their white!
Methinks they brighten to a blaze! On Lincluden Castle.	Fragment inser. to Fox. Bless. God bless you a'!
With Art's most polish'd blaze S. Peggy Chalmers.	We bless thee, God of nature wide.
Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noontide blaze,	For all thy goodness lent: A Grace before Dinner.
The Brigs of Ayr. Blaze, to. Shalt heauteous blaze upon the day,	Lord bless us with content!
S. A Rosebud by my t	And bless the parent's evening ray S. A Rosebud by my t the selfish aim, To bless bimself alone! A Winter Night. S.
Bleach. Where bonnie lasses bleach their class;	God bless them a' wi' grace an' gear. Auld Comrade dear t
Poem on Pastoral Poetry. streekit out to bleach In winter snaw; To W. Creech.	I'se bless you wi' my hindmost breath, . S. Duncan Gray.
Bleached, -'d. His locks were bleached white with time,	But still, but still, I like them dearly, God bless them a'! . Ep. to Major Logan. q.
Lament for Glencairn.	Bless Jesus Christ, O C[ardoness], . Epit. on Country Laird,
Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	l bless and praise thy matchless might.
Bleak. Still under bleak misfortune's blasting eye; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Holy Willie's Prayer, 2.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	L—d hless thy chosen in this place,
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare. El. on Miss Burnet.	God bless the King And the companie! S. Landlady, count † And bless and Coila, large and long, . Nature's Law.
waste Sae hleak and bare, . S. O wert thou in the †	O Willie, ay 1 bless the grove
Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, The Farewell.	Where first I own'd my maiden love, S. O Phely, †
An' bleak December's winds ensuin, To a Mouse.	To bless his little filial flock, O Thou dread Pow'rt
Ev'n winter bleak bas charms to me, . To IV. Simpson. 13.	O bless her with a Mother's joys,
Bleak-fac'd. As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns, They get the jovial, rantan Kirns,	Up to a Parent's wish
Inc I wa Dogs. 19.	The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
Bleaky. Lone on the bleaky hills the straying flocks On Death of R. Dundas.	On Scot. Eard gne to W. I. While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.
Blear'd. And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e,	S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st t
S. To daunton me.	Return ye moments of delight,
That had been blear'd with mourning; S. When wild War's †	With richer treasures bless my sight! S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Bleary [blear e'e, wet eye]. That cost her mony a blirt and bleary. S. Braw lads of G. Water Place William blant when the different blirt.	God bless your Honors, can ye see't,
S. Braw lads of G. Water	The Author's Cry and Prayer, 11. God bless your Honors, a' your days,
	God bless your Honors, a your days, Ib. 24. And should some Patron be so kind,
She ran wi' speed: Poor Mailie's El Bleat, to. And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,	As bless you wi' a kirk,
S. My Nanie's Awa.	Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble Name, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
Bleating, -an. And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating: S. As I came o'er †	Content and comfort bless me more in
That wantons round its bleating dam: S. On Cessnock banks †	This grot, than e'er I felt before in A palace . The Hermit.
Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe, Foor Mailie's El	But bless me wi' your beav'n o' charms, The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatan;	She ay shall bless that happy night,
To W. Simpson. P.S Bled. Scots, wha ba'e wi' Wallace bled; S. Scots, wha ha'e †	Amang the rigs o' barley S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Which bled all the wounds of my dolour again.	But hawks will rob the tender joys That bless the little lintwhite's nest; S. There was a lass †
S. As I was a-wand ring †	Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight,
Bleed. (What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds, The Brigs of Ayr.	To Clarinda And bless your honie lasses baith, To Mr. M'Adam
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear, S. The gloomy night †	And bless your honie lasses baith, To Mr. M'Adam And God bless young Dunaskin's laird, Ib.
An' shall his fame an' honor bleed	F[intry], my other stay, long bless and spare!
By worthless skellums, To Kev. J. M. Math. this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,	To R. G. of F., q.
S. Wae is my heart †	Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny Bless them and thee! . To Terraughty.
Bleeding. The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares; The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	I'll bless her and wiss her
Besides, be hated bleeding: . The Election Ballads. VI.	A Friend above the Lift Wr. on leaf of H. More. Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup. Wr. in Friars-Carse H
fell remorse, a conscience bleeding The Hermit.	Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Foiled, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife,	And bless the dear parental name
Bleer [to blear]. I think on my bonic lad, And I bleer my cen wi greetin.	With many a filial blossom S. Young Feggy† Blessed. Then to the blessed, New Jerusalem,
	Fleet wing awa! . To W. Creech.
bleer t [bleared].	Blessing, -in.
Grat bis een baitb bleer't and blin', Duncan Gray † Bleeze [blaze]. In loving bleeze they sweetly join,	A blessing on the cheery gang Wha dearly like a jig or sang, Ep. to Major Logan. 6.
Halloween. 10.	Yet blessings on your frosty pow, S. John Anderson †
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees, Kirk Alloway seem'd in a bleeze; Tam o' Shanter. 10.	O blessings on my wee thing, S. My Love's a winsome t
Bleez'd [blazed]. He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,	My blessins upon thy sweet, wee lippie! My blessins upon thy bonic e'e bree!
Halloween, 8.	S. O whare did ye get †
Bleezing, -an [blazing]. The bleezan, curst, mischievous monkies	Life, thou soul of every blessing, S. Kaving winds †
Delude his eyes, . Add. to the Deil. 13.	1 lea'e my blessin wi' you baith: . The Death of Mailie.
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely, Tam o' Shanter. 5.	Farewell, a mother's blessing dear! The Farewell. Or frae puir man a blessin wan, S. The Laddies by †
And by my ingle-lowe I saw, Now bleezan bright, The Vision. D.I. 7.	My blessings on that happy place,
Blellum (an idle, talking fellow).	Amang the rigs o' barley! . S. The Rigs o' Barley.
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum; Tam o' Shanter. 3.	My blessings age attend the chiel, The Tree of Liberty.
An' not a muse erect her head To cowe the blellums? . To Rev. J. M'Math.	So blessin's on thee, Robin! S. There was a lad † I'll get a blessin wi' the lave, An' never miss't! To a Mouse.
ev'ry sour-mon'd girpin' blellum	My blessings on you, sonsie wife; , V.s to Landlady of Inn.

My blessings on you, sonsie wife; . V.s to Landlady of Inn.

An' not a muse erect her head
To cowe the blellums? To Rev. J. M'Math.
ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin' blellum, To W. Creech.

	
Blest. There's name that's blest of human kind But the cheerful and the gay, A Bottle and Friend.	Their little loves are blest, and their little bearts at rest, S. The winter it is past †
blest with Fortune's smiles and favours, A Ded. to G.H., 15.	Still, thou art blest, compar'd wi' me! To a Mouse.
And ev'ry thing is blest but 1. S. Again rejoic, Nature † And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,	And doubly were the poet blest These joys could be improve To Chloris.
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest; S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †	Has blest me with a random-shot O' countra wit. To J. S., 6.
	A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well, Is ay a blest infection
Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day, . Blest be M'Murdo † Supremely blest wi' love and thee	O Dulness! portion of the truly blest! . To R. G. of F., 7.
S. Bonie Lassic, will ye go t	Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow, To Terraughty.
How blest the Solitary's lot, . Despondency, an Ode. 3.	Ye shades that echo'd to his yows,
The Solitary can despise, Can want, and yet be blest! 1b. 4. Blest Highland bonnet! Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.	And saw me once supremely blest, S. To thee, lov'd Nith † Blether, Blethers [nonsense].
Yet then content could make us blest; . Ep. to Davie. 3.	But I shall scribble down some blether
It's no in books; it's no in lear,	Just clean aff-loof. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 7.
To make us truly blest:	Au' baith a yellow George to claim, An' thole their blethers! Ep. to J. R. 12.
If Happiness hae not her seat And center in the breast,	Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,
We may be wise, or rich, or great, But never can be blest:	Tam Samson's dead! Tam Samson's El., 12. But stringing blethers up in rhyme
Think ye, are we less blest than they,	For fools to sing The Vision, D.I., 4.
Wha scarcely tent us in their way, . Ep. to Davie. 6.	Blether, to [to talk nonsense].
Fate still has blest me with a friend,	Till when ye speak, ye aiblins blether, [v. A. 2] The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.S.
Ep. to R. Graham, 3.	Blethering, -'ran [foolish-talking].
The world were blest did bliss on them depend, 1b. 5.	Thou ne'er took such a bleth'ran b-tch,
As e'er God with his Image blest, Epit. on a Friend.	Into thy dark dominion! Epit. on noisy Polemic. A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum: Tamo' Shanter. 3.
He's blest—if as he brew'd he drink Epit. on G. Richardson. She, the fair sun of all her sex,	An' some are busy bleth'ran Right loud The Holy Fair. 8.
Has blest my happy, glorious day:	Blew. An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
S. Farcwell, dear mistress † Than, if I canna mak thee sae,	'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!' A Fragment. 7. N'er sae murky blew the night
At least to see thee blest S. It is na, Jean, †	That drifted o'er the hill, . S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †
Yet, think not all the Rich and Great, Are likewise truly blest Man was made to Mourn.	The wind blew hollow frae the bills, Lament for Glencairn.
Are likewise truly blest Man was made to Mourn. But oh! [Death] a blest relief for those	As cauld a wind as ever blew; On Kirk of Lamington.
That weary-laden mourn!	The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last; Tam o' Shanter. S. The piper loud and londer blew;
But the Lassie that man loes best, O that's the Lass to mak him blest. S. My Lord a-hunting †	And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main: 16. 16.
Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,	Blew up each Tory's dark designs, The Election Ballads. VI.
S. O merry hac I been †	And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill. The Whistle. 3.
And blest be the day I did it again. How blest the humble cotter's fate, S. O poortith cauld†	And ay the mair he hotch'd an' blew, The mair that she forbade him There came a piper †
How blest, ve flowers that round her blaw,	'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
S. O wat ye wha's in t	
How blest, ye birds that round her sing, 1b. Oh, there, beyond expression blest,	Cauld blew the bitter-biting North Upon thy early, humble birth; To a Mountain-Daisy
I'd feast on beauty a' the night; . S. O were my love †	Blight. Was it the bitter eastern blast,
Not ev'n to view the Heavenly choir, Would be so blest a sight On Miss J. Lewars.	That scatters blight in early spring? As on the banks† Never baleful stellar lights,
Would be so blest a sight On Miss J. Lewars. Elest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,	Taint thee with untimely blights! To Miss C.
On Birth of Posth. Child.	Blight, to. No chilly blast nor shower Shall blight this rose of mine.
Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest, Through an endless existence shall charm thee.	S. My Love's a winsome †
On Death of fav. Child.	And frost will blight the fairest flowers, S. There was a lass †
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms First blest my wond'ring eyes S. Peggy Chalmers.	Blighted. Was mine; 'till Love has o'er me past, And blighted a' my bloom,
Blest be the wild sequester'd shade,	S. Now Spring has clad †
And mest the day and hour,	Blin' [blind]. How do ye this blue eastlin win', That's like to blue a body blin': Auld comrade†
Elest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde. S. Slow spreads the gloom †	Grat his een baith bleer't and blin', . S. Duncan Gray †
Your friendship much can make me blest, S. Talk not of Love †	But the body he was sae doited an blin,
S. Talk not of Love †	S. The Cooper o' cuddy †
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious, Tam o' Shanter. 6	Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't, . S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Ye godly Conneils who has blest this town:	Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e, . S. Ca' the Ewes, †
The Brigs of Ayr. 9. Blest wi' content, and milk and meal	Blind. Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way, † S. Contented we little †
S. The Contented Cottager.	Ye're a' blind drunk, boys, S. Landlady, count †
Be blest with bealth, and peace, and sweet content! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.	Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind, Lns on windows Gl. Tav.
A House o' Commons such as he.	O silly blind body, O dinna ye see; S. O whare did ye get †
They wad be blest that saw that. The Election Ballads. II.	An' deal't about as thy blind skill Directs thee best Scotch Drink. 21.
But hath decreed that wicked men Shall ne'er be truly blest	To this be never blind; S. She's fair and fause †
O happy is that man, an' blest! The Holy Fair. 11.	Blind, to. And aye the salt tear blinds her ee:
And by them lies the dearest lad	S. The lovely lass of I. † Blinded. When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
That ever blest a woman's ee! . S. The lovely lass of 1.	Religion may be blinded; Ep. to Young Friend. 10.
In that blest sphere alone we live and move; The Rights of Woman.	Blinding. Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee, To W. Simpson. 13.
He made me blest—and broke my heart! The Tears I shed.	Or, the stormy North sends driving forth,
But praise be blest, my mind's at rest, S. The tither morn t	The blinding sleet and snaw: . Winter.

Bloody

Blindly. Had we never lov'd so blindly, S. One fond kiss t Blink [a glance; a look; a moment; a short time].

When Death comes in, wi' glimmering blink, Adam J_'s Prayer

The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet, As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e. . S. Blythe was shet Sae I gat paper in a blink, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 6. But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e, S. In simmer when t

Ae blink o' him I wadna gie For Buskie-glen and a' his gear.

But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink. S. Last May a braw woocr t The bonie blink o' Mary's ee. [re.] S. Now bank and bract That for a blink I hae lo'ed best, . S. O lay thy loof + To steel a blink by a' unseen; . S. O this is no my ain t But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e,

S. O whistle, and I'll t For ae blink o' the bonie burdies! . . Tam o' Shanter, 13.

At slaps the billies halt a blink, Till lasses strip their shoon: . The Holy Fair. 26. . The Twa Dogs. 16. A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment, At Darlet we a blink did tarry; S. T. Menzie's bonic Mary S. Turn again, thou fair t Ae kind blink before we part:

Blink, to [to glance; to look kindly; to shine]. And cheary blinks the ingle-gleede S. A' the lads o' Thornie †

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go While day blinks in the lift sae hie; . S. Ca' the Ewes t

And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine! Lament of Mary of Scots. Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet; S. O Lassic, art thou t The snn blinks blythe on you town, S. O wat ye wha's in t The sun blinks kindly in the biel', S. The Contented Cottager.

Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
Forgets there's care upo' the earth.

The Twa Dogs. 19. And did na joy blink in her e'e; . S. There was a lass t And ev'ry star that blinks aboon, . . To 1. S.

Blinker [a pretty girl; a term of contempt]. The witching cursed delicions blinkers Ep. to Major Logan. 10.

Hand up thy han' Deil! ance, twice, thrice!
There, sieze the blinkers! Scotch Drink. 20.

Blinket, -it [blinked]. Now Phoebus blinkit on the bent, . . S. As I came o'er t She blinket on her sodger: . . The Jolly Beggars. R. I.

Blinking, -in, -an [shining, glancing; smirking]. It is the moon, -I ken her horn,

That's blinking in the lift sae hie; S. O Willie brew'd t His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonilie, The Cotter's Sat. Night.
And blinkin Bess of Annandale, The Election Ballads. I. There, racer Jess, an' twathree wh-res,

Are blinkan at the entry. . The Holy Fair. 9.

Blin't [blinded]. The saut tear blin't his e'e; . S. Kattlin, Koarin Willic.

Blirt [a violent outburst of crying]. The lassie lost a silken snood.

That cost her mony a blirt and bleary S. Braw lads of G. water. Bliss. May heaven angment your blisses, . . . A Dream. 1. Still higher may they heeze Ye In bliss, A Brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss! A Winter Night. 9.

The bands and bliss o' mutual love,
S. Braw lads on Yar. bracs.

The world were blest did bliss on them depend, Ep. to R. Graham. 5. If there's another world, he lives in bliss; Epit. on a Friend. A' my flowery bliss destroy'd. . . . S. I dream'd I lay t The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss! Innocence + And with him is a' my bliss, . S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t

The more in this [wealth, &c.] you look for bliss,
You leave your view the farther, O:
S. My father was a farmer†

My pains o' hell on earth are past, I'm sure o' hliss aboon, man. S. O ay my wife she dang. And offers, bliss to give and to receive. Prologue, at Th., D., Then is it wise to damp our bliss? . Sketch. New Yr's Day. All, all my hopes of bliss reside Where Evan mingles with the Clyde.

S. Slow spreads the gloom t

O why that bliss destroy! . . S. Talk not of Love ! The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels. The Bries of Ayr. S. The capt. Ribband. Lose all the bliss it had with you, O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9. The iron hand that breaks our band,

he iron hand that breaks our paner. It breaks my bliss,—it breaks my heart! S. The day returns t

Was naething to my hinny bliss Upon the lips o' Anna. S. The gowd. locks of A.. The Inventory. I ha'e nae wife; and that my bliss is, .

Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, The Vision, D. II. 21. A rustic Bard.

O, how past descriving had then been my bliss, S. There's auld Rob M.+

With every kindliest, best presage, To a yng Lady. Of future bliss enroll thy name: May bliss domestic smooth his private path; To R. G. of F., 9.

An' said my fau't frae bliss expell'd me; What ails ye now t If so, may every bliss be hers, Though I maun never have her, S. When first I saw t

Why, why tell thy lover. Bliss he never must enjoy?. S. Why, why tell thy t

Dliss he never must enjoy:

Blissful. The blissful day we two did meet,

S. The day returns † Where is thy place of blissful rest? S. To Mary in Heaven. Blithe r. Blythe.

Blitter [the snipe].

The blitter frae the boggie, . . S. What will I do gint Block. Till block an studdie ring an reel
Wi' dinsome clamour. Scotch Drink. 11.

Blockhead. I like a blockhead boost to ride, The Inventory. I started, mutt'ring blockhead! coof! The Vision, D. I. 6. By blockhead's daring into madness stnng; To R. G. of F., 5.

Blood. An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood, To mak it guid in law, man

By loss o' blood, or want o' breath, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25. The life blood streaming thro' my heart, Ep. to Davie, q.

That sic a couple fate allows ye
To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. Your blood shall with incessant cry

Awake at last th' unsparing power. Fragment of Ode.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood. John Barleycorn. For if you do but taste his blood, Twill make your courage rise.

The weeping blood in woman's breast Lament of Mary of Scots. In wars at hanse I'll spend my blood,

Lns on windows, Gl. Tav ... And while life's dearest blood is warm, S. O wat ye wha's in t The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:

On Death of R. Dundas. Chilly grief my life-blood freezes, . . S. Raving winds †

But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood.

There thou shines chief. . Scotch Drink. 4. This lovely maid's of royal blood S. The bonie Lass of Albany What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,

The Brigs of Ayr. 11. How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed; S. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.

Chill runs my blood to hear it rave, S. The gloomy night t

Yet to worth let's he just, royal blood ye might boast,
If the ass was the king of the brutes. The Kirk's Alarm.

The Solemn League and Covenant
Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears: The League and Covenant

three noble chieftans, and all of his blood, The Whistle. 5. At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood. To W. Simpson. But hoils up in a spring-tide flood!

Blood-hound.

Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land! A Winter Night, & Blood-stain'd.

The blood-stain'd roost, and sheepcote spoil'd,
My heart forgets, . . . A Winter Night. 5. My heart forgets,

Bloody. Old Scotia's bloody lion bore: Add. to Edinburgh. . O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody! El. on Capt. M. H. t. On many a bloody plain
I've dar'd his [death's] face, S. Farewell, ye dungeons †

To J. S., 25.

The battle closes deep and bloody: . S. My bonic Mary. The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest. On seeing wounded Hare.	Amang the blooming heather: S. Now westlin winds † She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall;
And after many a bloody, deathless doing, . Scots Prologue. What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,	S. O this is no my ain † And welcome in the blooming year! S. O wat ye wha's in † The youthful blooming Nelly lay, S. On a bank of flowers †
The Brigs of Ayr. II. The butcher deeds of bloody fate, The Election Ballads. VI. When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Ahram;	Blooming in the sunny ray; S. Sensibility † And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray;) Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I. Their winding-sheet the bloody clay, S. The lovely lass of I. †	The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn, S. The heather was blooming †
A bloody man I trow thou be;	Blooming on thy early May, To Miss C. Therefore while ye're blooming Katie, Listen to a loving swain; Will ye go and marry †
Your faith proved so loyal, in hot bloody trial, S. The small birds rejoice †	As blooming spring unbends the brow
[Critics !] Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes :	Of surly, savage winter S. Young Peggy † Bonie and bloomin, and straught was its make;
To R. G. of F., 4. toothy critics by the score, In bloody raw! . To W. Creech. As fill'd his after life wi' grief	Blossom, bonie blossoms a', Ye royal Lasses dainty, . A Dream. 14.
An bloody rants What ails ye now † Bloom. The bloom of a fine summer's day!	O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes, S. How pleasant the banks t
S. Adown winding Nith †	My blossom sweet did blow, S. Luckless Fortune.
Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom; . Lament for Glencairn. And blighted a' my bloom, . S. Now Spring has clad†	But luckless fortune's northern storms Laid a' my blossoms low, [re.]
When merry May its bloom renew'd S. O were my love t	Here, in this hand, does mankind stand,
Elest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem. On Birth of Posth, Child.	With purple blossoms to the spring : . S. O were my love f
Blasted before its bloom; On Poet's Daughter.	Ere the spoiler had nipt thee in blossom, On Death of fav. Child
Such thy bloom! did I say, S. Phillis the Fair, You seize the flower, its bloom is shed; Tam o' Shanter, 7.	1 saw fair freedom's blossoms richly blow: On Death of Sir J. Blair
Thro' faded groves Maria sang, Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while, S. The Catrine woods †	Virtue's blossoms there shall blow, And fear no withering blast; Sad thy tale †
In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e, The Cotter's Sat. Night.	And hey for the blossoms 'twill bring:
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate. Full on thy bloom, . To a Mountain-Daisy	The Election Ballads. III. But he whose blossom buds in guilt Shall to the ground be cast, The 1st Psalm.
Those that would the bloom devour.	The blossom of our gentry! To Mr. M'Adam
Crash the locusts, save the flower, Wr. in Hermitage at F.C Bloom, to. So long, sweet Poet of the Year,	Not the bee upon the blossom, In the pride of sunny noon; . S. Turn again, thou fair †
Bloom, to. So long, sweet Poet of the Year, Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won; Add. to Shade of Thomson.	Sweet as you hawthorn's blossom, . S. When wild War's t
The thou may gayly bloom a while, . S. I do confess †	How rich the hawtborn's blossom; S. Ye banks, and bracs, and streams †
While clover blooms white o'er the lea, S. In simmer when † Now blooms the lily by the bank, Lament of Mary of Scots.	And bless the dear parental name,
And the next flowers that deck the spring,	With many a filial blossom S. Young Peggy † Blossom, to.
Bloom on my peaceful grave	And now she [Virtne] sees wi' pride, man, How weel it buds and blossoms there, The Tree of Liberty.
S. O bonie was you rosy† The flower stem shall bloom like thy sweet Seraph form,	Blossom'd. And the langer it blossom'd, the sweeter it grew;
On Death of fav. Child And blooms a rose in Heaven. On Poet's Daughter.	S. Lady Mary Ann. Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May, That's half sae welcome's thou art. On W. Stewart.	That gently stirs the blossom'd bean, S. On Cessnock banks † From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested
There's not a flower that blooms in May,	A sprig her fair breast to adorn; . Sp. extem. to yng Lady.
That's half so fair as thou art. [re.] . S. Polly Stewart. Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side;	Blot. A Scot still, but blot still, I knew no higher praise The Ans. to the Guidwife.
S. Slow spreads the gloom † While Fragrance blooms an' Beauty charms!	Blot, to. And never eavy blot their name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. Where spreading bawthorns gaily bloom!	Blotch't. Tho' blotch't an' foul wi' mony a stain, To Rev. J. M'Math.
S. The Banks of Nith, For sbe's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer; S. The Posic.	Blow. But, word an' blow, N-rth, F-x, and Co. Gowff'd Willie like a ba', man, A Fragment. 9.
The simmer lillies [most] bloom in snow . C. To Jacobson	By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow? . A Winter Night. 9. Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow, El. on Miss Burnet.
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; S. Ye banks and bracs †	El. on Miss Burnet.
Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass, S. Young Peggy †	Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow, S. Fate gave the word † The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow,
Bloomed. And bonie bloom'd our roses; S. Awa, whigs, awa.	Man was made to Mourn.
the flower which bloomed sweetest in Coila's green vale, Lament on leaving Nat. Land.	Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow, On Death of R. Dundas.
How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk, S. I'e banks, and bracs, and streams †	the first blow is ever half the battle; Prologue, at Th., D
Blooming, -in. And down among the blooming heather, S. As I came o'er†	Liberty's in every blow!
Ye wander thro' the blooming heather; S. Braw lads on Yar, bracs †	they scar'd at blows And hameward fast did flee, man. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Desart ilka blooming shore; S. Frac the friends †	And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel In stardy blows; [v.A.4] . The Vision.
With green spreading busbes, and flow'rs blooming fair; S. How pleasant the banks †	And cruelty directs the thickening blows; . The Vowels.
Now Nature hangs her mantle green On every blooming tree, . Lament of Mary of Scots	I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows As weel's I may; To J. S., 25.

Blow, to. Blow, blow, ye Winds, with beavier gust! A Winter Night. 7.	It was her een sae bonie blue, [re.] . S. I gaed a waefu't The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow;	S. My Lord a-hunting †
Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows, S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †	All fading green and yellow: S. Now westlin winds † Her een sae bonie blue betray,
More lovely far her beauty blows Delia, an Ode.	How she repays my passion; S. O foortith cauld † The feeling heart's the royal blue, On W. Chalmers.
My blossom sweet did blow, S. Luckless Fortune. Still richer breathes and fairer blows, S. O Phely †	Twa laughing een o' bonie blue
But through the broken space, the gale	Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
Blows chilly from the misty vale; . On Lincluden Castle I saw fair freedom's blossoms richly blow:	Tam o' Shanter. q. That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
On Death of Sir J. Blair	Wha's mair o' the black than the blue,
Sweetly deckt with pearly dew The morning rose may blow; Sad thy tale †	The Election Ballads, III. As Queensherry blue and buff unfurled, Ib. I'I.
Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,	And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue; . S. The Laddies by †
Ve [flowers] blow upon the sod that wraps my friend: Sonnet, on Death of R	His bonnet it is blue, jo
Where rich ananas blow!	The hyacinth for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
The primroses blow in the dews of the morning, S. The small birds †	S. The Posic. The sky was blue, the wind was still, S. The Rigs o' Barley
But Misery and I must watch The surly tempest blow: S. The sun he is sunk †	His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue; S. There's a youth
Vet all beneath th' unrivall'd Rose,	Though 'twere a trip to you blue warl', . To Mr. Renton.
The lowly Daisy sweetly blows; . The Vision, D. II. 20.	'Twas na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin; S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e†
Till billows rage, and gales blow bard, And whelm him o'er! To a Mountain-Daisy	He roos'd my een sae bonie blue, S. Young Jockey †
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow, Why am I loth †	Blue-bell. Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen; S. Their groves of t
Blowing. This rock my shield, when storms are blowing,	Blue-clue [clew of blue yarn].
The Hermit. Raving winds around her blowing, S. Raving winds †	And in the blue-clue throws then, Right fear't that night
Western breezes softly blowing,	Blue-gown [a beggar who got yearly on the King's birth-day a blue cloak or gown with a badge].
Suit not my distracted mind S. Thickest night † Blude, Bluid [blood].	It's just the Blue-gown badge an' claithing,
May set their Highland blude a-ranklin;	O' Saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naething, Ep. to J. R. 4.
Add, of Beelzebub. 2. Our father's blude the kettle bought!	That crown my harvest cares wi joy, S. O Phely †
S. Does haughty Gault	Bluid v. Blude. Bluidy, -ie [bloody].
And blude red wine's the rysin' Sun S. Gane is the day † And kith and kin o' Cassillis' hlude, S. My Lord a-hunting †	Wi' stanged hips, and buttocks bluidy, Adam A—'s Prayer,
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,	The tane is game, a bluidy devil El. on Year 1783
S. O Kennure's on and awa† Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted; Tam o' Shanter. 11.	And blue and bluidy bruis'd her; S. Had I the wyte † Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him;
They rush'd, and push'd, and blude outgush'd,	Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him; The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. The Angus lads had nae gude will,	Or Zipporah, the scauldin jad, Was like a bluidy tiger I' th' inn that day. The Ordination, 4.
That day their neebour's blude to spill; Ib.	Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash,
The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, . S. To daunton me He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,	
S. What can a yng lassie †	Till Lairds forbad, by strict commands, Sie bluidy pranks. To W. Simpson. F.S.
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid; . A Ded. to G. H., 1. Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin	Or hunt a Parent's life Wi' bludie war. S. I'e Jacobites †
Guid Christian bluid to draw, man; . A Fragment. 3.	Blume [bloom]. How can ye blume sae fair! S. The Banks of Doon, Sett II.
When banes are crazed, and bluid is thin, . Ep. to Davie. 3. An' liquor guid to fire his bluid, . Scotch Drink. Mott	Blunder. It wad frae monie a blunder free us An' foolish notion: To a Louse.
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,	Rlunt It was sae blunt.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 9. Her lost Militia fir'd her bluid:	Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the beart Of a kail-runt Death and Dr. Hornbook. 17.
Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's,	Bluntie [a stupid person].
My dearest bluid to do them guid, They're welcome till't for a' that.	And gar me look like bluntie, S. And O for ane and twenty † Blush. The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
The Jolly Beggars, S. VII. And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid,	S. Adown winding Nith †
And sell their skin The Twa Herds, b.	In manhood's dawning blush; O Thou dread Pow'r† I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenned name
Bludie v. Bluidy. Blue. The cauld blue north was streaming forth	May cost a pair o' blushes; On W. Chalmers.
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din: A Vision.	To gie the sweetest blush o' health, The Tree of Liberty. In her [Beauty's] armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs;
And by thy een sae bonie blue, . S. An' I'll kiss thee yet † And bonie blue are the sunny skies . S. Bonie Bell.	S. I on wild mossy mountus
Sae bonie blue her een, my dearie; S. Braw lads of G. water.	Her blush is like the morning, S. Young Peggy† Blush, to. Or if I blush when thou shalt ca'me
He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown:	Int-ta or daddy. Ada, to Hiegit. Chiu.
S. Cock up yr beaver.	Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin, Blush at the curious stranger peeping in; £p. fr. Esopus to Maria.
Like the unchanging blue, S. El. on Capt. M. H. Epit. I dighted ay her een sae blue, S. Had I the wyte †	Rinch'd _t He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause.	3, Da te ottale by frotetro
And bide by the buff and the blue. S. Here's a health to them t	He blush'd for shame, he quat his name, The Fête Champetre. When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht, The Union D. I. S.
On his bead a bonnet blue, S. Highland Laddie.	And stepped Ben 1 ne 1 istem. 2. 1. o.
Twa lovely een of bonie blue S. I gaed a waefu' †	At length she blush'd a sweet consent, . S. There was a lass †

Blushing, Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	When upward-springing, hlythe, to greet The purpling East. To a Mountain-Daisy.
O mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower, S. How pleasant the banks †	Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny To Terraughty
Conscious, blushing for our race. On scaring Waterfowl.	She's aye, aye sae blythe, sae gay, She's aye so blythe and cheerie;
youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong, The Vision, D. 11, 16	She's aye sae bonie, blythe, and gay, S. When first I saw !
Thy bosom blushing still with dew! To Miss C.	Fu' blythe he whistled at the gand, . S. Young Jockey †
Bluster.	At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.
	Sonnet, writ. on Birthday. My heart was blithe and gay, To Clarinda.
Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster, if for a saunt ye do muster, The corps is no nice of recruits; . The Kirk's Alarm, 9.	Blythely. The little birdies blythely sing,
Blustering.	S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum; Tam o' Shanter. 3-	And blythely awaukens the morrow; S Craigie-burn Wood.
Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting thowes, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	Wi' her I'll blythely bear it, . S. My Wife's a winsome to How blythely would I bide the stoure,
Blype [a shred].	S. O Mary, at thy window †
Till skin in blypes cam haurlin Aff's nieves that night	The lads an' lasses, blythely hent To mind baith saul an' body, The Holy Fair. 20.
Blythe, Blithe.	Shall a' be blytbely singing, . S. The young High. Rover.
And when the lark, 'tween light and dark, Elythe wankens by the daisy's side,	Blyther. Three blyther bearts, that lee lang night, Ye wadna found in Christendie.
S. Again rejoicing Nature †	S. O Willie brew'd †
But I'm as blytbe that hauds his pleugh, S. Behind you hills † The shepherd stops his simple reed,	Blythest. But Phemie was the hlythest lass, That ever trode the dewy green.
Blythe in the birken shaw, S. Behold, my love †	S. Blythe was she to The hlythest bird upon the bush,
Blythe, and merry was she, Blythe was she but and hen, [re.] S. Blythe was she †	Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.
	S. There was a lass, and t
Blythe ha'e I been on you bill, . S. Blythe ha'e I been † When at the blythe end of our journey at last,	Young Jockey was the blythest lad . S. Young Jockey †
S. Contented we little †	Blythesome.
Sae blythe and merry's we will be,	My kindly blythesome wee thing, S. My Love's a winsome † Boar. The wild Scandinavian boar issn'd forth. S. Caledonia.
When ye set by the wheel at e'en. S. Duncan Davison.	Board. The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,
An' baud their Halloween Fu' blythe that night Halloween,	Ronalds of Bennals.
Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,	But now the Supper crowns their simple board, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
They parted aff careerin Fu' hlythe Ib. 28.	Boarding school.
But Nelly's looks are hlythe and sweet, S. Handsome Nell.	Now gawkies, tawpies, gouks and fools,
Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel, S. In simmer when †	Frae colleges and boarding schools, To W. Creech
But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e,	Boast. The boast of our bachelors a', man: Ronalds of Bennals.
Sweetly blythe his waukening be, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t	For loyal Forbes' Charter'd boast Is ta'en awa! Scotch Drink. 19.
As blythe lay down at e'en: . Lament of Mary of Scots.	Is ta'en awa!
My heart was ance as blytbe and free	Like him there is no two, Jamie; . S. The Laddies by t
As simmer days were lang, S. My heart was ance †	My secret-heart's exulting boast? The Lament.
Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays, S. My Nanie's Awa.	There distant shone, Art's lofty boast, The lordly dome. The Vision. D. I. 13.
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings S. Now Spring has clad †	Boast, to.
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye, . S. O Logan! sweetly +	The greybeard, old wisdom, may boast of his treasures,
And blythe be the bird that sings on her grave! S. O merry ha'e I been †	Lns, on windows Gl. Tav. Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,
The sun blinks blythe on you town. S. O wat ye wha's in †	S. My father was a farmer †
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe Sodger laddie,	Let other heroes boast their scars, Nature's Law.
Oh, how can I be blythe and glad, S. O whare did ye get † S. O whare did ye get † S. O whare did ye get †	The man who boasts o' warld's wealth, Is aften laird o' meikle care; . S. Now bank and brac †
Sound be his sleep and blythe his morn,	Of lordly acquaintance you hoast, . On an empty Fellow.
On Window of C. Inn, F	That distant years may boast of other "Blairs"
And blythe awakes the morrow, . S. Sweet fa's the eve † But blythe an' frisky,	On Death of Sir J. Blair. Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston can boast;
She eyes her freeborn, martial boys, Tak aff their Whisky.	The Election Ballads. IV. Yet to worth let's he just, royal blood ye might hoast,
The Author's Cry and Prayer, P. Where blythe I turn my spinning-wheel.	If the ass was the king of the brutes. The Kirk's Alarm. Then thou mayest freely boast . The Toast.
S. The Contented Cottager. Blytbe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen:	Let Britain hoast her hardy oak, . The Tree of Liberty.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8. Blytbe and merry may she be, S. The Lass that made the bed.	She boasts a Race, To ev'ry nobler virtue bred, And polisb'd grace. The Vision, D. 1. 15.
So blytbe and so merry he'd whistle and sing	Boasted. This boasted Honor turns away,
S. The Poor Thresher. 1 hae been blythe wi' Comrades dear; S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Shunning soft Pity's rising sway, A Winter Night. 9. Boat. But, G-d-sake! let nae saving-fit
When a were blythe and merry, S. The tither morn t	Abridge your bonie Barges An' Boats A Dream. 7.
And blythe we'll sing, and hail the day	Behold the hour, the boat arrive! S. Behold the hour t
That gave us liberty, man The Tree of Liberty.	The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith, . S. My bonie Mary.
And some instruct the Shepherd-train, Blythe o'er the hill. The Vision, D. II. &.	And perish'd mony a bonie boat, Tam o' Shanter. 15.
O welcome most kindly, the blythe carle said,	Boat, to. Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er, Come boat me o'er to Charlie;
S. There liv'd ance a carle †	come boat me o er to chame,
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea.	I'll gie John Ross another bawbee, To boat me o'er to Charlie. S. Come boat me o'er t
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea, S. There's auld Rob M.† Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ	I'll gie John Ross another bawbee, To boat me o'er to Charlie. S. Come boat me o'er † Boatfu'. There's a boatfu' o' lads Come to our town to sell. S. There's news, lasses †
As blythe and as arriess as the lambs on the lea, S. There's auld Rob M.† Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ Shall make us baith sae blythe an' witty, Third Ep. to J. Lap.	I'll gie John Ross another bawbee, To boat me o'er to Charlie. S. Come boat me o'er † Boatfu'. There's a boatfu' o' lads

Bob. Or were more in fury seen, Sir,	I ken he weel a Snick can draw,
Bob. Or were more in fury seen, Sir, Than 'twist Hal and Bob for the famous job The Dean of Fac	1 ken he weel a Snick can draw. When simple bodies let him; To Gav. Hamilton.
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,	Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie; S. Willie Wastle Body [as opposed to soul].
Commandment tenth remember'd, Vet simple Bob the victory got,	Who said that not the soul alone,
Bob's purblind, mental vision:	But body too must rise Epit. on Country Laird
And orator Bob is its ruin The Kirk's Alarm. 3.	An' here his body lies fu' low For saul he ne'er had ony
Bobbed [curtseyed]. And when she cam ben she bobbed fu' law, [re.] S. O vulcen she cam ben †	Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start.
S. O when she cam ben she bonned to law, [re.]	At this my way sae far awa S. Sae far awa
bobby. Tay bonny's mouth may be open a yet	In vain Anld-age his body batters: Tam Samson's Ed., 9. The lads an' lasses, blythely bent
Till for eloquence you hail him. The Dean of Fac	To mind baith saul an' body, The Holy Fair. 20
Bock [to vomit]. For aye the brose ye sup at e'en.	He ventur'd the Soul, and I risked the Body
Ve bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hav lien warang	The Jolly Beggars, S. II.
Bocked [vomited].	Her body is bestowed well, S. The Joyful Widower. And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked, Down headlong hurl. , A Winter Night. 2.	E'en tried the body To Dr. Blacklock.
Boconnock (Robert Pitt of Roconnock Cornwall)	Bog. Last day my mind was in a hog, . To Miss Ferrier.
Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's, The Author's Cry and Frayer 20.	Boggie [dim. of bog].
The Author's Cry and Prayer 20.	The blitter frae the boggie, S. What will I do gin † Bog-hole. till some mishanter,
Boddle (a small copper coin equal, in value, to the sixth of an English penny).	Some black bog-hole, Arrests us, . Ep. to Major Logan. 2.
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle Tam o' Shanter, 11.	Bogle [a hobgoblin; a scarecrow].
I'll wad a boddle, The Brigs of Ayr. 5	Nae nightly bogle make it eerie: S. By Allan stream †
Bode. I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want, As lang's I get employment. S. Here's to thy health t	Gaist nor hogle shalt thou fear, . S. Hark! the mavis † The silly bogles, Wealth and State, S. O poortith cauld †
Bodement. Let Prudence' direct bodements on me fall.	The silly bogles, Wealth and State. S. O poortith cauld † Whiles glowring round wi' prudent cares,
In vain would Prudence †	Lest bogles catch him unawares: Tam o' Shanter. 9,
Boding. deep, as soughs the boding wind, As on the banks t	Boil. By Heavens, the sacrilegious dog
A boding voice is in mine ear, . S. From thee, Eliza †	Shall fuel be to boil it! . S. Does haughty Gaul† Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
Bodkin. Your bodkin's bauld, What ails ye now † Body, -ie [person]. poor worthless hody,	The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Adam A—'s Prayer,	Which shews that heaven can boil the pot,
An' it [ber e'e] winna let a body be! S. Again rejoic. Nature †	Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac., Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
That's like to blaw a body blin': . S. Auld Comrade deart	Besouth Magellan To IV. Simpson. 7.
Oh Jenny's a' weet poor body [re.] S. Comin thro' the ryc † Gin a body meet a hody Comin thro' the rye,	At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood, But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Gin a body kiss a body Need a body cry. [re.]	And still, below, the horrid caldron boils
Gin a body kiss a body Need the warld ken! 1b.	Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
Ilka body bas a body, ne'er a ane hae I; [re.]	Boiling. Or tumbling in the boiling flood Wi'kail an' beef; Scotch Drink. 4.
Gin a body meet a body, comin frae the well, Gin a body kiss a body, need a body tell;	There high my boiling torrent smokes,
Gin a body kiss a body, need a body gloom; It.	The Petition of Br. Water,
It's hardly in a body's pow'r.	Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling, At baking, roasting, frying, boiling; The Twa Dogs, 9.
To keep, at times, frae being sour, Ep. to Davic. 2. Vet crooning to a body's sel,	Boisterous.
Does weel eneugh. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, S.	Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew, The Fête Champetre.
This worthless body damn'd himsel,	Bold. Like some bold Vet'ran, gray in arms.
To save the Lord the trouble Epit. on D. C. Poor silly body see him; Epit. on Holy Willie.	Add. to Edinburgh, 5. A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand; S. Caledonia. 3.
If Denmark, any hody spak o't; . Kind Sir, I've read t	bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,	bold Balmerino's undying name, Fragment of Ode.
That ilka body talking	John Barleycorn was a hero bold, John Barleycorn.
But her by thee is slighted, S. O wat ye what that loes †	The flower amang our barons bold, Lament for Glencairn.
O silly blind body, O dinna ye see; S. O whare did ye get †	Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
But the body he was sae doited an blin, S. The Cooper o' cuddy †	Prologue, sp. by Woods
He was but a paidlin body, O! . S. The deuks dang o'er	Inspiring bold John Barleycorn! Tam o' Shanter, 11.
The body, e'en let him escape; The Election Ballads. III	Maxwelton, that baron hold, The Election Ballads. VI.
A place where body saw na'; S. The good. locks of A,	Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham,
Wi' monie a wearie body, In droves that day. The Holy Fair. 6.	Bold stems of Heroes, [v. A. 4] The Vision,
When fient a body bade him There came a piper †	Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd [v. A. 4] Ib.
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner.	Bold Richardton's heroic swell; [v. A. 4]
On some poor body To a Louse.	Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
gi'en the body half an e'e,	Boldest. Braved usurpation's boldest daring! , Liberty.
An' let poor, damned bodies bee;	Bold-following. Bold-following where your Fathers led! Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
Wad made a bodie's mouth to water; . S. Donald Brodie.	Boldly. Who boldly dare thy cause maintain
Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies Ep. to II, Parker.	In spite of foes: To Rev. J. M Math. Bold-mingling.
	Deep lights and shades, hold-mingling, threw
Is he slain by Highlan' bodies?	
Is he slain by Highlan' bodies? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. Grose †	A lustre grand; . The Vision, D. I. 12.
Is he slain by Highlan' bodies? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. Grose † Jamaica bodies, use him weel, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. a merry core O' randie, gangrel bodies.	Bole (a small recess in a wall).
Is he slain by Highlan' bodies? S. Ken ye onght o' Capt. Grose! Jamaica bodies, use him weel, On Scot. Band gne to W. I. a merry core O' randie, gangrel bodies, The Jolly Beggars, R. I.	Bole (a small recess in a wall). There sat a bottle in a bole,
Is he slain by Highlan' bodies? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. Grose † Jamaica bodies, use him weel, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. a merry core O' randie, gangrel bodies.	Bole (a small recess in a wall). There sat a bottle in a bole,

Bombast. Nae bombast spates o' nonsense swell;	Tak this frae me, my be
Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Bonds. Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins. The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	It's plenty beets the lo It is na, Jean, thy bonie your bonie brow was bre
Bone. They wasted, o'er a scorching flame, The marrow of his bones; John Barleycorn.	She saw three honie boy
Till down my weary bones 1 lay S. My father was a farmer† Bonie, Bonnie, -y (lovely; handsome; pretty). Five bonie Lasses round their table, A Ded. to G. H., 14. Abridge your honie Barges An' Boats . A Dream, 7.	My honie laddie's young Bonie and bloomin, and Sweet was its smell, and I was the Queen o' honi
Thae bonie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent,	Bonie lassie, artless lassi He spak o' the darts o' r That I may drink before
When ye bure hame my bonie Bride:	A service to my bonie And I mann leave my be
Lang syne in Eden's bonie yard, Add, to the Deil. 15, Beware o' bonie Anne, [re.] . S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne. My bonie Peggy Alison S. An' I'll kiss thee yet	Whare live ye my bonie a bonie, westlin weaver l There wons auld Colin's
And by thy een sae bonie blue,	She is a bonie wee thing My bonie, bonie Sandy The bonie blink o' Mary
And mark'd its bonie holms and haughs, As on the banks † what ruefu' chance, Has twin'd ye o' your bonie trees; Ib. The worm that gnaws my bonie trees, Ib.	O bonie was yon rosy br And bonie she, and ah h
And bonie bloom'd our roses; S. Awa, whigs, awa. But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes, Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yewes. S. Awa' wi' your witcheraft t	the grove By bonie Irvin Her een sae bonie blue t How she repays my p
I think on my bonie lad, S. Ay waukin, O. As spotless as she's bonie, S. Behind you hills †	O saw ye bonie Lesley, He'd look into thy bonie And say, "1 [the Deil
Our auld Guidman delights to view His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O;	That we may brag we he There's nane again sa She's bonie, blooming, s
As ony lamb upon the lee! S. Blythe was she t And bonie blue are the sunny skies S. Bonie Bell. And I rejoice in my bonie Bell. [re.]	And on yon bonie braes My Muse maun be thy l
Bonie lassie, will ye go To the birks of Aberfeldy? [re.] S. Bonie lassie, will ye go † Bonie wee thing, canie wee thing. S. Bonie wee thing †	And I mysel' the zephyr Amang its bonie leave And I mysel' a drap of d
Wishfully I look and languish	Into her bonie breast (Between Saint Johnston
Sae bonie blue her een, my dearie; S. Braw lads of G. water† My bonie dearie. S. Ca' the Eves. But bonie Peg-a-Ramsey Gat grist to her mill. S. Cauld is the cenin†	May Heaven protect my My blessins upon thy bo But I'll big a bow'r on y But steal me a blink o' y
I see thee sweet and bonie;	For there the bonie lassi The lassie I lo'e best. There's not a bonie flow
A bonie lass, ye kend her name,	By fountain, shaw, or There's not a bonie bird But minds me o' my J When the bonie lad that Is o'er the hills and far
An' brought a Paitrick to the grun', A bonie hen, 1b. 7. Eve's honie squad priests wyte them sheerly Ep. to Major Logan. 9.	The bonie lasses weel ma
And ilk loyal, bonie lad Cross the seas and win his ain. A' forbye my bonie sel', Amang the bonie, winding banks,	Your bonie face sae mild My bonie maid, hefore y O, a' ye Bards on bonie
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear,	As bonie a ass or as bra Twa laughing een o' bon Such was my Chloris' bo When first her bonie f
As bonie Lasses I ha'e seen, And mony full as braw, Ib. A bonie Lass, all will confess, Is pleasant to the c'e	Bonie Doon, sae sweet a But woman is but warld Sae let the bonie lass
My bonie dearie. [re.]	By bonie Castle Gordon Not the wealthy, but the I'll gi'e you my bonie bl
The lass wi' the bonie black e'e	For ae blink o' the bonie And perish'd mony a bon Ve flowery banks o' bon
Bonie Laddie, Highland Laddie, [re.] S. Highland Laddie. Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie, [re.]	Thou'll break my heart, Aft hae 1 rov'd by bonie Far from thy bonie bank
It was her een sae bonie blue. [re.]	And the bonie lass of All But oh, alas, for her bon

```
onie hen.
  ver's fire. .
               S. In simmer when !
  face, . S. It is na, Jean †
ent; . S. John Anderson †
 s playing at the ba';
S. Lady Mary Ann.
 g but he's growin yet. [re.] . 1b.
 straught was its make; .
  bonie was its hue: .
                                16.
 e France. Lament of Mary of Scots.
 ie! . S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite t
  ny bonie black een.
       S. Last May a brase woocrt
 e 1 go
lassie, . . . S. My bonic Mary.
  onie Mary, [re] . . . Ib.
 lass, . S. My Collier Laddie. lad [re.] . S. My heart was ance !
  bonie lass, S. My Lord a-hunting †
 o, S. My Love's a winsome †
O; S. My Sandy gied to †
's ee. [re.] S. Now bank and brae †
  ier, . S. O bonie was you rosy t
 etrav.
             S. O poortith cauld †
 assion; S. O poortith cauld †
S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †
  face.
 ] canna wrang thee."
  ae a lass,
                      . . Ih.
  e bonie. .
 S.O this is no my ain t
 bonie sell; S. O were I on Parnass.t
  's breath,
  s to play. . S. O were my love +
 lew,
to fa'!
 and honie Dundee.
S. O whare did ve get †
 our bonie black e'e, S. O whistle +
 e lives,
              . S. Of a' the airts +
  er that springs,
 green;
  ean. .
  awa? [re.]
S. Oh, how can I be blythet
 ay wiss him,
On Scot. Fard gne to W. I.
  and sweet . On W. Chaimers.
 ie blue. . . S. Sae flarent
  nie face,
 onie face,
ace 1 saw; . .
 at gloaming, [re.] S. Scenes of weet
 's gear,
gang. . S. She's fair and fause t
 e bonie; S. Sweetest May †
ack hen, S. Tam Glen.
  burdies! . . Tam o' Shanter. 13.
 thou bonie bird, [re.] . . . Ib.
 bany. S. The bonic lass of Albany.
  ie face. . . .
igs o' modern time? The Brigs of Ayr 6.
```

Fareweel the bonie banks of Ayr S. The Catrine Woods †	(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
On ilka band the burnies trot,	For honest men and bonny lasses.) . Tam o' Shanter, 2.
And meet below my bonie cot; S. The Contented Cottager.	my bonny sweet wee lady
On the bonie banks of Ayr to meet, The Fite Champetre.	I look'd her in her bonny face, S. The lass that made the bed
Far from the honie banks of Ayr. [re.] S. The gloomy night +	The bonny lass made the bed to me,
At length they discover'd a bonie moor hen. [re.] S. The heather was bloom.	the bonny glen, Where early life I sported; S. When wild War's t
Skipping on yon bonie knowes, The High. Widow's Lam.	Bonier. But Phemie was a bonier lass Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw. S. Blythe was she
"I'm sure I've seen that bonie face, . The Holy Fair, 4.	Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw. S. Blythe was she t
O Wives be mindfu', ance yoursel,	For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet.
How bonie lads ye wanted,	S. Lady Mary Ann. A bonier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips . Foor Mailie's El.
My bonie lass I work in brass, The Feltition of BF. Water. The Folly Eggars, S. 17.	Boniest, Bonniest.
And aye the o'erword o' the spring,	The honiest sight that a'es I
Was Irvine's bairns are bonie a. S. The night was still t	1 as the Floughman laddle dancin. S. The Floughman t
The Ploughman he's a bonie lad, . S. The Ploughman t	I he bonniest lad that e er I saw.
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonie mou;	Wore a plaid and was fu' braw, S. Highland Laddie. But the bonniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon,
S. The Posic.	Was once a sweet bud on the braces of the Ayr.
It was upon a Lammas night, When corn rigs are bonie, S. The Rigs o' Barley.	S. How pleasant the banks
Alas! that e'er a bonie face	Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass, S. Young Peggy
Should draw a santy tear! . The Ruined Maid's Lam.	Bonilie, Bonnilie.
Ye'll there see bonie Peggy; The Tarbolton Lasses.	Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie, El. on Capt. M. H. 5.
If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense She kens hersel she's bonie	But may ye flourish like a lily, Now houilie! . On Scot. Bard gue to W.I.
Speer in for bonie Bessy;	His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonilie, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.
There's few sae bonie, nane sae gude,	Bonnet. And on his bonnet gray'd was plain,
Upon a bonie day in June,	The sacred posy—Libertie!
He draws a bonie, silken purse 1b. 8.	He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown; S. Cock up yr beaver.
And such a leg! my bonie Jean, Could only peer it; [v. A. 14] The Vision. D. I. 11.	S. Cock up yr beaver, In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms; Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria Blest Highland bonnet! Once my product dress
Return bim safe to fair Strathspey, And bonie Castle-Gordon! [re.] S. The young High Rover.	products dress, , 10.
We drank a health to bonie Mary, [re]	While caps an' bonnets aff are taen,
And bonie Castle-Gordon! [re.] S. The young High Rover. We drank a health to bonie Mary. [re.] S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary. There grows a basic base bash in an about the second of the sec	As by be walks? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 12. On his head a bonnet blue, S. Highland Laddie.
There grows a bonne brief outsit in our kan-yard,	On his head a bonnet blue, S. Highland Laddie. Up higher yet my bonnet; On dining with Daer.
S. There grows a bonie brier † And see an onie bonie lad will fancy me 1b.	An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape . Poor Mailie's El
And see an onie bonie lad will fancy me 1b. He's a bonie, honie laddie and yon be he 1b.	Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet; Tam o' Shanter, 9.
Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,	His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
S. There liv'd ance a carle t	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
There was a bonie lass,	Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass, . The Holy Fair. 4.
And a bonie, bonie lass, And she lo'ed her bonie laddie dear; S. There was a bonie lass †	A greedy glowr black-bonnet throws,
But the bonie lass he lo'ed sae dear	Till some ane by his bonnet lays, An' gies them't, like a tether, Fu' lang Ib. 24.
Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you gar,	His bonnet it is blue, jo S. The Ploughman
Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you gar, The bonie lasses lie aspar, S. There was a lad †	His boanet be A thought sine
The fairest maid was bonie Jean. [re.] S. There was a lass, and she †	Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me; S. The tither morns
For he's honie and hraw, weel favoured with a'	A feather in his bonnet and a ribbon at his knee,
For he's bonie and braw, weel favoured with a', S. There's a youth †	S. There grows a bonie
Guid bealth, hale han's, an' weather bonie; Third Ep. to J. Lap.	His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue; S. There's a youth
Third Ep. to J. Lap.	The vera tapmost, towrin height O' Miss's bonnet To a Louse.
To spare thee now is past my pow'r, Thou bonie gem To a Mountain-Daisy	
The bonie Lark, companion meet!	On gown, an' ban', an' douse black bonnet, To Rev. J. M'Math.
And bless your bonie lasses baith, To Mr. M'Adam.	Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
Baith honest men and lasses bonie, . To Terraughty.	S. Wee Willie Gray
her bonie buskit nest	Bonnock v. Bannock.
The bonie lass o' Ballochmyle. [re.] S. 'Twas even-the devey +	Bon ton. To learn bon ton and see the worl. The Twa Dogs. 22.
'Twas na her bonie blue e'e was my ruin; S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †	Booby. And to the wealthy booby
Down by you street and you beside souls are to	Poor woman sacrifice: S. How cruelt
Down by you stream, and you bonic castle green; S. Wae is my heart †	Book. Some books are lies frae end to end, Death and Doctor Hornbook.
She's aye sae bonie, blythe, and gay, S. When first I saw t	It's no in books; it's no in Lear,
The bonie lass that I loe best	To make us truly blest: Ep. to Davic. 5.
She'll be my ain for a' that. S. Women's Minds.	And in thy fury burn the book
A bonie lass, I like ber hest,	Even of that man M'Gill,
Ye banks and bracs o' bonie Doon, [re.] S. Ve banks and bracs † He roos'd my een sae bonie blue, S. Voung Jockey †	That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
The bonnie lad o' Galla water. S. Braw lads on Var. braes t	Some useful plan, or book could make.
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,	The Ans. to the Guidwife.
To put us daft; Poem on Life.	And in His Book of Life the Inmates poor enroll. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.
Where bonnie lasses bleach their class;	Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd; The Kirk's Alarm, 5
Poem on Pastoral Poetry	Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk, ve may slander the book.
"And Athole's bonnie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water.	And the book not the waur let me tell ye; 16. 12
And ae bonnie lassie, his darling and mine. S. There's auld Rob †	Bookseller. Vampyre booksellers drain him to the beart,
Wee image of my bonny Betty, . Add. to Illegit. Child	Boon [above].
Ye bonnie lasses, dight your een, El. on Year 1788.	Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift, S. Lovely Davies
	,

Boon. Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard wrung boon.	Born. The ac best fellow e'er was born! El. on Capt. M. H. 2.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	E'en let them die-for that they're born! El. on Year 1788.
I trust mean time my hoon is in thy gift:	Had never, sure, been born,
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday	Had there not been some recompence Nan was made to Mourn.
Clarinda, take this little boon, To a Lady.	But ah how hope is born but to expire!
For boons accorded, goodness ever new, To R. Graham.	On Death of Sir J. Blair,
Boor.	A highland lad my Love was born, The Jolly Beggars, R. IV. There was a lad was born in Kyle, S. There was a lad †
Unskaith'd by hunger'd Highland boors! Add. of Beelzebub.	There was a lad was born in Kyle, S. There was a lad† Borne.
Boord [board].	If sae, thy han' mann e'en be horne, Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.
An' float the jinglan icy boord, . Add. to the Deil. 12. Boord-en' [board-end, head of the table].	On the lofty ether borne, On scaring Water-foul.
Sitting at you boord-en',	crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
And amang guid companie; S. Rattlin', Roarin Willie	A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo, 16.9.
Boortries [elder shrubs].	That aft has borne me hame frae Killie, . The Inventory.
Or, rustling, thro' the boortries coman, Wi' heavy groan Add. to the Deil. 6.	Borough v. Brugh.
Wi' heavy groan Add. to the Deil. 6. Boost [must needs; behoved].	Borrow. I have naething to lend, I'll borrow frac nachody S. Nacbody.
Or faith! I fear that, wi' the geese,	From bousewife cares a minute borrow Sketch, New-Yr's Day,
1 shortly boost to pasture	oh, I pay weel For a' the joy I borrow, . V.s under Grief.
I like a blockhead boost to ride, The Inventory.	Bosom. Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
Boot [the balance of value in barter. O'boot, to boot].	Unseen thou lurks. Add. to the Deil. 4.
We gae the boot and better horse. S. Carl, an the King come.	Anna, thy charms my bosom fire, . S. Anna, thy charms †
Tak thou the Carlin's carcase aff, Thou'se get the saul o' hoot. Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	Her nut-brown bair, beyond compare, Was on ber bosom straw'd so, S. As I gaed up by t
An' shor'd them Dainty Davie	Has laid your rocky bosom bare,
O' boot that night. The Jolly Beggars, R. I'II.	And e'en when this beauty your bosom has blest,
Boot. Peel a willie wand, to be him boots and jacket;	The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest;
S. Wee Willie Gray † Booted. Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride,	S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft † If she winna ease the throes,
Ronalds of Bennals.	In my bosom swelling; S. Blythe ha'e I been †
Bootless. But ah! how bootless to admire, When fated to despair! S. Anna, thy charms †	I wad wear thee in my bosom, Least my Jewel I should tine S. Bonie wee thing †
Border. We'll over the border and gie them a brush;	Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,
S. Cock up your beaver. But where ye feel your Honor grip,	Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure. S. By Allan stream † Something in her bosom wrings, S. Duncan Gray †
Let that ay be your border: . Ep. to Young Friend. S.	Av free, aff han', your story tell.
Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border, S. IIce balou †	Ay free, aff han', your story tell, When wi' a bosom crony; Ep. to Young Friend. 5.
Then came the Laird o' Lochinton	What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 4.
Out frae the English border, Katharine Jaffray.	O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes
My father was a farmer Upon the Carrick horder, . S. My father was a farmer †	Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream † Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
The first ane was a belted knight,	S. Gloomy December.
Bred of a horder hand, [re.] The Election Ballads. I	Then in thy bosom try, What peace is there! S. Had I a cave t
And there frae the Nidsdale border, Will mingle the Maxwells in droves,	Adown her neck and bosom hing; . S. Her flowing locks †
The noble Maxwells and their Powers	Breathing in the breeze that fans her, Soothe her bosom into rest: . S. Highland Mary.
Are coming o'er the border, . S. The noble Maxwells †	Soothe her bosom into rest: S. Highland Mary. To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide, Who marked each element's border; S. The Sons of old K.	Make her bosom still my home
Bore [a crevice, a cranny, a small hole].	Her beaving bosom, lily white, S. I gaed a waefu't
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing; Tam o' Shanter.10.	Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore, Tam Samson's El., 5.	The pride of my hosom, my Mary's no more. Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
While frighted rattons backward leuk,	And joy shall revisit my bosom no more
An seek the benmost hore : . The Jolly Beggars. R. II.	To warm me in thy bosom, . S. Lass, when yr mither †
Bore. An' bore him to the wa', man A Fragment. 6.	I reign in Jeanie's hosom, . S. Louis what reck I t
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore: . Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	How cold is that bosom which folly once fired.
And ance she bore a priest; El. on Peg Nicholson. So may ye bae auld stanes in store,	Monody, on a Lady.
The very stanes that Adam bore, S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. t	They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw, S. My Nanie's Awa,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,	'The liquid fire of strong desire
To echo bore the notes alang Lament for Glencairn.	'I've pour'd it in each bosom;
Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore; On Duke of Queensberry. When thro' his dear Strathspeys they bore with Highland rage;	The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die; S. No Churchman am I †
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	Within whase bosom save Despair
He, who bore in heaven the second name,	Nae kinder spirits dwell. S. Now Spring has clad †
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 15.	"So in my tender bosom grows, "The love I bear my Willy S. O Thely †
The zephyr wanton'd round the hean, And hore its fragrant sweets along; S. Twas even—the dewy†	"The love I hear my Willy O Thely † Thy hield should be my bosom, S. O wert thou in the †
Borealis. Or like the borealis race,	His bosom ill at rest S. On a bank of flowers †
And bore its fragrant sweets along; S. Twas even—the dewy† Borealis. Or like the borealis race, That flit ere you can point their place; Tam o Shanter. 7.	The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.
Boreas. biting Boreas, fell and doure, A Winter Night. 1.	On seeing wounded Hare,
Cauld is the e'enin blast	And nestled thee close to that bosom. On Death of fav. Child fond regard For ane that shares my bosom, On W. Chalmers.
O' Boreas o'er the pool, . S. Cauld is the c'enin blast †	Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it. Prologue, at Th., D.,
That sunny walls from Boreas screen. S. On Cessnock banks †	And nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
Cauld Boreas, wi'his boisterous crew, The Fête Champetre.	While, Oh, she is sae far awa S. Sae far awa.
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast; . The Jolly Beggars. R. I. May Boreas never thrash your rigs. Third Ep. to J. Lap.	Fate oft tears the bosom chords That Nature finest strung:
May Boreas never thrash your rigs. Third Ep. to J. Lap Boreas' hoary path. To Miss C	That Nature finest strung:
	The second state of the se

Nay, by heaven, said I, may I perish if ever I plant in your bosom a thorn Sp. extem. to yng Lady.	My bottle is a holy pool, That heals the wounds o' care an' dool;
But what a weary wight can please, And care his bosom wringing. S. Sweet fa's the evet	Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav. For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care.
Nor cause me from my bosom tear The very friend I sought S. Talk not of Love †	S. No Churchman am 1† And a hottle like this, are my glory and care
With heartfelt throes his grateful hosom swells,	There a big-helly'd bottle's a cure for all care. [rc.] . 16,
The Brigs of Ayr. It shall upon my hosom live, S. The capt. Ribband.	For a big-belly'd hottle's a heav'n of a care /b.
The day returns, my hosom hurns, S. The day returns t	I'm as happy with my wallet my bottle and my Callet, The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
My Smith, my bosom frien';	When the tother bag I sell and the tother hottle tell, . 16.
No thought of guilt my bosom sours; The Hermit.	An' made the bottle clink To their health that night
No thought of guilt my bosom sours; The Hermit. For her hosom burns with honour's glow, S. The Highland Lassie And loof woon has bosom Unload.	There sat a bottle in a bole,
241 S 1001 upon ner hosoin Chkend	Beyont the ingle lowe; S. The weary Pund.
Her hosom was the driven snaw, Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see,	The god of the bottle sends down from his ball The Whistle. Unmatched at the bottle, unconquered in war, Ib. 4.
S The Lass that made the hed	Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night, . 16. 14.
What throes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my hosom swelling: S. The last time I†	Turned o'er in one bumper a hottle of red, 16.
What ties cruel Fate in my hosom has torn. S. The lazy mist †	"Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime! 11. 17.
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there; S. The Posie.	Bottle-swagger. He reel'd bis wonted bottle-swagger, Tam Samson's El., 11.
soothe the sad hosom of joyless despair S. The small birds t	Bough. Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
'To vent thy hosom's swelling rise, 'In pensive walk. The Vision, D. II, 15.	Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
And nocht could him quail, Or his bosom assail,	"Or was't the wilfire chok'd your boughs? As on the banks t
As in the bosom of the stream	Fair heaming, and streaming Her silver light the boughs amang; S. Sac flaxen†
The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en; S. There was a lass † To thy bosom lay my beart,	Sing on sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
There to throb and languish; S. Thine am I †	Sonnet, wr. on Birthday. Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,
There, in thy scanty mantle clad, Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread.	That sings upon the hough; S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.
To a Mountain Daisy. For ne'er a hosom yet was prief Against your arts. To J. S.	That sings upon the hough; S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II. Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough; The Brigs of Ayr.
Nor even Sol too fiercely view	Bought.
Thy bosom blushing still with dew! . To Miss C Till fled each hope that once his hosom fired, To R.G. of F., 5.	Our father's blude the kettle bought! S. Does haughty Gaul †
While the life beats in my bosom,	But be may say be's bought ber O. S. My love's she's but † Dearly bought the hidden treasure
Thou shalt mix in ilka throe: S. Turn again, thou fair †	Finer feelings can bestow! S. Scnsibility †
And nightly to my bosom strain The bonie lass o' Ballochmyle. S. Twas even—the dewy t	For we're not to be hought or sold Like naigs and nowt, and a' that. The Election Ballads. II.
Queen shall she he in my bosom for ever.	My Grannie she bought me a beuk, The Jolly Beggars. S.III.
S. Twas na her bonic blue e'e † Farewell! within thy bosom free	We're bought and sold for English gold . S. The Union.
A sigh may whiles awaken; V.s, under Grief.	I bought my wife a stane o' lint, S. The weary Pund. Bouk [the body; a carcase].
Come to my bosom, my ain only deary, S. Wandering Willie.	And mony a bouk did fa', man:
O! happy, bappy may he be, That's dearest to thy bosom: . S. When wild War's t	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
All that has caused this wreck in my bosom,	Bound, s.
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone. S. Where are the joys † Poetic ardours in my hosom swell, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	If in your bounds ye chance to light Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight, On Grose's Peregrinations.
As underneath their fragrant shade,	Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
I clasp'd ber to my bosom! S. 1'e banks, and braces, and streams †	Prologue, sp. by Woods. May secrecy round be the mystical bound,
But still within my hosom's core	And brotherly love be the centre. S. The Sons of old Killie.
Shall live my Highland Mary	Within thy presbyterial bound A candid libral band is found To Rev. J. M'Math.
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde, S. You wild mossy mountus †	And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Still fan the sweet connuhial flame	And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds, Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds: Il'r. in Kenmore Inn.
Responsive in each bosom, S. Young Peggy † Bosom-chord.	Bound. And a folk bound to sleep, . S. It was a for t
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among; To Miss Graham.	For Love has bound me, hand and foot, S. O Lassic, art thou t
Bosom-melting.	'My thoughts are a' bound up in ane, S. O Phely † Ye lofty banks that Evan bound! S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Or wake the hosom-melting throe, With Shenstone's art; The Vision, D. II. 19.	Never bound by winter's chains! . S. Streams that glide †
Boston. Perusing Bunyan, Brown and Boston.	He [Love] bound me with an iron chain, S. Talk not of Love !
Auld comrade dear † Boston-ha'. Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage	The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie, The Brigs of Ayr.
Was kept at Boston-ba', man; A Fragment.3.	His manly leg with garter tangle bound,
Boswell. Or gab like Boswell. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10.	Cauld Boreas, wi' bis boisterous crew, Were bound to stakes like kye, man; The Fête Champetre.
Botch. While scabs an' botches did him [Job] gall.	But round my heart the ties are bound, S. The gloomy night t
Wi' bitter claw, Add. to the Deil. 18. Bother. gin ye like to end the hother, What ails ye now †	And bound him in a dungeon fast, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
Bother, to.	And bound the Holly round my head: The Vision, D. II. 23.
The auld Guidmen, about the grace, Frae side to side they bother, The Holy Fair, 24.	Some, bounded to a district-space, The Vision. D. II. 10.
Bottle. Here's a hottle and an honest friend!	Bounden. I hold it, Sir, my bounden duty To Gav. Hamilton.
A Bottle and Friend.	Boundless. The cruel fates between us throw A boundless ocean's roar; S. From thee, Eliza †
A' kinds o' hoxes, mugs, an' hottles, Death and Dr. Hornbook, 20.	boundless oceans roaring wide,

When winter rules with boundless power,	Wha is that at my bower door? S. Wha is that at †
S. How can my poor het t	In my bower if ye should stay,
Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway! The Lament, 9.	What may pass within this bower,
A vast, unbottom'd, boundless Pit, The Holy Fair, 22.	Free-will'd I fled from courtly bowers; The Hermit.
I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth With boundless love. The Vision, D. II. 14	Bow-hough'd [crook thighed].
Sounteous. And send us from thy bounteous store	She's bow-bough'd, she's hein-shinn'd, . S. Willie Wastle†
A tup or wether head! At Globe Tav. D.,	Bow-kail [cabbage].
To lay strong hold for help on bounteons Graham.	Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift, An' wander'd thro' the Bow-kail,
Ep. to R. Graham. 1. Conscious the bounteons meed they well deserve,	Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
To R.G. of F., 7.	Bowl.
And I can tell that bonateous Heaven On thee a tack o' seven times seven Will yet bestow it To Rev. J. M'Math	Come to my bowl, come to my arms, My friends, my brothers! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 21.
Will yet bestow it To Rev. J. M' Math	But a full flowing bowl,
Sounty.	Was the saving his soul, Ep. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.
And sees, with self-approving mind.	The bowl we maun renew it; On IV. Stewart.
Each creature on bis bounty fed. Add. to Shade of Thomson. If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace; . To R. Graham.	See the smoking bowl before us, The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
	Perhaps if bowls row right, and right succeeds, Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads! [v. A. 12]
Sourbon. Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded lilies, S. How pleasant the banks †	Scots Prologue.
Sournonville. Aye, and Bournonville too? Add. to Dumourier.	Bowse, Bouse, to.
	There let him bowse an' deep carouse, . Scotch Drink. Mott,
Bousing. While we sit bonsing at the nappy, Tam o' Shanter. 1.	We'll bowse about till Dadie Care Sing whistle owre the lave o't. The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
Tam o' Shanter. 1.	Come bouse about the porter! . The Ordination. 13.
sout labout.	Then bowses drumlie German-water, . The Twa Dogs. 23.
An' bout a house that's rude an' rough, The boy might learn to swear; To Gav. Hamilton.	Bow't [crooked]. A runt was like a sow-tail
Bouze. And if we dinna haud a bouze	Sae bow't Halloween.
I'se ne'er drink mair. To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Box. An Charlie F-x threw by the box, A Fragment. 5.
Bow [rainbow]. Her forehead's like the show'ry bow, S. On Cessnock banks †	An' send him to bis dicing box, An' sportin lady. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19.
Bow. The Peer I don't envy, I give him bis how;	A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles,
S. No Churchman am 1†	He's sure to bae. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.
And many a low bumble bow to the ground: S. The Poor Thresher.	Boy. But sneer na British-boys awa; A Dream, 14. Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise, A Fragment 6.
Bow, to. For me! sae laigh I need na bow, A Ded. to G. H., 2.	Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise, . A Fragment 6. On Chatham's Boy did ca', man;
Now life is a burden that bows me down,	Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast,
S. By you castle wa't	At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Bow'd. I bow'd fu' low to this sam' maid, [re.] S. The Lass that made the bed.	If he's a parent, lass or boy, Auld comrade deart
The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd, To W. Creech.	Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care, . El. on Year 1785.
Bower, -'r.	Thou beardless boy, I pray tak care, . El. on Year 1788. She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba'; S. Lady Mary Ann.
Where th' howlet mouras in her ivy hower, A Vision,	Ye're a' blind drunk, boys, S. Landlady, count †
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r; . A Winter Night. 1.	Here are we met, three merry boys,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird, In shady bower	Three merry boys, I trow, are we; . S. O Willie brew'd† Arouse my boys! exert your mettle,
Ob that bappy hour, and shady bow'r, S. As I gaed up by t	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
O happy be the woodbine bower, . S. By Allan stream +	She eyes her freeborn martial boys,
Slides by a bower where monie a flower	Tak' aff their Whisky Ib. P.
Sheds fragrance on the day, . S. Damon and Sylvia. Ve woodbines hanging bonnilie,	A beardless hoy comes o'er the hills, Wi' uncle's purse, and a' that; The Election Ballads. II.
In scented bowers; . El. on Capt. M. II.5.	A boy no sae black at the bane;
Ye boulets, frae your ivy hower,	For men, I've three mischievous boys, The Inventory.
Here is the glen, and here the bower,	Till I met my old boy in a Cunningham fair; The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
All underneath the birchen shade; S. Here is the glen, † The merle, in his noontide hower, Lament of Mary of Scots.	An' he's the boy will blaud her! The Ordination, 2,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r,	M'fKinlayl, Rfussell, are the boys
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	That Heresy can torture:
In Roslin's fairest bower I'll shelter this sweet flower, . S. My Love's a winsome †	Robin was a rovin' boy, S. There was a lad t
To deck ber gay green spreading bowers; S. Now rosy May †	This waly boy will be nae coof,
All in its rude and prickly bower, S. O bonie was you rosy t	Or aiblins some bit duddie boy, Oa's wylecoat; To a Louse. An' bout a house that's rude an' rough,
The birds rejoice in leafy bow'rs, . S. O Logan! sweetly †	The boy might learn to swear; To Gav. Hamilton.
My cave would be a lover's bower, S. O wat ye wha's in t	The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys, . To J. S., 28.
But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonie banks, S. O whare did ye get †	Brace. M'K[enzi]e, S[tuar]t, such a brace As Rome ne'er saw; To W. Creech.
Bowers adieu! where love decoying. First enthrall'd this heart o' mine, . S. Scenes of wee†	Brace, to. Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace; To J. S., 18.
In twining hazel bowers,	Brac'd. weel brac'd wi' mealy bags, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
His lay the linnet pours; S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †	Brachens, Breckan [fern].
Oft in the vocal bowers recline? S. Slow spreads the gloom to Ye birdies dumb, in with ring bowers, S. The Catrine woods to	Amang the brachens, on the brae,
gathering flowers and busking bowers. The Fête Champetre.	Far dearer to me you lone glen o' green breckan, S. Their groves of t
Far dearer to me are you humble broom bowers;	Brae [the slope of a hill].
S. Their groves of t	
While birds rejoice in leafy bowers; S. Where Cart rins †	The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it; A Guid New-year † 14 Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes, [re.]
Bower [a lady's chamber; an apartment].	The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it; A Guid New-year † 14 Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes, [re.] S. Afton Water.
	The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it; A Guid New-year † 14 Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes, [re.]

Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,	They hack'd and hash'd while braid swords clash'd,
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye got The braes ascend like lofty wa's,	The Battle of Sherra-Moor. In plain, braid Scots hold forth a plain, braid story:
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws, Can match the lads o' Gala water.	
S. Braw lads on Yar, braes †	But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans, To W. Simpson, P.S.
O'er yon hank and o'er yon brae, S. Braw lads of G. water. The haunt o' spring's the primrose brae, S. By Allan stream +	Braid-claith [broad-cloth]. swankies young, in braw braid-claith, . The Holy Fair. 7.
S. By Allan stream † You wand'ring rill that marks the hill.	Braik [a large heavy harrow for rough ground]. An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
Yon wand'ring rill that marks the hill, And glances o'er the brae, Sir: . S. Damon and Sylvia. Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar; [1c.] . S. Donald Brodie +	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 1.
On braes when we please then,	Brain. Confuse their brains in Colledge-classes! Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 12.
We'll sit and sowth a tune; Ep. to Davic. 1. Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter	Ye maggots, feed on Nicol's brain, For few sic feasts you've gotten; For W. Nicol.
Uphill, down brae, till some mishanter, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2. Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae,	They heat your brains, and fire your veins, . O leave novels †
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson. Whyles cooket underneath the braes,	Wild floated in my brain; . The Ans. to the Guidwife. Nor such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
Amang the brachens, on the brae,	Braing't [rushed rashly forward]. To $R.G.$ of $F.$, $S.$
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr. How pleasant the banks †	Thou never braing t, an' fetch't, an flisket, A Guid New-Year † 12.
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O S. Killiecrankie.	Brak [did break].
The primrose down the brae; Lament of Mary of Scots. And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,	That e'er ye brak Diana's pales, A Dream, 10. An' brak him out o' house an' hal',
S. My Nanie's Awa. Now bank and brae are clothed in green,	My Sandy brak a piece o' goud, . S. My Sandy gied to t
S. Now bank and brac †	A Jillet brak his heart at last, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. I'll say't, she never brak a fence,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes, [re.] S. O Logan! sweetly! And on you bonie braes of Ayr; S. O wat ye wha's in!	
She's stately like you youthful ash, That grows the cowslip braes between,	Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane; Tam o' Shanter, 10.
S. On Cessnock banks †	She brak it o'er my pow S. The weary Pund. Brake, s The mother linnet in the brake
A cushat crooded o'er me,	Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word, †
That echoed through the braes One night as I† Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes.	As flies the partridge from the brake, S. On a bank of flowers t
Or trots by hazelly shaws and hraes, Wi' hawthorns gray, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. We twa ha'e run about the braes,	No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains On secing wounded Hare.
S. Should auld acquaintance †	Brake [broke]. It brake the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame,
Far from thy bonie banks and braes, S. The Banks of Nith. But fell in a trap	S. By you castle wa't
On the braes o' Gemappe, . The Black-Headed Eagle Fareweel the braes of Ballochmyle. S. The Catrine woods †	The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild, And made my branches grow, . S. Luckless Fortune.
The lintwhites in the hazel braes, S. The Contented Cottager.	And staw'd a branch, spite o' the deil, The Tree of Liberty.
He levell'd bis rays where she bask'd on the brae The heather was blooming †	Its branches spreading wide, man
I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braces, S. To thee, lovid Nith †	Whare the trees and the branches will be our safe guard. There grows a bonie†
to speel, Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield, The braes o' fame; To W'. Simpson. 3.	Branchy. The branchy shelter lost and gane As on the banks
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,	Brand. Waving on high the desolating brand, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
While thro' the braes the cushat croods With wailfu' cry!	I gae him a dram o' the brand sae strang. S. The auld man t
Among the braes o' Ballochmyle. S. Twas even-the dewy t	Branded. Heavens, should the branded character, be mine! Ef. to R. Graham. 5.
We heard nought but the roaring linn, Amang the braes sae scroggie S. What will I do gin t	Brandish. And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel In sturdy blows; [v. A. 4] The Vision.
While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes down, And roars frae bank to brae;	Brandy, Bran'y.
Ye banks, and braes, and streams around The castle of Montgomery, S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †	For ale and brandy's stars and moon, . S. Gane is the day t But I cam through the Tiseday's dew,
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams † Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon, S. Ye banks and braes †	To wanton Willie's brandy S. Had I the wyte † Wae worth that Brandy, burnan trash †
Braehead. The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed, Ronalds of Bennals.	Wae worth that Brandy, burnan trash! Scotch Drink. 15. Does Nonsense mend, like Brandy, when imported Scots Prologue.
Brag. And it will be the brag o' the forest yet. S. Lady Mary Ann.	And brandy Jean, that took her gill, In Galloway sae wide. The Election Ballads. I.
Brag, to. That we may brag we hae a lass,	I ben brandy Jean spak owie nei drink,
There's name again sae bonie. S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †	But it's ne'er be sae wi' brandy Jean
He brags and he blaws o' his siller, S. Tam Glen. Bragged. Kyle-Stewart 1 could bragged wide,	May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y To clear your head. Third Ep. to J. Lap
For sic a pair. A Guid New-year to. Braid [broad]. 1 has a gude braid sword, . S. Naebody.	Brankle (pranked up).
Braid money to tocher them a', man, Ronalds of Bennals.	Whare hae ye been sae brankie O? S. Killiecrankie. Branks [a kind of wooden curb for horses].
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd S. Should auld acquaintance t	They were as thin, as sharp an's ma' As cheeks o' branks. Death and Dr. Hornbook, 7.
In vain the burns cam down like waters, An acre-braid! Tam Samson's El., 9.	goavan, as if led wi' branks, On dining with Dacr.
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride, On W. Chalmers. if the beast and branks be spar'd. Third Ef. to J. Lap.
The Author's Cry and Frayer.	in the beast and branks be sparter

Brash [a sudden and short fit of sickness].	They hecht him some fine braw ane; Halloween. 23.
Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . Scotch Drink. 15.	Wore a plaid and was fu' braw, . S. Highland Laddie
Brass. A broom-stick of the witch of Endor,	Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad! S. Killicerankie.
Weel shod wi brass. On Grose's Peregrinations My bonie lass I work in brass, The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.	Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen, S. Last May a braw †
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan! S. What can a yng lassic †	But gie me a braw moonlight,
	And me and my love together. S. O gie my love brose † A braw new naig wi' the tail o't a' rottan,
Brass-collar. His locked, letter'd, braw brass-collar The Twa Dogs.	S. O ken ye what Meg †
Brassy. Pretensions rather brassy, . The Dean of Fac	Tho' this was fair, and that was braw.
Brats [rags, coarse clothing].	S. O Mary, at thy window † And Lady Jean was never sae braw. S. O when she cam ben †
the wives and dirty brats Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	Or how can I gang brisk and braw; S. Oh, how can I be blythe †
Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride,
Here's our ragged Brats and Callets!	And eke a braw new brechan, On W. Chalmers.
The folly Beggars. S. v III.	In this braw age o' wit and lear, Foem on Pastoral Poetry. As honie a lass or as braw, man, Ronalds of Bennals.
They mann has brose and brats o' duddies; To Dr. Blacklock. Brattle [a short race; fury; hurry].	Though fluttering ever so braw, man
Might aiblins wann't thee for a brattle; A Guid New-year 10	There are no mony poets sae braw, man Ib.
wha bide this brattle O' winter war, . A Winter Night. 3.	An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think Braw sober lessons. Second Ep. to Davie.
Thou need na start awa sae hasty, Wi' bickering brattle! To a Mouse.	I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow,
Brave. Till Fraser brave did fa', man; A Fragment. 4.	In poortith I might mak' a fen'; . S. Tam Glen:
brave Caledonia, the chief of her line, . S. Caledonia.	Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw, Tam Samson's El., 7.
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,	Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw: The Belles of Mauchline
For brave Caledonia immortal must be; Ib.	New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat,
When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town, S. Cock up your beaver.	The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver! 1b.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
No terrors hast thou to the brave. S. Farewell, thou fair day! O who would not die with the brave! 1b.	And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil, S. The deil cam fiddlin' †
O, who would not die with the brave! 1b. The deed too daring brave is; S. Lovely Davies.	Buy braw troggin, The Election Ballads. IV.
The Stewarts all were brave; On Lord G.	swankies young, in braw braid-claith, . The Holy Fair. 7.
my son Maitland, wise as brave, The Election Ballads. I'.	Or melvie his braw claithing!
And Hopeton falls, the generous, brave;	To wail her braw John Highlandman. [re.] The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn; S. The small birds †	The braw lass made the bed to me, S. The Lass that made.
Brydons brave Ward I well could spy, [v. A. 4] The Vision.	The last braw bridal that I was at, S. The last braw bridal †
Fullarton, the brave and young;	His locked, letter'd, braw brass-collar . S. The Twa Dogs. Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate,
The brave Caledonian views with disdain; S. Their groves of † The brave poor sodger ne'er despise, S. When wild War's †	They waste sae mony a braw estate! 1b. 25.
Brave, to.	A tight, outlandlish Hizzie, braw, The Vision. D. I. 7.
And there's no a man in all Scotland,	For he's honic and braw, weel favour'd with a', S. There's a youth t
But I'll brave him at a word. S. Farewell, ye dungcons † And the foe you cannot brave,	Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw; Ib.
Scorn at least to be his slave On scaring Water-fowl.	For your braw, nameless, dateless letter, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Prepar'd power's proudest frown to brave, Poet. Inscription.	Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards, . To J. S., 22.
Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar, Prologue, sp. by Woods.	And Reekie ay he keepit tight, And trig an' braw: To W. Creech.
Give me the groves that lofty brave	And trig an' braw: To W. Creech. Brawest [most handsome].
The storms, by Castle Gordon S. Streams that glide † Braved. Braved usurpation's boldest daring! . Liberty.	For Donald was the brawest man,
And bray'd the mighty monarchs of the world.	For Donald was the brawest man, And Donald he was mine The High, Widow's Lament
On Death of Sir J. Blair. Bravely. To hardy Independence bravely bred,	Young Robie was the brawest lad, S. There was a lass, † Brawlie, -y [very well, perfectly; finely; heartily].
The Brigs of Ayr.	Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
Braver. Few better were or braver; A Dream. 11.	Wha got my young Highland thief S. Hee balou, †
Bravest. And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord	See you not you hills and dales The sun shines on sae brawlie? . S. My Collier Laddie.
That ever Galloway saw. S. O Kenmure's on and awa †	And spen't at night fu' brawlie:
The bravest heart on English ground, Had yielded like a coward On Miss J. Scott.	But little thinks my love I ken brawlie, S. O meikle thinks my love †
Braving. braving angry winter's storms, S. Peggy Chalmers.	But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie, Tam o' Shanter.15.
Bravo! A sweeping, kindling, bauld stratbspey Encore! Bravo! Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.	He wha could brawlie ward their bellum, . To IV. Creech.
Braw [handsome; fine; gaily or well dressed].	Wi' gratefn' heart I thank you brawlie; To W. Simpson.
And sey'n braw fellows, stout an' able, A. Ded. to G. H., 14.	Sae brawly's he could flatter; S. Here's his health in water. And ev'n the vera deils they [Bards] brawly ken them).
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw, . A Dream. 14.	The Brigs of Ayr, 4.
Ye gallants braw, I rede ye a', S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.	Dame Justice fu hrawly has sped; The Election Ballads. III.
Braw, braw ladson Yarrow braes, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes † Braw, braw lads of Galla Water; S. Braw lads of G. water.	Brawling. from the hills where springs the brawling Coil, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,	Province The brownie banie, ploughman-chiel
S. By you castle wa't	Scotch Drink. 11. Braxie [a sheep that has died of splenic fever; the
His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.	flesh of such].
The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat,	While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; To W. Simpson.

Breach. Where, thro' a shapeless hreach, his stream resounds.

Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Bread. Folk maun do something for their bread,	II. 1 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 12.	Her dear idea brings relief, And solace to my breast Ep. to Davic, q.
We're fit to win our daily bread, Ep. to Davie. 2.	It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
I could lay my bread and kail Ep. to H. Parker.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 3.
And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights,	Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
May they never eat of her bread! S. Here's a health to them †	Now, fond, I bare my breast, . S. Fate gave the word t
And the warld hefore me to win my bread,	(What breast of northern ice but warms?) Fragment of Ode. For absolutely in my breast
S. My Collier Laddie.	She reigns without control S. Handsome Nell.
I make indeed my daily bread, S. My father was a farmer t	How sweet unto that breast to cling, S. Her flowing locks t
But as daily bread is all I need,	Make the gales you waft around her
I do not much regard her [fortune], O	Soft and peaceful as her breast, . S. Highland Mary.
Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe, For bits o' bread; Poor Mailie's El.	Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae, Nor stronger in my breast,
His wee drap parritch, or his bread.	Nor stronger in my breast, S. It is na, Jean,† The weeping blood in woman's breast Lament of Mary of Scots
	The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.
So wives will gie them bits o' bread, The Death of Mailie.	Lantent on leaving Nat. Land.
An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps, Was dealt about in lunches, An' dawds The Holy Fair. 23.	No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast, . Ib.
And thus earn my bread by the sweat of my brow.	Enclasped to my faithful breast,
S. The Poor Thresher.	I'll comfort thee, my dearie O. S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite † And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast;
Now when ye're nickan down fu' cany The staff o' bread, . Third Ep. to J. Lap	S. Lns on a Ploughman
Breadalbaine. Till fam'd Breadalbaine opens on my view.	
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Yet, let not this too much, my Son, Disturb the youthful breast: Man was made to Mourn. And sought a correspondent breast Values's Lane
Break.	Disturb the youthful breast: Man was made to Mourn.
One morning by the break of day, S. It was the charming the Where, like an aged man, it stands at break of day; S. The Posic.	Point a corre point of the correct of the corr
Where, fixe an aged man, it stands at break o day; S. The Posic.	But thou art queen within my breast For ever to remain S. O lay thy loof †
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day ; . S. Wha is that at my t	And flinty is thy breast: S. O mirk, mirk †
Break, to.	Ere while thy breast sae warming, S. O wat ye wha that loest
What ance he says, he winna break it; A Ded. to G. H., 5.	The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And on thy lips I seal my vow, And break it shall I never, O! . S. An' I'll kiss thee yet t	S. O were I on Parnass.† And I mysel' a drap of dew,
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning, S. Bonie Bell.	Into her honie breast to fa'! S. O were my love t
S. Bonie Bell.	The frost that freezes the life at my breast, S. Oh, open the door,†
But secret love will break my heart, S. Craigie-burn Wood	Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast; S On a bank of flowers †
But a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road, If your stuff be as rotten's her heart. Extem. pinned to Coach.	In his breast no pity dwel's, On scaring Water-fowl,
My poor heart then break it must, S. Husband, husband t	In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,
Or can'st thou break that heart of his.	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Whose only fault is loving thee? S. O Mary, at thy window †	The south nor the east give ease to my breast, S. Out over the Forth †
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute, . S. O steer her up t	What breast so dead to heavenly Virtue's glow,
That breaks the magic of my dream; On Lincluden Castle	But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe.
Thou'll break my heart, thou bonic bird, [re.] S. The Banks of Doon, Sett II.	Prologue, sp. by Woods. Whose image lives within my breast;
The iron hand that breaks our band,	S. Slow spreads the gloom †
It breaks my bliss, -it breaks my heart! S. The day returns t	A sprig her fair breast to adorn: Sp. Extem. to yng Lady.
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart; The Henpecked Husband.	Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast
And when wi' Usquebae we've wat it	Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest, [v. A. 15] Tam Samson's El
It winna break Third Ep. to J. Lap.,	A wish, that to my latest hour Shall strongly heave my breast; The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Canst thou break his faithfu' heart? S. Turn again, thou t	To pit some havins in his breast! . The Death of Mailie.
The breaking of ae point, tho' sma', Breaks a' thegither V.s to J. Ranken.	Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
Night, where dawn shall never break, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	The gowden locks of Anna. S. The gowd, locks of A. †
Thoul't break my heart, thou warbling bird,	Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck; . The Holy Fair. 9.
S. Ye banks and bracs †	Your dear remembrance in my breast, The Lament. That breast, how dreasy now, and yold
Breaking, -in. Kind Fortune ease a breaking heart, S. My Harry was a gallant †	That breast, how dreary now, and void,
The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn,	S. The Posic.
S. My Nannie's awa.	There lies the dear partner of my hreast, S. The sun he is sunk †
Except for breakin o' their timmer, . The Twa Dogs. 26.	So trembling, pure, was tender love Within the breast of bonie Jean. S. Therewas a lass†
The breaking of ae point, tho' sma', Breaks a' thegither. I'.s to f. Ranken,	Within the breast of bonie Jean S. There was a lass † His breast was white, his towzie back,
Preast.	Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black; . The Twa Dogs. 5.
As Something loudly in my breast, Remonstrates I have done: . A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts, Ib. 18.
The dew sat chilly on her [the linnet's] breast,	And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast. S. There's auld Rob M. †
S. A Rosebud by †	Wi's spreckl'd breast,
Perhaps this bour in Mis'ry's squalid nest, She strains your infant to her joyless breast, A Winter Night, S.	Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast? To Mary in Heaven
How fair and how pure is the lily, But fairer and purer her breast. S. Adown winding Nith	So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast.
These wild wood flowers I've pu'd to deeb	Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among; To Miss Graham. Wha has mair honor in his breast
These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck That spotless breast o' thine; S. Behold, my love †	Than mony scores as guid's the priest To Rev. J. M. Math
Her head upon my throbbing breast, S. By Allan stream †	this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast.
Come, let me take thee to my breast, S. Come, let me take thee †	S. Il ae is my heart t
Light lay the earth on Billy's breast. Epig. on noted Coxcomb.	A leal, light heart was in my breast, . When wild War's She has a hump upon her breast,
If happiness hae not her seat	The twin o' that upon her shouther; . S. Willie Wastle ?
And center in the breast, Ep. to Davie. 5.	The noblest breast adores them maist, . S. Women's Minds

Thou kens how he bred sic a splore, Holy Willie's Prayer, 12.

In decency and order, O; . S. My father was a farmer t

And carefully he bred me

To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
My father bred me early O:
For one, he said, to labour bred,
Was a match for fortune fairly. O.
S. My father was a farmer† Breastet [did spring up or forward]. Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastet, A Guid New-Year † 14 Breastie [dim. of breast]. Fa' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore, And hand upon his breastie: On W. Chalmers It's tauld be was a sodger bred. On Grose's Percerinations O, what a panic's in thy breastie! . . To a Mouse. na bred to barn and byre. The Ans. to the Guidwife. Breath. Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine, To hardy Independence bravely bred, . The Brigs of Ayr. S. Adown winding Nith t a belted knight. Bred of a border band, Ye're maybe come to stap my breath; The Election Ballads, 1. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9. An' buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies, Sin' I began to nick the thread, An' choke the breath: 1b. 12. Are bred in sic a way as this is. The Twa Dogs. 11. a fair strae-death. By loss o' blood, or want o' breath, Ib. 25. To ev'ry nobler virtue bred, And polish'd grace. . I'se bless you wi' my hindmost breath, . S. Duncan Gray. The Vision, D. I. 15. Bree [juice]. And ay we'll taste the barley bree.
S. O Willie brew'd t Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter; Et. to R. Graham. 3. Epit. on W. -. Breed. I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed, As Willie drew his latest breath; Ronalds of Bennals. O what is death but parting breath? S. Farewell, ye dungeons † Especial, rams that cross the breed, The Ordination. 5. See how she fetches at the thrapple. Breed, to. No view nor care, but shun whate'er
Might breed me pain or sorrow, O;
S. My father was a farmer † An' gasps for breath. . Letter to J. Goudie. Nor give the coward secret breath-T iherty And quickly stopped Ranken's breath. Lns add. to J. Ranken. bigs her nest, To hatch an 'breed: [v.A. 15] Tam Samson's El. And I mysel' the zephyr's breath, . . S. O were my love t O, bid him breed him up wi' care! . The Death of Mailie Her breath is like the fragrant breeze They raise a din, that, in the end, Is like to breed a rupture O' wrath That gently stirs the blossom'd bean, S. On Cessnock banks † . The Holy Fair, 18. When the tear trickled bright, when the short stifled breath, Breedin'. . Told how dear ye were aye to each other. The tither's dour, has nae sic breedin', . El. on Year 1788. On Death of fav. Child The tyrant Death, with grim control, May seize my fleeting breath; Breef, Brief [a spell or charm, a short writing]. . S. Peggy Chalmers. Ye surely hae some warlock-breef . . . King David o' poetic brief, To J. S. When Vulcan gies his bellys breath, Scotch Drink, 10. . What ails ye now t Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath Breeks [breeches], Young, royal Tarry Breeks, A Dream, 13. They fled like frighted dows, man. Wi' hale-breeks, saxpence an' a bannock; Auld comrade dear t S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor, O' pairs o' guid breeks I ha'e twa, man, Ronalds of Bennals. Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath; The Brigs of Ayr. Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill, An' rowth n' rhyme to rave at will, Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. Scotch Drink 21. And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen! . S. Tam Glen. And now, my bairus, wi' my last breath.
I lea'e my blessin wi' you baith: The Death of Mailie Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair, That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair, Tam o' Shanter. 13. That I, heuceforth, would be rhyme-proof Till my last breath . . . The Vision. D. 1. 6. Breer [briar]. Never Eurus' pois'nous breath, . . To Miss C. The rose upon the breer will be him trouse an' doublet. S. Il'ce Willie Gray t Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath O' mony flow'ry simmers! Breeze. To Miss M'Adam Her leafy locks wave in the breeze S. Again rejoicing Nature An' ay he vows he'll be my ain As lang's he has a breath to draw. . S. Young Jockey t Careless ilka thought and free, As the breeze flew o'er me. . S. Blythe ha'e I been t Breathe. Still richer breathes and fairer blows, S. O Phely, † The breezes idly roaming [a type of woman],
S. Deluded Swain † And bark! what more than mortal sound Of music breathes the pile around? On Lincluden Castle. Breathing in the breeze that fans her. In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale, . S. Highland Mary. Soothe her bosom into rest: The Cotter's Sat. Night, o. O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes, Breath'd. Her lips still as she fragrant breath'd, S. How pleasant the banks t It richer dy'd the rose. S. On a bank of flowers t The scented breezes round us blaw. . S. Now rosy May t My Prenticeship I past where my Leader breath'd his last, Her robes, light waving in the breeze, S. On a bank of flowers t The Jolly Beggars. S. I. Her breath is like the fragrant breeze Breathin, s. His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him In faint huzzas. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. That gently stirs the blossom'd bean, S. On Cessnock bank, While nightly breezes sweep the vines, Breathing. 'Tis but the balmy, breathing gale,
S. Here is the glen, † Foem on Pastoral Poetry. The western breeze steals thro' the trees, The Fete Champetre. Breathing in the breeze that fans her, Rave to my darkly dashing stream Soothe her bosom into rest: . S. Highland Mary. The Petition of Br. Water. Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r, S. The young High. Rover. Loud blaw the frosty breezes, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite t Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny vallies.

S. Their groves of t The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs: S. O Logan! sweetly t Western breezes softly blowing. . S. Phillis the Fair. S. Thickest night | Tasting the breathing spring, Suit not my distracted mind. Dropping dews, and breathing balm. To Miss C. Wanken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows! S. Wandering Willie. Brechan (a horse-collar). Brent (high and straight). And eke a braw new brechan, . . On W. Chalmers. Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow, S. Braw lads of G. water. Breckan v. Brachens. your bonie brow was brent; . S. John Anderson, my jo t Bred. 1 was bred up at nae sic school, . S. Ca' the Ernes Brent new [brand-new]. 'Sax thousand years are near hand fled
'Sin' I was to the butching bred,' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13. Nae cotillion brent new frae France, . Tam o' Shanter, 11. Tho' he was bred to kintra wark Brethren. El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux. That brethren rouse in deadly hate! S. O Logan! sweetly t The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred, Ep. fr. Esopus. . Tam Samson's El.. The Brethren o' the mystic level . Tho' bred among mountains o' snaw ! Ye godly Brethren o' the sacred gown. The Brigs of Ayr. Q. S. Here's a health to them t

For there I lost my father dear, My father dear and brethren three. S. The lovely lass of 1.†

The Tree of Liberty.

Like brethren in a common cause.

We'd on each other smile, man; .

Brew.	Bright.
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky; S. A' the lads o' Thornie † Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,	Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn, Add. to Edinburgh. 4. Ye gallants bright I rede ye right,
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill. S. In simmer when t	S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink.	Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
S. The deil cam fiddlin † And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews. To Mr. J. Kennedy.	taught by the bright Caledonian lance, . S. Caledonia. 5.
Brew'd, -'t.	Her bright course of glory for ever shall run: 1b. o.
He's blest-if as he brew'd he drink Epit. on G. Richardson.	For Matthew's course was bright; . El. on Capt. M. H.
She wadna trow't, the broust she brew't. Wad taste sae bitterlie S. Her Daddie forbad †	ye twinkling starnies bright,
O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, S. O Willie brew'd †	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 14.
She brew'd gude ale for gentlemen, S. Scroggam,	No other light shall guide my steps "Till thy bright beams arise. S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Brewer.	Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,
Here brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct, Epit. on G. Richardson. Brewin [brewing].	S. Farewell, ye dungeons † With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,
To ken what French mischief was brewin:	Frag. inser. to Fox.
He saw mischief was brewin; The Ordination. S.	at twal at night, when the moon shines bright, S. Here's to thy health t
Bridal.	'Twas not ber golden ringlets bright, . S. I gaed a waefu'
The last braw bridal that I was at,	Bare her leg and bright her een, . S. I met a lass †
'Twas on a Hallowmass day, S. The last braw bridal † Bride. so may I be a bride! . Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	To think life's sun did set ere well begun To shed its influence on thy bright career.
When ye bure hame my bonie Bride: A Gude New-Yeart 6.	Lns on Fergusson.
But Duncan swoor a haly aith.	And courtly grandeur bright The fancy may delight, . S. Mark youder Pomp †
That Meg should be a bride the morn; S. Duncan Darison. Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,	And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night. S. Now westlin winds †
Round the wealthy, titled bride S. Mark yonder Pomp †	She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame, S. O Willie brew'd †
O Logan! sweetly didst thou glide The day I was my Willie's bride; S. O Logan! sweetly †	With noiseless step and taper bright, On Lincluden Castle.
The bride went to hed wi' the silly bridegroom.	Bright ran thy line, O G On same Lord G.
In the midst o' her kimmers a'. S. The last braw bridal † Bridegroom,	When the tear trickled bright, . On Death of fav Child. O' stature short, but genius bright,
All for to court this pretty maid,	On Grose's Peregrinations
Her bridegroom for to be, O	Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare, To put us daft; Poem on Life.
Was made his wedded wife yestreen;	Your course to the latest is bright. Poet, Add. to Tytler.
Lament for Glencairn. Bridle. And gae his bridle reins a shake.	With manly lore, or female beauty bright, Prologue sp. by Woods.
With, adieu for evermore, . S. It was a' for t	Thou maks the gossips clatter bright, . Scatch Drink. 12.
Brief. Stop, passenger! my story's brief, El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.	Or dark as misery's woeful night . Sketch. New-Yr's Day. Vourself, you wait your bright reward
Brief 2. Breef.	Vourself, you wait your bright reward
Brier.	Sonnet, wr. on Birthday
briers an' woodbines budding green, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 1. See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,	A fairy train appear'd in order bright: The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
Amang its native briers sae coy S. I do confess †	Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd: 1b.
O bonie was you rosy brier, That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man; S. O bonie was you rosy t	In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
S. O bonie was you rosy t	The sun rose clear and bright; . The Election Ballads. I'.
As on the brief the budding rose Still richer breathes and fairer blows, S. O Phely. †	But left behind him beroes bright,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier, S. O Tibbie! †	by that Hieroglyphic bright, The Farewell to St. J.'s L Till Order bright, completely shine,
The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear, S. The Winter it is past †	The Order origin, completely summe,
There grows a bonie brier bush in our kail-yard.	O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanse. Now highest reign'st with boundless sway! The Lament, 9.
And below the bonie brier bush there's a lassie and a lad, S. There grows a bonie †	by the moon and stars so bright, . S. The Rigs o' Barley.
We eye the rose upon the brier,	There Sophy tight, a lassie bright.
Unmindful that the thorn is near, To J. S., 10.	
He strays among the woods and briers, S. Young Jamie, † Briery. Ye hazly shaws and briery dens; El. on Capt. M. H. 4.	by my ingle-lowe 1 saw, Now bleezan bright, The Vision. D. I. 7.
Brig [bridge].	Bright Phebus ne'er witnessed so joyous a corps, The Whistle. 13.
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg, And win the key-stane of the brig; Tam o' Shanter. 18.	So uprose bright Phebus-and down fell the knight. Ib. 10.
They took the brig wil a' their might.	"The field thou hast won, by you bright god of day!" Ib. 18.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. And on th' Auld Brig bis airy shape uprears.	My love is like you sun, whose bright course is begun, S. The winter it is past †
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume; S. Their groves of t
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside	Her een sae bright, her brow sae white, S. T. Mencie's bonie Mary.
New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat	Trenching your gushing entrails bright To a Haggis
But gin ye be a Brig as auld as me,	And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
Compare wi' bonie Brigs o' modern time?	1. It is bling semin to the lenk
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;	An' backlins-comin, to the leuk, She [moon] grew mair bright. To W. Simpson, F. S.
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d-d new Brigs and	Bright as a cloudless summer sun, . V.s below Picture.
In coming by the brig o' Dye, S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.	Her lips more than the cherries bright, A richer dye has graced them; S. Young Peggy †
an coming of the ping o rojet	·

Brighten. It lightens, it brightens,	The Dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
The tenebrific scene, . Ep. to Davie. 10.	To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
Methinks they hrighten to n blaze! On Lincluden Castle. Thou ey'n brightens dark Despair.	The more incapacity they bring.
Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair, Wi' gloomy smile Scoteli Drink. o.	The more they're to your liking. The Dean of Fac While day and night can bring delight, S. The day returns t
Brighter.	To bring them tidings hame, [re.] . The Election Ballads. I.
Does the soher bed of Marriage Witness brighter scenes of love? The Jolly Beggars S. VIII.	And bring an angel pen to write
Glowing dawn of brighter day	My transports wi' my Anna! S. The gowd. locks of A. Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief, The Lament, 8.
Brightest.	The happy hour may soon be near.
The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest; S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †	That brings us pleasant weather: S. The noble Maxwells t
In richest ore the brightest jewel set! El. on Miss Burnet.	Come, bring the tither mutchkin in, . The Ordination 14.
Brightest climes shall mirk appear. S. Frae the friends †	At night I do bring my full wages away: The Poor Thresher. We thought ny death wad bring relief, The Twa Herds, 13.
The brightest jewel in my crown,	The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen. S. O wert thou in the t	S. There's auld Rob †
Brilliant. That brilliant cift will so enrich me.	I ken'd it still your wee bit jauntie, Wad bring ye to: To Dr. Blacklock.
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday. Brim. They filled up a darksome pit	if foot or horse E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corss, To Mr. J. Kennedy
With water to the brim, John Barleycorn.	Till some hit callan bring me news
Brimful, the brimful grief-worn eyes Sad thy tale † Brimstone [v. Brunstane].	To thee I bring a heart unchang'd. S. To thee, lov'd Nith t
And fill her up wi' brimstone drink,	Bringing.
Red, reeking, het Adam A-s Frayer.	If bringing them [the Hanovers] over was lucky for us,
The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek: The Brigs of Ayr.	I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them. [v. A. 9] Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like adle,	Bring'st.
The Kirk's Alarm.	Tell me thou bring'st me, my Willie, the same. S. Wandering Willie
But now his Honor maun detach, Wi'a' his brimstone squadrons, The Ordination, 10.	Brink. Or richly hrown, ream owre the brink, In glorious faem, Scotch Drink. 2.
Bring. To bring them to a right repentance? Add. of Beelzebub. 2.	For me, I'm on Parnassus brink, . Second Ep. to Davie.
Let Meg now take away the flesh,	Tho' constantly on poortith's brink, . The Twa Dogs. 15.
And Jock bring in the spirit! At Globe Tav., D.	By human pride or cunning driv'n
Yet maiden May, in rich array, Again shall bring them n' [our joys]. S. But lately seen, †	To Mis'ry's brink, . To a Mountain-Daisy. Briny. An' down the briny pearls rowe . Poor Mailie's El
Yet while the busy means are ply'd,	Brisk. I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie,
They bring their own reward: . Despondency, an Ode, 2.	S. O where did ye get
For relief a sigh she brings; S. Duncan Gray † Her dear idea brings relief,	Or how can I gang brisk and braw; S. Oh, how can I be blythe
And solace to my breast Ep. to Davie, 9.	Brisket. An spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Untile these bands from off my hands, And bring to me my sword; S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	Bristl'd. Each bristl d hair stood like n stake, Add. to the Deil. 8
Till Revenge, wi' laurell d head Bring our Banish'd hame again; S. Frae the friends †	Bristle. Like hoary bristles to erect and stare. Ep. fr. Esopus
And bring a coggie mair S. Gane is the day †	Rristling. His oristling heard just rising in its might,
And bring hame n Carlisle cow S. Hee baiou, †	Extem. on W. Smelle
And we hae pints to bring S. Hey ca' thro'.	Britaln. And now Ye've gien auld Britain peace, Her broken shins to plaister; . A Dream. o.
Brings the dusty siller; . S. Hey, the dusty miller †	Her broken shins to plaister; . A Dream. b Be Britain still to Britain true, . S. Does haughty Gaul
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace, Holy Willie's Prayer. 10. There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess, What brings me back the gate again, S. I'll ay ca' in t	Or how our merry lads at hame,
What brings me back the gate again, . S. I'll ay ca' in t	In Britain's court kept up the game: Kind Sir, I ve read
Content and love bring peace and joy, S. In simmer when t	Let Britain hoast her hardy oak, . The Tree of Liberty Auld Britain ance could crack her joke,
But nocht in all-revolving time Can gladness bring again to me. Lament for Glencairn.	For Britain's guid his saul indentin . The Twa Dogs. 21
Fy, bring Black-Jock, her [Superstition's] state physician,	For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it 1b. 22
Letter to J. Goudie.	For Britain's guid! for her destruction! 1b. 24
Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns Bring Autumn's pleasant weather; S. Now westlin winds †	Brither [brother].
But soon may peace bring happy days, S. O Logan! sweetly †	Auld comrade dear and brither sinner, . Auld comrade
Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring,	But come, your hand, my careless brither, Ep. to Maj. Logan. &
As meeting o' my Willy S. O Phely, †	Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
The tappit-hen gae bring her ben, On W. Stewart. The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty found,	On Grose's Peregrinations Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither; Tam o' Shanter. 3
To-morrow may bring us a halter Poet. Add. to Tytler	Ilk hoary Hunter mourn'd a brither; Tam Samson's El., 1s
No song nor dance I bring from you great city,	Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
Prologue, at Th., D. Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel, The strong forehammer, . Scotch Drink. 11.	Might own for brithers. The Author's Cry and Frayer But why should ae man better fare,
What secret charm to mem'ry brings	And a' men brithers! . To Dr. Blacklock Fareweel, 'my rhyme-composing' brither! To W. Simpson
All that on Evan's border springs? S. Slow spreads the gloom t	British. But sneer na British-boys awa; . A Dream, 14
Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear. Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	We'll ne'er permit a foreign foe, On British ground to rally. [re.] S. Does haughty Gaul
But bring a Scotchman frae his hill, The Author's Cry and Frayer, P.	For never but by British hands Maun British wrangs be righted
	Briton. But oh, it was a tale of woe. As ever met a Briton's ear! A Vision
We'll send him o'er to his native shore And bring our ain sweet Albany. S. The bonie Lass of Albany. With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;	Brittle. Till fate shall snap the brittle thread; To J. S., 10 Broach. Could be some commutation broach,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	The Author's Cry and Prayer, 21

Broad. Threw broad and dark across the pool: As on the banks † Now gay with the broad setting sun!	Brood, to. And fondly broods with miser care;
S. Farewell thou fair day t	To Mary in Heaven. Broom. Down among the broom, the broom,
He wrapt him in Religion The Holy Fair.	Down aming the broom, my deary.
First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight, The Voteels.	S. Braw lads of G. Water. Where lambkins wanton through the broom!
Brock [a badger]. They gang as saucy by poor folk. As I wad by a stinkan brock	S. The Banks of Nith. Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom;
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod.	S. Their groves of † Broom-stick. A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood, The Twa Herds. 6. Brodie.	On Grose's Percerinations.
Donald Brodie met a lass Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar : S. Donald Brodie †	Broose (a race at a country wedding). At Brooses thou had ne'er a fellow, For pith an' speed; A Guid New-year † 9.
Brogue [a trick].	Brose. O gie my love brose, brose.
An play'd on man a cursed brogue. Add. to the Peil. 16.	Gie my love brose and butter;
Broil. So I must toil and sweat and broil, S. My father was a farmer t	S. O gie my love brose t
Broke.	Their cogs of brose, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor,
There's mony a lass has broke my rest, Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear, On Lincluden Castle	I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose, S. The deuks dang o'er. They mann hae brose and brats o' duddies; To Dr. Blacklock.
But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,	Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail,
The Election Ballads. V.	For aye the brose ye sup at e'en.
He made me blest—and broke my heart! The Tears I shed. For there he rov'd that broke my heart, S. To thee, lov'd Nith!	Ve bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Brother. Abuse a brother to his back; A Ded. to G. H. S.
But tell him, though he broke my heart,	Then, Sir, your hand—my friend and brother, Ib. 10.
Yet to that beart be still was dear! 1b. Yet never met with that surprise	Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man bestows!
That broke my rest. U.s to J. Ranken.	A Winter Night, 7. Addiction's sons are brothers in distress;
Broken. Her broken shins to plaister; A Dream. o.	A Brother to relieve, how exquisite the biss! // 0
My heart it shall never he broken for ane. S. As I was a-wand ring t	The youngest Brother [Mason] ye wad whip Aff straught to H-II. Add. to the Deil, 14.
Had I no got greeting, my heart wou'd hae broken, . 16.	Then gently scan your brother man, Add. to Unco Guid. 7.
"To wander in my broken shade, As on the banks t	And the wretch, his fthe Tyrant's true sworn brother
Is this thy faithful swain's reward, An aching broken heart, S. Canst thou leave me †	Who would set the Mob above the throne, S. Does haughty Gaul †
Twas neither broken wing nor limb, . Ef. to J. R., 12.	O, H[enderson]! the man! the brother! El. on Capt. M. H. 15,
Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab. S. Effic M' Nab. [Damnation] For broken laws,	Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Five thousand years fore my creation,	Fragment, inser. to Fox. Man with brother man to meet,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 3. The tearful tribute of a broken heart.	And as a brother kindly greet; S. How can my poor heart †
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford. For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair!	Who begs a brother of the earth To give him leave to toil;
Or my poor heart is broken! S. O stay, sweet warbling t	Here passes the Squire on his brother - his horse; S. No Churchman am I†
But through the broken space, the gale Blows chilly from the misty vale; . On Lincluden Castle.	May ev'ry true Brother of th' Compass and Square
Thou'st broken the heart o' thy Willy. S. Saw ye my Fhely,	Have a big-belly'd bottle when pressed with care. Ib. For he but meets a brother. On Dining with Daer.
She's broken her vow, she's broken my beart. S. She's fair and fause †	Death tears the brother of her love
The broken, iron instruments of Death, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	From Isabella's arms. Sad thy tale † With joy unfeign d, brothers and sisters meet,
Broken trade o' Broughton, . The Election Ballads, IV.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
The Tory ranks are broken	And there will be rich brother Nabobs, The Election Ballads, III.
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn	Like brothers they'll stand by each other;
A faithless woman's broken vow The Lament, 10.	Sae kuit in alliance are kin
reckless vows, Would soon been broken. The Vision. D.I. 9. I'm truly sorry Man's dominion	A brother's sigh! a sister's tear! The Farewell, A faithful brother I have left,
I'm truly sorry Man's dominion Has broken Nature's social union, To a Mouse,	My part in him thou'lt share,
Broken-hearted. And thou art broken bearted: S. O wat ye wha that lo'es +	Dear brothers of the mystic tye! The Farewell. To St. J.'s L That man to man, the warld o er,
Never met-or never parted,	Shall brothers be, for a' that S. The Honest Man.
We had ne'er been broken-hearted. S. One fond kiss† When frae my Jeany parted,	O thou my elder brother in misfortune, By far my elder brother in the muses,
Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted, S. Sleef'st thou, or wak st †	Wr. undr Fort. of Fergusson
But now as glad I'm wi' my lad, As shortsyne broken hearted S. The tither morn †	Our Master and the Brotherhood . To a Medical Gent.
Bronze. And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze;	Brotherly.
Broo (broth, liquid; water).	May secrecy round be the mystical bound, And brotherly love be the centre. S. The Sons of old Killie
Kate sits i' the neuk,	Brought.
Suppin ben-broo; . S. Gudeen to you Kimmer†	Yet here to crazy Age we're brought, A Guid New-year † 10
Cats like milk, And dogs like broo;	The ways of men are distant brought, Despondency, an Ode. 3.
In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes;	An' brought a Paitrick to the grun', Ep. to J. R., 7. Accept this tribute from the Bard
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.
A' ye donce folk I've borne aboon the broo, Ib. 9. Brood, we whirring pairrick brood: El. on Capt. M. H. 7.	Lament for Glencairn. For she four Kirkl by tribulations

For she [our Kirk] by tribulations Is now brought very low.

And never brought to mind? S. Should auld acquaintance?

New Psalmody.

Brood. ye whirring paitrick brood; El. on Capt. M. H. 7.

Superstition's hellish brood,

She [the linnet] soon shall see her tender brood,
The pride, the pleasure of the wood,
S. A. Rosebud by my t

The Tree of Liberty.

Ae spring brought off her master hale, Tam o' Shanter. 18.	Browster-wives [ale-house wives],
Miller brought up the artillery ranks, The Election Ballads. I'I.	But browster wives an' whiskie stills, They are the muses. Third Ep. to J. Lap
So dawning day has brought relief S. The noble Maxwells †	Bruce.
Thou giv'st the word; Thy creature, man, Is to existence brought; . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Psalm.	Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks Halloween. A drama worthy of the name of Bruce? Scots Prologue.
Must I see thee, my youthful pride	Scots, wham Bruce has aften led; S. Scots, wha hae t
Thus brought so very low! S. The sun he is sunk † An' darker gloamin brought the night: The Twn Dogs, 35	Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace! S. The Union. "Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,
An' darker gloamin brought the night: The Two Pogs, 35 Was brought to the court of our good Scotish King, The Whistle.	The Whistle, 18.
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e; S. Wandering Willie	Brugh, Borough, Burrough. In some bit Brugh to represent
S. Wandering Willie	A Baillie's name? Ep. to J, L-k, Ap. 21st. 11.
Broughton. Hey for the chaste intrest of Broughton, The Election Ballads. III.	Ye Irish lords, ye knights an' squires, Wha represent our Brughs an' Shires,
Broken trade o' Broughton, A' in high repair	The Author's Cry and Prayer. Ae night, within the ancient brugh of Ayr, The Brigs of Ayr, 3.
	Fancies that our Brugh denies protection, 1b. 8.
Broust [as much malt liquor as is brew'd at a time.] She wadna trow't, the broust she brewt, Wad taste sae bitterlie. S. Her Daddie forbad † Brown With body. Heavy life theory of Winter Night. 8	bent on winning borough towns, The Election Ballads. VI.
Brow. With lordly Honor's lofty brow, A Winter Night. S.	Combustion thro' our boroughs rode,
Dark as the frowning rock his brow,	An ancient Borough rear'd her head; The Vision, D. I. 15.
And curled as the wintry wave, As on the banks † Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow, S. Braw lads of G. Water.	An' your auld burrough mony a time, . The Inventory. Bruised. And much oppressed and bruised she was:
May Prudence, Fortitude and Truth	Bruised. And much oppressed and bruised she was; As priest-rid cattle are. El. on Peg Nicholson.
Erect your brow undaunting! . Ep. to Young Friend. 11. Your locks were like the raven,	And blae and bluidy bruis'd her; S. Had I the wyte† this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
Vour bonie brow was brent; But now your brow is bald, John, S. John Anderson †	Brulzie [a fray, broil],
An' the horns become your brow, gudeman.	Wha in a brulzie, will first cry a parley?
S. O gin ye were dead. When shining sunbeams intervene	S. Bannocks o' bear meal † And hell mix'd in the brulzie, The Election Ballads. VI.
And gild the distant mountain's brow; S. On Cessnock banks †	I hope we, Bardies, ken some better
The eagle, from the cliffy brow, . On Scaring Water-fowl.	Than mind sic brulzie. To W. Simpson, P.S Brunstane (brimstone).
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow, Prologue at Th., D.	Spairges about the brunstane cootie, . Add. to the Deil. 1.
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow, Scots Prologue.	Vour brunstane devilship 1 see Has got him there before ye; . Epit. on Holy Willic.
Phæbus, gilding the brow of the morning, S. Sleep'st thou † At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.	An' bake them up in brunstane pies
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday	For poor d—n'd Drinkers. Scotch Drink. 20. A vast, unbottom'd, boundless Pit,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter. 1. Hospitality with cloudless brow. The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	Fill'd fou o' lowan brunstane, The Holy Fair. 23.
And though his brow be beld aboon, S. The cardin o t.	Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah, In brunstane stoure To Terranghty.
On ilka brow she's planted a horn, S. The Cooper o' cuddy †	Brunt (burned).
And wrinkled was her brow, The Election Ballads, I. (Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows,) Ib. VI.	Was brunt wi' primsie Mallic;
And brow bent gloomy melancholy, The Hermit.	An' her ain fit, it brunt it;
The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill, S. The lazy mist †	She notic't na, an aizle brunt Her braw, new, worset apron Out thro'
And thus earn my bread by the sweat of my brow.	An' my auld mother brunt the trin'le The Inventory.
S. Vhe Poor Thresher. Green, slender, leaf-clad Holly-boughs Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows! The Vision, D. I. 9.	An' my auld mother brunt the trin le
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows! The Vision, D. I. q. Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,	Brush, We'll over the border and gie them a brush; S. Cock up your beaver.
S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.	Brush, to. He wha could brush them down to mools, To W. Creech.
Then farewel hopes of Laurel-boughs, To garland my poetic brows!	Brushing.
Whose is that noble, dauntless brow? . I'.s, below Picture.	Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather hells, S. The heather was blooming t
to justly shew that brow, And mark that eye of fire, . 16. Did warlike laurels crown my brow, S. When first I saw †	Brust [burst],
As blooming spring unbends the brow	An' scriechan out prosaic verse, An' like to brust! The Author's Cry and Frayer, 2.
Of surly savage winter S. Young Peggy † Brown. While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose!	Brute, Four gallant brutes, as e'er did draw:
Ep. to H. Parker.	A Guid New-year † 15. (Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool!) Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains, On death of R. Dundas.	Like ither menseless, graceless brutes. The Death of Mailie.
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink, Scotch Drink, 2. Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells.	I have four brutes o' gallant mettle, The Inventory. Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast.
S. The Heather was blooming t	If the ass was the king of the brutes The Kirk's Alarm.
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown, S. The lazy Mist †	It raises man aboon the brute, The Tree of Liberty But by the brutes themselves elekit,
Her haffet locks as brown's a berry, T. Menzie's bonie Mary.	To be their guide The Twa Herds. 4.
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells, To W. Simpson. 10. I hae lo'ed the Elack, the Brown; S. Wantonness for ever t	And get the brutes the power themsels, To choose their herds
While tumbling brown, the Burn comes down, . Winter.	Again exalt the brute and sink the man; Why am I loth † Brydon.
Brown [Rev. John Brown of Haddington].	Brydons brave Ward 1 well could spy, [v. A. 4] The Vision.
Perusing Bunyan, Brown and Boston; Auld comrade dear† Brownhill.	Buboes. An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers, O' curst Venetian b-res an' cb-ncres. [v. A. 13].
At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer. Impromptu.	The Twa Dogs. 23.

Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste
Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast; The Brigs of Ayr. S.

Buchan [Buchan's "Domestic Medicine"]. He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan,	Built. As built on the base of the great Revolution: At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14	Churches built to please the Priest.
Buchan Bullers [wild rocks on the Buchan coast, having caves and a great 'blow-hole' where the sea bullers, i.e. makes a loud gurgling noise],	The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. Buirdly [stout-made, broad-built]. A filly buirdly, steeve an'swank, A Guid New-Year † 3.
When all his wintry billows pour Against the Buchan Bullers. The Election Ballads, VI.	buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies, The Twa Dogs, 11.
Buck. A buck, a beau, or Dem my eyes! Epit. on Mr. Burton	Buittle. An there will be Buittle's apostle. Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.
Buckhaven. Up wi' the earls of Dysart,	The Election Ballads, III.
And the lads o' Buckhaven, S. Hey ca' thro'. Buckie [dim. of buck].	Here's a little wadset Buittles scrap o' truth,
that daft buckie, Geordie W[ale]s, . Kind Sir, I've read †	Buke 7. Beuk.
If envious buckies view wi' sorrow	Bulk. Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime,
Buckle. Snaw-white stockins on his legs.	The Brigs of Ayr. 6. Bull. The lion and the bull thy care have found, To R. G. of F.
And siller buckles glancin; S. The Ploughman †	Bullers v. Buchan Bullers.
And his hair has a natural buckle and a'. S. There's a youth † And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'	Bullock. 'Here lies a famous Bullock!' The Calf.
Buckler.	Bum [the Buttocks]. And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
A guide, a buckler, an' example Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.	The Jolly Beggars, S.I.
Buckskin (an inhabitant of Virginia).	Bum, to (to make a humming noise).
An' did the Euckskias claw, man; . A Fragment, 4. Tho' I should herd the buckskia kye	Shall let the busy, grumbling hive Bum owre their treasure. To W. Simpson,
For't, in Virginia! Ep. to J. R. 11.	Bum-clock (a humming beetle that flies in the summer
Bucky, -ie. When they gae to the shore o' Buckie, S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †	eveningsl. The bum-clock humm'd wi lazy drone, The Twa Dogs. 35.
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky;	Bumman (making a humming noise).
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky	Aft 'yont the dyke she's [Graunie's] heard you bumman, Wi' eerie drone; Add. to the Deil, 6.
S. Amang the trees †	Bummle (a drone, an idle fellow).
Ve grouss that crap the heather bud; El. on Capt. M. H. 7.	Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle! On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer, I've seen the bud upo' the timmer, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 10.	Bumper. Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
That blasts each bud of hope and joy; S. Forlorn, my Love,	S. No Churchman am I†
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr.	Come, bumpers high, express your joy, On W. Stewart. Wi' bumpers flowing o'er, Scotch Drink. Mott
S. How pleasant the banks † For the lily in the bud will be bonier yet. S. Lady Mary Ann.	Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er; The Whistle, 13.
My stem was fair, my bud was green, S Lovely Davies.	Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
Numbering ev'ry bud which nature Waters wi' the tears of joy, S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st	But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers contend? Ib. 16. Bumper, 10. "And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er.
Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,	The Whistle. 8.
S. The Brigs of Ayr. But ere the bud was on the tree. The Jolly Beggars, S. II'.	Bunker's Hill,
When lintwhites chant among the buds, To IV. Simpson.	I'd better gaen an' sair't the king, At Bunker's hill Ep. to J. R. 6.
Bud, to. But he whose blossom buds in guilt Shall to the ground be cast The 1st Psalm.	Bunter [a low vulgar woman].
How weel it buds and blossoms there, The Tree of Liberty.	And kissing barefit bunters The Election Ballads, FI. Bunyan.
Budding. briers an' woodbines budding green, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st.	Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston: Anld comrade dear †
The hawtborns budding in the glen, Lament of Mary of Scots.	Buoy. The lead and buoy are needful to the net: Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs, S. Now westlin winds †	Burden.
As on the brief the budding rose Still richer breathes and fairer blows S. O Phely †	Now life is a burden that bows me down, S. By you castle wa't
Here lies a rose, a budding rose,	A burden more than I can bear, . Despondency, an Ode. I.
Blasted before its bloom, On Poet's Daughter. I'll pn' the budding rose, when Phoebus peeps in view,	each bed-post with its burden a-groaning, Epig. on Capt. Grose.
S. The Posie.	Light is the burden love lays on; . S. In simmer when t
Budget.	Their gua's a burden on their shouther; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
An' take a share with those that bear The budget and the apron! The Jolly Beggars, S. VI.	The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear.
Here's to budgets, bags and wallets! Ib. S. VIII.	S. The Slave's Lament. Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
Buff. It's guid to support Caledonia's cause, And bide by the buff and the blue.	S. Wae is my heart †
S. Here's a health to them † Buff, to [to beat].	Burden-bearing, Issachar, The burden-bearing tribe. New Psalmody.
A chield wha'll soundly huff our beef; The Twa Herds. 13.	Burdie [dim. of bird; a damsel].
Bughtin-time (the time of collecting the sheep in the	I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies, For ac blink o' the bonie burdies! Tam o' Shanter. 13.
pens to be milked]. When o'er the hill the eastern star	Bure [did bear].
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo: S. When o'er the hill	When ye bure hame my bonie Bride: A Guid New-Year † 6
Build. But build a castle on his head, . Epig. on noted Coxcomb.	Thou bure the Bard through many a shire? Ep. to H. Parker.
And they'll gae build Terreagle's towers,	Aft bure the gree, as story tells, Frae Suthron billies. , To W. Simpson.
S. The noble Maxwells †	An' auld-light caddies bure sic hands, 1b. P.S.
For building cot-houses sae fam'd, The Election Ballads. V.	Burgess. She won each gaping burgess' heart. The Election Ballads. VI.
Building-taste.	Burgoyne.

B-rg-ne gaed up, like spur an' whip, . A Fragment. 4.

Burke. For Paddy B-rke, like ony Turk,	O hurning hell! in all thy store of torments
Nae mercy had at a', man: . A Fragment. 5.	There's not a keener lash! Remorse. A Frag.
How daddie Burke the plea was cookin, Kind Sir, Fre read † And Burke shall sing, O prince, arise!	Is there nae Poet, burning keen for Fame, Scots Prologue Shading from the burning ray
The Election Ballads, 1'I,	Hapless wretches sold to toil, . S. Streams that glide
Burn (a rivulet).	Could shake them o'er the burning dub, The Twa Herds, &
Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn A Fragment. 2.	Whare birkies march on burning marl: To Mr. Renton
While burns, wi' snawy wreeths no-choked, Wild-eddying swirl. A Winter Night. 2.	A burnin' an' a shinin' light, Holy Willie's Prayer
As down the burn they took their way, S. As down the burn +	To gnash my gums, to weep and wail, In burnin' lake, Ib Wae worth that Brandy, burnan trash! . Scotch Drink, 15
Quoth Mary, "Love, I like the born,	Burnish't.
A burn was clear, a glen was green, S. Duncan Davison.	Down droops her ance weel-burnish't crest, To W. Creech
And flang them a' out o'er the burn,	Burns, Robert.
Whate three Lairds' lan's met at a burn, Halloween. 24.	Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns' venom when
The trout within you wimpling burn S, Now Spring has clad† The pathless wild, and wimpling burn.	He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen, Ep. fr. Esopus
S. O bonie was you rosy t	Then may L[aprai]k and D[urns] arise, To reach their native, kindred skies,
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw, . S. Sac flaxen †	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 18
We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn, S. Should auld acquaintance †	The third of Libra's equal sway, That gave another Equrns]
We twa ha'e paidlet i'the burn, S. Should audd acquaintance † In vain the burns cam down like waters, An acre braid!	And B[urns]'s spring, her fame to sing,
O that my een were flowing burns! The Election Ballads. 17.	I Rhymer Robin, alias Burns, On dining with Daer
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk chrystal spring. The Fite Chambetre.	Like Aesop's Lion, Burus says, sore I feel
I never drank the Muses' Stank, Castalia's burn an' a' that. The Jolly Beggars. S. 1'H.	All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel Reply to a Reproof
Castalia's burn an' a' that. , The Jolly Beggars, S. 1'11.	Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether, Tam Sam-on's dead! Tam Samson's El., 12
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom: S. Their groves of †	Tam Sam-on's dead! Tam Samson's El., 12 Last day I grat wi' spite and teen, As Poet B[urns] came by, The Petition of Br. Water, Sulscrips huic, Robert Burns The Inventors
Adown some trottin burns meander, To W. Simpson. 15.	As Poet B[urns] came by, . The Petition of Br. Water
Down by the burn where scented birks	The same state of the same state of the same same same same same same same sam
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo, S. When o'er the hill t	Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns, The Kirk's Alarm
At noon the fisher seeks the glen, Adown the hurn to steer, my jo:	The pray'r still you share still,
While tumbling brown, the Burn comes down,	Of grateful Minstrel Burns To Gav. Hamilton
And roars frae bank to brae;	If neist my heart I dinna wear ye While Burns they ca' me. To Terraughty
urn [water used in brewing spirituous liquor].	Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken, To IV. Creech
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in, An' gusty sucker! Scotch Drink, q.	Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
urn, to.	In Robert Burns, To W. Simpson
When fevers burn, or ague freezes, Add. to Toothache.	Burns, Miss. Lovely Burns has charms -confess; Lns under Pict. of Miss B.
It burns my heart I must depart And not avenged be	Burrough v. Brugh.
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks,	Burr-thistle [the spear-thistle].
Some [nits] kindle conthie side by side	The rough burr-thistle spreading wide
An' burn thegither trimly :	Amang the bearded bear, . The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Licentious passions burn:	Burst. The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains; On Death of R. Dundas.
Even of that man M'Gill New Psalmody.	Bursting.
Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes, Once fondly lovid †	Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The day returns, my bosom burns. S. The day returns t	The heart-felt pang discover; S. Could aught of song. The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
And bid him burn this cursed tether, The Death of Mailie.	Betray the hapless lover: S. Farewell, thou stream
Still o'er the field the combat burns, The Election Ballads, 17. For her bosom burns with honour's glow,	Noosing with care a bursting purse, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
S. The Highland Lassic.	And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry:
Again I feel, again I burn! The Lament.	On Death of R. Dundas.
I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn.	What bursting anguish tears my heart! The Farewell. The bursting tears my heart declare, S. The gloomy night!
By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne! To Clarinda.	The bursting tears my heart declare, S. The gloomy night: The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh. Betray the guilty lover. As high in air the bursting torrants flow.
While pointers round impatient burn'd, Tam Samson's El., 8.	Betray the guilty lover S. The last time I came !
urnet.	
Fair B— strikes th' adoring eye, . Add, to Edinburgh, .j.	Burton. Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
urnewin [lit. burn the wind; a blacksmith].	Here cursing, swearing Burton lies, Epit. on Mr. Burton.
Then Burnewin comes on like Death At ev ry chap	Bush. Within the bush, her covert nest
At every chap	A little linnet fondly prest, . S. A Rosebud by † An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes kenn'd ay
S. Bonie Lassie, will ve got	Frae ghaists an' witches. Death and Dr. Hornbook, 2.
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes, S. Ca' the Exves.	Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport.
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens, Wi' toddlin din, El. on Capt. M. H. 4.	Like linnets in the bush, Despondency, an Ode. 5.
Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,	With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming fair; S. How pleasant the banks
In gowany glens thy burnie strays, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush, S. Now westlin windst
	And shoots its head above each bush; S. On Cessnock banks +
On ilka hand the burnies trot. S. The Contented Cottager	The state above each bush, S. On Crashock banks t
On ilka hand the burnies trot. S. The Contented Cottager We'll gar our streams an' hurnies shine	While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
On ilka hand the burnies trot. S. The Contented Cottager We'll gar our streams an' hurnies shine Up wi' the hest. To W. Simpson.	While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
On like hand the burnies trot. S. The Contented Cottager We'll gar our streams an' hurnies shine Up wi'the hest. To W. Simpson. urning, -in', -an.	While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
On ilka hand the burnies trot. S. The Contented Cottager We'll gar our streams an' harnies shine Up w' the hest. To W. Simpson. urning, -in', -an. A burning an' a shining light. Auld contrade dear	While his mate sits nestling in the bush: ### Whiles ower a bush wi' downward crush, The doited beastie stammers; ### On W. Chalmers, Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush, ####################################
On ilka hand the burnies trot. S. The Contented Cottager We'll gar our streams an' hurnies shine Up w' the hest. Up no' the h	While his mate sits nestling in the bush: Whiles ower a bush wi downward crush, The doited beastie stammers; On W. Chalmers, Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush, The Brise of Avr.
On lika hand the burnies trot. S. The Contented Cottager We'll gar our streams an' hurnies shine Up wi' the best. To W. Simpson, urning, -in', -an. A burning an' a shining light. And comrade dear And pours his vengeance in the burning line, Eb. Ir. Exchase	While his mate sits nestling in the bush;

There grows a bonie brier bush in our kail-yard,	Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
And below the bonie brier bush there's a lassie and a lad, S. There grows a bonic brier † We'll court mae mair below the bush in our kail-yard Ib.	But house or hald, To a Mouse. They drink the sweet and eat the fat,
The blythest bird upon the hush, . S. There was a lass t	But care or pain; To J. S., 17. But-and-ben, Butt-an'-ben (lit. the outer and inner, kitchen and parlour; the whole house).
Bushby.	Blythe was she but and ben, S. Blythe was she, †
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head; Ep. fr. Esopus. Here lies J—n B—y, honest man Epit. on J. B., Writer.	For ay he pree'd the lassie's mou, As he gade but and ben, O
She's gotten the heart of a Bushby. But what has become o' the head? The Election Ballads, III.	when some kind, connubial Dear Vour But-and-ben adorns
And there led I the Bushby's a';	Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills, The Holy Fair. 18.
Bushy. Within the glen sae bushy, O. S. The Highland Lassie	Butt [in the outer room or kitchen; the outer room].
Business. No sly man of business contriving a snare, S. No Churchman am I †	I pray an' ponder butt the house, . Auld comrade dear † A routhie butt, a routhie ben: . S. In simmer when †
The Deil had business on his hand. Tam o' Shanter. S.	Butcher. May twin auld Scotland o' a life
He left the foul business to folks less divine. The Whistle, 15. And did Sol's business in a crack; To J. Taylor.	She likes—as butchers like a knife! Add, of Beelzebub.
And last my prologue-business slily hinted.	The butcher deeds of bloody fate, The Election Ballads. I'I.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Butching. Sax thousand years are near hand fled Sin' I was to the butching bred.
Busk [to adorn, dress].	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches O' heathen tatters: Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Butter. Gie my love brose and butter; S. O gie my love brose t
But now they'll busk her like a fright, To W. Creech	farls, bak'd wi' butter, Fu' crump The Holy Fair. 7. Butter'd. butter'd So'ns, wi' fragrant lunt, Halloween. 28.
Buskie-glen [bushy-glen].	I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose, S. The denks dang o'er.
There's Johnnie o' the Buskie-glen. [re.] S. In simmer when t	Butterfly. Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect.
Buskin. And sock or buskin skelp alang To death or marriage; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam: Monody, on a Lady, Epit.
Busking [bedecking].	Those that sip the dew alone,
gathering flowers and busking bowers, The Fête Champetre.	Make the butterflies thy own; Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.
Buskit [dressed, bedecked]. Weel buskit up sae gaudy; S. My Collier Laddie.	Buttocks. Wi' stanged hips, and huttocks bluidy, She's suffer'd sair; Adam A-'s Prayer.
New brig was buskit in a braw, new coat, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Button. I wad na gie a button for her. S. Willie Wastle †
Nae joy her bonie buskit nest Can yield ava, To W. Creech,	Buy. And joys that riches ne'er could huy; Ep. to Davie. S
Buss [a bush]. Ye, like a rash-buss stood in sight, Wi' waving sugh. Add to the Deil. 7.	O gear will buy me rigs o' land, And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,	But the tender heart o' leesome love, The gowd and siller canna buy: S. In simmer when t
My trunk of eild, but huss or beild, Sinks in time's wintry rage. S. But lately seen †	But now I've found a treasure
Bussle (bustle).	Too rich for a king to buy. S. My Love's a winsome †
An' d-mn'd Excise-men in a bussle, Seizan a Stell. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy; S. O meikle thinks my love!
Bust. "No storied urn nor animated bust," Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson	O wha my babie-clouts will buy? S. O wha my baby clouts † O wha will buy the groanin maut?
Bustle. "Whase aught that Chiels make a' this bustle here?"	An for to sell his fiddle,
Scots Prologue.	And buy some other ware; S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. O Willie come sell your fiddle, And buy a pint o' wine; Ib.
How could you raise so vile a bustle, . The Twa Herds. 3. Bustle, to. if these mortals, the critics, should bustle,	Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear, Tam o' Shanter. 19.
Fragment inser. to Fox	Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
Bustling. equal to the bustling strife, Despondency, an Ode. 2. bustling and justling, Forget each grief and pain Ib.	Aboon distress, below envy, S. The Contented Cottager. As muckle gear as buy a sheep. The Death of Mailie.
Busy. As busy Trade his labours plies; Add. to Edinburgh, 2.	Wha will buy my troggin,
'Guid-een', quo' 1; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin, 'When ither folk are busy sawin?' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.	Gude election ware; . The Election Ballads. II'. Buy braw troggin, Frae the banks o' Dee; Ib.
	If to buy ye're slack, Hornie's turnin' chapman,
The flower-enamour'd busy bee Delia, an Ode Happy! ye sons of Busy-life, Despondency, an Ode, 2.	He'll buy a' the pack ,
Vet while the busy means are ply'd,	Lord send a rough-shod troop o' Hell O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell,
They bring their own reward:	Or buy a score o' lairds, man? . The Fite Champetre.
Quo' she, 'Ye ken we've been sac busy 'This month an' mair, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 3.	Without a penny in my purse To buy a meal to me. S. The High. Widow's Lament.
Gude ale hauds me bare and busy, S. O gude ale comes †	His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
Busy feed, or wanton lave; On scaring Water-fowl. His meddling vanity, a busy fiend, Sketch.	His gear may buy him glens and knowes, But me he shall not buy nor fee, S. To daunton me.
An' some are busy bleth'ran Right loud. The Holy Fair. S.	Then take what gold could never buy-
Between themsels they were sae busy;	An honest Bard's esteem To John M'Murdo.
The Jolly Beggars. R. III.	And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan! S. What can a young Lassie †
Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease! The Lament, z. And they're busy, busy courtin in our kail-yard.	I little thought the time was near, Repentance I should buy sae dear: . S. Young Jamie †
S. There grows a bonie brier † Busy baunts of base mankind, S. Thickest night †	By. As I gaed up by you gate end, S. As I gaed up by t
where busy ploughs Are whistling thrang, . To J. S., 9.	Come weel, come woe, I care na by. S. Behind you hills t
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive	Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray, S. Duncan Gray.
Bum owre their treasure. To W. Simpson. 16. But [without].	While caps an' bonnets aff are taen As by he walks? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 12.
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild. S. But lately seen, †	As soon's the clockin-time is by, , Ep. to J. R. 11.
But either house or hal'? Ep. to Davie. 4.	l care na by how few may see, S. First when Maggie † He by his showther gae a keek. Halloween, 19.
But thee, what were our fairs and rants? Scotch Drink. S.	He by his showther gae a keek,
To live but her I canna; S. The gowd locks of A. They banish'd him beyond the sea, But ere the bud was on the tree, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	It was na sae ye [hours] glinted by
But ere the bud was on the tree, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	When I was wi' my dearie. S. How lang and dreary t
T	

I'll ay ca' in by yon town, S. I'll ay ca' in t	He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse; . The Twa Dogs. 8.
Louis what reck I by thee, . S. Louis what reck I t	I think we'll ca' him Robin S. There was a lad+
But troth I care na by S. O Tibbie! †	While Burns they ca' me, To Terraughty.
	in things they ca' halloons, To IV. Simpson. P.S.
I set as light by them; The Election Ballads. I.	And wha a crime dare ca' that? S. Women's Minds.
I car dna by, Sae sad was I,	Ca', s.
When Hughoc he cam doytan by The Death of Mailie.	And our gudewife has gotten a ca', That anger'd the silly gudeman, O. S. The Cooper o' enddy t
Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,	That anger'd the silly gudeman, O. S. The Cooper o' enddy †
Dance by fu' light To J. S., 12.	Ca', to [to drive].
An anxious e'e I never throws Behint my lug, or by my nose;	Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
I'll ne'er gang by your door	Ca' them whare the heather grows, Ca' them whare the burnie rowes, S. Ca' the Ewes.
By [aside, apart].	But deil a foreign tinkler loun
An' Charlie F-x threw by the box, . A Fragment. 5.	Shall ever ca' a nail in't: . S. Does haughty Gaul +
An' Caledon threw by the drone,	On Fasteneen we had a rockin,
A heapet Stimpart, I'll reserve ane	To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
Laid by for you A Guid New-year † 17	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 2
When ye set by the wheel at e'en S. Duncan Davison.	Ca' the long day I ca' at my homeon S. A way to Live I
Till some ane by his bonnet lays, The Holy Fair, 24.	O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer, S. O merry hae I been †
Threw by his coat and bonnet, To J. Taylor.	Hey ca' thro' ca' thro, For we had mickle ado, S. Hey ca' thro'.
By an' by, -bye.	Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4. But ca them out to park or hill, The Death of Mailie
Till by an' by, if I haud on,	When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'. S. Young Jockey †
I'll grunt a real Gospel groan: . Auld comrade dear †	Cabinet. Not cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em,
L-d, I'se hae sportin by an' by, For my gowd guinea; . Ep. to J. R., 11.	Fragment, inser. to Fox.
But I'll be wi' ye by an' bye;	Ca'd, -'t [called].
Or else the Deil's be in it Extem., to an Intimate.	An' he ca'd me his dearie S. Ca' the Ewes.
O John, come kiss me by and by, . S. O John, come kiss †	There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg, S. Duncan Davison.
By himsel [beside himself, out of his mind].	They ca'd him Duncan Davison
'But monie a day was by himsel. 'He was sae sairly frighted	A coward loon she ca'd me; [re.] S. Had I the wyte †
'He was sae sairly frighted	These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans Searching auld †
By the bye.	Ye see you birkie ca'd a Lord, . S. The Honest Man.
Tho' by the bye, abroad why will you roam? Prologue, at Th., Dumf	The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar, The Twa Dogs. 2.
	And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him, 1b. 4.
Bye attour [besides, in addition]. Bye attour, my Gutcher has	I watna what they ca'd him ; There came a piper t
A bich house and a laigh ane; S. Gat ye me,†	But if ye can match her ye're waur than ye're ca'd,
Byke, Bike [a multitude; a bee-hive].	S. There liv'd ance a carle †
The hungry bike did scrape and pike S. Amang the trees	Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it, An' ca'd it wrang; . To W. Simpson, P.S.
As bees hizz out wi' angry fyke,	The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doddie. S. Willie Wastle+
When plundering herds assail their byke: Tam o' Shanter, 17.	Towns-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh, An' ca't thee mad A Guid New-year † 8
But Homer like the glowran byke, Frae town to town I draw that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	An' ca't thee mad A Guid New-year † 8
Byre [a cow-house].	Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't, . What ails ye now t
To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,	Ca'd, -'t, Cawd [drove; driven].
Wad better fill'd their station A Dream. 5.	While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,
Fu' is his barn, fu' is his byre; . S. In simmer when t	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 1
na bred to barn and byre, . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	I sat beside my warpin-wheel, And ay I ca'd it roun'; . S. My heart was ance †
At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge, S. There was a lass +	That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
Ca' [call].	The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; Tam o Shanter. 3.
at Friendship's sacred ca' . El. on Capt. M. H., Epit	He ca't the girrs out o'er us a'; . S. The Cooper o' fuddy t
But first on Sawnie gies a ca',	He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't. The Kirk's Alarm. Cadger.
Ca', to [to call].	
. To roose you up, an' ca' you guid A Ded. to G. H., 1.	Or die a cadger pownie's death, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 7. Ilk smack still did crack still,
 Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that;	Just like a cadger's whip: The Jolly Beggars, R.1
And C-rl-t-n did ca', man: A Fragment, z.	Cadie, Caddie [a young fellow; a fellow].
Till Death did on him ca', man;	E'en cowe the cadie! . The Author's Cry and Prayer, 19.
On Chatham's Boy did ca', man;	An' auld-light caddies bure sic hands, To W. Simpson, P.S.
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me Tit-ta or daddy Add. to Illegit, Child	Cæsar.
What the they ca' me fornicator	The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar The Twa Dogs, 2.
What the they ca' me fornicator,	The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar The Twa Dogs. 2. Caff [chaff]. The cleanest corn that e'er was dight
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell, . Add. to Toothache	Caff [chaff] The clannest cove that clan was dist.
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell, Add. to Toothache The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad†	Caff [chaff]. The cleanest corn that e'er was dight May hae some pyles o' caff in; Add. to the Unco Guid. Mott.
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell, Add. to Toothache The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad† I'll ay ca' in by yon town, S. Fll ay ca' in †	Caff [chaff]. The cleanest corn that e'er was dight May hae some pyles o' caff in; May hae some pyles o' caff in; Add. to the Unco Guid. Mott. Cage. Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage Was kept at Boston-ha'. man: A Fragment 2
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell, Add. to Toothache The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad † I'll ay ca' in by yon town, S. I'll ay ca' in the How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced, In Defence of a Lady.	Caff [chaff]. The cleanest corn that e'er was dight May hae some pyles o' caff in; May hae some pyles o' caff in; Add. to the Unco Guid. Mott. Cage. Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage Was kept at Boston-ha'. man: A Fragment 2
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell, . Add. to Toothache The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad† I'll ay ca' in by yon town, S. I'll ay ca' in† How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced, And tell me what they ca' ye' S. My Collier Laddie.	Caff [chaff]. The cleanest corn that e'er was dight May hae some pyles o'caff in; Add. to the Unco Guid. Mott., Cage. Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage Was kept at Boston-ha, man; A Fragment. 3. Caird [a tinker]. Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird. The Jolly Reggars. R. VI.
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell, . Add. to Toothache The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad† I'll ay ca' in by yon town, S. I'll ay ca' in† How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced, And tell me what they ca' ye' S. My Collier Laddie.	Caff [chaff]. The cleanest corn that e'er was dight May has some pyles o'caff in; May has some pyles o'caff in; Add. to the Unice Guid. Mott, Cage. Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage Was kept at Boston-ha', man; A Fragment, 3. Caird [a tinker]. Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird, The Jolly Deggars. R. VI. When thus the Caird address'd her. 18.
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell, . Add. to Toothache The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad † I'll ay ca' in by yon town, S. Fl! ay ca' in † How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced, In Defence of a Lady, And tell me what they ca' ye? . S. My Collier Laddie. And ca' anither gill, jo; S. O steer her up†	Caff [chaff]. The cleanest corn that e'r was dight May hae some pyles o'caff in; Add. to the Unco Guid. Mott. Cage. Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage Was kept at Boston-ha', man; A Fragment. 3. Caird [a tinker]. Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird. When thus the Caird address'd her. The Caird prevailed—th' unblushing fair
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell, . Add, to Toethache The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbaad † 'I'l ay ca' in by yon town, How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced, And tell me what they ca 'ye' . S. Ny Collier Laddie. And ca' anither gill, jo; S. O steer her up† O whan will tell me how to ca't? S. O whan ny ladise-louts † There's ane they ca' Jean,	Caff [chaff]. The cleanest corn that e'r was dight May hae some pyles o' caff in; Add. to the Unco Cuid. Mott. Cage. Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage. Was kept at Boston-ha', man; A Fragment, 3. Caird [a tinker]. Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird. The Jolly Beggars. R. VI. When thus the Caird address'd her. The Caird prevailed—th' unblushing fair In his embraces sunk; B. R. VIII.
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell, . Add. to Toothache The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad † I'll ay ca' in by yon town,	Caff [chaff]. The cleanest corn that e'r was dight May hae some pyles o'caff in; Add. to the Unco Guid. Mott. Cage. Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage Was kept at Boston-ha', man; A Fragment, 3. Caird [a tinker]. Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird. When thus the Caird address'd her, The Caird prevailed—th' unblushing fair In his embraces sunk; Ib. R. VII. And yill an' whisky gie to cairds,
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell, . Add. to Twothache The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad † I'll ay ca' in by yon town, S. I'll ay ca' in † How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced, In Defence of a Lady, And tell me what they ca' ye? . S. My Collier Laddie. And ca' anither gill, jo; S. O steer her up† O wha will tell me how to ca't? S. O wha my babic-cloufs† There's ane they ca' Jean,	Caff [chaff]. The cleanest corn that e'r was dight May hae some pyles o'caff in; Add. to the Unco Guid. Mott. Cage. Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage Was kept at Boston-ha', man; A Fragment, 3. Caird [a tinker]. Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird. When thus the Caird address'd her, The Cafrd prevailed—th' unblushing fair In his embraces sunk; Ib. R. VII. And yill an' whisky gie to cairds, Until they sconner. To J. S. 22. Cairn [a loose heap of stones].
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell, . Add, to Toothache The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie Joobaad; I'll ay ca' in by yon town, How daar ye ca' me howlet-faced, And tell me what they ca' ye' . S. Ny Collier Laddie. And ca' anither gill, jo; . S. O steer her upf O whan will tell me how to ca'!? S. O whan my ladis-clouts! There's ane they ca' Jean,	Caff [chaff]. The cleanest corn that e'r was dight May hae some pyles o' caff in; Add. to the Unco Guid. Mott. Cage. Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage Was kept at Boston-ba', man; A Fragment, 3. Caird [a tinker]. Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird. The Jolly Beggarz. R. VI. When thus the Caird address'd her. The Caird prevailed—th' unblushing fair In his embraces sunk; And yill an' whisky gie to cairds, Until they sconner. Cairn [a loose heap of stones]. That proudly cock your cresting cairns; El. on Cast. M.H. 3. That proudly cock your cresting cairns; El. on Cast. M.H. 3.
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell, . Add. to Toothache The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad † I'll ay ca' in by yon town, S. I'll ay ca' in † How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced, In Defence of a Lady. And tell me what they ca' ye? . S. O steer her up't O wha will tell me how to ca't? . S. O steer her up't There's ane they ca' Jean,	Caff [chaff]. The cleanest corn that e'r was dight May hae some pyles o'caff in; Add. to the Unco Guid. Mott. Cage. Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage. Was kept at Boston-ha', man; A Fragment, 3. Caird [a tinker]. Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird. The Jolly Beggara. R. V.I. When thus the Caird address'd her, 16. The Catrd prevailed—th' unblushing fair In his embraces sunk; 16. R. V.II. And yill an' whisky gie to cairds, 17. Cairn [a loose heap of stones]. That proudly cock your cresting cairns; El. on Capt. M. H. 3. She thro' the whins, and by the cairns
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell, . Add, to Toothache The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie Joohaad; V'll ay ca' in by yon town, How daar ye ca' me howlet-faced, And tell me what they ca' ye'. S. Ny Collier Laddie. And ca' anither gill, jo; . S. O steer her 1974 Owha will tell me how to ca'!? S. O whan my ladis-clouts? There's ane they ca' Jean, May Josses and crosses Ne'er at your hallan ca'. The Ans. to the Guidwife. And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. But there it streams an' richly reams, My Helicon I ca' that. The Jolly Bezgars. S. V'll. She [your muse] cou'd ca' us nae want than we are.	Caff [chaff]. The cleanest corn that e'r was dight May hae some pyles o' caff in; Add. to the Unco Guid. Mott. Cage. Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage Was kept at Boston-ba', man; A Fragment, 3. Caird [a tinker]. Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird. The Jolly Beggarz. R. VI. When thus the Caird address'd her. The Caird prevailed—th' unblushing fair In his embraces sunk; And yill an' whisky gie to cairds, Until they sconner. Cairn [a loose heap of stones]. That proudly cock your cresting cairns; El. on Capt. M.H. 3. She thro' the whins, and by the cairn, An own the hill gade scrievin, Halloween, 24.
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell, . Add. to Toothache The lang lad they ca' jumpin John,	Caff [chaff]. The cleanest corn that e'r was dight May hae some pyles o'caff in; Add. to the Unco Guid. Mott. Cage. Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage. Was kept at Boston-ha', man; A Fragment, 3. Caird [a tinker]. Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird. The fally begars. K. VI. When thus the Caird address'd her, Ib. The Caird prevailed—th' unblushing fair In his embraces sunk; Ib. R. VII. And yill an' whisky gie to cairds, Until they sconner. Cairn [a loose heap of stones]. That proudly cock your cresting cairns; El. on Capt. M. H. 3. She thro' the whins, and by the cairn, An' owre the hill gaed scrievin, And thro' the whins and by the cairn.
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell, . Add, to Toothache The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie Joohaad; V'll ay ca' in by yon town, How daar ye ca' me howlet-faced, And tell me what they ca' ye'. S. Ny Collier Laddie. And ca' anither gill, jo; . S. O steer her 1974 Owha will tell me how to ca'!? S. O whan my ladis-clouts? There's ane they ca' Jean, May Josses and crosses Ne'er at your hallan ca'. The Ans. to the Guidwife. And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. But there it streams an' richly reams, My Helicon I ca' that. The Jolly Bezgars. S. V'll. She [your muse] cou'd ca' us nae want than we are.	Caff [chaff]. The cleanest corn that e'r was dight May has some pyles o' caff in; Add. to the Unco Guid. Mott. Cage. Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage Was kept at Boston-ba', man; A Fragment. 3. Calird [a tlinker]. Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird. The Jelly Beggara. R. VI. When thus the Caird address'd her. The Caird prevailed—th' unblushing fair In his embraces sunk; And yill an' whisky gie to cairds, Until they sconner. Cairn [a loose heap of stones]. That proudly cock your cresting cairns; El. on Capt. M.H. 3. She thro' the whins, and by the cairn, An own the hill gade scrievin, Halloween. 24.

<u> </u>	ottin [ottino]
Cairn. But now she's floating down the Nith, And past the mouth o' Cairn. El. on Peg Nicholson	Call a toast—a toast divine;
	And call the trembling vowels to account. The Vowels.
Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur, The Whistle, 4. Cairney. As I came o'er the Cairney mount, S. els I came o'er †	I call no goddess to inspire my strains, To R. Graham. Still may thy pages call to mind
Caition [caution, security for].	The dear, the beauteous donor: Wr. on Leaf of II. More
Wou'd a' the land do this, then I'll be caition, Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation, Scots Prologue.	Callan, Callant [a lad, a stripling]. Ves! there is ane; a Scottish callan! Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Cake (oatmeal dough pressed thin and flat, baked on a girdle and toasted before the fire).	lest he learn the callan tricks, To Gav. Hamilton Till some bit callan bring me news
Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,	
On Grose's Peregrinations, And for my dear-loved land o' Cakes,	That you are there, To Mr. J. Kennedy. In days when mankind were but callans, At Grammar, Logic, an sic talents, . To W. Simpson, P.S.,
I pray with holy fire; The Election Ballads. VI. Calais. To Hague or Calais takes a waft, The Twa Dogs. 22.	There's no a callant tents the kye, But kens o' Westerha', Jamie S. The Laddies by †
Calces. Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees: Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.	Call'd. When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction, Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another,
Calculate. () would they stay to calculate,	(What scandal called Maria's jaunty stagger, The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger? Ep. fr. Esopus.
Th' eternal consequences: Add. to Unco Guid. 5. Caldron. And still, below, the horrid caldron boils	Who called her verse, a parish workhouse made
Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Caledon, Caledonie, Caledonia.	For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed?) . Ib. But I call'd her quickly back again,
An' Caledon threw by the drone, A Fragment, 9.	To lay some mair beneath my head. S. The Lass that made the bed.
Auld Caledon drew out her drone, S. Amang the Trees† Return again fair Lesley,	Who call'd on Fame, low standing by, To hand him on, [v. A. 4] The Vision, D.I.
Return to Caledonie! . S. O saw ye bonie Lesley † hrave Caledonia, the chief of her line, . S. Caledonia.	When ripen'd fields, and azure skies, Call'd forth the Reaper's rustling noise, The Vision, D. II. 15.
(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?) 16.	A furnicator lown he call'd me, What ails ye now †
But hrave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,	Caller, Callor [cool, refreshing].
But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse;	And little fishes' caller rest: . S. The Contented Cottager. to view the corn, An' snuff the callor air. The Holy Fair. 1.
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause. S. Here's a health to them †	Callet [a wench, a trull].
Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among, Liberty.	I'm as happy with my wallet my bottle and my Callet, The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd: On death of Sir J. Blair.	Here's our ragged Brats and Callets! Ib. S. VIII.
Hail, Caledonia, name for ever dear! Prologue sp. by Woods, And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave; S. Their groves of †	Calling the storms to bear him [Vengeance] o'er a guilty land! Add. sp. by Fontenelle
Caledonian. taught by the bright Caledonian lance,	Ye curiews calling thro' a clud; . El. on Capt. M. H.7.
S. Caledonia. In thy sweet Caledonian lines; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Leeze me on the calling Fills the dusty peck S. Hey, the dusty miller †
Like Caledonians, you appland or blame. Prologue sp. by Woods.	He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling, As fast as ony in the dwalling The Inventory.
There's themes enow in Caledonian story, Wad show the Tragic Muse in a' her glory. Scots Prologue.	Callor v. Caller. Calm. Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noon-tide blaze,
Caledonian, on wi' me. S. Scots wha haie† The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains, The brave Caledonian views with disdain; S. Their groves of†	But few enjoy the calm I know in This desert wood. The Hermit,
S. Their groves of t	Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath, The Holy Fair. 13.
God knows, an unco Call I The Calf.	Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, To J. S., 20. Till some evening, sober, calm,
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig. And ye'll ha'e a calt's bead o' sma' value. The Kirk's Alarm.	Dropping dews, and breathing balm To Miss C. Calm sheltered haven of eternal rest! . To R. G. of F., 7.
Calf-ward [a small inclosure for calves]. His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew,	Calm-blooded.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23. Calker [the hinder part of a horse-shoe, sharpened	I grant him [wisdom] his calm-hlooded, time-settled pleasures, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav
and turned downwards, for safety on the ice].	Calvin. O ye wha leave the springs o' C-lv-n,
To Vulcan then Apollo goes, To get a frosty calker	For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin! A Ded. to G. H., 10.
Call. Ill-satisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call, A Winter Night. 9.	Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual guns, The Kirk's Alarm.
'Tis not Maria's whispering call; S. Here is the Glen †	Frae Calvin's well, ay clear they drank, O' sic a feast! The Twa Herds. 5.
Call, to. And call each coxcomb to the wordy war. Ep. fr. Esopus.	And Calvin's fock, are fit to sell him; To II'. Creech.
	Cam [came]. Ve cam to Paradise incog, Add. to the Deil. 16. When there cam a yell offoreign squeels, S. Amang the trees†
Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette, Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure To call at Park. Ep. to Major Logan. 14.	But whigs cam like a frost in June, S. Awa, whigs, awa.
i nen mist sne [nature] cans the useful many form;	The whigs cam o'er us for a curse,
Ep. to R. Graham. 2. And wear it there! and call aloud	Duncan Gray cam' here to woo, S. Duncan Gray cam' †
This axiom undoubted, Extem. on Comments of Thomson, So calls the woodlark in the grove,	That name excell'd it, few cam near't, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 5.
His little faithful mate to chear, S. Here is the Glen †	But I cam through the Tiseday's dew,
Love's, graces and virtues, I call not on you; Monody, on a Lady.	Till skin in blypes cam haurlin Aff's nieves . Halloween. 23.
By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown; S. No Churchman am 1 †	Cam ye by Killiecrankie O? S. Killiecrankie.
Lord to account who dares thee call. On Com. Goldie's Brains.	S. Last May a brata woolf
And taen the Antiquarian trade, I think they call it. On Grose's Peregrinations.	Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S.s $\begin{cases} O \ can \ ye \ labour \ lea \ \dagger \\ O \ Lassie \ art \ thou \ \dagger \end{cases}$

O when she cam hen she bobbed fu' law,	Cameleon-savage.
And when she cam hen she kiss'd Cockpen, S. O when she cam ben †	The Cameleon-savage disturbed her repose, With tumult, disquiet, rehellion and strife; S. Caledonia.
As I cam by Crochallan I cannily keekit ben, S. Kattlin, Roarin Willic.	Campbells. True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay; The Author's Cry and Prayer.
His likeness cam' up the house stalking, S. Tam Glen. In vain the hurns cam down like waters, An acre-braid! Tam Samson's El., 9.	Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame, Held ruling pow'r: The Vision. D. II. 11.
An acre-braid! . Tam Samson's El., 9. He cam on purpose for to court me S. The auld man†	Can, s. No comfort but a hearty can, When I think on John Highlandman.
O cam ye here the fight to shun,	The Jolly Beggars, S. IV.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. My sister Kate cam up the gate	For woman's wit, or strength o' man, Alas! can do but what they can; The Election Ballads. VI.
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;	Canaan. How graceless Ham length at his Dad.
When Hughoc he cam doytan by The Death of Mailie.	Which made Canaan a niger; The Ordination. 4. Candid. Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive.
The deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town, And danc'd awa wi' th' Exciseman; S. The deil cam' fiddlin' †	Prologue, sp. by Woods. A candid lib'ral band is found
But the ae hest dance e'er cam to the Land Was, the deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman	Of public teachers, . To Rev. J. M'Math. Candie. And weel I wat her willin mon
Till Charlie Stewart cam at last, S. The High, Widow's Lamont.	Was e'en like succar-candie. S. Had I the wyte †
Cam skelpan up the way	Candle. She snatch'd the candle in ber hand, S. The Lass that made the bed.
The third cam up, hap-step-an'-loup,	Wi' ruffl'd sark an' glancin cane, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 12.
Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder; The Ordination. 2.	
Whae'er she gat hands on, cam' near her nae mair.	Canker. A Conscience but a canker Ep. to Young Friend. 10. An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers, [v. A. 13] The Twa Dogs. 23.
S. There liv'd ance a carle† It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it, To W. Simpson, P.S.	Canker, to. But hanker, and canker, To see their cursed pride. Ep. to Davic. 1.
We cam' na here to view your warks, V.s on Window, Carron.	He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers, S. What can a yng lassic †
I said 'Gude Night,' and cam' awa', What ails ye now t	Canker-worm. Or canker-worm wi' secret sting? As on the banks !
Came. Told him I came to feast my curious eyes; Add. by Fontenelle.	And on my dry and wholsome banks, Nae canker worms get leave to dwell
Sin' thou came to the warl asklent, Add. to Illegit. Child. As 1 came o'er the Cairney mount, S. As I came o'er t	Cankrie [cross, crabbed].
And as he was singing the tears down came,	The melancholious, lazie croon O' cankrie care Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.
S. By you Castle Wa † So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying,	Canna [cannot]. I canna say but they do gailies; Add. of Beelzebub, 4.
Epig. on Capt. Grose.	Rest 1 canna get For thinking o' my dearie. S. Ay waking, O †
He eked it out wi' law, . Extent. in Court of Session. To Crochallan came The old cock'd hat,	I canna tell, I maunna tell, S. Craigie-burn Wood Ev'n them he canna get attended, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19
Extem. on W. Smellie. But, L-d. that Friday I was fow, When I came near her, Holy Willie's Prayer. S.	I can die,—but canna part, My bonie dearie S. Hark! the mavis'†
Came frae her een sae honie blue, S. I gaed a waefu't	But the tender heart o' leesome love, The gowd and siller canna buy: S. In simmer when t
But the chearful spring came kindly on, John Barleycorn. The sultry suns of summer came, 1b.	Than, if I canna mak thee sae,
Out came the Lord of Landerdale, Katharine Jaffray.	At least to see thee hlest S. It is na, Jean † But Mary she is a my ain,
Then came the Laird o' Lochinton, 1b. And came to this conclusion, O: S. My father was a farmer †	Ah, Fortune canna gie me mair! S. Now bank and brac† A thought ungentle canna be
And Rob and Allan came to see; S. O Willie brew'd †	The thought of Mary Morison S. O Mary, at thy window † My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh him, Poor Mailie's El. A coof came in wi' rowth o' gear, S. She's fair and fause †	He canna ha'e love to spare for me. S. O meikle thinks my love †
The auld man he came over the lea, S. The auld man † Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,	He'd [the Deil] look into thy bonie face. And say, "I canna wrang thee." S. O saw ye bonie Lesley t
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	If he canna get her at a', man S. Ronalds of Bennals.
Then, crown'd wi' flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy, Ib. A female form, came from the tow'rs of Stair: Ib.	Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.	If honestly they canna come, Far better want them. The Author's Cry and Prayer, 5. To live but her I canna; The gowd. locks of A.
A chief o' doughty deed; The Election Ballads, V.	"But yet I canna name ye." The Holy Fair, 4.
Came shaking hands wi' wabster loons,	They canna sit for anger
When Politics came there to mix	Some hae meat and canna eat, The Selkirk Grace.
And hither came, with men disgusted,	Wha canna win her in a night, Has little art in courting . The Tarbolton Lasses
My life to end The Hermit.	I canna say hut ye strunt rarely, To a Louse. An' forward, tho' I canna see,
Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean [a leg], Nane else came near it. The Vision, D. I. II. Last-day I grat wi' spite and teen,	I guess an' fear! To a Mouse.
As Poet B[uros] came by, . The Petition of Br. Water.	Wi' welcome canna bear me; To Mr. M'Adam,
The last time I came o'er the moor, S The last time I came † There came a piper out o' Fife, There came a piper †	Poor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken, To W. Creech. 1 canna to mysel' conceal
Chill came the tempest's lour;	My deeply-ranklin' sorrow Verses under Grief.
My mind it was na steady, S. When first I came t	If it winna, canna be S. Will thou be my t Canniest [easiest].
when I came roun' by Manchline town, An' ay my heart came to my mou. S. Young Jockey †	Oh! thoughtless lassie, life's a feeht, The canniest gate, the strife is sair; S. In simmer when t

Cannily, -ie [cautiously, prudently]. As 1 cam by Crochallan	And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' are anither; S. John Anderson t
As I cam by Crochallan I cannily keekit ben, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. But cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen.	O what a canty warld were it, Would pain and care and sickness spare it: Poem on Life.
S. The heather was blooming † But faith! the birkie wants a Manse,	cock thy tail, an' toss thy horns fu' canty; The Ordination, b. As canty as ever a bird in the spring. S. The Poor Thresher.
So, cannilie he hums them; The Holy Fair. 17.	At kirk and fair, I'se ay be there, And be as cauty's ony S. The tither morn
Trumpets sound and cannons roar, S. Highland Laddic.	An be as canty
When the drums do beat, And the cannons rattle, S. The Captain's Lady.	As ye were nine year less than thretty, Third Ep. to J. Lap Until a pow as auld's Methusalem!
Over sea, over shore. Where cannons loudly roar; . S. There was a bonic lass †	He canty claw!
Canny, -ie, Cany, -ie [gentle, quiet, safe, easy, cautious, prudent, wary, useful, expert].	An ye had been whare 1 hae heen, Ye wad na heen sae cantie O;
Was it for this, wi' canny care, Thou bure the Bard through many a shire? Ep. to H. Parker. But gie me a canny hour at e'en,	Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear, On Scot. Bardgne to W. I
My arms about my Dearie, O; S. Green grow the Rashes. when Nature first began To try her canny hand, S. John Anderson †	The kind, and, cantie Carlin greet, The Author's Cry and Frayer. 11
1 never was canny for hoarding o' money, Ronalds of Bennals	And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie? To Dr. Blacklock
hamely, tawie, quiet an' cannie, A Guid Nove-Vear † 5. I mann guide it [my penny-fee] cannie, S. Behind you hills † The wife slade cannie to her hed,	Cany, -ie, 7. Canny. Cap. While caps an' honnets aff are taen. As by he walks? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 12
But ne'er spak mair. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26. Yon Sang ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care, Ep. to J.R. 5.	Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets. On Grose's Peregrinations That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow,
Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them To lye that night	Sketch, New-Yr's Day Caper Till first ac caper, syne anither.
She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw,	Tam tint his reason a' thegither, Tam o' Shanter. 16 Caper'd. My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink.
An' straik her cannie wi' the hair, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 18.	S. Last May a brazo Woocr Cape-stane [cope-stone].
some tentie rin A cannie errand to a neebor town: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.	The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; . Poor Mailie's El. Capon.
conthie fortune, kind and cannie, To Terraughty. Gie me the groat again, cany young man, S. The Taylor fell†	Their capon craws and queer ha ha's, S. Amang the Trees Urinus Spiritus of Capons. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 2:
Now when ye're nickan down fu' cany The staff o' bread, . Third Ep. to J. Lap Canie wee thing, Lovely wee thing . S. Bonie wee thing †	Caprice. Of thy [nature's] caprice maternal I complain. To R.G. of F Capricious. That auld, capricious carlin, Nature, To J.S. 3
Then canie, in some cozie place, They close the day To J. S., 18.	Caprelions Canada Caprelions Canada Annual Caprelions Canada Caprelions
Cant [a merry story]. Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants, Ep. to J.R. 2.	Captain. O mount and go,
for a' my cants. My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants, . What ails ye now† Cant. But still the preaching cant forbear, Ep. to Young Friend, 9.	And he the Captain's Lady S. The Captain's Lady Captive. The captive bands may chain the bands, But powerful Love enslaves the man: S. A. Masterton's bonic Ann.
Cant, to. Let them cant about decorum, Who have character to lose. The folly Beggars. S. VIII.	Dear Myra, the captive ribband's mine, S. The Captive Ribbana
Who have character to lose. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. Canter. I'd heeze thee up a constellation, To canter with the Sagitarie, Ep. to H. Parker.	And share the fate 1 would impose On thee, wert thou my captive too
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,	The caput mortuum of gross desires Ep. to R. Graham.
Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly Thio' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie, Tam Samson's El., Per C.,	Improm. on Mrs. — 's Birthda Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fête Champetr
Wi'you I'll canter ony gate, To Mr. Renton. Cantharidian [made of Cantharides].	Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car, S. Tibbie Dunba Car [a sledge, hurdle].
O how they fire the heart devout, Like cantharidian plaisters The Holy Fair. 13.	In cart or car thou never reestet; A Gude New-Year † 1 Carcase.
Canting, -an. Whom canting wretches blam'd; . Epit. for G. II., Esq.	Tak thou the Carlin's carcase aff, Thou'se get the saul o' boot. Epig. on Henpecked Squir
Ye canting Zealots, spare him! Tam Samson's El., Epit. Their sighan, cantan, grace-proud faces, To Rev. J. M. Math.	May in some future carcase howl, Ep. to $J.L-k$, Ap. 21st. 1
Cantraip [a charm, spell, incantation].	Card. Unskilful he to note the card Of prudent Lore, To a Mountain-Dais
By cantraip wit, 1s instant made no worth a louse . Add. to the Deil. 11.	Sir, o'er a gill 1 gat your card,
Some cantraip hour. By some sweet elf I'll yet he dinted, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.	Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie; S. O whistle
And by some devilish cantraip slight Each in its cauld hand held a light Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle. Tam o' Shanter. I Cardin. The cardin o't, the spinnin o't,
Canty, -ie [cheerful, merry, lively]. Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair, S. Contented wi' little,†	Car'dna by [cared not by, was indifferent].
The Clachan yill had made me canty, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.	Cardoness.
Now they're crouse and canty baith! . S. Duncan Gray † O, rivers, forests, hills, and plains!	Bless Jesus Christ, O C[ardoness], Epit. on a Laira Alas, alas! O C[ardoness],
Of have ye lieard my cauty strains: El. on Capt. M.H. 11.	Then thou hadst slept for ever!

And there will be Cardoness, Esquire,	"I hear alane my lade o' care, . Lament for Glencairn.
Sae mighty in Cardoness eyes, The Election Battacts, 111.	"The friendless Bard and rustic song, "Became alike thy fostering care
Here's the stuff and lining, O Cardoness' head; 10. 17.	Wi' care nor thrall opprest Lament of Mary of Scots.
And there, sae grave, Squire Cardoness	Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
Look'd on till a' was done; Sae in the tower o' Cardoness.	And never ending care
A howlet sits at noon	But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care,
Care.	S. Last May a braw wooer
What kens, before his life may end, What his share may be o care, man? A Bottle and Friend.	Seem'd weary, worn with care; Man was made to Mourn. Or haply, prest with cares and wees,
till Fate some day is sent,	Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
For ever to release Ye Frae Care A Dream. 9.	Ma niam non care, but chun mhateier
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether, A Guid New-Year 1 18.	Might breed me pain or sorrow, O; S. My father was a farmer
Shalt sweetly pay the tender care	
That tents thy early morning. S. A Roscotte Syl	The warld's wrack, we share o't, The warstle and the care o't; S. My Wife's a winsome
Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy hower, And tells the midnight moon her care A Vision.	Kind Nature's care had given his share, . Nature's Law.
Thon man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,	For a big-belly'd bottle's the whole of my care. [re.]
Add. sp. by Fontenette.	S. No Churchman am I
Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,	a big-belly'd hottle's a cure for all care. [re.]
Tho' a' my daily care thou art, S. Ah, Chloris †	Life's cares they are comforts'—a maxim laid down
Anna, thy charms my bosom fire, And waste my soul with care; S. Anna, thy charms †	By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown; Ib. For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of a care Ib.
When bending down with andd grey bairs,	Have a hig-helly'd bottle when pressed with care Ib.
Beneath the load of years and cares, Atta comrant actar 1	The man wha hoasts o' warld's wealth,
An' has nae care but Nanie, S. Behind you hills †	Is aften laird o' meikle care; . S. Now bank and brae
Nae ither care in life have I, But live an' love my Nanie,	Of witching love, in luckless hour, Made me the thrall of care S. Now Spring has clad
No wrinkle furrow'd by the hand of care, Blest be M'Murdo †	
Lesley is see fair and cov.	Amid life's thorny path o' care. S. O bonic was you rosy
Care and anguish seize me. S. Blythe ha'e I been †	Or wi' his song her cares beguile S. O Logan! sweetly. The milder sun and bluer sky
Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care,	That crown my harvest cares wi' joy, S. O Phely,
I gi'e them a skelp as they're creeping alang, S. Contented wi' little †	Thou tells of never ending care; S. O stay, sweet warbling
But pleasure they [flowers, birds] hae name for me	O that I had ne'er been married,
While care my heart is wringing. S Craigie-burn Wood,	I wad never had nae care, S. O that I had ne'er
She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,	Noosing with care a bursting purse, Odc, sac. to Mem. of Mrs. —
In Hornhook's care; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.	Puir harmless beast! tak thee nae care,
Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care, Despondency, an Ode. 1.	On E.'s Horse impound
To Care, to Guilt unknown! 1b. 5.	And I will join a mother's tender cares,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care,	On Death of Sir J. Blair
El, on Miss Burnet.	O what a canty warld were it, Would pain and care, and sickness spare it; Poem on Life
Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care, Ep. fr. Esopus.	I send you a trifle, a head of a bard,
Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares;	A trifle scarce worthy your care; * Poet, Add. to Tytler
For care and trouble set your thought,	Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care! Prologue, at Th., D.
Ev'n when your end's attained; Ep. to Young Friend.	An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
When heart-corroding care and grief	That's prest wi' grief an' care : Scotch Drink. Mott.
Deprive my soul of rest, Ep. to Davie. 9.	Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care; 16. 6
Still take her, and make her Thy most peculiar care!	Tae cheer you thro' the weary widdle O' war'ly cares, . Second Ep. to Davie
Fate still has blest me with a friend.	Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin':
In ev'ry care and ill; Ib. 10.	Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day, . Sketch, New-Yr's Day
Was it for this, wi' canny care,	From housewife cares a minute horrow
Thou bure the Bard through many a shire? Ep. to H. Parker. Wi'a' this care and a' this grief.	Yet come thou child of poverty and care,
	Sonnet, wr. on Birthday
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 18.	But what a weary wight can please, And care his bosom wringing S. Sweet fa's the eve
Yon Sang ye'll sen't, wi' canny care, Ep. to J. R. 5.	Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
The melancholious, lazy croon	E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy: Tam o' Shanter. &
O' cankrie care Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.	Whiles glowring round wi' prudent cares, Ib. 9
Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow, When blest to-day, unmindful of to-morrow,	How can ye chant, ye little birds, And I sae fn' o' care! . S. The Banks of Doon, Sett II
Ep. to R. Graham, 3.	And I sae fu' o' care! . S. The Banks of Doon, Sett II
I gat some gear wi' meikle care, Extem. Ap. 1782.	Still, if some Patron's gen rous care he trace, The Brigs of Ayr
Ease frae toil, relief frae care: . S. Frac the friends †	Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles, . It
My coggie is a haly pool,	By whim inspir'd, or baply prest wi' care,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool; S. Gane is the day † Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care; [re.]	The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares; Ib. 12
Ance mair I half thee wi sorrow and care; [re.] S. Gloomy December.	Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
There's nought but care on ev'ry han',	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3
In every hour that passes, O: S. Green grow the Rashes.	Does a' his weary carking cares beguile [v. A. 5]
An' warly cares, and warly men,	With heart-struck, anxious care enquires his name, . Ib. 7
	He wales a portion with judicious care; Ib. 12
Wi' canny care, they've plac'd them To lye that night	O, bid him breed him up wi' care! . The Death of Maili
And ev'ry time great care is taen,	Who left the all-important cares Of fiddles, wh-res, and hunters; The Election Ballads. VI
To see them duely changed: 16. 27.	
Tho' they seem fair, still have a care, S. Here's to thy health †	Thou layest them with all their cares
Let my Mary be your care S. Highland Mary.	tho' thou'rt bereft Of my parental care; . The Farewell Thou layest them with all their cares In everlasting sleep; . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps

But if thou hast good cause to sigh at Thy fault or care: The Hermit.	For the auld gudeman o' London court She didna care a pin; The Election Ballads. I.
Nae centle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,	L-d man, our gentry care as little
Shall ever be my muse's care; . S. The Highland Lassie Despising worlds with all their wealth	For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle; . The Twa Poys. 12. I care no thy doddie, his lands and his money.
As empty idle care : . The Petition of Br. Water.	I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly: S. Tibbic Dunbar.
An' then your every care an' fear May whistle owre the lave o't. The Jolly Beggars. S. V.	Care-defying. He was a care-defying blade,
We'll bowse about till Dadie Care Sing whistle owre the lave o't	As ever Bacchus listed! . The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
What is reputation's care?	Care na by [care not by, to be indifferent]. Come weel come woe, I care na by, S. Behind you hills t
Sore-harass'd out, with care and grief, The Lament.	I care na by how few may see, S. First when Maggy †
By my good luck a lass I met, Just in the middle of my care,	But troth I care na by
S. The lass that made the bed. The weary night o' care and grief	Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded.
May have a joyful morrow; . S. The noble Maxwells † So hold thy industry with diligent cares.	Gaudy Day to you is dear. S. Musing on the rearing † O thou pale Orb, that silent shines,
S. The Poor Thresher.	While care-untroubled mortals sleep! The Lament.
When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care? S. The small birds †	Career. Yet runs, himself, life's mad career, Wild as the wave. A Bard's Epit.
Her cares for a moment at rest: . S. The sun he is sunk †	To think life's sun did set ere well begun To shed its influence on thy bright career.
Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care, . The Tree of Liberty. They lay aside their private cares.	Las on rergusson.
To mind the Kirk and State affairs; . The Twa Dogs. 18.	Careerin [careering, cheerfully]. They parted aff careerin Fu' blythe
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth Forgets there's care upo' the earth Ib. 19.	Careful.
Some teach the Bard, a darling care, The tuneful Art The Vision, D. II. 4	And careful note each opining grace, The Vision, D. II. 10. Thy tuneful flame still careful fan; Ib. 22.
And make his cottage-scenes beguile	Carefully.
His cares and pains	And carefully he bred me
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain; S. There was a lass +	In decency and order, O; S. My father was a farmer † Careless,
Ye Pow'rs who mak mankind your care, . To a Haggis.	I for their thoughtless, careless sakes Would here propose defences, . Add, to Unco Guid. 2.
some dainty fair one, To ware his theologic care on, To Dr. Blacklock	Would here propose defences, . Add, to Unco Guid. 2. Careless ilka thought and free, . S. Blythe hac I been t
Lord help me thro' this warld o' care!	Baith careless and fearless, Of either heaven or hell; Ep. to Davie. 6.
Heave Care o'er-side!	But come, your hand, my careless brither,
But care or pain;	Ep. to Maj, Logan. S. My life was ance that careless stream,
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose, I rbyme away. Ib. 25. And fondly broods with miser care; To Mary in Heaven.	S. Now Spring has clad t
The lion and the hull thy [Nature's] care have found.	And heard thee as the careless wind? S. O stay, sweet warbling woodlark †
To R. G. of F And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care." . Ib. 7.	1, careless, quit aught else below, But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O soat ye soha's in t
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,	In each bird's careless song,
To close this scene of care! To Ruin. Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief: To Terraughty.	Glad did I share;
Though prest with care and sunk in woe, S. To thee, lov'd Nith†	Where late with careless thought I rang'd. S. To thee, lev'd Nith t
Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,	With careless step I onward stray'd, S. Twas even, the dewy t
V.s to Landlady of Inn. hut grief and care In wildest fury hae made bare	The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
My peace, my hope, for ever! V.s, under Grief.	Caress.
Yet, for a' my dool and care, It's wantonness for ever! . S. Wantonness for ever!	The frank address, the soft caress, O leave novels t
sorrow and sad sighing care S. Where are the joys t	But wad hae spent an hour caressan,
And I sae weary fu' of care! . S. Ye banks and bracs † Care, to. Can I cease to care,	Ev'n wi' a Tinkler-gipsey's messan: The Twa Dogs. Carest. The langer ye hae them the mair they're carest.
Can I cease to languish, S. Ay waking, O†	S. Awa wi yr witchcraft t
But what care I how few they be, [that ken me] I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O S. Behind you hills t	In pleasure's lap carest; . Man was made to mourn. 1 once was by Fortune carest, . S. The Sun he is sunk t
Come weel come woe, I care na by,	Caring, Still caring, despairing,
Nae mair then, we'll care then, Nae farther we can fa'	Must be my bitter doom; Despondency, an Ode. Carking. Does a' his weary carking cares beguile (v. A. 5] The Cotter's Sat. Night.
I care na by how few may see, First when Maggy †	
I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle. Fragment inser. to Fox.	Carl, Carle (a man as distinguished from a boy; a strong man; a churl; an old man].
I dinna care, How lang ye look about ye. S. Here's to thy health,	That iron-hearted Carl, Want, . A Ded. to G. H., 16. Carl, an the king come, [re.] S. Carl, an the king come.
1 dinna care a single flie; S. In simmer when t	Until you on a crummock driddle
Naebody cares for me, I care for naebody. S. Naebody. I care na wealth a single flie; S. O Phely,	A gray hair'd carl Ep. to .nay. Logan. 3. Wheeler derives to ben this religion! To some other war!
But troth I care na by	Maun follow the carl, Epit. on J. Doce, Inneceper.
But fient a hair care 1	Up wi' the carls of Dysart, S. Hey ca' thro. Death, that grusome carl Lns add. to J. Ranken.
Ay yow and protest that ye carena for me, S. O whistle † Nae honest worthy man need care,	There liv'd ance a carle in Kellyburn-braes,
To meet with noble youthful Daer, On dining with Daer.	5. Inter the date a contract of the lang glen
What care I in riches to wallow, S. Tam Glen. The fient-ma-care, quo' the feirrie and wife,	"O welcome most kindly, the blythe carle said, Ib.
S. The deuks dang o'er.	Carleton. And C-rl-t-n did ca', man: A Fragment. 2.

Carl-hemp [the male stalk of hemp].	And to her ain henpeck e'en carried her back, S. There livid ance a carle ;
Come Firm Resolve take thou the van, Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man! . To Dr. Blacklock,	Carry.
Carlle [dim. of carl].	They carry the gree frae them a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.
An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O. S. The deuks dang o'er.	Dire was the hate at old Harlaw, That Scot to Scot did carry; The Dean of Fac
Carlin, Carline [a stout old woman; a term of contempt for a woman, a witch].	Carryan. Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, The Holy Fair. S.
Tak thou the Carlin's carcase aff, Thou'se get the saul o' boot. Epig. on Henpecked Squire. He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,	Cart [a river in Renfrewshire]. Where Cart rins rowing to the sea,
For some black, grousome Carlin;	By mony a flow'r and spreading tree, S. Where Cart rins †
The carlin claught her by the rump,	In cart or car thou never reestet; A Guid New-1'car + 14.
The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 11.	Then tho' I drudge thro' dab an' mire At pleugh or cart, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 13.
Then niest outspak a raucle Carlin, The Jolly Beggars, R. II. The bells they rang, and the carlins sang.	Then ty'd him fast upon a cart
S. The last braw bridal † The carlin gaed thro' them like ony mad bear,	Cartes [cards]. Then Clubs an' Hearts were Charlie's cartes, A Fragment. 7.
S. There liv'd ance a carle†	(To say aught less wad wrang the cartes, . Ep. to Davic. & The mankind were a pack of cartes, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 5.
There was five Carlines in the south, The Election Ballads. I.	He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes, Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.
Marjory o' the Monylochs, A carline and and tengh 16. Five wighter carlines werna found 16.	The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
At strife thir carlines fell;	Wad stow'd his [Ferguson's] pantry!) To W. Simpson Cartie [dim. of cart]. If on a beastic I can speel,
Carlisle, Carlyle.	Or hurl in a cartie To Cas'd [confined].
And bring hame a Carlisle cow S. Hee balou,† Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha', S. There grows a bonie† I winns gape to the dance in Carlyle he': I winns gape to the dance in Carlyle he':	But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd A prisoner aughteen year awa, . S. Amang the trees †
2 within gaing to the dance in early te ha 18.	Case, thou kens our waefu' case, . Adam A—'s Prayer. Before ye gie poor Frailty names,
Carmagnole. that curst carmagnole auld Satan, Foem on Life.	Suppose a change o' cases;
Carnage. To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore: . S. Caledonia.	Whoe'er he he that sojourns here, I pity much his case, . Epig. on being neglected at Inn.
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie: The Brigs of Ayr. Carnal. It's just a carnal inclination A Ded. to G. H., b.	As father Adam first was fool'd, A case that's still too common, Epit, on Henpecked Squire.
Altho' his carnal Wit an' Sense Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes him At times The Holy Fair. 17.	"O thou, whase lamentable face Appears to mourn my woefu' case! The Death of Mailie. In case that worth should wanted be.
That Stipend is a carnal weed The Ordination. 5. Carnival.	The Election Ballads, V.
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras [v. A. 13]. The Twa Dogs. 23. Carol.	A man may tak a neebor's part.
But groveling on the earth the carol ends. Ep. to R. Graham. 5. At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.	Vet hae nae cash to spare him Ep. to Young Friend. 4. An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash To her warst faes
Caroll'd. Sonnet, wr. on Birthday	Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash, The Twa Dogs. 13.
Thy rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase, The Vision, D. 11. 21.	Some rhyme, (vain thought!) for needfa' cash; To J.S., 5. Cash-Account. Or strutted in a Bank and clarket
Carouse. There let him bowse an' deep carouse, Scotch Drink. Mott.	My Cash-Account; The Vision, D. I. 5.
Carp.	Cassencarrie. And there will be gay Cassencarrie. The Election Ballads. III.
My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp, Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp:	Cassilis, Cassills.
My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp, Tho' Fortone use you hard an' sharp; Carpet-weaver. And turn a Carpet-weaver	And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude, S. My Lord a-hunting † To Cassills' banks when ev'ning fa's, S. Now bank and brae †
Aff-hand this day. The Ordination. 9. Carriage. Ithers seek they kenna what:	Then let me range by Cassills' banks,
Features, carriage, and a that; S. Jockey fon, † Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess, In Lonon or Paris they'd gotten it a : The Belles of Manchline	Upon that night when Fairies light,
Imprimis then, for carriage cattle,	On Cassilis Downans dance,
I have four brutes o' gallant mettle,	To cast my een up like a Pyet, . Auld comrade dear †
Does the train-attended Carriage Thro the country lighter rove? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	Dim-hackward as I cast my view, . Despondency, an Odc. 1. Down the zodiac urge the race.
Carrick [the southern district of Ayrshire].	And cast dirt on his godship's face; . Ep. to H. Parker.
Where Bruce ance rai'd the martial ranks, An' shook his Carrick spear, Halloween, 2,	He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail
My father was a farmer	She cast about a standard tree to find; Ep. to R. Graham. 4. Ye'll cast your head anither airt, S. O Tibbic!
Upon the Carrick border, O, S. My father was a farmer† For nacion in Carrick or Kyle	Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on, . Poem on Life.
Can please a lassie better. S. O gie my love brose † (Lang after kend on Carrick shore; Tam o' Shanter. 15.	Tho' they should cast the vera sark and swim. The Brigs of Ayr. 6. Nor from the seat of scorpful Pride
Carried.	Nor from the seat of scornful Pride Casts forth his eyes abroad The 1st Psalm.
Say, was it the covenant carried her thither; Jenny M'Craw† The Priest he was oxter'd, the Clerk he was carried, S. O ken ye what Meg†	But he whose blossom bads in guilt Shall to the ground be cast,
To its blackest nook he [the Deil] has carried her ben, S. There liv'd auce a carle †	When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abran; The folly Beggars, S. I. Cast off the wat, put on the dry, S. The Ploughman†

The Men cast out in party-matches, . The Twa Dogs. 32. But Och! I backward cast my e'e.	Catch'd. Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk, . Tam o' Shanter. 3.
On prospects drear! To a Mouse.	But Och! they catch'd him at the last, The Jolly Beggars, S. II'.
I see ye upward cast your eyes To J. S., 28. Castalia.	And ay he [Hornie] catch'd the tither wretch, The Ordination, 10.
I never drank the Muses' Stank, Castalia's burn an' a that, The Jolly Beggars, S. VII.	Catch-the-plack [money-grubblng].
Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies, Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies, To Dr. Blacklock.	Wha think that havins, sense an grace, Ev'n love an friendship should give place To catch the plack! Ep. to J. L—k. Ap. 1st. 20.
Castalian.	Catechlze. Ye'll catechize him every quirk, To Gav. Hamilton
Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers, When they fa' foul o earthly jinkers, Ep. to Maj. Logan, to Castlgated.	Catrine. Learning and Worth in equal measures trade. From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode:
Think, when your castigated pulse Gies now and then a wallop, Add. to Unco Guid. 4.	The Brigs of Ayr. 13. The Catrine woods were yellow seen.
Casting. And casting woo' to me. S. The High. Widow's Lament	The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea, S. The Catrine woods †
And casting woo' to me. S. The High. Widow's Lament Castle. Or where auld. ruin'd castles, gray, Nod to the moon, Add. to the Deil. 5.	The sma', droot-rumpl't, hunter cattle, A Guid New-year † 10.
Nod to the moon, Add. to the Deil. 5. By you castle wa' at the close of the day, S. By you castle wa' t	I thought me on the ourie cattle, A Winter Night. 3. And much oppressed and bruised she was; As priest-rid cattle are, El. on Peg Nicholson.
S. By you castle wa 1 But huild a castle on his head, Epig. on noted Coxcomb.	Imprimis then, for carriage cattle,
O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa', S. Lady Mary Ann.	I have four brutes o' gallant mettle, The Inventory. L—d man, our gentry care as little
O gin my love were you red rose, That grows upon the castle wa! . S. O were my love t	L—d man, our gentry care as little For delvers, ditchers, an sic cattle; Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle, The Twa Dogs. 12. To a Louse.
As the finest dame in castle or ha'. S. O when she cam ben f	Caudron [a caldron].
The night was still, and o'er the hill The moon shone on the castle wa'; The night was still!	To go an' clout the Caudron. The Jolly Beggars. S. VI. And ay he [Hornie] catch'd the tither wretch.
while dew-drops hang Around her on the castle wa' Ib. Down by yon stream, and yon honie castle green:	To fry them in his caudrons; The Ordination, 10.
S. Wae is my near t	Cauf [calf]. A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf, S. Her Daddie forbad†
But the houlet cry'd frae the Castle wa', S. What will I do gin †	Canf-leather [calf-leather].
Ye banks, and braes, and streams around The castle of Montgomery, S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †	Cought And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t	I mark'd the cruel hawk
Give me the stream that sweetly laves The banks by Castle Gordon. S. Streams that glide t	Caught in a snare; S. Phillis the Fair. My heart was caught before I thought, S. When first I came t
Give me the groves that lofty brave	I thought upon the witching smile That caught my youthful fancy: S. When wild War's t
Where waters flow and wild woods wave.	Cank [chalk].
By honie Castle Gordon.	And wow! he has an unco slight O' cauk and keel. On Grose's Peregrinations
And honie Castle-Gordon! [re.] S. The yng High. Rover.	Cauld [cold], adj., adv. The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights.
Cat.	A Vision.
Some cock or cat, your rage mann stop, Add. to the Deil. 14. But ha'd your nine-tail cat a wee, Epit. on Holy Willie.	O cauld blaws the e'enin blast
Cats like milk, And dogs like broo; S. Gudeen to you Kimmer†	When hitter bites the frost, S. Cauld is the e'enin blast † And when ye [craiks] wing your annual way Frae our cauld shore, El. on Capt. M. H. 9.
Hark how the nine-tail'd cat she plays! The Ordination, II.	Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
The cat has twa [een], the very colour; S. Willie Wastle † Catalogue.	El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux. Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff, Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
Vet, if your catalogue [of friends] be fow, I'se no insist; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 15.	The Simmer had been cauld an' wat, Halloween. 15.
Catch. Or witty catches, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. O.	When it is cauld an' wat, S. Lass, when yr mither to O Poortith cauld, and restless love, S. O Poortith cauld
They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Uphraid na me wi' cauld disdain, S. O Lassie, art thou t
Catch, to.	O wert thou in the cauld blast, S. O wert thou in the Misfortune's cauld Nor-west . On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Then eatch the moments as they fly, A Bottle and Friend. No-stretch a point to catch a plack; A Ded. to G.H., &	Though cauld be the clay, where thou pillows't thy head, On Death of fav. Child.
To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile, Assiduous wait upon her; Ep. to Young Friend. 7.	As cauld a wind as ever blew;
And the at last they catch them [riches] fast,	As cauld a minister's ever spak; . On Kirk of Lamington
S. Green grow the Rashes.	Nee could frint hearted doubtings tease him:
There eatch her ilka glance of love, S. Now bank and brac † Again, again that tender part,	The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. Cauld Boreas, wi'his boisterous crew, S. The Fête Champetre.
That I may catch thy meiting art; S. O stay, sweet warbling †	[Smith] opens out his cauld harangues. The Holy Fair, 14.
Ye [flowers] catch the glances of her e'e! S. O wat ye wha's in t	When January winds were blawing cauld, S. The lass that made the bed.
That I might catch poetic skill, S. O were I on Parnass.	The weather was cauld, and the lassic lay still. S. The Taylor fell t
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him [Time]; Prologue, at Th., D	That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld, Till they agree The Twa Herds. 10.
Whiles glowring round wi' prudent cares, Lest bogles catch him unawares: Tam o' Shanter. 9.	And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave; S. Their groves of
As eager runs the market-crowd. When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud; 1b. 17.	Cauld blew the bitter-biting North Upon thy early, bumble birth; To a Mountain-Daisy
K	

Cautious. Know, prudent, cautious, self-controul
Is Wisdom's root. A Bard's Epit.

Tell them frae me, wi' chiels be cautious; Auld comrade dear †

Propriety's cold, cautious rules . Rusticity's ungainly † worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage, The Whistle. 15.

Winter's sleety dribble, An' cranreuch cauld! To a Mouse.

Cave.

Winter's sleety dribble, An' cranreuch cauld! To a Mouse.	Cave.
A creeping cauld prosaic fog To Miss Ferrier.	as soughs the boding wind, Amang his caves, As on the banks †
Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west, S. Up in the morning.	Had I a cave on some wild distant shore, S. Had I a cave +
Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting, S. Wandering Willie	To what dark cave of frozen night,
S. Wandering Willie	Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie;
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,	S. Farewell, dear mistress †
S. Ye banks and bracs and streams †	The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
	Lament for Gleneairn.
And creep in frae the cauld? . S. Lass, when yr mither † Hunger, Cauld, an' a' sic harms	My cave would be a lover's hower, So o wat ye wha's in + Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave, The picture of thy mind! On seeing Lord G.'s Seat. The hollow caves return a sullen more
May whistle owre the lave o't. The Jolly Beggars. S. U.	Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,	The picture of thy mind! On seeing Lord G.'s Seat.
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger: The Twa Dogs. 11.	
	On Death of R. Dundas.
It's true, they need na starve or sweat,	Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves, 16.
Thro' Winter's cauld, or Summer's heat;	And hollow whistled [the hlast] in the rocky cave.
Cauldness [coldness].	On Death of Sir J. H. Bluir And find at night a sheltering cave, S. Streams that glide †
The cauldness of thy heart's the cause	Till Echo answer frae her cave, . Tam Samson's El. 12
Of a my grief and pain, jo. S. O Lassie, art thou	
Caup [a wooden drinking vessel].	In this lone cave, in garments lowly, The Hermit. Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath	Roaring by my lonely cave S. Thickest night †
I' the lugget caup! Scotch Drink. 10.	Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
And mony a friend that kiss't his caup,	
Is now a fremit wight: The Election Ballads. 1.	of the great and rocky caves,
Wi' yill-caup Commentators: The Holy Fair. 18.	His sad complaining dowie raves S. Young Jamie, +
How drink gaed round, in cogs an caups, 1b. 23.	Cave-loagea.
Cause. O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause	The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear,
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	Cayonn in Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
[The honest heart], However Fortune kick the ba', Has ay some cause to smile: Ep. to Davic. 2.	Cavern, in you cavern grim and sootie, Add. to the Deil. 1.
Who nobly perished in the glorious cause, Fragment of Ode.	The cavern wild with tangling roots, Despondency, an Ode. 3.
'Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!	See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
Great cause ye had to fear it;	On Death of R. Dundas.
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause	The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers. Wr. hy Fall of Fyers.
may hever guid luck be their fa'!	Cavie [a hen-coop].
S. Here's a health to them	The Fiddler rale'd her, fore and as
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause	Behint the Chicken cavie: . The Jolly Beggars, R. VII.
[Damnation] For broken laws,	cawa w. ca a.
Five thousand years fore my creation. Thro Adam's cause. Holy Willie's Prayer 3.	Cease. Can I cease to care,
Excisemen? give the cause a hearing:	Can I cease to languish
Lns on Window K'e Arms	Husband, husband, cease your strife. S Husband husband
Some cause unseen still stept between,	Cease, ye prudes, your envious railing,
S. My fither man a farmant	Lns under Pict. of Miss Burns
The cauldness of thy heart's the cause Of a' my grief and pain, jo. S. O Lassie, art thou	Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
Of a my grief and pain, jo. S. O Lassie, art thou	To cease his grievin, Tam Samson's El., Per C Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease! The Lament.
Nay more, that very love their cause of ruin!	
An' physically causes seek, Remorse. A Frag.	
An' physically causes seek, In clime an' season, The Author's Cry and Prayer, P. But if they have good severe the control of the Prayer, P.	Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
The facility of the sign at	who can make the tempest cease to blow,
But it cooled Good	Why am I loth † Ceaseless. Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
But it sealed freedom's sacred cause	
Like brethren in a common cause,	Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
We'd on each other smile, man: The Two of the	
The Lord's cause ne er gat sic a twistle The Taugart	Ceasing. Wi never-ceasing toil; Et. to Davie 6
The cause of right engaged. C Think	Celestiai.
And curst be the cause that shall part not	And Port was celestial glory. Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper,
Who holdly dare thy cause maintain	
In spite of foes: . To Rev. J. M' Math.	Powers celestial whose protection
Cause, 10. She's fair and fause that causes my smart,	Ever guards the virtuous fair. C Highland Mr.
Nor cause me from my bosom tear The very friend I sought. S. She's fair and fause † S. Talk not of Love †	
The very friend I sought S. Talk not of Love +	
Caused. All that has caused this	Where infamy with sad repentance dwells; Ep. fr. Esopus. Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone. S. Where are the joys	Out thro' thy cell
His heart by causalace	Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell;
His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung, To R.G. of F.,5.	
	riow easy can the harley-brie
To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;	Centent the quarrel . Coatch Duint
Caustlek. The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	Censure.
his caustick wit was biting, rude, . Extem. on IV. Smellie.	Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
	ting. Four out a censuring world, and bid me fear
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning, To J. S., 15.	Cent, Centum. In vain wild Prudence †
Cautious. Know product conviews 15.	

Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent,
An' muckle wame, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 11.

There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purse;
S. No Churchman am 1

To J. S. 23.

Gie Wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit, In cent per cent; .

Centre, Center.

Champion. In either wing two champions fought,

The Election Ballads, VI.

Centre, Center.	Champion. In either wing two champions lought, The Election Ballads, VI.
If Happiness hae not her seat And center in the breast,	What champions ventured, what champions fell;
May secrecy round be the mystical bound, And brotherly love be the centre. S. The Sons of old K	The Whistle. 3.
And brotherly love be the centre. S. The Sons of old K	Chance. By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes, A Vision.
Certain A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,	I will take my chance with you; Add. to Dumourier.
Add to the Deil. 20.	"Alas!" quoth I, "what ruefu' chance,
This past for certain, undisputed; To W. Simpson, P.S With your Honours and a certain King, The Dean of Fac	"Has twin'd ye o' your bonie trees; . As on the banks t
Contag And sentes in fair Virtue's heavenly road	The upright is Chance, and old Time is the base;
The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind: The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.	S. Caledonia, 6.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.	Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way, S. Contented wi' little †
Cesarean. Heroes in Cesarean fight The Election Ballads. VI.	Time and chance are but a tide, S. Duncan Gray t
Cess.	sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em
How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd, Kind Sir, I've read t	El. ou Death of K. Kusscaux.
Cessnock. On Cessnock banks there lives a lass, S. On Cessnock banks †	But how the subject theme may gang, Let time and chance determine; Ep. to Young Friend. 1.
Her voice is like the evining thrush	But just a Rhymer like by chance, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 9.
That sings in Cessnock hanks unseen,	Depending on some higher chance, S. Here's to thy health,
On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells; Ib. Sett II.	While you wild flowers among,
Chace v. Chase.	Chance led me there: S. Phillis the Fair.
Chain.	And aft as chance he [poor man] comes thee nigh, Thy auld damned elhow yeuks wi' joy, Poem on Life.
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain, S. Farewell, thou stream †	Thy auld damned elhow yeuks wi' joy, Poem on Life.
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign . S. Lovely Davies.	If, hapless chance! they linger lang, The Petition of Br. Water
At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain;	Then chance and fortune are sae guided, The Twa Dogs. 10.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard, 1b. 33.
Her's are the willing chains o' love S. Sae flaven †	Thou whom chance may bither lead, Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Edward, chains, and slavery! 5. Scots wha ha'e t	Chance, to.
By your sons in servile chains,	If in your bounds ye chance to light Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight, On Grose's Peregrinations
This day, Time winds th' exhausted chain, Sketch, New-Yr's Day	
The second secon	Chane'd. By Allan stream I chane'd to rove . S. By Allan stream †
Never bound by winter's chains! S. Streams that glide † He [Love] bound me with an iron chain,	By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove . S. By Allan stream I It chanc'd the Stack he faddom't thrice,
S. Talk not of Love \	Was timmer-propt for thrawin:
Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit; The Kirk's Alarm.	1
Save Love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean.	It chanc'd his new-come necbor took his e'c, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
S. Their groves of	
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain. S. True hearted was he †	Changes
Chain, to.	curst Venetian b-res an' ch-ncres [v. A. 13]. The Twa Dogs. 23.
The captive hands may chain the hands,	
S. A. Masterton's bonic Anne. Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure; S. By Allan stream †	Change. Before ye gie poor Frailty names, Suppose a change o' cases; Add. to Unco Guid. 6.
S. By Allan stream †	Old Time and Nature their changes tell, . S. Bonic Bell.
In love's delightful fetters, she chains the willing soul!	Nature's mighty law is change; . S. Let not woman t
S. Mark yonder Pomp †	Alas! alas! a devilish change indeed Lns, on Deathbed.
Chain'd. What damned devils roat and yell, Chain'd to a stake. Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.	And fools o' change are fain; The Election Ballads. I.
Chain'd at his feet they groan, Love's vanquish'd foes:	Change, to.
To Clarinda	Has gart me change my sang. S. My heart was ance t
Chair.	I know her heart will never change, S. The Highland Lassie.
Thou now has got thy Daddy's chair, . El. on Year 1788.	Changed, -'d.
Wha first beside bis chair shall fa', He is the king amang us three. S. O Willie brew'd†	Alas, how chang'd the times to come! Add. to Edinburgh. 0.
Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, The Holy Fair. 8.	And ev'ry time great care is taen, To see them duely changed:
Thrang winkan on the lasses To chairs Ib. 10.	But hark! the tent has chang'd its voice; The Holy Fair. 14.
His awful chair of state resolves to mount, . The Vowels.	And chang'd with every moon my love, . S. I'oung Jamie, †
Chair-back.	Changefu'.
Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back, He sweetly does compose him; The Holy Fair. 11.	I've seen sae mony changefu' years, On earth I am a stranger grown: Lament for Glencairn.
He sweetly does compose him; The Holy Fair. 11. Challenge.	Oil cuitin t uni m - ming-
"This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,	Change-house [tavern].
The Whistle.	Now, butt an' hen, the Change-house fills, The Holy Fair. 18.
Chalmers.	Changing.
And faith ye'll no be lost a whit, Tho' waired on Willie Chalmers. [re.] On W. Chalmers.	Cold, comfortless, changing, untrue. S. The Winter it is past t
Chamber.	
And private was the chamber: . S. O May thy morn t	That, to a Bard, I should be seen The Detition of Br. Water
And kindly she did me invite,	Wi half my channel dry: . The Petition of Br. Water.
To walk into a chamber fair. S. The Lass that made the bed.	Time but the impression stronger makes,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;	As streams their channels deeper wear. To Mary in Heaven.
Chamer, Chaumer [chamber].	
Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,	Chant. How can ye chant, ye little birds, S. The Banks of Doon. Sett 11.
On Grose's Percegrinations.	They chant their artless notes in simple guise; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer . To W. Creech.	The Colley's Sail 11.5.
Champêtre.	
Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste. He gies a Fête Champetre. [re.] S. The Fête Champetre.	While chearful peace, with linnet song, Chants the lowly dells among. Wr. in Friars-Carse II.
are great a tre commission (101) or any a tre commission	•

Chanted.	Charlie, Prince.
Tis the soft chanted choral song, On Lincluden Castle.	Wha in his wae days were loyal to Charlie? S. Bannocks o' bear mea
Chanter [the pipe which produces the melody in a bag-pipe].	Come hoat me o'er to Charlie; . S. Come boat me o'e:
Sae I conclude and quat my chanter, Auld comrade dear t	We'll o'er the water to Charlie;
O, a' ye Bards on bonie Doon! An' wha on Aire your chanters tune! . Foor Mailie's El.,	Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go, And live or die wi' Charlie!
Then I maun rin amang the rest	I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
An' quat my chanter; . Third Ep. to J. Lap	But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame.
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain, . To W. Simpson. Chanticleer.	And Charlie's faes before him!
Chanticleer Shook off the pouthery snaw.	If I had twenty thousand lives, I'd die as aft for Charlie
rind has a the morning with a cheer, A is inter Argut. 10.	Here's a health to Charlie the chief o' the clan, S. Here's a health to them
Chanting, -an. The chanting lianet, or the mellow thrush, The Brigs of Ayr.	Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,
The lav'rocks they were chantan Fu' sweet that day The Holy Fair. 1.	Till Charlie Stewart cam at last, Sae far to set us free; . S. The High. Widow's Lamen
Fu' sweet that day The Holy Fair. 1.	Charlie. An' no forgetting walister Charlie, Auld comrade dean
Chap, Chaup [a blow]. Then Burnewin comes on like Death	Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik:
At ev ry chap [v. A. 17] . Scotch Drink, 10.	S. Lady Mary An
Chap (a fellow).	Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-hane; Tam o' Shanter. I Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie,
To chaps, wha, in a harn or byre, Wad better fill'd their station A Dream. 5.	Kissin' Theniel's honie Mary. S. T. Menzie's bonie Mar
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan,	But Charlie gat the spring to pay
And ither chaps, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14. The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 19. a chap that's dempid auddown.	Charm. In a their charms, and conquering arms,
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 19.	They [youth, grace, love, &c.] wait on bonie Anne.
a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	S. A. Masterton's bonic Ann.
On that [hand], a set o' chaps, at watch,	When in my arms, wi' a thy charms, I clasp my countless treasure, . S. An' I'll kiss thee yet
Thrang winkan on the lasses . The Holy Fair. 10. This chap will dearly like our kin', S. There was a lad t	Anna, thy charms my bosom fire, . S. Anna, thy charms
This chap will dearly like our kin', S. There was a lad † Chapel, Chappel.	Anna, thy charms my bosom fire, . S. Anna, thy charms O gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms, S. Awa' wi'yr witchcraft But the ranturous charm o' the bank green knowes
Haste, gie her name up i' the chappel, . Letter to I. Goudic.	
Our land wha wi' chapels has stored:	The spring they re new deckit wi home white yewes I
The Election Ballads. III. Chapman [a pedlar, a hawker].	In Highland honnet woo Malvina's charms; Ep. fr. Esopu
As Tam the Chapman on a day	Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
Wi' Death forgather'd by the way, Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	The sweeping vales, and foaming floods, Are free alike to all. Ep. to Davic.
When chapmen hillies leave the street, . Tam o' Shanter.	Say, sages, what's the charm on earth, Can turn death's dart aside? Epit. on Miss J. Lewar.
the ford, Whare, in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd; Ib. 10. Hornie's turnin' chapman,	As hopeless I muse on thy charms, S. Here's a health to ane
He'll buy a' the pack The Election Ballads. II'.	Lovely Burns has charms—confess;
chapter.	Lns under Pict. of Miss Burn.
I sit and count my sins by chapters; . Ep. to H. Parker. Character. Heaven's, should the branded character, be mine!	Or they rehearse, in equal verse, The charms o' lovely Davies S. Lovely Davie.
Ep. to R. Graham, 5.	The man in arms gainst female charms,
Let them cant about decorum,	I'll drap the lyre, and mute, admire, The charms o' lovely Davies
Who have character to lose, The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. Charg'd.	But her ten-pund lands o' tocher ande
Our Sex with guile and faithless love,	Were a' the charms his Lordship lo'ed. S. My Lord a-hunting
Is charg'd, perhaps too true; To Miss L., with Beattic.	The tender thrill, the pitving tear.
to pay your debt, An' lessen a' your charges: A Decare	The generous purpose, nobly dear, The gentle look that rage disarms; These are all immortal charms S. My Mary's face
To my arms their charge convey, S. How can my poor heart †	These are all immortal charms S. My Mary's face
To gie them music was his charge: . Tant o' Shanter. 11. And thousands hasten'd to the charge;	Come let us stray our gladsome way, And view the charms of Nature; S. Now westlin winds
S. The Battle of Sherra Moor	My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
An now my dying charge I gic him. The Death of Mailie	S. O meikle thinks my love My youthful heart was stown away,
With headlong speed rush'd to the charge, The Election Ballads, VI.	And by thy charms, my Phely S. O Phely,
And still his discourse was concerning his charge, S. The Poor Thresher.	Without my love, not a' the charms Of Paradise could yield me joy; S. O wat ye wha's in
Charge, to.	Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair, S. Aften Water	riest flest my would ring eyes S. Peggy Chalmers
But, hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly,	Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
Chariot. And twere more fit that she should sit,	That charm, that can the strongest quell, The sternest move. Poem on Pastoral Poetry
Within you chariot gilt aboon. S. O Mally's meek	May he who wins thy matchless charms Possess a leal and true heart; S. Polly Stewart
Charles.	The charms o' the min', the langer they shine.
The muffled murtherer of Charles The Election Ballads, VI. Or if the Swede, before he halt,	The mair admiration they draw, man; Ronalds of Bennals And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,
would play anither Charles the twalt: Kind Sir, I've read t	one says she to es me hest of a
Charlie (Fox. the statesman)	Vain ev'n the omnipotence of Female charms, Seots Prologue
Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie By night or day. A Dream, 10. An' Charlie F-x threw by the box, A Fragment, 5.	What secret charm to mem'ry brings All that on Evan's border springs? S. Slow spreads the gloom
Then Clubs an' Hearts were Charlie's cartes	Thou young-eyed spring, thy charms I cannot bear:
Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in : Kind Sir. I ve read t.	Sonnet, on Death of R. There I'll despise imperial charms. S. The govern Lacks of A

The flowers shall vie in all their charms	So ilka day to me mair dear
The Petition of Br. Water. But bless me wi' your heavin o' charms,	And charming is my Phely S. O Phely, † In grace and beauty charming; S. O wat ye wha that loes †
The Jolly Beggars, S. V.	O charming Polly Stewart, [rc.] . S. Polly Stewart.
Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird,	Sae warming, sae charming, Her fautless form and gracefu' air; S. Sae flaxen†
For her dear sake, and her's alone! The Lament.	Sensibility, how charming,
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms, Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms? The Rights of Woman.	Thou, my friend, canst truly tell; S. Sensibility, † All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,
The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear,	S. The Slave's Lament
May have charms for the linnet and the bee; S. The Winter it is past †	You, a charming lovely creature, S. Will ye go and marry † Then, O! then, my charming Katie,
in all thy youth and charms, To Chloris.	Charter. But first hang out that she'll discern,
But a' the charms o' the Indies Can never equal thine	Your hymeneal Charter, A Dream, 13. Were this the charter of our state,
Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me, . To W. Simpson.	'On pain o'hell be rich an' great,' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 14.
O Nature! a' thy shows an' forms To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!	Charter'd. For loyal Forbes' Charter'd hoast Is ta'en awa! . Scotch Drink. 19.
And still to her charms She alone is a stranger!	Chase, Chace.
S. True-hearted was het There all her charms she does compile!	My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Ef. to Maj. Logan. 7.
S. Twas even—the dewy†	In chase o' thee, what crouds hae swery'd
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms? Why am I loth the charms o' you wild, mossy moors;	Frae common sense, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. The chase gaed frae the north, man;
S. I'on wild mossy mountus t	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
O, these are my Lassie's all-conquering charms Ib. Charm, to.	There's a holier chace in your view; . The Kirk's Alarm. The hirelings ran—her foes gied chase, The Tree of Liberty.
Ye cease to charm; Eliza is no more. El. on Miss Burnet.	Chase, to.
It warms me, it charms me,	The warly race may riches chase, S. Green grow the Rashes.
To mention but her name: . Ep. to Davie. 8. ye whom social pleasure charms. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 21.	I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee, Wi' murd'ring pattle! To a Mouse.
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; Lament for Glencairn.	With steady aim, some Fortune chase; . To J. S., 18.
My Mary's worth, my Mary's mind, Might charm the first of human kind S. My Mary's face t	Chasing. My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer: Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe, S. My heart's in the Highlands †
And ay it charms my very saul,	S. My heart's in the Highlands † Chaste. Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran;
The kind love that's in her e'e. S. O this is no my ain! I hear her charm the air. S. Of a' the airts!	The Author's Cry and Frayer, 13.
They tempt the taste and charm the sight; S. On Cessnock banks †	Hey for the chaste int'rest of Broughton, The Election Ballads. III.
Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,	Dove-like fondness, chaste concession, To a Kiss.
Through an endless existence shall charm thee. On Death of fav. Child.	Chasten'd. An' whan we chasten'd him therefore,
(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,	Thou kens how he bred sic a splore, Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.
Can only charm us in the second place.) Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Chatham. The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads, On Chatham's Boy did ca', man; A Fragment. 7.
Hear the woodlark charm the forest, . S. Sensibility, †	Chatham's wraith, in heavenly graith,
But when she charms my sight, In pride of beauty's light; . S. Skeep'st thou, or wak'st t	Chaumer v. Chamer.
While Fragrance blooms an' Beauty charms! The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Chaunt. Ye woodland choir that chaunt your idle loves,
Again ye'll charm the vocal air S. The Catrine woods †	El. on Miss Burnet. Cheap. Their sports were cheap an cheary: Halloween. 28.
But here, alas! for me nae mair Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile;	Wi' you no friendship I will troke
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,	Nor cheap nor dear. To Mr. J. Kennedy. Cheapest. It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee
The Henpecked Husband. Charm or instruct the future age, [v. A. 4] The Vision, D. II.	To taste the barrel. Scotch Drink, 13.
Since life's gay scenes must charm no more, . To Chloris.	Chear, to, v. Cheer, to. Chearful, -fu', -fully v. Cheerful, -fully.
They charm th' admiring gazer's sight, . S. Young Peggy †	Chearing.
Charm'd. She charm'd my soul, I wist na how; S. I gaed a waefu't	All-chearing Plenty, with her flowing horn, The Brigs of Ayr, 13.
The bird that charm'd his summer day, S. O Lassie, art thou †	Chearless, Cheary v. Cheerless, Cheery.
S. O Lassie, art thou † Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight.	Cheat. Fancy only kens nae cheat S. Jockey fou, † Cheat, to. But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkan,
To Clarinda. Charmer. The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,	An' cheat you yet. Add. to the Dett. 20.
S. Adown winding Nith t	Cheat him, Devil, if you can. Epit. on J-n E-y, Writer. An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard. The Twa Dogs. 33.
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night, To muse upon my Charmer . S. Now westlin winds †	Their ingglin' hocus-pocus arts
My fair, my lovely Charmer!	To cheat the crowd The Rev. J. M' Math.
Stay, my charmer, can you leave me? S. Stay, my charmer† Cruel charmer, can you go!	Wha hae nae check but human law, Ef. to Young Friend. 3.
Charming.	Check, to. Check thy climbing step, elate, Wr. in Friars-Carse II
My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young : S. Behind you hills t	Check thy climbing step, elate, Wr. in Friars-Carse II
It was the charming month of May S. It was the charming † The youthful charming Chloe; [re.]	When Sh-lh-rne meek held up his cheek. A Fragment. b.
Sae droops our heart when we mann part	His cheek to hers he aft did lay, . S. As down the burn to
Frae charming, lovely Davies S. Lovely Davies. And all resistless charming, S. Mark yonder Pomp t	They [its shanks] were as thin, as sharp, an' sma' As cheeks o' branks. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.
The' to be rich was not my wish.	ambush'd by the chimla cheek, Ep. to H. Parker. O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Yet to be great was charming, O: S. My father was a farmer t	Efit. for Author's Father.

Her choeks a mair celestial hne, . S. Her flowing locks	And yet you are chearful, I pray tell me how That you do maintain them so well as you do. So The Poor Thresher.
II' to the terminal transfer of the Clause in the	That you do maintain them so well as you do.
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened; Monody, on a Lady.	S. The Poor Thresher. And spent the chearful, festive night; The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
While down his cheeks the saut tears row'd:	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L chearfn' tankards foamin, An' social noise; To J. S., 14.
S. My Sandy gied to t	21 1 21 11/2 1 6 1 6 1 77
Oh, cold is the blast upon my pale cheek, S. Oh, open the door t	While chearful peace, with linnet song, Chants the lowly dells among. B'r. in Friars-Carse II.
Her cheeks are like you crimson gem, The pride of all the flowery scene,	Chants the lowly dells among Wr. in Friars-Carse II.
S. On Cessnock banks † Sett 11.	Cheerfully, Chearfully.
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Wha cheerfully lays down the pack, And there blaws up a hearty crack; Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
The wily Mother sees the conscious flame	Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek,	Amid the storm, . 10 a Mountain-Daisy.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7. His leg was so tight and his cheek was so ruddy,	Cheery, -ie, Cheary. And cheary blinks the ingle-gleede S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	How cheery, thro' her shortening day,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran Ib. S. IV.	Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow: S. By Allan Stream † A blessing on the cheery gang
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine, S. The Lass that made the bed.	Wha dearly like a jig or sang, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.
O I hae tint my rosy cheeks, The Ruined Maid's Lament.	He whistl'd up lord Lenox' march,
An' ay they dimpled wi' a smile The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary. S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.	To keep his courage cheary;
	O'er the dewy hending flowers
His cheek to her's he fondly laid, . S. There was a lass t Your rosy cheeks are turned sae wan, S. Ye hae lien wrang.	Fairies dance sae cheery S. Hark! the mavis †
Cheek-for-chow [cheek by jow], close side by side].	She's aye so blythe and cheerie; . S. When first I saw t
We cheek for chow shall jog thegither,	Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey, It makes my heart sae cheery O, S. When o'er the hill \tau
I'se ne'er bid better. Ep. to Major Logan. S.	And for fair Scotia, hame again,
An' cheek-for-chow, a chustie Vintner, The Anthor's Cry and Prayer, 8.	I cheery on did wander S. When wild Warst
Cheel 7. Chiel.	Cheerless, Chearless.
Cheep [chirp].	Thy gloom will soothe my chearless soul, S. Again rejoic. Nature †
Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefn' cheep, The Ordination. 7. Cheep, to [to chirp].	My cheerless suns no pleasure know; Improm. on Mrs. ——'s Birthday.
He cheeps like some hewildered chicken, . To W. Creech.	Cheerless night that knows no morrow. S. Raving winds t
Cheer.	When frae my Jeany parted,
And hail'd the morning with a cheer, A Winter Night. 10.	When frae my Jeany parted, Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted, S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st t
Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; . The Tree of Liberty. Cheer, Chear, to. The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,	Cheese. Wi's weet-milk cheese, in monie a whang, The Holy Fair. 7.
S. Again rejoic. Nature †	An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,	Was dealt about in lunches, An' dawds 16. 23.
To chear our heart; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 19. To cheer you through the weary widdle	Chequering.
O'this wild warl, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.	Or, by the reaper's nightly heam, Mild-chequering thro' the trees, The Petition of Br. Water.
How kindly thou would'st cheer me, S. Forlorn, my Love, †	Cherish. It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the hee;
So calls the woodlark in the grove, His little faithful mate to chear, . S. Here is the glen. †	S. O meikle thinks my love t
Now Phothus chears the crystal streams,	Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth. The Vision, D. II. 14.
Lament of Mary of Scots.	Cherry.
Each eye it chears when she appears, S. Lovely Davies. Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer, S. O Logan, sweetly †	Her lips are like the cherries ripe, S. On Cessnock banks †
Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care; Scotch Drink, b.	While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies, They fade and they wither awa, man. Ronalds of Bennals.
The observous three the weaver middle	Her lips more than the cherries bright, . S. Young Peggy t
O' war'ly cares, . Second Ep. to Davie. The robin pensive Autumn chear, The Petition of Br. Water.	Chest.
And chear him late and early. S. The Ploughman †	Keeper of Mammon's iron chest, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs Chicken.
And dawtingly did chear me; S. The tither morn +	His chicken heart so tender; Epig. on noted Coxcomb.
It clears the een, it cheers the heart, The Tree of Liberty.	The Fiddler rak'd her, fore and aft,
A lee dyke-side, a syhow-tail, And barley-scone shall cheer me. To Mr. M'Adam.	Behint the Chicken cavie: . The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart,	He cheeps like some hewildered chicken. To W. Creech. Chief. hrave Caledonia, the chief of her line, S. Caledonia.
O will thou let me chear thee? . S. Will thou be my t	Tis you and Taylor are the chief,
And cheer each fresh ning flower. S. Young Peggy † Cheer'd. And when the welcome summer show'r	Wha are to blame for this mischief; . Letter to J. Goudie.
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r.	And him, among the Princes chief In our Jerusalem, New Psalmody.
Has cheer'd ilk drooping lutte flow r, Cheerful, Chearful, -fu'. S. Lassie wi the lintwhite †	
There's pane that's blest of human kind.	But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood, There thou shines chief Scotch Drink. 4.
But the cheerful and the gay, man. A Bottle and Friend.	Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
But the chearful Spring came kindly on, John Barleycorn.	My chief, amaist my only pleasure, Second Ep. to Davie. Others now claim your chief regard; Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Then let us chearfu' acquiesce; Ep. to Davic, 7. But cheerful still, I am as well,	Tell them who hae the chief direction,
As a monarch in a palace, O, S. My father was a farmer t	Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
A cheerful honest-hearted clown	The Author's Cry and Prayer. The healsome Parritch, chief of Scotia's food:
I will prefer before you, O,	The Cotter's Sat. Night, 11.
wait The sober eye, or hail the chearful dawn, On seeing wounded Hare.	Or if I slumber, Fancy, chief, Reigns, hagard-wild, in sore afright: The Lament. 8.
Me, no cheerful twinkle lights me; . S. One fond kiss, †	Among the illustrious Scottish sons
The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face, They, round the ingle form a circle wide.	That chief thou may'st discern; . V.s below Picture.
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; The Cotter's Sat. Night, 12.	An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief O' lang syne saunts. What ails ye now †

Chief, s. The German Chief to thraw, man: A Fragment. 5. Brawlie kens our wanton Chief Wha got my young Highland thief S. Hee balou. +	Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child? The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10
Here's a health to Charlie the chief o' the clan.	The gowdspink, Music's gayest child, The Petition of Br. Water
S. Here's a health to them + A venerable Chief advanc'd in years: The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	tho' your heart's like a child,
A chief o' doughty deed; . The Flection Ballads. V.	But Oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard.
The Chief on Sark who glorious fell	to thy poor, tenceless, naked child—the Bard!
In high command; [v. A. 4] The Vision. D.I. the Campbell's, chiefs of fame,	woman, nature's darling child! S. Twas even—the dewy
Health to the Maxwells' vet'ran Chief! To Terranghty	Childish,
Chiefest. The bands and bliss o' mutual love.	Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee, Add. to Illegit. Child Children. I see the children of affliction.
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure! S. Braw lads on Yar, bracs t	Children. 1 see the children of affliction. Unaided through thy curs'd restriction. Lns, on Back of Bank Note
Chieffy.	Lns, on Back of Bank Note
But the find that shipes in every grace. But the mind that shipes in every grace.	Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie: The Brigs of Ayr Who had many children and most of them small,
An chieny in her sparklin e en. S. On Cessnock banks t	S. The Poor Thresher
Tis the mind that shines in evry grace, Ao' chiefly in her rogueish een	You have many children I very well know Ib To my wife and children in whom I delight, Ib
But chiefly, in their hearts with Grace divine preside.	There was he, and his wife, and his seven children small. Ib.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.	And even children lisp the Rights of Man;
The Youngest ay chiefly does dance on my knee; But chiefly thou, apostle And	The Rights of Woman Chill. Chill. o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap!
But chiefly thou, apostle A-d, We trust in thee, The Tsva Herds, 10.	A Winter Vielt o
But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her,	With chill hoary wing as ye [breezes] usher the dawn: S. How pleasant the banks
Chieftain, -an. S. There's a youth t	chill November's surly blast
Or haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms, Ep. fr. Esopus.	November hirples o'er the lea,
Here's Chieftain M Leod. a Chieftain worth gowd, S. Here's a health to them t	Chill, on thy lovely form; On Birth of Posth. Child. November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
three noble chieftans, and all of his blood. The Whistle, 5.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.
Great Chieftan o' the Puddin race! To a Harris	Chill runs my blood to hear it rave, S. The gloomy night
Chiel, Chield, Cheel [a fellow; a young man]. O thou grim mischief-making chiel. Add. to Toothache, o.	Chilly. The dew sat chilly on her breast. S. A Rosebud by my
An' her kind stars hae airted till her	Descend, ye chilly, smothering Snows! A Winter Night 7
A guid chief wi' a pickle siller: . Auld comrade deart	No chilly blast nor shower
Tell them frae me, wi' chiels be cautious; Ib. How best o' chiels are whyles in want,	But through the broken space, the gold
They told me 'twas an odd kind chiel	blows chilly from the misty vale; . On Lincluden Castle
About Muirbiel: E4 44 7 7 1 4 4 4 4	Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye, Poet. Add. to Tytler,
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel. An' fou o' glee: On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes. S Ranging enjuded
I hou need na jouk hehint the hallan.	The chilly Frost, beneath the silver beam. The Brigs of Avr 2
A chiel sae clever; Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Whase aught thae Chiels maks a' this bustle here?	Never may st thou, lovely Flower, Chilly shrink in sleety shower! To Miss C.
Scats Prolocue	Chiming.
The brawnie, hanie, ploughman-chiel . Scotch Drink. 11. 'Na, waur than a'!' cries ilka chiel,	They rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase. The Vision, D. II. 12. Chimla, -ie [chimney].
'Tam Samson's dead!' . Tam Samson's El.	While frosty winds blaw in the drift.
'Tam Samson's dead!' . Tam Samson's El. Hale to the sex, ilk guid chiel says, The Ans. to the Guidwife. The chiel that's a fool for himsel,	Ben to the chimla lug, Ep. to Davie. 1.
The chief that's a fool for himsel,	ambush'd by the chimla cheek. Ep. to H. Parker. Some [nits] start awa, wi' saucy pride,
Guid L—d, he's far dafter than 1. The folly Beggars, S. III. My blessings are attend the chief	An jump out owre the chimlie Fu' high . Halloween, 7.
My blessings age attend the chiel, Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man, The Tree of Liberty	Chimney-nook. As life itself becomes disease,
buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies, The Twa Dogs. 11. I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth, To Dr. Blacklock	Seek the chimney-book of ease, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name.	Chin. His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snout, The Holy Fair. 13.
Chiele who shair 1	Her nose and chin they threaten ither; S. Willie Wastle t
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,	Chinky,
A chield's amang you, taking notes.	thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall, A Winter Night. 9. Chipper.
On Grose's Peregrinations. Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose!	Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,
A chield wha'll soundly buff our beef: The Tava Herds 12	Chirp. To Capt. Riddel.
But Facts are cheels that winna ding. A Dream	The robin in the hedge descends, And sober chirps securely, . The Election Ballads, VI.
Child. For she is Simplicity's child. S. Adown winding Nith t	Chittering [trembling with cold].
Sweet and harmless as a child; S. Adown winding Nith	Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing, A Winter Night. 4.
The mother may forget the child	The birds sit chittering in the thorn. Chloe. S. Up in the morning early.
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee; Lament for Glencairn.	The youthful charming Chloe; [re] S. It was the charming t
This darling child of nature, . S. My Love's a winsome t	From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested.
my child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest,	A sprig her fair breast to adorn; Sp. extem. to yng Lady. Chloris.
On Death of fav. Child. Yet come thou child of poverty and care,	Ah, Chloris, since it may be be, [re.] S. Ah, Chloris, since †
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday	Take aught else of mine,
That night, a child might understand, The Deil had business on his hand Tam o' Shanter. &.	But, my Chloris spare me! S. Ay waking, O† Such was my Chloris' bonic face, S. Sae flaxen†

And ay my Chloris' dearest charm, She says she lo'es me best of a'. [re.] S. Sac flaxen t	Chrichton Peel. And black Joan, frae Chrichton Peel.
She says she lo'es me best of a'. [re.] . S. Sae flaxen t There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove Ib.	O' gipsy kith and kin, The Election Ballads. I.
The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,	Christ.
Wi' Chloris in my arms, be mine; . S. O bonte was you t	Bless Jesus Christ, O C[ardoness], Epit. on a Laird. 'Twas in the seventeen hundred year
Chloris, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest, S. Twas na her bonie blue †	O' Christ and ninety-five, The Election Ballads. V.
Chloris, Chloris all the theme! S. Why, why tell thy t	Christen. She forms the thing and christens it—a poet. Et. to R. Graham. 3.
Choice. Meanwhile the hapless daughter Has hut a choice of strife S. How cruel†	Christendie.
Choicest. You have my choicest model ta'en, Epit. on W	Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night,
Let my Mary's kindred spirit	Ye wad na found in Christendie. S. O Willie brew'd † Christened.
Draw your choicest influence down. S. Highland Mary. Choir, Quire.	Who christened thus Maria's lyre divine; . Ep. fr. Esopus.
Ve woodland choir that chaunt your idle loves. El on Miss Burnet.	Christening. And there will be Douglasses doughty, New-christening towns far and near, The Election Ballads. III.
The reliques of the vernal quire; . Lament for Glencairn.	For building cot-houses sae fam'd,
Not ev'n to view the Heavenly choir, Would be so blest a sight. On Miss J. Lewars.	And christening kail-yards
The gowdspink, Music's gayest child, Shall sweetly join the choir: The Petition of Br. Water.	Christian. Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Shall sweetly join the choir: The Petition of Br. Water. Choke.	Guid Christian bluid to draw, man; . A Fragment. 3.
'Sin' I began to nick the thread, 'An' choke the breath: Death and Dr. Hornbook. 12.	For life and spunk like ither Christians, I'm dwindled down to mere existence, . Ep. to H. Parker.
'An' choke the breath: Death and Dr. Hornbook. 12.	Perhaps the Christian Volume is the theme,
Choked. While burns, wi' snawy wreaths np-choked, Wild-eddying swirl. A Winter Night, 2.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. I've travell'd round all Christian ground
Or was't the wilfire chok'd your boughs? As on the banks t	In this my occupation; . The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
Chokin. It [a raep] maks guid fellows girn an' gape, Wi' chokin dread; Poor Mailie's El	As men, as christians too, renown'd. An' manly preachers. To Rev. J. M'Math.
Cholic.	Chronicles.
Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes; . Add. to Toothache. Choose, Chuse.	Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell, The Whistle. 3.
Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose, S. Caledonia. 6.	Chrystal. Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides, S. Afton Water.
Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse, Ronalds of Bennals.	Now chrystal clear are the falling waters, . S. Bonie Bell.
Now, wham to choose, and wham refuse, At strife thir carlins fell; The Election Ballads, I.	Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes, And o'er the chrystal streamlet plays; . S. Bonie Lassie †
And get the brutes the power themsels,	Thon chrystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
To choose their herds. The Twa Herds, 15.	List'ning to the wild birds singing,
'All chase, as, various they're inclin'd, 'The various man The Vision, D. II, 7.	By a falling, chrystal stream: S. I dream'd I lay † The chrystal waters round us fa', S. Now rosy May †
If it winna, canna be, Thou, for thine may chuse me; S. Wilt thou be my t	The wimpling burn, ilk chrystal spring.
Choral.	S. The Fête Champetre.
"Tis the soft chanted choral song, . On Lincluden Castle. The choral hymn that erst so clear,	Chrystal streamlets gently flowing, S. Thickest night † Chuck [a hen; a familiar name for a woman].
Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear,	But up arose the martial Chuck, The Jolly Beggars. R. 11.
Chord.	Chuckie [dim of chuck].
He knows each chord its various tone, Add. to Unco Guid, 8. Fate oft tears the bosom chords	I wat she is a dainty Chuckie! S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank † 1 wat she is a dainty chuckie,
That Nature finest strung: Sad thy tale, †	As e'er tread clay!. To Dr. Blacklock.
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure, Thrill the deepest notes of woe,	Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest, To W. Creech.
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among; To Miss Graham.	Chuffie [fat-faced.] An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
Chorus. The landlord's laugh was ready chorus: Tam o' Shanter. 5.	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
He ended; and the kebars sheuk,	Church. Onr sad decay in Church and State, Surpasses my descriving; S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Ahoon the chorus roar: The Jolly Beggars. R. II.	The church is in ruins, the state is in jars: S. By you castle wa't
They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,	Though there, his heresies in church and state Might well award him Mnir and Palmer's fate: Ep. fr. Esopus.
Looks round him an' found them Impatient for the Chorus	For sweet consolation to church I did fly; S. No Churchman am I†
Round and round take up the Chorus,	
To their gratis grace and goodness. The Dean of Fac.,	The sword I forsook for the sake of the church; The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Chosen. Yet 1 am here a chosen sample, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.	Churches built to please the Priest 1b. S. VIII.
L-d bless thy chosen in this place,	Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief, The Kirk's Alarm.
For here thon hast a chosen race;	Churchman.
Thon madest strong two chosen ones, New Psalmody. And fight thy chosen's battle; Ib.	No Churchman am I for to rail and to write, S. No Churchman am I+
e'en thy chosen lassie, S. O wat ye wha that loes t	Chuse v. Choose.
ye chosen Five and Forty, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Ciceronian. Heroes in Cesarean fight
On this hand sits a chosen swatch, Wi'screw'd-up, grace-prond faces; [v, A, 18]	Or Ciceronian pleading The Election Ballads, V1.
Chow v. Cheek-for-chow.	Of Ever's first five he has a cinder: On Conse's Personning tions
Chow [to chew].	Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder; On Grose's Peregrinations. Circle.
Now Rohin, greetin', chows the hams O' Mailie dead! [v. A. 19] Poor Mailie's El.	Witness that filial circle round, . Sketch, New-Yr's Day.
On thee aft Scotland chows her cood, . Scotch Drink. 4.	They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:	Sir, in that circle you are nam'd:

Sir, in that circle you are nam'd; Sir, in that circle you are fam'd;

To Rev. J. M'Math.

That 'you the hallan snugly chows her cood:

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.

Circled.	The twa appear'd like sisters twin, In feature, form an' claes; The Holy Fair. 3.
He circled round the magic ground, But entrance found he nane, man: The Fète Champetre.	Here, some are thinkan on their sins,
Circling. Ve duck and drake, wi' airy wheels Circling the lake: El. on Capt. M. H. S.	An' some upo' their class;
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last S. Farewell, thou stream t	Claim. Or modest Merit's silent claim; Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere,	But Queensberry, thine the virgin claim,
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 16. With many a filial tear circling the hed of death!	From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensberry. Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
Circumelsion.	To rank among the Nowte
As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight	Claim, to. An' baith a yellow George to claim, An' thole their blethers! Ep. to J. R. 12.
Of a son of Circumcision, The Dean of Fac Circumstance.	A title, and the only one I claim, To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.
In every other circumstance, the mind Has this to say—"It was no deed of mine:"	Ep. to K. Graham, 4.
Remorse, A Frag.,	No two virtues, whatever relation they claim, Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.
Cit [the civet]. The cit and polecat stink, and are secure To R. G. of F	Fragment, inser. to Fox.
Cit.	Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim. Fragment of Ode.
Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 13.	A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh, Poet. Add, to Tytler.
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds, Ep. to R. Graham.2.	Others now claim your chief regard; Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purse; S. No Churchman am I†	And You, farewell! whose merits claim, Justly that highest hadge to wear!
Gie Wealth to some he-ledger'd Cit, In cent per cent; To J. S., 23.	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.,
Citizen.	No idly-feign'd, poetic pains. My sad, lovelora lamentings claim: The Lament.
Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an' douce, Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	'And this district as mine I claim, The Vision. D. II. 11.
To mouth 'A Citizen,' a term o' scandal: Ib. 10.	Claise v. Claes.
Clty. Is just as true's the Deil's in h-ll, Or Dublin city: Death and Dr. Hornbook, 2.	Claith [cloth, clothing]. ' Has clad a score i' their last claith,
No song nor dance I briog from you great city,	Death and Dr. Hornbook, 25.
That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity: Prologue, at Th., D.,	swankies young, in hraw hraid-claith, . The Holy Fair, 7. Claithing [clothing].
Let others love the city, S. Sae flaxen †	It's just the Blue-gown hadge an' claithing, O' Saunts;
Where royal cities stately stand; . S. The Banks of Nith. See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes	Or melvie his braw claithing! The Holy Fair. 25.
She's swingein thro' the city! The Ordination. 11.	Clamb. And peacefu' raise its ingle reek,
There's a youth in this city, it were a great pity, S. There's a youth t	That slowly curling clamb the hill. As on the banks † Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae,
City-gent.	Extem, on Commem,s of Thomson
Do ye envy the city-gent, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 11. Civil. To grant a heart is fairly civil, Auld comrade dear †	we clamb the hill thegither, . S. John Anderson, my jo† And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu',
But to the hen-birds unco civil; . El. on Y car 1788.	Clamb up the starry sky, . The Fete Champetre
Now Jove for once he mighty civil, Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	Clamour. Till block an' studdie ring an' reel Wi' dinsome clamour. Scotch Drink. 11.
Civilly.	May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour; . To W. Creech.
 ance, was ty'd up like a stick, For civilly swearing and quaffing; The Jolly Beggars. S.III. 	Clamouring. Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day, El, on Capt. M. H. 8.
Clachan [a small village about a church, a hamlet].	Clam'rous.
For which we daurna show our face Within the clachan. Adam A—'s Prayer.	Ill-satisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call, A Winter Night. 9.
The Clachan yill had made me canty,	In all the clam'rous cry of starving want, Ep. to R. Graham. 5. He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
Death and Dr. Hornbook, 3. 'Ve ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan,'	The Cotter's Sat. Night, 18
Clackleith.	Clan. Here's a health to Charlie the chief o' the clan, S. Here's a health to them †
To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith, Afton's Laird, P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm."	"To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add, to J. Ranken.
Clad. 'That Hornbook's skill	Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man, Commen' me to the Bardie clan; . Second Ep. to Davie.
'Has clad a score i' their last claith, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.	To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
Now Spring has clad the grove in green,	O' Clans frae woods, in tartan duds, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
S. Now Spring has clad † Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, Scotch Drink. 7.	They hough'd the Clans like nine-pin kyles 1b.
For roads were clad, frae side to side,	They've lost some gallant gentlemen Amang the Highland clans, man;
Wi' monie a wearie hody The Holy Fair. 6. Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black; . The Twa Dogs. 5.	Amang the Highland clans, man; 10. 1 was the happiest of a' the Clan, S. The High, Widow's Lam. Put he cill was faithfu' to his clan. The July Resears, S. II'.
in thy scanty mantle clad, To a Mountain-Daisy.	But he still was faithfu' to his clan. The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur. To R. G. of F., 3.	Or else he would muster the heads of the clan, The Whistle. 7.
Be thou clad in russet weed, Wr. in Friars-Carse H Claeding (clothing).	Clang. While loud, the trump's heroic clang, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
And stript the claeding aff your braes? As on the banks †	Clanging. Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Claes, Claise (clothes).	Other lakes and other springs; On Scaring Water-Jown.
Till Suthron raise, an' coost their claise Behind him in a raw, man	The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard; The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Where honnie lasses bleach their claes; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Clangor, An' lilt wi' holy clangor; . The Ordination 3.
Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Clankie [a sharp stroke that causes a noise, a severe blow].
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;	An' Clavers gat a clankie, O; . S. Killiecrankie.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Clanronald. Picture o' the great Clanronald; S. Hee balon, t

Clap [the clapper of a mill].	Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter Is naething but a 'moonshine matter;' To W. Simpson, P.S
The heaped happer's ebbing still,	Clatter, to [to prattle, gossip].
And still the clap plays clatter Add. to Unco Guid. 1.	Thou maks the gossips clatter bright, . Scotch Drink. 12.
Clap. Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand, S. There liv'd ance a carle	Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters, 'Tam Samson's dead!' . Tam Samson's El
Clap, to. Clap in his cheek a Highland gill, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Claught [snatched at, seized, clutched].
He'll clap a shangan on her tail, The Ordination. 2.	And claught th' unfading garland there, Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,	The carlin claught her by the rump, . Tam o' Shanter. 18.
He'll mak it whissle; To a Haggis. Then we'll biss and clap at pleasure	Claughtin [clutching, grasping greedily].
Then we'll kiss and clap at pleasure, S. Will ye go and marry †	I never was canny for hoarding o' money,
Clapper.	Or claughtin't together at a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller; . S. Willie Wastle.	Clause,
Claret. Good claret set before thee: . S. Deluded swaint (And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret: . Poem on Life.	An' with rhetoric clause on clause To mak harangues; The Author's Cry and Prayer. 12.
And once more, in claret, try which was the man. The Il histle. 7.	Claut, Claute [what is scraped together; a clutch of anything].
And knee-deep in claret he'd die or he'd yield Ib. 9.	A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,
The dinner being over, the claret they ply Ib. 12.	Was left me by my auntie, S. And O for ane and twenty † Our sinfu' saul to get a claute on Poem on Life.
Clarinda, Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all!	Clautet [scraped].
In vain would Prudence †	Ent or the day was done, I trow,
Clarinda, take this little boon,	The laggen they has clautet Fu' clean . A Dream, 15.
My heart was blithe and gay, To Clarinda.	Claver [clover].
But now dejected I appear, Clarinda proves unkind; . Ib.	Mourn, clamouring craiks at close of day, 'Mang fields o' flowering claver gay; El. on Capt. M. H., 9.
Clark (scholarly).	Clavers (frivolous talk, prattle).
But tell him he was learn'd and clark, Ye roos'd him then! El. on death of R. Ruisseaux.	sunk enerv'd 'Mang heaps o' clavers;
Clark [clerk],	With clavers and baivers
An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it,	Wearing the time awa': . The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Like ony clark Third Ep. to J. L.,	Clavers [John Graham of Claverhouse].
Clarket [clerked]. Or strutted in a bank and clarket	An' Clavers gat a clankie, O; . S. Killiecrankie.
My Cash-Account; The Vision. D. I., 5.	Claw [scratch]. While scabs an' botches did him [Job] gall,
Clarty [dirty, nasty].	Wil bitter claw, . Add. to the Deil. 18.
That clarty harm should stain my laurels; Searching auld wives' barrels†	Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie; . S. The Laddies by t
Clash [tittle-tattle, the talk of the hour].	Claw, to [to scratch].
Some rhyme to court the countra clash, . To J. S., 5.	An' did the Buckskins claw, man; . A Fragment. 4. I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
Clash, to [to talk, to gossip].	S. Contented wi' little,†
E'en let them clash; Add. to Illegit. Child.	May claw his lug, and straik his beard, On W. Chalmers.
Clash'd. They back'd and hash'd while braid swords clash'd, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back, An' hum an' haw, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 6.
Clasp. When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,	K[ilmarnock] Wabsters, fidge an' claw, The Ordination. 1.
I clasp my countless treasure, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet	Until a pow as auld's Methusalem!
Or clasp me in a close embrace; . S. The capt. Ribband.	He canty claw! To W. Creech.
Clasp'd. His bonnet he A thought aiec.	Claw'd [scratched]. But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden! . El. on Vear 1788.
Cock'd sprush when first he clasp'd me; S. The tither morn †	He claw'd her wi' the riplin-kame, . S. Had I the wyte †
As underneath their fragrant shade,	Claws. And fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
I clasp'd her to my hosom! S. Ye banks, and bracs, and streams †	For deil a bite o't's rotten For W. Nicol. No claws to dig, bis hated sight to shun; To R. G. of F., 3.
And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms,	Clay.
S. You wild mossy mountns † Clasping. Encircled in her clasping arms,	Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay, El. on Capt. M. H., q.
How have the raptur'd moments flown!	Here Holy Willie's sair worn clay Taks up its last abode; Epit. on Holy Willie.
Class, While slee D-nd-s arous'd the class	My noble master lies in clay; . Lament for Glencairn.
Be-north the Roman wa', man: A Fragment. S.	Though cauld be the clay, where thou pillow'st thy head.
Class, to. Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears Her noblest work she classes, O:	On Death of fav. Child. Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
S. Green grow the Rashes.	See it prostrate on the clay! S. Sensibility,†
Classic. The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,	Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,
Add. to Shade of Thomson. Clatter.	Tam Samson's El., Epit. Their winding-sheet the bloody clay, S. The lovely lass †
And still the [mill] clap plays clatter Add. to Unco Guid.	My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Sae craftilie she took me ben,	Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace! S. The Union.
And bade me mak nae clatter; S. Had I the wyte † Clatter, to. The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,	That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek, The auld, clay biggin; . The Vision, D. I.3.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 19.	I wat she is a dainty chuckie,
An' there the pint-stowp clatters; The Holy Fair. 18.	As e'er tread clay! To Dr. Blacklock.
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.	My weary heart its throbbings cease, Cold-mould'ring in the clay?
The Jolly Beggars, S. I. Clatter [tattle, gosslp, an idle story].	Non-second the and and sould the star
An' tease my name in kintry clatter: Add. to Illegit. Child.	That wraps my Highland Mary! S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams!
And dree the kintra clatter: S. Here's his health in water.	Clay-cauld [clay-cold].
my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter . Second Ep. to Davie.	Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e, . S. Ca' the Ewes.
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter; Tam o' Shanter, 5.	Claymore.

Claymore.

Wi' durk, claymore, or rusty trigger, . Add. of Beelzebub-

The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter; Tam o' Shanter. 5.

Anither gies them clatter; . . The Fête Champetre.

It clears the een, it cheers the heart,

And clear the consequential sorrows, Love-gifts of Carnival signoras [v. A. 13]. The Twa Dogs. 23.

The Tree of Liberty.

S. Now Spring has clast

On Death of Sir J. Blair

In yonder cliff that grows,

Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,

An' guid Claymore down by his side,

The Jolly Beggars. S. IV. Clear_dangling An awfu' scythe, out-owre ac shouther, Clear-dangling, hang; Death and Dr. Hornbook, 6. Clean. The laggen they hae clastet Fu' clean A Dream, 15. Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean, Clearing, -in'. S. A' the lads o' Thornie-buk + I hope to gie the jads a clearin' But I shall scribble down some blether In fair play yet. . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11. Just clean aff-loof. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 7. Still shearing and clearing In order on the clean hearth-stane, The tither stooked raw; The Ans. to the Guidwife. The Luggies three are ranged; . . Halloween. 27. Clearly. She dresses age sae clean and neat, . S. Handsome Nell. She oirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O S. Amang the trees t Although his pouch o' coin were clean, . . S. O Tibbie! + The moon it shines fu' clearly. S. Ca' the Ewes. Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean, S. O were I on Parnass. We've faults and failings-granted clearly. Et. to Mai. Logan. 9. Her teeth are like a flock o' sheep, O'er the waves, that sweetly glide To the moon sae clearly. With fleeces newly wasnen clean, S. C. S. S. Wish. His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty Wifie's smile,

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5. With fleeces newly washen clean, S. On Cessnock banks t S. Hark! the mavis t We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk, Till the silent moon shine clearly; S. Now westlin winds t His English style, and gesture fine, The moon was shining clearly; S. The Rigs o' Barley. Are a clean out o season. . The Holy Fair, 15. Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean [a leg],

The Vision. D. I. 11. That shone that night so clearly ! . Cleckin [a brood of chickens, a brood]. But twenty times, I rather wou'd be Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin An atheist clean, To Rev. J. M. Math. By boodie-craw; . To W. Creech. To W. Simpson, P. S. Cleed [to clothe]. I had amaist forgotten clean, . leed [to cioune].

Now Nature cleeds the flow'ry lea,

S. Lassie wi the lintwhite † Than garren lasses cowp the cran Clean heels owre body, . What ails ve now t And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine, S. O whare did ye get t Cleaner. To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners;

The Brigs of Ayr. 9. Cleanest. And spring will cleed the birken shaw;
S. Oh, how can I be blythe The cleanest corn that e'er was dight

May hae some pyles o' caff in; Add. to Unco Guid. Mott. An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, aq' wean, Cleanly. The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat, . Halloween. In mourning weed; Tam Samson's El. 2. Frae tap to tae that cleeds me hien,
S. The Contented Cottager. Clear. He gied me thee, o' tocher clear, A Guid New-year t Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills; S. Afton Water. Cleek [to catch as by a hook; to snatch up]. As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. Ib. Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the Sterlin; The Jolly Beggars. R. IV. Shaded my streams sae clear and cool; As on the banks t Cleekit [linked themselves by the arms, in couples, and whirled round in the dance]. Now chrystal clear are the falling waters, . S. Bonie Bell, I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun: S. Caledonia. 6. They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,

Tam o' Shanter, 12. A burn was clear, a glen was green, S. Duncan Davison. And Blackbirds whistle clear, Et. to Davic, 1. Cleft. As Highland craigs by thunder cleft, A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd:

Extem. on W. Smellie. The Election Ballads, VI. Cleg [a gad-fly]. Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear, . . . Halloween 2. But as the clegs o' feeling stang the clear winding Devon, . S. How pleasant the banks t Are wise or fool Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6. But Peggy dear, the ev'ding's clear, S. Now westlin winds t Clench'd. He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist, Extem. in Court of Session. Whare Tay rios wimplin by sae clear; S. O whare did ye get t Clergy. Corbies and clergy are a shot right kittle: The cave-lodged heggar, with a conscience clear, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. -. Clerk. The holy anthem loud and clear; . On Lincluden Castle, May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark, Howl thro' the dwelling o' the Clerk! The choral hymn that erst so clear, . A Ded. to G. H., 11 Broke softly sweet on faucy's ear, . The Priest he was oxter'd, the Clerk he was carried, The sun rose clear and bright; The Election Ballads. V. S. O ken ye what Megt To which I'm clear to gi'e my aith. . The Inventory It may escape the learned clerks; . S. O this is no my ain t The blackbird strong, the liutwhite clear, A tod meikle waur than the Clerk; . The Kirk's Alarm. The Petition of Br. Water. Clerkship. Your clerkship he should sair. To Gav. Hamilton. And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear;
S. The Posic. Clever. I grant thou'rt as wicked, but not quite so clever. Epig. on -. Frae Calvin's well, ay clear they drank, The Twa Herds, 5. . Halloween, 10 The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale, S. The small birds rejoice A clever, sturdy fallow; . For clever Deils he'll mak 'em! . . On a Schoolmaster. Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw;

The Whistle. Thou need na jouk behint the hallan, A chiel sae clever; Poem on Pastoral Poetry. . The Twa Dogs, 11. The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear, S. The Winter it is past † buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies. . Click! When click! the string the saick did draw, And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.
S. There's a youth † The Vision. D. I. 7. V.s under Grief. where the heetling cliff o'erhangs the deep. Add. by Fontenelle. My morning raise sae clear and fair, Down by the hurn, where scented hirks
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo, S. When o'er the hill + As through the cliff he sank him down; As on the banks t The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi flowers. S. Bonnie Lassie + Clear, to. Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns, Where Echo slumbers. El. on Capt. M. H. 3. Thou clears the head o' doited Lear; . Scotch Drink, 6. At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow. Ye rugged cliffs o'erhanging dreary glens, El. on Miss Eurnet. Sonnet, wr. on Birthday As from the cliff, with thundering course, Hear how he clears the points o' Faith The snowy ruin smokes along, Fragment of Ode. Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! . The Holy Fair, 13. O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying.

Lament, on leaving Nat. Land. But clear your decks an' here's the Sex
I like the jads for a' that . The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. The little floweret's peaceful lot

To J. S., 18.

. To Ruin.

John Barleycoru.

To a Mountain-Daisy.

The Death of Mailie.

Cliff Clod. Put clods upon his head. The paly moon rose in the livid east, And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately Form, beneath the random hield O' clod or stane, On Death of Sir J. Blair. Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,
My craggy cliffs adorn; . The Petition of Br. Water. Cloot (hoof). Upon her cloot she coost a hitch, . The meeting cliffs each deep sunk glen divides, Wr. in Kenmore Inn Cliffy. . On scaring Water-fowl. The eagle, from the cliffy brow, Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Soar around each cliffy hold,... Climb. An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 12. The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs

S. Now Spring has clad t Her hair is like the curling mist That climbs the mountain sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks † Sett II. Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep;
S. Twas even-the dewy Climber. Pitying the propless climber of mankind, Ep. to R. Graham. 4. Climbing. Check thy climbing step, elate. Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Clime. In this strange land, this uncouth clime, Ep. to H. Parker. S. Frac the friends + Brightest climes shall mirk appear, . S. Highland Mary. While in distant climes I wander, . Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes, Once fondly lov'd † An' physically causes seek, In clime an' season, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. Altho' thro' foreign climes I range, S. The Highland Lassie. . The Vision. D. I. 4. All in this mottie, misty clime, To make a happy fire-side clime To weans and wife, To Dr. Blacklock. Tho' I should wander Terra o'er, In all her climes, Tof.S., 21. Cling. How sweet unto that breast to cling, S. Her flowing locks t No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her, Lament, on leaving Nat. Land. Clink [a smart stroke; money]. Adam A-'s Prayer. May Hornie gie her doup a clink . An' ay eneugh o' needfu' clink. Auld comrade dear † . S. O Tibbie! t Because ye hae the name o' clink, . Except it be some idle plan O' rhymin clink, . Second Ep, to Davie. Clink, to [to chink, jingle, rhyme]. And if ye winna mak it clink, By Jove I'll prose it!' Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 21st. 6. To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. Ronalds of Bennals. Rivan the words tae gar them clink; Second Ep. to Davie. Clinkan (clinking). Comes clinkan down beside him! . . The Holy Fair. 11. Clinkum, Clinkumbell [the church bell-ringer]. Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlan tow, Begins to jow an' croon; . The Holy Fair. 26. Auld Clinkum at the Inner port
Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now † But Cl-nt-n's glaive frae rust to save He hung it to the wa', man. A Fragment, 1. Whare will ye get Howes and Clintons To bring them to a right repentance? Add of Beelschuh Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings, Death and Dr. Horubook, 22. Clips (shears). A honier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips . Poor Mailie's El., Clishmaclaver [useless conversation]. For a' their clish-ma-claver: . A Dream. 11. What farther clishmaclaver might been said, The Brigs of Ayr. 11. Cloak, When Winter muffles up his cloak, Tam Samson's El., . To Mr. J. Kennedy. Wha rate the wearer by the cloak, Clock. The drowsy Dungeon-clock had number'd two, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Clockin-time (hatching-time). As soon's the clockin-time is by, Ep. to J. R. 11.

An' no to rin an' wear his cloots. . Cloots, Clooty, -ie [having cloots; the devil]. Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie, . Add. to the Deil. 1. An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkan, Ib. 20. So Clootie was glad to return wi' his pack,
So There liv'd ance a earle † I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts An unco slip yet, . . . What ails ye now t . Add. to the Deil. 1. Clos'd. Clos'd under hatches, Rejoicin' clos'd the day so, Clos'd in my arms, she murmur'd still, Come kiss me at your leisure. S. As I gaed up by The wintry sun the day has clos'd, S. Behind you hills t The wintry sun the day mas coo -,
With these what Tory warriors clos'd,
The Election Ballads. VI. . The Vision. D. I. I. The sun had clos'd the winter-day, when the Day had clos'd his e'e, Far i' the West, . . . Ib. 2. And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance
S. Ye banks, and bracs, and streams Close. And nestled thee close to that bosom. On Death of fav. Child. Or clasp me in a close embrace; . S. The Captive Ribband. And, for the little songster's nest,

The Petition of Br. Water. An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment, A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment. The Twa Dogs, 16. . The Twa Herds, 17. M'-ll's close nervous excellence, Close, s. By you castle wa'nt the close of the day, S. By you castle wa't Monrn, clamouring craiks at close o' day,

El. on Capt. M. H., 9. Where blackhirds join the shepherd's lays At close o' day. . . Poem Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Poor Mailie's El.. Our Bardie's fate is at a close, Or labour hard the panegyric close, The Bries of Avr. The short'ning winter-day is near a close : The Cotter's Sat. Night. And sweet is the lily at evening close; S. True hearted was het Close, to. A Prayer under Anguish. Or close them fast in death! . Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing,
An' close thy e'e? . . A Winter Night. 4. An' close thy e'e? . Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood, S. Craigic-burn Wood. My woes here, shall close ne'er, But with the closing tomh! Despondency, an Ode. 1. Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
'I vow I'll close it; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 6. . S. Had I a cavet 'Till grief my eyes should close, The battle closes deep and bloody: . S. My bonic Mary. Soon my weary eyes I'll close, never more to waken.
S. Thou hast left me t Then canie, in some cozie place. They close the day. I court, I beg thy friendly aid, To close this scene of care! . Wr. in Friars-Carse H. As thy shades of evening close. Closed. Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd, S. On a bank of flowers t All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e;

The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Closer. Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 18. Closing. My woes here, shall close ne'er, But with the closing tomb! Despondency, an Ode. 1. Clothe. The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides; Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Clothed. Now bank and brae are clothed in green, S. Now bank and brac † Clothes. And dressed them all in the hest of their clothes S. The Poor Thresher. Cloud. No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray;

Blest be M'Murdo t The clouds' uncertain motion, [a type of woman] S. Deluded swain t

The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Clust'ring. See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds Succeeding hopes beguil'd Sad thy tale, †	The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.S.
You murky cloud is foul with rain, S. The gloomy night †	Clutch. if kirk folks diana clutch me, The Inventory. Clutch'd.
For why,—methinks I hear her voice Tearing the clouds asunder. S. The Joyful Widower.	The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast, The Vowels.
When clouds in skies do come together	Clyde. Where Evan mingles with the Clyde. S. Slow spreads the gloom †
To hide the brightness of the sun, When clouds in skies † Fear not clouds will always lour Wr. in Friars-Carse.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde,
Cloud, to. Rusticity's ungainly form	S. The bonie Lass of Albany. That aurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde
May cloud the highest mind; Rusticity's† Clouden, Clouden-side.	That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde, S. You wild mossy mountains †
Hark! the mavis' evening sang	Coach. He ca's his coach; he ca's his horse; The Twa Dogs. &. Coalition.
Sounding Clouden's woods among: S. Hark! the mavis † We'll gae down by Clouden-side,	Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
Yonder Clouden's silent towers,	The Coalition. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 21.
Till, thence returned, they softly stray O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay; On Lincluden Castle.	His coals, his kane, an' a' his steats: . The Twa Dogs. 8.
Cloudless.	Coarser. Some coarser substance, unrefin'd, A Winter Night, 7.
Hospitality with cloudless brow The Brigs of Ayr. 13. Love's the cloudless summer sun S. Thine am I †	Some coarser substance, unrefin'd, A Winter Night, 7. Coast.
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!	When soon or late they reach that coast, O'er life's rough ocean driven, . O Thou dread Pow'r†
To R. G. of F., 9. Bright as a cloudless summer sun, V.s below Picture.	Scotland lament frae coast to coast! . Scotch Drink. 19.
Cloudy, Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;	All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost, S. The Slave's Lament.
On Death of Sir J. H. Blair. Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky;	Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast, With surging foam; The Vision, D. I. 13.
Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky: S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †	Coat. Hev. the dusty miller. And his dusty coat:
Clour [a lump or swelling caused by a blow]. Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks; To W. Simpson, P. S.	S. Hey, the dusty miller †
Clout. The kettle o' the Kirk and State,	Dread of black coats and rev'rend wigs, Letter to J. Goudie. If there's a hole in a' your coats,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't; S. Does haughty Gaul† O wha my babie-clouts will buy? S. O wha my babie-clouts †	I rede you tent it: On Grose's Peregrinations. My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best,
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout; [v. A. 16] Tam o' Shauter.	
And hing our fiddles up to sleep,	New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Like baby-clouts a dryin: The Ordination. 7. Clout, to. And auld Mess John will mend the skaith,	I coft a stane o' haslock woo, To mak a coat to Johnie o't; . S. The eardin o't.
And clout the had girdin o't. S. Duncan Gray.	
To go an' clout the Caudron. The Jolly Beggars. S. VI. Clouted.	Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black; The Twa Dogs. 5. His coat is the bue of his bonnet sae blue; S. There's a youth †
Your royal nest—Is e'en right reft an' clouted, A Dream. 4.	Has lated me the russet coat
Cloutin [patching]. O merry hae I been cloutin a kettle, S. O merry hae I been †	Threw by his coat and bonnet, To J. Taylor. Coat [petticoat].
Cloven. auld cloven Clooty's haunts . What ails ye now t	Till hills may make a hour may hour
Clover. While clover blooms white o'er the lea, S. In simmer when t	And follow my love through the water. [re.] S. Braw lads of G. water.
The craik among the clover bay, S. The Contented Cottager.	Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark, S. O when she cam ben t
Clown. A cheerful honest-hearted clown	Or leaves the faithfu' lass he lo'ed, To wear a ragged coat The Ruined Maid's Lament.
I will prefer before you, O S. My father was a farmer t	Coatie [dim. of Coat].
Cloy. The brightest o' beauty may cloy, when possest; S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft†	I wad gie my coatie For the dusty miller S. Hey, the dusty miller †
Club.	And come in thy coatie sweet Tibbie Dunbar.
Then Clubs an' Hearts were Charlie's cartes, A Fragment. 7. But a club of good fellows like those that are there,	Your coatie's shorter by a span, S. Tibbie Dunbar.
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care. S. No Churchman am 1	Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Coaxin. Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
Or nohly fling the gospel club, The Twa Herds. &.	Your flatterin strain. To W. Simpson.
Club, to.	An' wintle like saumont-coble A Guid New-year † 7.
The vices also, must they club their curse? . Ep. fr. Esopus. Clud [cloud].	Cobweb'd.
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud; . El. on Capt. M. H., 7.	The cobweb'd gothic dome resounded, Y! . The Vowels. Cochran. Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik: S. Lady Mary Ann.
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds O' Clans frae woods, in tartan duds,	S. Lady Mary Ann. Cock [the mark for which curlers play].
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. The flaes they flew awa in cluds, S. The Taylor he cam t	Wha will they [the Curlers] station at the cock.
Clue. Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie; S. Willie Wastle †	Tam Samson's El.,
And in the blue-clue throws then,	Some cock or cat, your rage mann stop, Add. to the Deil. 14.
before ye wed Sic clumsy-witted hammers, On IV. Chalmers.	The toolzie's teugh 'tween Pitt an' Fox, An' our gudewife's wee birdy cocks; El. on Year 1788.
Clunk (to emit, a sound like that of liquor when	The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin! Ep. to J. R. 1.
violently shaken in a half-empty cask, or when rapidly poured out of a bottle].	The cock may craw, the day may daw, S. O Willie brew'd † But gie him't het, my hearty cocks!
An' made the bottle clunk To their health that night. The Jolly Beggars, R. VII.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. Frae e'enin till the cock did craw; The night was still †
Cluster.	When day did daw, and cocks did craw,
The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters The Twa Dogs. 33.	S. What will I do gin†

Cock, to. Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your heaver!	Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
3. Cock hp yr center.	Her heathy moors and winding vales; S. The gloomy night † Of these am I—Coila my name; The Vision, D. II. 11.
Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush, 16.	And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns, That proudly cock your cresting cairns; El. on Capt. M. H. 3.	
Your Critic-folk may cock their nose, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 10.	Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain, . To W. Simpson.
Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw, Tam Samson's El., 7.	We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells,
	Coin. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch, S. Contented wi' little, †
An' toss thy horns fu' canty; The Orannation. o.	S. Contented wi little, †
I'll cock my nose aboon them a', To Mr. M'Adam.	The coins o' Satan's coronation! S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.† Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie! †
But Willie set your fit to mine. An' cock your crest, . To W. Simpson.	Vet coin his pouches wad na bide in :
Cockade, -aud. The red-coat lads wi' black cockands S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	On Se. Bard gne to W. I. Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, Of a' kind coin. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
That gallant hadge, the dear cockade, S. When wild War's† Cock'd. The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same; Extem. on W. Smellic.	Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. VI. Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine, The Fête Champetre.
His honnet he A thought ajee, Cock'd sprush S. The tither morn †	The Fête Champetre. And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins; The Whistle. 6.
Cockie [dim. of cock; term of familiarity].	Cold.
And gratefully my gude nuld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To Dr. Blacklock. Cockpen. And when she cam ben she kiss'd Cockpen,	A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold. Epit. for R. A For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave. Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
And wasna Cockpen right saucy withar. S. O when she cam ben † And wasna Cockpen right saucy withar. Ib.	How cold is that hosom which folly once fired, Monody, on a Lady.
There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen, S. Scroggam.	And flowers let us cuil for Eliza's cold bier
Cod. Where sailors gang to fish for Cod. The Twa Dogs. 2.	Oh, cold is the blast upon my pale cheek, But colder thy love for me, Oh: S. Oh, open the door t
Cod [a pillow]. A cod she laid beneath my head, The Lass that made the bed.	The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.
An' the cradle wants a cod, S. There's news, lasses †	On seeing wounded Hare.
Coffers. He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine, S. There's and Rob M. †	Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows. Once fondly lov'd† Propriety's cold, cautious rules . Rusticity's ungainly†
Coffin. Coffins stood round, like open presses, That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses; Tam o' Shanter. 11.	But cold successive noontide blasts May lay its beauties low Sad thy tale †
	No cold approach, no alter'd mien, The Tears I shed.
Coft [bought]. It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth.	Cold, comfortless, changing, untrue. S. The winter it is past † Enclasped, and grasped,
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure; S. Brazu lads on Yar, braes t	Within thy cold embrace! To Ruin. Cold-mould'ring.
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches), Tam o' Shanter. 15. Looft a stane o' haslock woo S. The cardin o't.	My weary heart its throbbings cease, Cold-mould ring in the clay?
I coft a stane o' haslock woo, S. The cardin o't. Cog [a wooden dish of cooper's work].	Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning, . To J. S., 15.
I gied thy cog a wee-bit heap Aboon the timmer; . A Gude New-Year † 13.	Colean. Or for Colean, the rout is taen, . Halloween.
I gi'e them (sorrow, care) a skelp as they're creeping plang,	Colle-grips. Now colle-grips, an' barkin hoast,
S. Contented wi' little †	May kill us a';
Cog an ye were ay fou, S. Landlady, count † Or reekan on a New-year-mornin	If Colin's Jenny be at hame. S. My Lord a-hunting † There wons auld Colin's honie lass,
In cog or bicker, Scotch Drink. 9. For fear by fees that they should lose	Collar. His locked, letter'd, braw brass-collar . The Twa Dogs, 3.
Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	*Colleaguing, -in.
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups, The Holy Fair. 23. Coggie [dim. of cog].	Wi' deils, they say, L-d safe's! colleaguin At some black art. On Grose's Peregrinations.
Au' I hae seen their coggie fou,	An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer. S.
That yet hae tarrow't at it,	Collect. Collects his spades, his mattocks and his hoes,
Coggie, an the king come. And bring a coggie mair. S. Carl, an the king come. S. Gane is the day	The Cotter's Sat. Night.
My coggie is a haly pool, That heals the wounds o' care and dool; Ib.	Collected Harry stood awee, Extem. in Court of Session. The ways of men are distant brought,
I never gat my Coggie fou Till I met wi' the Ploughman S. The Ploughman †	A faint-collected dream: . Despondency, an Ode, 3. Colledge, College.
Coil ian affluent of the river Avri	A set o' dull, conceited Hashes,
from the hills where springs the brawling Coil, The Brigs of Ayr. 7. I thought upon the banks o' Coil, S. When wild War's †	Confuse their brains in Colledge-classes: Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 12.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil, . S. When wild War's† Coil, Coila [Kyle, the middle district of Ayrshire, a name popularly derived from Coil or Coilus, a	We'll send him a year to the College yet; S. Lady Mary Ann. Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair
name popularly derived from Coil or Coilus, a legendary Pictish king).	Than either School or Colledge: . The Holy Fair. 19. But human-bodies are sic fools,
Auld, cantie Coil may count the day, Nature's Law.	For a' their colledges an' schools, The Twa Dogs. 29.
To sing auld Coil in nobler style	Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools, Frae colleges and boarding schools, To IV. Creech.
the flower which bloomed sweetest in Coila's green vale,	Collie [a shepherd's dog].
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.	The tither was a ploughman's collie, . The Twa Dogs. 4.
Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains . Nature's Law. And hiess auld Coila, large and long, With multiplying joys	Collier. And I follow the Collier laddie, S. My Collier Laddie. Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie [rz.]
Coila's fair Rachel's care to day, . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	And lie down wi' my Collier laddie

And fair fa' my Collier laddie. S. My Collier Laddie.	Come. let me take thee to my breast, S. Come, let me take
And kissin a Collier lassie an a'? . S. O when she cam ben t	Come ease, or come travail, come pleasure or pain;
Collieshangie [an uproar; a squabble]. Or how the collieshangie works Atween the Russians and the Turks: Kind Sir, I've read †	And a' my days o' life to come I'll gratefully adore thee. S. Craigie-burn Wood.
Collieston. And there will be Collieston's whiskers.	That e'er he [the Deil] nearer comes oursel 'S a muckle pity. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 2.
The Election Ballads. III. Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston can hoast; Ib. IV.	I was come round about the hill,
Colonel.	'Ve're maybe come to stap my breath;
The crafty colonel leaves the tartaned lines,	'Come, gies your hand, an' sae we're gree't; . 1b. 11.
For other wars, where he a hero shines: , Eb. fr. Esopus	'Come, gies your news!
My honored colonel, deep I feel Your interest in the poet's weal; Poem on Life.	Till, slap! come in an unco loun, . S. Does haughty Gaul †
And there will be gleg Colonel Tam. The Election Ballads. III.	How it comes, let Doctors tell, S. Dunean Gray to come o'er his studdie Wi'thy auld sides! El. on Capt. M. II.
Colour. Simmer's a pleasant time,	Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns, My wailing numbers. [re.] 16. 3.
Dusty was the coat, Dusty was the colour,	nor cankert care E'er mair come near him. El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
S. Hey, the dusty miller† Colours mingl'd unco fine, S. Jockey fou,†	Ye ministers, come mount the pupit. El. on Year, 1788.
His colour sicken'd more and more. John Barleycorn	Unless he come to wait upon
Her colours betray'd her on you mossy fells : S. The heather was bloom.	The Lord their God, his Grace. Epig. on being neglected at Inn.
S. The heather was bloom.†	Comes, 'mid a string of coxcombs to display.
I mark'd a martial Race, pourtray'd In colours strong, [v. A. 4] The Vision, D. I. Than under gospel colours hid be	And a vone views may come to nonabt
Just for a screen To Rev. J. M. Math.	Where ev'ry nerve is strained. Ep. to Young Friend. 2. ev'n should Misfortunes come, Ep. to Davie, 7.
A' the colours in the town,	The words come skelpan, rank and file,
I hae won their wanton favour S. Wantonness for evert The cat has twa, the very colour; . S. Willie Wastlet	They gang in [to Colledge] Stirks, and come out Asses, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 12.
Combat.	Come to my howl, come to my arms,
Still o'er the field the combat hurns, The Election Ballads, V1. Combat, to.	My friends, my brothers! 1b. 21.
'	Come, kittle up your moorlan harp Ib. Ap. 21st. S. Now comes the sax an twentieth simmer,
Combine. Some social join, and leagues combine;	I've seen the bud upo' the timmer, Ib. 10.
S. Now westlin winds † Combustion. Combustion thro' our boroughs rode,	But your curst wit, when it comes near it, Rives't aff their back Ep. to J. R. 3.
The Election Ballads, 11	Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,
Come. Believe me, happiness is shy, And comes not ay when sought, man.	Ep. to Maj. Logan, 4. But come, your hand, my careless brither,
A Bottle and Friend.	But come, your hand, my careless brither,
I winna lie, come what will o' me) . A Ded. to G.H., 4.	Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!
But when Divinity comes cross me, My readers then are sure to lose me	Et. to R. Graham, 5.
Ve've lately come athwart her; A Dream, 13.	Come thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; . 16. She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab.
An', large upon her quarter, Come full that day 16.	O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab! S. Eppie M'Nab.
Where human weakness has come short,	Then come, thou fairest of the fair! S. Fairest maid †
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death. And I will come again, my Luve, S. A red, red Rose,	To see the new [year] come laden, groaning, Friend of the poet †
A time that surely shall come:	'An' her that is to be my lass, 'Come after me an' draw thee
A V. on being Hosp. Entertained. What comes o' thee? A Winter Night. 4.	An' young an' auld come rinnan out, 1b. 20.
When Death comes in, wi' glimmering blink.	Nought of ill may come thee near, S. Hark! the mayis +
Adam A—'s Prayer.'	And art thou come, and art thou true! S. Here is the glen t
Come thiggan at your doors and yetts, Add. of Beelzebub. 4. And till ye come—your humble servant,	I'll come nae mair to thy bower door, S. Here's to thy health, † My dear. I'll come and see thee; th.
Why did they not come along with you, Add. to Dumourier.	And them that comes behin',
Alas, how chang'd the times to come! Add. to Edinburgh, 6,	Let them do the like, S. Hey ca' thro'.
Come Winter, with thine angry howl,	The Hallowmas is come and gane, I'm er young t
S. Again rejoic. Nature† And then comes are and twenty. S. And O for are and twenty† Come kiss one at your leisure. [re.] S. As I rand white	But if you come this gate again I'll aulder be gin simmer,
S. And O for ane and twenty † Come kiss one at your leisure. [re.] S. As I gaed up by †	But why always Bacon—come, give me a reason? Impromptu.
	I'll he wed come o't what will, . S. In simmer when t
"And come ye here, my Son," he says, "To wander in my broken shade, . As on the banks t	Of gude advisement comes nae ill
Heavy comes the morrow, S. Ay waking, O†	Jamie, come try me, [re.] . S. Jamie, come try me †
Lanely night comes on, S. Ay waukin, O.	But far better days I trust will come again; S. Lady Mary Ann.
Come weel come woe, I care na by S. Behind yon hills † The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing; . S. Bonie Bell.	May I but be sae hauld
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,	As come to your bower-window, S. Lass, when yr mither †
Come let us spend the lightsome days In the hirks of Aberfeidy. S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go t	But never, never can come near the heart. S. Mark yonder Pomp †
There will never be peace till Jamie comes hame [re.] S. By you castle wa' †	But come, all ye offspring of folly so true, Monody, on a Lady.
Carl, an the king come, S. Carl, an the king come.	Some unforeseen misfortune Comes generally upon me, O; S. My father was a farmer†
An somehodie were come again,	But come what will, I've sworn it still,
Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er, Come boat me o'er to Charlie; . S. Come boat me o'er.	I'll ne'er be melancholy, O
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,	Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet, S. My love she's but † Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey,
And live or die wi' Charlie	S. Ny Nanie's Awa.
·	

Then let us pray, that come it may,

New Psalmody.

Come, let us sweep them off, said they, New Psalmody.	Then let us pray, that come it may, As come it will for a' that, S. The Honest Ma:
Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers, . S. Now rosy May † And now come in my bappy hours,	Of all the women in the world,
Come let us stray our gladsome way, S. Now westlin winds †	I never could come at ber S. The Joyful Widowe O' double verse come gie us four, The Ordination.
O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes, S. O gude ale comes †	O' double verse come gie us four,
O John, my luve, come kiss me now, [re.]	Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep,
S. O John, come kiss †	Come bouse about the porter!
But soon wi' sounding Victorie May Kenmure's Lord come hame.	Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
	My Ploughman he comes hame at e'en, S. The Ploughman
Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck. S. O Mally's meek.	No work comes me wrong The Poor Thresher
Come to my same my Katie my Katie	when I come home from my labour at night
An' come to my arms and kiss me again! S. O merry hac I been †	
	There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain To see the hit Taylor come skippin again. S. The Taylor feli
But ay I'm eerie they [Hunger and Want] come ben. S. O that I had ne'er †	But how it comes, I never kent yet,
Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!	They're maistly wonderfu' contented; . The Twa Dogs. 1. But comes frae 'mang that cursed set, . The Twa Herds. 1.
S. O were I on Parnass. † O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad, S. O whistle †	Come join your connsel and your skills, Ib. 15
But warily tent, when ye come to court me,	A tight, outlandish Hizzie, braw,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee; 16.	Come full in sight The Vision, D. I.
And come, as ye were na coming to me,	And come to stop those reckless vows,
But aye the tear comes in my ee, To think on him that's far awa. S. Oh, how can I be blythe †	Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublime; The Whistle. I
And a' my tears be tears of joy,	The Whistle, I
When he comes hame that's far awa	The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last, S. The winter it is past
Come, moura wi' me! On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Ye'se a' be het or I come back On Kirk of Lamington.	A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed;
And every year come in mair dear . On W. Chalmers.	S. There's auld Rob. M.
Come, bumpers bigh, express your joy, . On W. Stewart.	The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane; . In There's a boatfu' o' lads
And aft as chance be comes thee nigh, Poem on Life.	Come to our town to sell S. There's news, lasses
There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan! Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Ent may the tapmast grain that wags Come to the sack. Third Ep. to J. Lag
Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe, Poor Mailie's El.	Come to the sack Third Ep. to J. Lap Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! . 1b.	S. Tho fickle Fortune
I come to wish you all a good new year! Prologue, at Th., D	And come in thy coatie sweet Tibbie Duobar. S. Tibbie Dunba:
O Willie, come sell your fiddle, [re.] S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie	Come Firm Resolve take thou the van, . To Dr. Blackloce
Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin, Ronalds of Bennals.	Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field,
Ronalds of Bennals.	Wi' creeping pace
She winnn come hame to her Willy. S. Saw ye my Phely. Then Burnewin comes on like Death	when a tale comes i' my head, To IV. Simpson.
At ev'ry chap Scotch Drink. 10.	Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come,
Thou comes—they [my poor verses] rattle i' their ranks At ither's arses!	Your billy Satan sair us! . V.s on Window, Carro
Yet come thou child of poverty and care,	Come to my bosom, my ain only deary, S. Wandering Willi, O come and see, quo' Findlay: . S. Wha is that at
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	"Come hither lad, an' answer for't, . What ails ye now
Some counsel unto me come len'; S. Tam Glen.	When clouds in skies do come together When clouds in skies
"Gnde day to you," (coof,) be comes ben;	The wars are o'er, and I'm come bame, S. When wild War's
If bonestly they canna come,	And come, my faithful sodger lad, Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!
If bonestly they canna come, Far better want them. The Anthor's Cry and Prayer. 5.	Come, then, enamour'd and fond of my anguish.
E en let nim come out as ne dowe. I he black-headed Eagle,	Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe S. Where are the joys
The time may come, with pipe and drum We'll welcome hame fair Albany. S. The bonic Lass of Albany. There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle.	When we're married what comes then? S. Will ye go and marry
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.	While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes down, . Winter
Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noudle.	An' ay the night comes round again, When in his arms he taks me a'; . S. Young Jockey
The Brigs of Ayr. 5.	Comedy.
The Brigs of Ayr. 5. Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4. Comes have perhaps to show a beau course.	For Comedy abroad he need na toil, Scots Prologue
Comes name, pernapa, to shew a blaw new gown, . 10, 0.	Comely. Her comely face sae fu' o' grace, S. A. Masterton's bonie Ann.
But bark! a rap comes gently to the door;	Comfort. And mind still, you'll find still
When that grim foe of life below, Comes in between to bid us part; S. The day returns †	A comfort this nae sma'; . Ep. to Davie.
So may they, like their great forbears	Forlorn, my Love, no comfort near, S. Forlorn, my Love
For monie a year come thro' the sheers: The Death of Mailie.	Domestic peace and comforts crowning The bail design Friend of the poet
But downa do's come o'er me now, S. The deuks dang o'er. A beardless boy comes o'er the hills, The Election Ballads. 11.	Till my last hope and last comfort is gone:
Wha wants troggin Let him come to me,	S. Gloomy December
Come then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg,	Life's cares they are comforts'—a maxim laid down By the Bard,
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,	Some sairie comfort still at last, S. O ay my wife she dang
Come, will ye court a noble lord, . S. The Fête Champetre. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. locks of A.	Content and comfort bless me more in This grot, than e'er I felt before in A palace . The Hermi
Oh, I am come to the low countrie.	No comfort but a hearty can,
S. The High. Widow's Lament.	No comfort but a hearty can, When I think on John Highlandman
Comes clinkan down beside him! The Holy Fair. 11. In guid time comes an antidote	But, to my comfort he it spoke,
In guid time comes an antidote	Now, now her life is ended. S. The Joyful Widowe. No comfort, no comfort I have! S. The sun he is sunh
10.24	No comfort, no comfort I have! . S. The sun he is sunk

And a' the comfort we're to get,	Commend, Commen'.
Is that ayont the grave, man The Tree of Liberty.	And where ye justly can commend—commend them;
The dearest comfort o' their lives, Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives; The Twa Dogs. 17.	Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store,	Commen' me to the Bardie clan; Second Ep. to Davie. Commend me to the Ploughman. S. The Ploughman t
The comforts of the mind; To Chloris. Nor bope date a comfort bestow: . S. Where are the joys t	Commend me to the Plonghman S. The Plonghman † Commend me to the Barn yard,
Comfort, to. An' views beyond the grave comfort him.	And to his goodness I commend ye To Mr. Renton.
Auld comrade dear †	Commentator.
Enclasped to my faithful breast, I'll comfort thee, my dearie O. S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite	Now, butt an' hen, the Change-house fills, Wi' yill-caup Commentators: The Holy Fair. 18.
Had there not been some recompence To comfort those that mourn! Man was made to Mourn.	Commerce-Chaumer [Chamber of Commerce].
To comfort us 'twas sent, man : . The Tree of Liberty.	The brethren o' the Commerce-Chaumer May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamonr; . To W'. Creech.
Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur . To R. G. of F., 3.	Commission. Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him; A Ded. to G. H., 10.
Comfortless.	Committed. The maister drunk—the horse committed :
And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn A faitbless woman's broken vow The Lament.	On B.'s Horse Impound.
Cold, comfortless, changing, untrue, S. The winter it is past+	Heroes and heroines commix
Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken! . V.s, under Grief.	All in the field of politics, . The Election Ballads. VI.
Coming, -in, -an. Coming o'er the brass o' Capar; S. Donald Brodie †	There commix'd with foulest stains
With honest joy, our hearts will bound,	From tyranny's empurpled bands: S. Streams that glide †
To see the coming year: Ep. to Davie. 4.	Common. Wi' common Lords ye shanna mingle, Add. of Beelzebub. 5.
For a' that, and a' that, It's coming yet, for a' that, S. The Honest Man.	I tell nae common tale o' grief, El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.
And come, as ye were na coming to me, . S. O whistlet	How sune it [wild-rose] tines its scent and hue
coming Winter's hiting, frosty breath; The Brigs of Ayr. 2.	When pu'd and worn a common toy! . S. I do confess † Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
The noble Maxwells and their Powers Are coming o'er the border, S. The noble Maxwells †	Like ony common weed and vile
Are coming o'er the border, S. The noble Maxwells † In coming by the brig o' Dye, S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.	Common motives lang sinsyne, S. Jockey fou,†
Comin thro' the rye, poor body, . S. Comin' thro' the rye ?	Common friend to you and me, Nature's gifts to all are free: . On scaring Water fowl.
How this new Play, and that new Sang is comin? Scots Prologue.	Like brethren in a common cause, We'd on each other smile, man; The Tree of Liberty.
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin! . Tam o' Shanter. 18.	Unite in common recreation; The Twa Dogs, 19.
Or tell what new taxation's comin, . The Twa Dogs. 18.	But this is Gentry's life in common
He's comin frae the North that's to fancy me, S. There grows a bonie †	May I be Slander's common speech; To W. Creech.
An' weary Winter comin fast, To a Mouse.	As far surpassing other common villains, As Thou in natural parts badst given me more. Tragic Frag.
Frae hame this comin Friday; To Gav. Hamilton.	Commoner.
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time To hear what's comin? To J. S., 4.	What tho', like Commoners of air, We wander out, we know not where, . Ep. to Davie. 4.
Or, rustling, thro' the hoortries coman, Wi' heavy groan. Add. to the Deil. 6.	The independent commoner Shall be the man for a' that. The Election Ballads. II.
Command, Comman'.	Commons.
I crave thy friendship at thy kind command; Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	A House o' Commons such as he, They wad be blest that saw that. The Election Ballads, II.
A scepter'd hand, a king's command,	It may send Balmaghie to the Commons,
Is in her darting glances: S. Lovely Davies. Where Cummins once had high command:	
S. The Banks of Nith.	Common-sense. Reid, to common sense appealing, Auld comrade dear t
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee, And still the second dread command be free,	To common sense they [Philosophers] now appeal,
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	But what his common sense came short,
Their Master's and their Mistress's command, The youngker's a' are warned to obey;	He eked it out wi' law, . Extem. in Court of Session.
The youngker's a are warned to obey; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6. Here is Murray's fragments	In chase o' thee, what crowds hae swerv'd Frae common sense, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
O' the ten commands; . The Election Ballads. IV.	And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them,
Oft, honor'd with supreme command, The Farewell, To St. J.'s L	The Brigs of Ayr. 10. While Common-Sense has taen the road,
	An' aff, an' up the Cowgate Fast, fast . The Holy Fair. 16.
Before this ponderous globe itself Arose at Thy command: The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	a rock To crusb common sense for her sins, The Kirk's Alarm, Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-l!, The Ordination. 2.
The Chief on Sark who glorious fell, In high command; [v. A. 4] The Ussion, D. I.	Common Sense is gaun, she says,
	To mak to Jamie Beattie Her plaint this day 16. 11.
Till Lairds forbad, by strict commands, Sic hluidy pranks. To W. Simpson, P.S.	And that fell cur ca'd common sense, That bites sae sair, The Twa Herds. 10.
"Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck "Of a' the ten comman's A screed some day." The Holy Fair. 4.	Commutation. Could be some commutation broach, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Of a the ten comman's A screed some day. The Holy Fair. 4.	Companie.
Command, 10.	God bless the king And the companie! S. Landlady, count †
Who [false usurper] now commands the towers and lands The royal right of Albany. S. The bonic Lass of Albany	Sitting at yon boord-en', And amang guid companie; S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.
Commander. And there will be Murray Commander.	Companion.
The Election Ballads. III.	Companions of my social joy! The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.
But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store,	Hear, how he [Morality] gies the tither yell, Between his two companions! The Ordination. 12.
Commandment tenth remember'd The Dean of Fac.,	The bonie Lark, companion meet! To a Mountain-Daisy.
Or, nae reflection on your lear, Ye may commence a Shaver; The Ordination. 9.	At me, thy poor, earth-horn companion,
	An' fellow-mortal! To a Mouse.
M	

Complimental. Compare. Her nut-brown hair, beyond compare, S. As I gaed up by t The Dame brings forth, in complimental mood-To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. . S. O Malley's meek. Her yellow hair, beyond compare, O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare! Complimentary. The Cotter's Sat. Night. o. I will not wind a lang conclusion, Compare, to. With complimentary effusion: A Ded. to G. H., 15. Awa wi' your helles and your heauties, Complimented. They never wi'her can compare ; S. Adown winding Nith t Compare wi' bonie Brigs o' modern time? The Brigs of Ayr. 6. Compose. Compar'd. Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd.
And shudder at the niffer, Add. to Unco Guid. 3. Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back, He sweetly does compose him; . The Holy Fair, 11. An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt. To be compar'd to Willie: . Halloween. o. Composing. Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie! But when compar'd with real passion.

Poor is all that princely pride.

S. Mark yonder Fomp to S. O. Pliely, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Fareweel, 'my rhyme-composing' brither! To W. Simpson. 17. Compar'd wi' my delight is poor . . . S. O Phely, † Compound. Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame ; Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound; The Vowels. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13. Comprehension. An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painth in,

The Twa Dogs. 9. Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride, In all the pomp of method, and of art, 16. 17. Still, thou art blest, compar'd wi' me! To a Mouse. Compute. Compar'd wi' you-O fool! fool! fool! How much unlike!. What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted. . Add. to Unco Guid. 8. To J. S., 26. Comparison. Comrade. Beyond comparison the worst [ills] are those
That to our folly, or our guilt we owe. Remorse. A Frag.. Auld comrade dear and brither sinner, . Auld comrade † As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find. I must needs say, comparisons are odd, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Fragment, inser, to Fox. I hae been blythe wi' Comrades dear; S. The Rigs o' Barley. May ev'ry true Brother of th' Compass and Square Wha for his friend an' comrade had him, The Twa Does. Have a big-belly'd bottle when pressed with care.

No Churchman am I t Com'st Thou golden time o' youthful prime, Compeer. Why com'st thou not again ! . S. But lately seen t With talents passing most of my compeers, . Compel. Strong necessity compels. On scaring Water-fowl. And echo cons the doolfn' tale : S. The Contented Cottager. Compile. There all ber charms she does compile; Conceal. But secret love will break my heart.

1f I conceal it langer. S. Craigie-burn Wood. S. Twas even-the dewy t Complain. I may be distress'd, but I winna complain; Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can S. As I was a-wand ring t . Ep. to Young Friend. 5. Frae critical dissection; Let not woman e'er complain Of inconstancy in love : Let not woman e'er complain, Not cabinets even of kings would conceal 'em, Fragment, inser. to Fox. Fickle man is apt to rove; S. Let not moman t And [a'] the earth conceals sae lowly; S. My Collier Laddic. 1 beg you'll hear Your humble slave complain, The Petition of Br. Water. Your thought, if love must barbour there, Conceal it in that thought; S. Talk not of Love † Of thy caprice maternal I complain, . . . To R. G. of F.. I canna to mysel' conceal Complaining. Thy soothing fond complaining.
S. O stay, sweet warbling woodlark t My deeply-ranklin' sorrow. . . V.s, under Grief.

Ye maun conceal till your last hour! . S. Wha is that at † But truce with peevish, poor complaining! . To J. S., 20. Concealing. His sad complaining dowie raves. . S. Young Jamie, † The hazard of concealing; . . Ep. to Young Friend. 6. Complaint. "I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's a' my complaint,
S. There liv'd ance a carle t Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;
S. The lazy mist t Complaisance. Implaisance.
Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range.
Be complaisance extended; Ef. to Young Friend. 9. Conceit, ye were my first conceit, . S. John Anderson t Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell
O' witchin love, Poem on Pastoral Poetry, Compleat, Complete. In all the pomp of ignorant conceit; The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Her air so sweet, her shape complete, S. As I gaed up by t Conceited. Her reputation is complete . . . S. IIandsome Nell. A set o' dull, conceited Hashes, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 12. Mally's ev'ry way compleat. . . . S. O Mally's meek. Conceited gowk! puffd up wi' windy pride!

The Brigs of Ayr. 7. Thy lips are as sweet and thy figure complext, Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete,

Ronalds of Bennals. S. O when she cam ben t Concerns. This wot ye all whom it concerns. On dining with Daer. Then know all ye whom it concerns, Subscripsi bnic, Robert Burns. But [judges] of meet or unmeet, in a fabrick complete, . The Inventory. I'll boldly pronounce they [reviewers] are none, Sir.

To Capt. Riddel. Concert. Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Compleater. Altho' a ribban at your lng Harmonious concert rung in every part, 16. 12. Wad been a dress compleater: A Dream, 12. Compleenin [complaining, ailing]. Concession. Dove-like fondness, chaste concession, To a Kiss. He's always compleenin frae mornin' to e'enin, S. What can a young lassie + Conclude. Completely. Till Order bright, completely shine.

The Farewell, To St. J.'s L. Sae I conclude and quat my chanter, Auld comrade dear t But to conclude my lang epistle, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 22.

An' aften labour them completely. . . . The Inventory,

But Queen N[etherplace], of a different complexion, Epig. on Henpsched Squire. Another.

With ardent eyes, complexion sallow, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.

Complexion.

Conclusion. I will not wind a lang conclusion.
With complimentary effusion: A Ded. to G. H., 15. Compliment. Will Ye accept a Compliment
A simple Bardie gies Ye? . A Dream. g.
My compliments to sister Beckie; . . . To Dr. Blacklock. And came to this conclusion, O; S. My father was a farmer t And now my conclusion I'll tell,
For faith I'm confoundedly dry: The Jolly Beggars, S. III. Compliment, to. O some will court and compliment, S. John, come kiss me now. And here's, for a conclusion, . . . The Ordination. 14.

While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang; . S. Sae flaxen†

To R. G. of F., 7.

And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care."

Conquering. In n' their charms, and conquering arms, S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.

Condemn'd.	Conquering. In n' their charms, and conquering arms, S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain, S. Farewell, thou stream t	He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
Condemn'd to see my rival's reign S. The last time I	Of conquering, lovely Davies. S. Lovely Davies. By conquering beauty's sov'reign law; S. Sae flaxen †
Waes me! She's [Superstition's] in a sad condition;	O, these are my Lassie's all-conquering charms.
Letter to J. Goudie.	S. You wild mossy mountains t
Conduct. And a conduct that beautifies a', . Ronalds of Bennals.	The son of great Loda was conqueror still, The Whistle. 3.
And a conduct that beautifies a', . Ronalds of Bennals. Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.	Conquest.
The Rights of Woman.	She's gane, like Alexander. To spread her conquests farther. S. O saw ye bonic Lesley!
Confess. A bonie Lass, all will confess, Is pleasant to the e'e. S. Handsome Nell.	Conscience.
But yet, O L-d! confess I must,	A Conscience but a canker Ep. to Young Friend. 10. 'Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowless jad!
At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust Holy Willie's Prayer. 6. I do confess thou art sae fair,	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 4.
I do confess thee sweet, but find	An' he swoor by his conscience,
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,	The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Lus under Pict. of Miss B	Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd? The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
Confession.	Here's an honest conscience
But why urge the tender confession, 'Gainst fortunes fell cruel decree	Might a prince adorn; . The Election Ballads, IV. That fell remorse, a conscience bleeding
S. Here's a health to ane † Speaking silence, dumb confession, To a Kiss.	Hath led me here The Hermit.
I made an open fair confession,	Let me sound an alarm to your conscience; The Kirk's Alarm. Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallow'd fire; To Clarinda
Confine.	Their raxan conscience, To Rev. J. M. Math.
Think on the dungeon's grim confine, A Winter Night. q.	Conscious.
Confine, to. Those headlong, furious passions to confine; Why am I loth †	The conscious sun, out o'er you hill, Rejoicin' clos'd the day so, S. As I gaed up by t
Conform. When Sh-lb-rne meek held up his cheek.	With arch-alacrity and conscious glee Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Conform to Gospel law, A Fragment. 6. Confound. Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradictor	Conscious, blushing for our race, . On scaring Water-fowl. The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
1 rug ment insert to 1 cat	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
G-d confound their stubborn face. Holy Willie's Prayer. 10. To confound the poor Doctor at ance. The Kirk's Alarm.	Thine is the self-approving glow, On conscious honour's part; To Chloris.
Confounded. Astonished! confounded! cry'd Satan, by G-d. I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d—ble load.	By all the conscious villain fears below! . To Clarinda.
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d——ble load. Epig. on Capt. Grose.	While conscious virtue all the strain endears, To Miss Graham.
Confoundedly.	Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
And now my conclusion I'll tell, For faith I'm confoundedly dry: The Jolly Beggars, S. III.	To R. G. of F., 7.
Confuse. Confuse their brains in Colledge classes!	The torturing, gnawing consciousoess of guilt Remorse, A Frag.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 12. Confusion.	Consent.
To ev'ry New-light mother's son,	But he wan my heart's consent, To be his ain at the neist meeting. S. As I came o'ert
From this time forth, Confusion: The Ordination. 14.	At length she blush'd a sweet consent, S. There was a lass t
Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it, To IV. Simpson, P.S	Consequence.
Conglobe. Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye, Poet. Add. to Tytler.	O would they stay to calculate Th' eternal consequences; . Add. to Unco Guid. 5.
Congratulation.	And resolutely keep its [Honor's] laws, Uncaring consequences Ep. to Young Friend. S.
But accept, ve sublime Majority.	A consequence I draw that S. Women's Minds.
My congratulations hearty The Dean of Fac Congregation.	Consequential.
When men display to congregations wide,	And clear the consequential sorrows, Love-gifts of Carnival signoras [v. A. 13] The Twa Dogs. 23.
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.	Consider.
Now a' the congregation o'er	consider now, Ye're uoco muckle dautet; . A Dream, 15. Consider, Sirs, how we're beset, The Twa Herds. 11.
Is silent expectation;	Consolation
I fran quite refuse our law, man. A Pragment. F.	For sweet consolation to church I did fly; S. No Churchman am I†
Conjure. "I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More. The Whistle. δ.	To those who for her loss are grieved,
The Whistle. 8.	This consolation's given On Poet's Daughter.
Conjuring. Ve'll quake at his conjuring hammer, On Grose's Peregrinations.	Constable. Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows, Adam A—'s Prayer.
Connected.	Constancy.
She, honest woman, may think shame That ye're connected with her. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	The hyacinth for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue, S. The Posic.
Connexion. Dearest tie of young connexions, To a Kiss.	Constant. We'll be constant while we can S. Let not woman t
Connubial. Tho' when some kind, connubial Dear	I'd fan it wi' a constant gale, S. O were my love †
Still fan the sweet connubial flame	As thy constant slave regard it; S. Sweetest May † And is constant for ever and true; S. The Winter it is fast †
Responsive in each bosom, S. Young Peggy †	(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms) . To Chloris.
And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply.	Constantly.
Ep. fr. Esopus.	Thy goodness constantly we prove, My minny does constantly deave me, S. Tam Glen.
Conquer'd. They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside. S. Caledonia.	The Constantly on poortith's brink, The Twa Dogs. 15.
and a conduct a and talk a notice position.	

Constellation

Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,
In ac constellation shine; . . . S. Bonic wee thing † I'd heeze thee up a constellation. . . Ep. to H. Parker. Constitution.

And here's the grand fahric, our free Constitution, At Meet. of D. Volunteers.

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions, The Rights of Woman.

Constrain. Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,

Man was made to mourn.

Consume. Consume that high-place Patronage,
From off thy holy hill; . New Psalmody.

And now beneath the withering blast S. Now Spring has clad t My youth and joy consume. May there my latest hours consume, S. The Banks of Nith. I wenr away My life, and in my office holy

Consume the day. . Consumption.

Gane in a galloping consumption, . . Letter to J. Goudie. Contagion. Luxury's contagion, wenk nad vile!

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.

Contemplation.

Or guilt affrights thy contemplation, . . The Hermit.

Contempt

There keen indignation shall dart on her prey, Which spurning contempt shall redeem from his ire.

Monody, on a Lady. . On Duke of Queensberry. And sunk them in contempt; . But where is your shield from the darts of contempt?

Ye true "Loyal Natives" †

Contend.

But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers contend? The Whistle. 16.

Contending.

Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels.

Fragment, inser. to Fox.

Content. To stay content wi' yowes at hame; Death of Mailie. We [O Death !] freely wad exchang'd the wife, An' a' heen weel content. . Epig. on Henpecked Squire.

Content am I, if Heaven shall give . S. It is na, Jean t But happiness to thee:

Sit round the table, weel content, An' steer about the toddy. . . And mak us a' content, man. . . . The Holy Fair. 20, The Tree of Liberty. But give me real, sterling Wit, And I'm content. To J. S., 23.

Content with You to mak a pair, Whare'er I gang. 1b. 29. Content, s.

But whether granted, or denied, Lord bless us with content! . . A Grace before Dinner. Yet then content could make us blest; . Ep. to Davie. 3. Content and love bring peace and joy, S. In simmer when t Sits meek content with light unanxious heart,

Sonnet, wr. on Birthday. Blest wi' content, and milk and meal

S. The Contented Cottager. Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.

Content and comfort bless me more in This grot, than e'er I felt before in A palace The Hermit. Make content and ease thy aim. Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Content, to.

Aqua-fontis, what you plense,
He can content ye. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21. Contented.

Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair,

S. Contented wi' little, † Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented, . The Inventory. They're maistly wonderfu' contented; The Twa Dogs. 11. Contention.

Within this dear mansion may wayward contention Or withered envy ne'er enter: S. The Sons of old Killie. Contentment.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,

That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †

I find that contentment's an absolute feast, S. The Poor Thresher.

Contest.

The jovial contest again have renewed. The Whistle. 5. Contradiction.

How genins, th' illustrious father of fiction.

Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction

Fragment inser. to Fox.

Contrasted.

His forbears' virtues all contrasted, On Duke of Queensberry. Contriving. No sly Man of business contriving a snare, S. No Churchman am I †

Control. She reigns without control. . S. Handsome Nell. The tyrant Death, with grim control, . S. Peggy Chalmers. Wildly here without control,

Nature reigns and rules the whole; S. Streams that glide t Controul. to.

Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour, To R. G. of F.. Controuling.

With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me, Why am I loth t Conveener. Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye douce Conveeners, The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

Convene. Some merry, friendly, countra folks, Together did convene,

Convenience.

A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug, A treacherous inclination . Add. to Unco Guid. 6.

Converse.

Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies, . Ep. to H. Parker. Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation. Exten. Extem., To Mr. S-e.

Convert. How monie hearts this day converts, . The Holy Fair. 27.

Convey. To my arms their charge convey, S. How can my poor heart t

Conviction.

An' rouse them up to strong conviction,
An' move their pity. The Author's Cry and Prayer. Convoy. To do some errands, and convoy her hame.

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.

Convov'd.

Convoy'd me through the glen. . S. My heart was ance t Convolse.

What ragings must his veins convulse,

Add. to Unco Guid. 4. A sight pale envy to convulse) . Sketch. New-Yr's Day. Cood [cud].

On thee aft Scotland chows her cood. . Scotch Drink. 4. That 'yout the hallan snugly chows her cood ; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.

Coof, Cuif [a blockhead, a fool, a ninny].

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
S. And O for ane and twenty t While Coofs on countless thousands rant, Et. to Davie. 2.

A coof like him wou'd stain your [Sir deil's] name, Epit. on Holy Willie. But whn wad keep the handless coof, S. O can ye labour leat

How fumbling coofs their dearies slight, Scotch Drink. 12. A coof came in wi' rowth o' gear, . S. She's fair and fause t "Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes hen; . S. Tam Glen, Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion

That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion The Brigs of Ayr. 8.

Though hundreds worship at his word, He's but a coof for a' that:. S. The Honest Man. 1 started, mutt'ring blockhead! coof! . The Vision, D. I. 6. This waly hoy will he nae coof, S. There was a ladt

Cooing. Down in a shady walk, Doves cooing were; . S. Phillis the Fair.

Cooket [darted in and out of hiding, in ways unexpected and playfull.

Whyles cooket underneath the hraes, Below the spreading hazle Unseen . Hallowcen, 25.

Cookin [cooking].

How daddie Burke the plea was cookin, Kind Sir, I've read \$ Cook'ry.

And cook'ry the first in the nation: Extem., To Mr. S-e.

'Shaded my streams sae clear and cool; As on the banks t A cool spectator purely!. . The Election Ballads. VI. lofty firs, and ashes cool, The Petition of Br. Water. Grave, tide, blooded, calm and cool, . To J. S , 26.

Cool, to.	That merry night we get the corn in, Scotch Drink. 9.
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither. S. Scroggam. Cool'd. Blest he the hour she cool'd in her linnens,	And shook haith meikle corn and hear. Tam o' Shanter. 15. When first among the yellow corn
Cooling. While Summer with a matron grace	A man I reckon'd was; . The Ans. to the Guidwife,
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade, Add. to Shade of Thomson.	The Brigs of Ayr. 13. Wi' taets o' hay an' ripps o' corn . The Death of Mailie.
Cooper.	The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn S. The gloomy night †
The Cooper o' cuddy cam here awa; S. The Cooper o' cuddy t We'll hide the Cooper behind the door,	to view the corn, An' snuff the callor air. The Holy Fair. 1.
Cooper'd.	Lammus night, When corn rigs are bonie, S. The Rigs o' Farley.
They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn, S. The Cooper o' cuddy t	Corn rigs, an' barley rigs, An' corn rigs are bonie; . Ib.
He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't. The Kirk's Alarm.	And tent the waving corn wi' me S. There was a lass t I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn, By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne! To Clarinda.
Coor [to cover]. They scarcely left to coor their fuds The folly Beggars, R. VIII.	While corn grows green in summer showers, S. Where Cart rius †
Cooser [a stallion]. And no a perfect kintra cooser. Kind Sir, I've read †	Corner.
Coost, Cuist [did cast]. Till Suthron raise, an' coost their claise A Fragment. 9.	But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkan,
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh, . S. Duncan Gray †	Corn-inclosed.
Satan took stuff to mak a swine, And cuist it in a corner; Epig. on A. Turner.	Adown a corn-inclosed bawk, S. A Rosebud by my t
And coost her duddies to the wark, . Tam o' Shanter. 12.	Corn-mou. Commend me to the Barn yard, And the Corn-mou, man; S. The Ploughman†
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch, . The Death of Mailie.	Corn't [fed with oats].
The wanton coot the water skims, S. Again rejoicing Nature †	When thou was corn't, an' I was mellow, A Guid New-Year † 9.
Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals; El. on Capt. M. H. 8.	Cornwallis. C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought, A Fragment. 4.
Cootie [having legs clad with feathers]. Ye cootie Moorcocks, crousely craw; Tam Samson's El., 7.	Corny while each corny spear Shoots up its head.
Cootie [a wooden kitchen dish].	El. on Capt. M. H. 12.
Spairges about the brunstane cootie, . Add. to the Deil.	The coins o' Satan's coronation S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
Copy. A copy o' this I bequeath, P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm." Coquette.	Coronet. Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent, A virtnous Populace may rise the while,
Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette, Ep. fr. Esopus.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
Corbie [a raven; a crow].	Corps. The corps is no nice of recruits; The Kirk's Alarm.
Corhies and Clergy are a shot right kittle: The Brigs of Ayr.10. Cordial. One cordial in this melancholy Vale, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.	Bright Phœhus ne'er witnessed so joyous a corps, The Whistle. 13. From envy and hatred your corps is exempt: Ye true "Loyal Natives" †
Core. The crest, an auld crab-apple Rotten at the core. The Election Ballads. IV.	Correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n.
Tho' despair had wrung its core, That would heal its anguish S. Thine am I†	Is sure a noble anchor! . Ep. to Young Friend. 10 Correspondent.
But still within my bosom's core Shall live my Highland Mary. S. Ye banks and bracs and streams t	And sought a correspondent breast, To give chedience due:
Core [corps].	Corroding. heart-corroding care and grief Ep. to Davie, q
Hear me, ye venerable Core, Add. to Unco Guid. 2.	Corrupt. It's naething but a milder feature,
"Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them Lns add. to J. Ranken.	Of our poor, sintu', corrupt Nature: A Dea. to G. 11, c
Lament him a' ye rantan core, On Sc. Bard gne to W. I. That night enlisted in the core, Tam o' Shanter. 15.	Corruption. An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck
That night enlisted in the core, Tam o' Shanter. 15. He was the king of a' the Core,	Some rouse the Patriot up to hare
Mr The due to the Guidenife.	Corruption's heart: The Vision, D. II. 4 Corse. She sees his pale corse on the plain Oh;
Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd core, The Election Ballads, VI.	S. On, open the abov.
a merry core O' randie, gangrel hodies, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	Corsincon [a mountain in New Cumnock parish, Ayr shire, where the Nith takes its rise]. The Nith that light of Caringon . S. Deet haughty Gaul.
The adjutant o' a' the core, Willie's awa! . To W. Creech.	The Nith shall rin to Corsincon, S. Does haughty Gaul. On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell, S. O were I on Parnass
And every new cork is a new spring of joy; The Whistle. 12. Corky-headed.	Corss [cross; market-place]. if foot or horse E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corss, To Mr. J. Kennedy
stanmrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry, The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	Cost.
Corn. The cleanest Corn that e'er was dight The cleanest Corn that e'er was dight	A lesson sadly teaching to your cost, The Brigs of Ayr. 7. He'd venture the gallows for siller, An'twere na the cost o' the rape. The Election Ballads. III.
May hae some pyles o' caff in; Add. to Unco Guid. Mott. The yellow corn was waving ready: S. By Allan stream?	
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn: S. Caledonia.	S. Braw lads of G. water
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs, Ep. to f. L-k, Ap. 21st. 2. To pou their stalks o' corn;	I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenned name May cost a pair o' blushes; On W. Chalmers
And corn way'd green in ilka field, S. In simmer when t	When ilka ell cost me a groat, The taylor staw the lynin o't S. The cardin o'
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds Wave o'er the yellow corn! Lament of Mary of Scots.	The Solemn League and Covenant Cost Scotland blood, cost Scotland tears:
The furrow'd waving corn is seen	The Lingue with Control
Rejoice in fostering showers. S. Now Spring has clad? The rustling corn, the fruited thorn, S. Now westlin winds?	Ve've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
When corn begins to shoot, One night as I t	Just gain to see you; To J. S

Costly. Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion. Round the wealthy, titled bride S. Mark yonder Pomp †	I couldna tell what ailed me, S. When first I saw† I cou'dna get sleeping till dawing, for greeting, S. As I was a-wand'ring †
Cot. My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye. S. Afton Water.	But whether she [the moon] had three or four [horns], I cou'dna tell Death and Dr. Hornbook.
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides: 1b. When glimmering thro' the trees appear'd,	Duncan cou'dna he her death, S. Duncan Gray †
You wee white Cot aboon the Mill, . As on the banks t	The Deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, S. O saw ye bonie L.†
But now, the Cot is bare and cauld	l cou'dna sing, I cou'dna say, How much, how dear I love thee. S. O were I on Parnass.†
To Riddell, much lamented man! This ivied cot was dear; . Lns on Window, F.'s C. Her.	Coulter. Till crash! the cruel coulter past
This ivied cot revere!	Out thro' thy cell To a Mouse.
On ilka hand the hurnies trot,	Council. Ve godly Councils who has blest this town; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
And meet below my bonie cot; S. The Contented Cottager. At length his lonely Cot appears in view,	Nae mair the Council waddles down the street
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.	In all the pomp of ignorant conceit;
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot, S. There was a lass † Give me the cot below the pine,	Council-house. Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
To tend the flocks or till the soil, S. Twas even, the dewy t	Counsel.
Our humble cot, and hamely fare, Ye freely shall partake it, S. When wild War's t	Hear me, ve venerable Core
Ye freely shall partake it, S. When wild War's † Cot-house. Loove for loove is the bargain for me,	As counsel for poor mortals, . Add. to Unco Guid. 2.
Tho' the wee Cot-house should haud me;	Some counsel unto me come len';
S. My Collier Laddie. For building cot-houses sae fam'd, The Election Ballads, V.	The husband frae the wife despises! . Tam o Shanter, 1.
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard:	'Implore his counsel and assisting might:
S. There's auld Rob. M. † Cot-folk. An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6 Come join your counsel and your skills, The Twa Herds. 15.
I Own it's past my comprehension, The Twa Does, o.	'To give my counsels all in one, . The Vision, D. II, 22.
Cotillion.	Grave these counsels on thy soul Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Nac cotillion brent new frac France, Tam o' Shanter. 11. Cottage. The lavrock shons the palace gay,	Counsel, to.
And o'er the cottage sings; S. Behold, my love t	Count. To count her[the Moon's] horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
"Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale; Fragment of Ode.	I set mysel, Death and Dr. Hornbook, 1.
By Colin's cottage lies his game, S. My Lord a hunting t	I sit and count my sins by chapters; . Ep. to H. Parker.
What A[iken] in a Cottage would have been; The Cotter's Sat. Night.	The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Wha count on poortith as disgrace Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.
But haply, in some Cottage for apart	Then guidwife count the lawin, S. Gane is the day t
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the Soul; 16. 17. And certes, in fair Virtne's heavenly road,	I'll count my health my greatest wealth, S. Here's to thy health, †
The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind: . Ib. 10.	Landlady, count the lawin, S. Landlady, count t
Cottager. The youngling Cottagers retire to rest: 16. 18.	Auld, cautie Coil may count the day, Nature's Law.
Cottage-rousing. A cottage-rousing craw	Count on a friend, in faith an' practice, In Robert Burns To W. Simpson.
Cottage-scene.	The brave poor sodger ne'er despise, Nor count him as a stranger, S. When wild War's †
And make his cottage-scenes beguile His cares and pains. The Vision, D. II. 9.	Counted. And counted was baith wight and stark,
Cotter, Cotter-man.	Counter. El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
A vera gude tocher, a cotter man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad †	Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan? Why am I loth
How blest the humble cotter's fate, S. O poortith cauld t	Counterbalance.
Was na Robin hauld, Tho' I was a cotter;	Now Jove for once be mighty civil, To counterbalance all this evil;
S. Robin shure in hairst. The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,	Countless. Improm. on Mrs's Birthday.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
Gaed hoddan by their cotters; . The Holy Fair. 7. A Cotter howkan in a sheugh, . The Twa Does to	When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms, I clasp my countless treasure, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †
A Cotter howkan in a sheugh, The Twa Dogs. 10. It wad for ev'ry ane be hetter.	While Coofs on countless thousands rant, Ep. to Davic, 2. Man's inhumanity to Man
It wad for ev'ry ane be hetter, The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter! 1b. 26.	Makes countless thousands mourn!
Couch. And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep; Ep. fr. Esopus.	Man was made to mourn. From countless, unbeginning time. The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.
when my nightly couch I try,	Country, -ie, -a [v. also Kintra].
While my darling fair Is on the couch of anguish? S. Ay waking, O+	And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able
Is on the couch of anguish? S. Ay waking, O † Cou'd be.	To serve their King an' Country weel, A Ded. to G. H., 14. A country lad is my degree, S. Behind you hills +
Gou'd be. God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be, Nor am I even the thing I cou'd be, To Rev. J. M'Math. Cough'd. The same grave project cough'd and hade	A country lad is my degree, S. Behind you hills † O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevailed,
Cough'd. The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,	Our King and our Country to save,
You're one year older this important day,"	S. Farewell, thou fair day t
Prologue, at Th., D	who houly perished in the glorious cause,
Her favour Duncan couldna win ; S. Duncan Davison,	Travel the country thro' and thro'. S. Hee balon +
Sae tickled Death, they couldna part:	His country's pride, his country's stay;
The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife,	Lament for Glencairn. The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
He could na preach for thinkin' o't. S. My love she's but a lassie t	S. My heart's in the High. † O heavy loss, thy country ill could hear!
An' a' the faut I fan' wi' him,	On Death of R. Dundas
But wha wad keep the handless coof	To mourn the woes my country must endure,
That couldna labour lea?	A weeping country joins a widow's tear, On Death of Sir. J. Blair,
	J J

Their title's avow'd by my country. Poet. Add. to Tytler. Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of Ruin! Scots Prologue.	The sun a backward course shall take Ere ought thy manly courage shake; S. Highland Laddie. Then out into the world
Rev'rend Men, their country's glory, The Brigs of Ayr. 9. The herryment and ruin of the country; Ib.	My course I did determine, O; S. My father was a farmer †
Or whom in a' the country roun' The best deserves to fa' that? The Election Ballads. II.	Vour course to the latest is bright. Poet. Add. to Tytler. The tide of Empire's fluctuating course; Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Dear to his country by the names, Friend, Patron, Benefactor!	where the Greenock winds his moorland course, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Nae woman in the Country wide Sae happy was as me S. The High. Widow's L	And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend. The Cotter's Sat. Night.
My Donald and his Country fell, Upon Culloden's field. Ib. Vet let my Country need me, with Elliot to head me,	At length from me her course she steer'd. S. The Joyful Widower.
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum. The Jolly Beggars, S. I. Does the train-attended Carriage	Concealing the course of the dark winding rill; S. The lazy mist †
Thro' the country lighter rove?	My love is like you sun, whose bright course is begun, S. The Winter it is past † Courser. On sprightly coursers prance; Halloween.
But who is he, his Country's hoast?	Court.
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; A country girl at her wheel. Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel; The Twa Dogs, 30.	To chaps, wha, in a harn or hyre, Wad better fill'd their station Than courts A Dream. 5.
His Country's Saviour, mark him well! [v. A. 4] The l'ision. O had she been a country maid.	Or how our merry lads at hame, In Britain's court kept up the game: Kind Sir, I've read† For the auld gudeman o' London court
And I the happy country swain, S. Twas even, the dewy † A credit to his country To Mr. M'Adam.	She didna care a pin; The Election Ballads. 1. There's even, I'm tauld, i' the Court
I've serv'd my king and country lang, S. When wild War's t Remember, he's his country's stay	A Tumbler ca'd the Premier. The Jolly Beggars, S. III. Courts for Cowards were erected
In day and hour of danger. Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,	O would they stay aback frae courts, . The Twa Dogs. 26. Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king, The Whistle.
Out came the Lord of Lauderdale, Out frae the south countrie, Katharine Jaffray.	Court, to.
Five wighter carlines werna found The south countrie within	Ye little know the ills ye court, When Manhood is your wish! Despondency, an Ode, 5. But there are such who court the tuneful nine
Oh, I am come to the low countrie, S. The High. Widow's L Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,	Ef. to R. Graham. 5. Gi'e me love in her I court; S. Jockey fou, †
May plunge an 'plunge the kirn in vain'; Add. to the Deil. 10. A countra Laird had ta'en the batts; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.	O some will court and compliment, . S. John, come kiss. All for to court this pretty maid, . Katharine Jaffray.
Some merry, friendly, countra folks, Halloween. 2.	A hapless lover courts thy lay, S. O stay, sweet warbling † But warily tent, when ye come to court me, S. O Whistle, †
An' screen our countra Gentry; The Holy Fair, q.	But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be, Ib. He cam on purpose for to court me S. The auld man †
Some rhyme to court the countra clash,	Come, will ye court a noble lord, . The Fête Champetre. We'll court nae mair below the bush in our kail-yard, S. There grows a bonie t
'Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds, 1b. 22.	Some rbyme to court the countra clash, To J. S., 5. I court, I beg thy friendly aid, To close this scene of care! To Ruin.
Countrymen. Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason, To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!	Courted.
Country-side.	I courted fortune's favour, O: S. My father was a farmer† Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted? Scots Prologue.
And kept the country-side in fear.) . Tam o' Shanter. 15. Couple.	I past the mill, and trysting thorn, Where Nancy aft I courted: S. When wild War's† Court-day [rent day].
That sic a couple fate allows ye . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13. While pointers round impatient burn'd, Frae couples freed; Tam Samson's El., S.	on our Laird's court-day, The Twa Dogs. 13.
Frae couples freed; Tam Samson's Et., S. Cour v. Cow'r.	Courtesie. And thank'd her for her courtesie; S. The Lass that made the bed. Courtier. The courtier tells a finer tale,
Courage. Your courage much more than your prudence you show it, Fragment, inser. to Fox.	But is his heart as true? . S. Behold, my love, The courtier's gems may witness love,
He whistl'd up lord Lenox' march, To keep his courage cheary;	But 'tis na love like mine
The sun a backward course shall take Ere ought thy manly courage shake; S. Highland Laddie.	Courting, -in. wi' drink an' courting dizzy, . The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
'Twill make your courage rise. John Barleycom. Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	Wha canna win her in a night, Has little art in courting The Tarbolton Lasses.
Course. Can others teach the course to steer, A Bard's Epit.	And they're busy, busy courtin in our kail-yard. S. There grows a bonic † For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin:
But ere the course o' life he through, It may be hitter sautet:	For heauty and fortune the laddie's heen courtin; S. There's a youth† When feather'd tribes are courting, S. Young Peggy†
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills; S. Afton Water.	Courtly. And courtly grandeur bright The fancy may delight, S. Mark yonder Fomft It may escape the courtly sparks, S. O this is no my ain t
Her bright course of glory for ever shall run: S. Caledonia. But now his radiant course is run, For Nathew's course was bright; El. on Capt. M. H.	He wadna hecht them courtly gifts, The Election Battalas. 1.
For Matthew's course was bright; El. on Capt. M. H. As from the cliff, with thundering course, The snowy ruin smokes along, Fragment of Ode.	Free-will'd I fled from courtly howers; The Hermit. The courtly vermin's hanned the tree, . The Tree of Liberty.

Cousin.	Cow'd [depressed with fear, kept under].
My kindest, best respects I sen' it.	The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd; To W. Creech.
To cousin Kate an' sister Janet, Auld comrade dear	Cowe [a setting-down, a repression].
He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess, S. Last May a braw wooer †	But new-light herds gat sic a cowe, To W. Simpson, P.S.
1 spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet, Ib	Cowe, Cow, to [depress with fear, put down, lop].
He play'd our cousin Kate a spring, There came a piper +	To cowe the rehel generation, . Add. of Beelzebub. 2.
Couthy, -ie [affable, loving, kind, pleasant].	E'en cowe the cadie! . The Author's Cry and Prayer, 19.
Some [nits] kindle, conthie, side by side,	And cowe her measure shorter By th' head some day The Ordination. 13.
She was couthy, he was kind, S. Jockey fou,	Come join your counsel and your skills,
I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet, S. Last May a braw wooer†	
couthie fortune, kind and cannie, To Terraughty.	An' not a muse erect her head To cowe the blellums? To Rev. J. M'Math.
Cove. There, up the Cove, to stray an' rove, . Halloween.	But shortly they will cowe the louns! To W. Simpson, P.S.
O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves, The Brigs of Ayr. S.	Cowgate [a street or lane in Mauchline village,
Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove, [v. A. 4] The Vision, D. I.	striking off opposite the Church].
Covenant.	While Common-Sense has taen the road, An' aff, an' up the Cowgate Fast, fast The Holy Fair. 16.
Say, was it the covenant carried her thither; Jenny M'Crazu+	Cowl.
Their leagues and their covenants a' she has ta'en; . Ib.	Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me, [re.] . S. Scroggam.
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs	Cow-milk.
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs And covenant True blues, man; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	But gie them guid cow-milk their fill, The Death of Mailie.
	Cowp the cran [tumble over, v. Cran].
Cost Scotland blood-cost Scotland tears: The League and Covenant.	Than garren lasses cowp the cran
Covenanter.	Clean heels owre body, . What ails ye now †
Auld covenanters shiver The Election Ballads. I'I.	Cowpit, -et [tumbled over, overset].
Cover.	'I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry, Death and Dr. Hornbook, 18.
Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown, I fain my griefs would cover; S. Farcwell, thou stream †	But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
And cover him under a mawn, O S. The Cooper o' cuddy t	Cow'r, Cour [to cower, crouch].
Love's veriest wretch, despairing, 1	Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing, A Winter Night. 4.
Fain, fain my crime would cover: S. The last time I†	A Winter Night. 4.
The snaws the mountains cover, S. The yng High. Rover. Cover'd. Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,	But here my Muse her wing mann cour; Tam o' Shanter. 16. While at the stock the shearers cow'r To Rev. J. M'Math.
S. My heart's in the High.	Cowran [cowering].
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw, S. Up in the morning.	Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie, To a Mouse.
Covert.	Cowslip.
Within the bush, her covert nest A little linnet fondly prest, S. A Rosebud by my †	In vain to me the cowslips blaw, S. Again rejoicing Nature †
From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide:	THE COUNTY OF TH
The Brigs of Ayr. 13. This too, a covert shall ensure,	And scattered cowslips sweetly spring; S. Now bank and brae†
To shield them from the storm; The Petition of Br. Water,	S. Now bank and bract She's stately like you youthful ash
And hird and heast, in covert, rest,	That grows the cowslip braes between,
And pass the heartless day	S. On Cessnock banks †
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide; The Brigs of Ayr.	And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale. S. The small birds †
The scatt'red coveys meet secure, . S. The gloomy night †	Cowt, Cowte [a colt].
Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to feed,	Yet aft a ragged Cowte's been known,
S. You wild mossy mountains †	To mak a noble Aiver; A Dream. 11. Foreby a Cowt. o' Cowts the wale, The Inventory.
Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep,	Foreby a Cowt, o' Cowts the wale, The Inventory. Coxcomb.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	And call each coxcomb to the wordy war Ep. fr. Esopus.
Cow. And bring hame a Carlisle cow S. Hee balou, †	Comes, 'mid a string of coxcombs to display,
A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf, S. Her Daddie forbad † Cow, to v. Cowe, to.	That veni, vidi, vici, is his way;
Coward.	Coy. Seeks Science in her coy ahode. Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
Go frighten the coward and slave! S. Farewell, thou fair day t	Lesley is sae fair and coy, S. Blythe ha'e I been † See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
May coward shame disdain his name.	Amang its native briers sae coy, S. I do confess †
The wretch that dares not die! S. Farewell, ye dungeons† A coward loon she ca'd me; S. Had I the wyte†	wi' coy and fickle nature, . S. Will ye go and marry t
Nor give [ye winds] the coward secret breath Liberty.	Cozie [warm, comfortable, snug].
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,	prie'd her bonie mou, Fu' cozie in the neuk . Halloween. 10.
S. O Kenmure's on and awa †	And hap him in a cozie biel: On Scot. Bard gne to IV. I. While some are cozie i' the neuk,
That he should be the slave o't [of wealth].	An' forming assignations The Holy Fair, 20.
Wha first shall rise to gang awa,	An' cozie here, heneath the blast,
A cuckold coward loun is he! S. O Willie brew'd †	Thou thought to dwell, To a Mouse. Then canie in some cozie place,
The bravest heart on English ground,	They close the day To J. S., 18.
Had yielded like a coward On Miss J. Scott.	Coziely [snugly].
Wha can fill a coward's grave? S. Scots, wha ha'e † Traitor, coward, turn and flee!	Syne coziely, aboon the door,
Till coward Death behind him jumpit, Tam Samson's El., 10.	Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them Halloween. 5.
The annual days are highly control of	Crab-apple. The crest, an anid crab-apple Rotten at the core. The Election Ballads. IV.
And coward maukin sleep secure,	Crabbed, -t.
Low in her grassy form. The Petition of Br. Water. Courts for Cowards were erected, The Jolly Beggars, S. VIII.	An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us, Scotch Drink. 1.
Is wrought now by a coward few, S. The Union.	Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks, Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks; . The Twa Dogs. 33.
	Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks; . The Twa Dogs. 33.

N

On the transfer of the Archest	Cralgen-Gillan.
Crack, in a [Immediately]. And did Sol's business in a crack; To J. Taylor.	I'm rous'd by Craigen-Gillan! To Mr. M'Adam.
Crack [chat, conversation, discourse].	Craigie [dim. of craig, the neck, throat].
On Fasteneen we had a rockin,	Leeze me on thy bonie craigie, S. Ilee balou,
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 2.	If e'er ye want, or meet with scant, May 1 ne'er weet my craigie! The Jolly Beggars, S. VI.
A pint an' gill I'd gie them haith, To hear your crack	Craigie-burn.
1 dinna like to see your face,	Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood, S. Craigie-burn Wood,
Nor hear your crack Ib. 20.	the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn wood, Ib.
Ve hae sae monie cracks an' cants, Ep. to J. R., 2.	Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-burn, S. Sweet fa's the evet
And there blaws up a hearty crack; Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	Craigy [craggy].
She lea'es them gashan at their cracks, Halloween, 11.	Beneath a craigy steep, a Bard, . Lament for Glencairn.
Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks, 1b. 28.	Craik [the landrail], Mourn, clamonring craiks at close o' day.
But raise your arm, an' tell your crack Before them a'. The Author's Cry and Prayer, b.	Craik [the landrail]. Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day, El. on Capt. M. H., 8.
They're a' in famous tune For crack . The Holy Fair. 26.	The crark among the clover hay, S. The Contented Cottager.
Crack, to [to chat].	Crambo-clink, Crambo-jingle [rhymes]. Amaist as soon as soon as 1 could spell,
Wha will crack to me my lane? S. O wha my babie-clouts †	I to the crambo-jingle fell, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 8.
The Father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	A' ye wha live by crambo-clink, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Crack, to.	Cramm'd. And longer with Politics, not to be cramm'd, At Meet. of D. Volunteers. Extem.
And gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack, Scots Prologue. 11k smack still did crack still,	Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd; . The Kirk's Alarm.
Just like a cadger's whip; The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	Cran [an iron support on which to rest a pot or kettle above the fire. "Cowp the cran," go to wreck
Auld Britain ance could crack her joke, The Tree of Liberty.	like a pot when the cran is upset].
An' may a bard no crack his jest . To Rev. J. M' Math.	Gae fa' upo' anither plan,
Crack credit [to lose character and credit]. And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae than me.	Than garren lasses cowp the cran What ails ye now t
S. O meikle thinks my love t	When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Crackan [chatting]. The cantie, and folks, crackan cronse, . The Twa Dogs. 20.	Are my poor Verses! . Scotch Drink, 18.
Cracked. For this the watchman cracked his crown,	Crankous (fretful, captious, rebellious). This while she's (Scotland's) been in crankous mood.
The Tree of Liberty.	The Author's Cry and Prayer, 16.
Crackling. By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne! To Clarinda.	Cranreuch [hoar frost].
Cradle. Then I mann sit the lee lang day,	And infant frosts begin to bite, In hoary cranreach drest; The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
And jeeg the cradle wi' my tae, S. Duncan Gray.	To thole the Winter's sleety dribble, An' cranrench cauld! To a Mouse.
The wean wants a cradle, An' the cradle wants a cod, S. There's news, lasses †	An cranrench cauld! To a Mouse. Cran is eron harvest: the top or highest part of a
Craft la croft, a field near a house].	Crap [a crop, harvest; the top or highest part of a thing. "Craps o' heather," heather-tops].
Or faith! I fear that, wi' the geese,	He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye, He has nae love to spare for me; S. In simmer when t
I shortly boost to pasture I the craft A Dream. 6.	Till whare we sit, on crans o' heather.
I hae as gude a craft rig As made o' yird and stane; S. There's news, lasses †	Ve tine your dam; [v. A. 2]
Craft. In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives;	And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap: The Brigs of Ayr.
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Crap, to [to crop].
Still making work his selfish craft must mend Sketch.	Ve grouss that crap the beather had; El. on Capt. M. H. 7.
A hizzie's the half of my Craft: The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	Crape. An' Robin's bonnet wave wi crape Foor Mailie's El.
Her lord, a wight of Homer's craft,	Crash.
Craftilie. Sae craftilie she took me ben, S. Had I the wyte t	But smash them! crash them a' to spails! Add. of Beelzebub. 4. Till crash! the cruel conlter past
Craftsman.	Out thro' thy cell To a Mouse.
And by that Hieroglyphic bright, Which none but Craftsmen ever saw!	Crashing. "Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale;
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.,	Fragment of Ode.
Crafty. The crafty colonel leaves the tartaned lines, Ep. fr. Esopus.	crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat, The Brigs of Ayr, 7.
But gin ye be crafty, I am cunning, S. O meikle thinks my love †	Harl down wi' crashing rattle; The Election Ballads. VI. Cravat.
A robe of seeming truth and trust	A ten-shillings hat, a Holland cravat; Ronalds of Bennals.
Hid crafty observation ; The Holy Fair, Mott.	Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat;
Crag. They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, Add. to the Deil, 9.	S. Wee Willie Gray t
Craggy.	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest,	Three vollies let his mem'ry crave Tam Samson's El 13.
My craggy cliffs adorn; . The Petition of Br. Water. Craig [the neck, throat].	'Its neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave, S. There liv'd ance a carle
The knife that nicket Abel's craig On Grose's Peregrinations.	Maxwell, if merit here you crave, That merit I deny: To Dr. Maxwell.
Craig [a crag].	Craw [a crow].
1 sat me down upon a craig, As on the banks †	And flee o'er the hills like a craw, man, Ronalds of Bennals.
As Highland craigs by thunder cleft, Hurl down wi' crashing rattle; The Election Ballads. I'I.	The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose: The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Craigdarroch.	Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin
Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd core, The Election Ballads. VI.	By hoodie-craw; 10 11 . Creech.
Craigdarroch ied a light-arm d core, The Election Baldaus, VI. Craigdarroch so famous for wit, worth, and law; The Whistle. 6.	Craw (the crow of a cock). And bail'd the morning with a cheer,
Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil, Ib. 7.	A cottage-rousing craw A Winter Night, 10.
20 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 2 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink! Ib. 17.	Their capon craws and queer ha ha's, S. Amang the trees t

Guarante (An empary)	Credit.
Craw, to [to crow]. The cock may craw, the day may daw, S. O Willie brew'd†	Look something to your credit; . Epit. on Holy Willie.
	And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae than me. S. O meikle thinks my love †
When day did daw, and cocks did craw, S. What will I do gin†	But ay keep mind to moop an' mell, Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel! . The Death of Mailie.
Crawl.	He'll be a credit till us a', S. There was a lad t
Yet an insect's an insect at most, Tho' it crawl on the curl of a queen. On an empty Fellow.	A credit to his country To Mr. M'Adam.
Croze They've pac sair-wark to craze their banes.	Creditable.
The Twa 1.0gs. 29.	There's monie a creditable stock O' decent, honest, fawsont folk, The Twa Dogs, 21.
Craz'd. When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin, Ep. to Pavie. 3.	Cree. Along the flowery banks of Cree. S. Here is the glen t
The craz'd creations of misguided whim; The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	Creed. Firm as my creed. Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief,
Crazy.	Add. sp by Fontenelle.
Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff an' crazy. A Guid New-year † 2. Vet here to crazy Age we're brought,	But, thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate We learn our creed. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 14.
Yet here to crazy Age we're brought,	There, try his mettle on the creed, And bind him down wi' caution, The Ordination. 5.
Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh.	And bind him down wi cauton, The Oralization. S. Creel [an osier basket, a pannier, "To have one's senses in a creel," to be under some mental con-
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	senses in a creel," to be under some mental con- fusion or craze].
tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn, Crazy, weary, joyless Eild, To J. S., 13.	My senses wad be in a creel, To W. Simpson, 3.
Create Feel not a want but what yourselves create,	dark in Death's fish-creel Tam Samson's El. 6.
A Winter Night. 9.	Her walie nieves, like midden-creels, . S. Willie Wastle†
ere she gave creating labour o'er, . Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	Creep. Observe the very nowt an' sheep.
Creation. [Damnation] For broken laws,	Observe the very nowt an' sheep, How dowff an' dowie now they creep; . El. on Year 1788.
Five thousand years 'fore my creation, Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.	When the shades of evening creep O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
Hangman of creation, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs	S. Jockey's ta en the parting t
The craz'd creations of misguided whim; The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	And creep in frae the cauld? . S. Lass, when yr mither † There we may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle. To a Louse.
An' there began a lang digression About the lords o' the creation The Twa Dogs. 6.	There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle, To a Louse. Thus, resigned and quiet, creep
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink! The Whistle. 17.	To the bed of lasting sleep: . Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Creative. And look through Nature with creative fire;	Creeple-chair [the stool of repentance]. When I mount the Creeple-chair,
ii r, in Kenmore Inn.	Wha will sit beside me there? S. O wha my babie-clouts †
Creator. The great Creator to revere,	Creeping, -an.
Must sure become the Creature; Ep. to Young Friend. 9.	Ye ngly, creepan, blastet wonner, To a Louse. I gi'e them [sorrow, care] a skelp as they're creeping alang,
Nae unison hae they, with our Creator's praise. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.	Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scotish sang. S. Contented wi' little †
Together hymning their Creator's praise, Ib. 16.	Comes hostan, hirplan, owre the field,
Creature. O Thou, who kindly dost provide For every creature's want! A Grace bef. Dinner.	Wi' creeping pace To J. S., 13.
Thy creature here before Thee stands, All wretched and distrest; A Prayer under Anguish.	A creeping cauld prosaic fog To Miss Ferrier. Creeshie [greasy].
All wretched and distrest; A Prayer under Anguish. A creature of another kind,	Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Some coarser substance, unrefined, . A Winter Night. 7.	Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen! Tam o'Shanter. 13. An' pour your creeshie nations; The Ordination. 1.
askance the creature eyeing, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Crept.
And sees, with self-approving mind, Each creature on his bounty fed.	
Add. to Shade of Thomson. All Creatures joy in the suns returning, S. Bonie Bell.	The chilly Frost, beneath the silver beam, Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,	The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Crest. The crest, an auld crab-apple, Rotten at the core. The Election Ballads. IV.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.	
If man thou wouldst be named, Despise the silly creature S. Deluded swain †	But Willie set your fit to mine, An' cock your crest, . To W. Simpson.
The great Creator to revere, Must sure become the Creature; Ep. to Young Friend. q.	Crested. Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear.
Alas! how aft in haughty mood,	Cresting. S. Afton Water.
God's creatures they oppress!	That proudly cock your cresting cairns; El. on Capt. M. H. 3.
When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.	Crew.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3. In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd Man,	Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew, The Fête Champetre. A wicked crew syne, on a time,
Fragment, inser, to Fox.	Did tak a solemn aith, man, . The Tree of Liberty.
I dote on ev'ry feature Of this dear artless creature, . S. My Love's a winsome †	"Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you; "Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity: Tragic Frag
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,	Crib. For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
Glories in his heart humane-	Shall fill thy crib in plenty, . The Ordination, 6. Cried v. Cry'd.
And creatures for his pleasure slain. On scaring Water-fowl	Criffel [a mountain 1895 feet high, near the mouth
Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature? S. Sleep'st thou †	of the Nith, overlooking the Solway]. The Nith shall rin to Corsincon,
Thou giv'st the word; Thy creature, man, Is to existence brought; The 1st o V.s of 90th Ps.	The Criffel sink in Solway, S. Does haughty Gault
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to, The Inventory.	Crime. To love they thought nae crime, Sir; S. Damon and Sylvia.
All creatures retired to rest S. The sun he is sunk †	To feel the follies, or the crimes,
You, a charming lovely creature, Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane! S. Will ye go and marry †	Of others, or my own! Despondency, an Ode, 5. Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes;
Now she's left by ilka creature;	On Death of R. Dundas.

Follies and crimes have stain'd the name	Croose v. Crouse.
On Duke of Queensberry. Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime, Remorse. A Frag	Cross [across].
Shall be [the Bard] be guilty of their hireling crimes,	But when Divinity comes cross me, My readers then are sure to lose me. A Ded. to G. H., 11.
The Brigs of Ayr.	By this time he was cross the ford, . Tam o' Shanter. 10.
In days when riding was nae crime The Inventory.	Cross. And that we'll tell them at the cross,
Loves veriest wretch, despairing, I Fain, fain my crime would cover: . S. The last time I†	S. Carl, an the King come. The losses, the crosses.
Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime. Tragic Frag	That active man engage: . Despondency, an Ode. 5.
A bonie lass, I like her best,	Tho' losses, and crosses,
And wha a crime dare ca' that? S. Women's Minds. Crimson.	Be lessons right severe,
In all its crimson glory spread, . S. A Rosebud by my t	Ne'er at your hallen ca'. The Ans. to the Guidwife.
A crimson still diviner! S. Her flowing locks t	Cross, to. An somebodie were come again. Then somebodie maun cross the main,
That crimson rose how sweet and fair; S. O bonie was you rosy t	S. Carl, an the King come.
Her cheeks are like you crimson gem, S. On Cessnock banks † Sett II.	And ilk loyal, honie lad Cross the seas and win his ain. S. Frae the friends †
Trouts hedropp'd wi' crimson hail, Tam Samson's El., 6	I maun cross the main, My dear S. It was a fort
But while my crimson currents flow	A running stream they dare na cross. Tam o' Shanter. 18.
I love my Highland lassie, O. S. The Highland Lassie. Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,	Than a' the pride that loads the tide, And crosses o'er the sultry line; . S. The day returns t
Richly deck thy native stem;	And I maun cross the raging sea; . S. The Highland Lassie.
Crimson-tipped.	I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heartbreak him,
Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r, To a Mountain-Daisy.	S. What can a Young Lassie †
Cripple. (Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest); To R. G. of F Crippled.	Cross'd, Crost. And hast thou crost that unknown river.
Late crippled of an arm, and now a leg, To R. G. of F.	El. on Capt. M. H. 15.
Criterion.	Where words ne'er crost the muse's heckles, Ep. to H. Parker.
The grand criterion of his fate, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H	A honier fleesh ne'er cross'd the clips . Poor Mailie's El.
Critic. Your Critic-folk may cock their nose, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 10.	They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
I sing: if these mortals, the critics, should bustle,	Tam o' Shanter, 12.
I care not, not 1, let the critics go whistle. Fragment inser. to Fox.	Crouch. An when the new light billies see them,
And scorpion Critics cureless venom dart. To R. G. of F., 3.	I think they'll crouch! To W. Simpson, P.S. 12.
Critics-appalled, I venture on the name, Ib.	Crouchie [crook-backed].
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage! . Ib. toothy critics by the score, In bloody raw! . To W. Creech.	Or crouchie Merran Humphie, Halloween. 20. Crouching. The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife.
And self-conceited critic skellum His quill may draw; . Ib.	The Henfeck'd Husband.
Critical. Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can	Crouse, Croose (brisk, lively, gleeful, bold).
Frae critical dissection; Ep. to Young Friend. 5. Crochallan. To Crochallan came The old cock'd hat,	Young-Guidmen, fond, keen, an crouse; Add. to the Deil. 11. Now they're crouse and canty baith! . S. Duncan Gray†
Extem. on W. Smellie.	The cautie, auld folks, crackan crouse, . The Twa Dogs. 20.
As I cam by Crochallan I cannily keekit hen, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.	at times when I grow crouse, What ails ye now t
As I cam by Crochallan I cannily keckit hen, S. Kattlin, Koarin Willie. Crock [an old ewe that has ceased bearing].	at times when I grow crouse, What ails ye now † Crousely [gleefully, with spirit].
I cannily keekit hen, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Crock [an old ewe that has ceased bearing]. Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,	at times when I grow crouse,
I cannily keekit hen, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Crock (an old ewe that has ceased bearing). Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes. The Twa Herds. Crony, -ie.	at times when I grow crouse, What ails ye now t Crousely [gleefully, with spirit]. Ye cootie Moorcocks, crousely craw; Tam Samson's EL, 7. Crowd, Croud.
I cannily keekit hen, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Crock (an old ewe that has ceased bearing). Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes. The Twa Herds. Crony, -ie.	at times when I grow crouse,
I cannily keckit hen, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Crock (an old ewe that has ceased bearing). Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes. Crony, -ie. Ay free, aff han', your story tell, When wi' a hosom crony; Ep. to Young Friend. 5.	at times when I grow crouse, What ails ye now the Crousely (gleefully, with spirit). Ye cootie Moorcocks, crousely craw; Tam Samson's El., 7. Crowd, Croud. Who, noteless, steals the crouds among, A Bard's Epit. But Oh! what crouds in ev'ry land, All wretched and forlorn, Man was made to Mourn.
I cannily keekit hen, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Crock (an old ewe that has ceased bearing). Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes. The Twa Herds. Crony, -ie. Ay free, aff han', your story tell, When wi' a hosom crony; Ep. to Young Friend, 5. His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; Tam o' Shanter, 5.	at times when I grow crouse,
I cannily keckit hen, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Crock (an old ewe that has ceased bearing). Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes. The Twa Herds. Crony, -ie. Ay free, aff han', your story tell, When wi' a hosom crony; Ep. to Young Friend. 5. His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; Tan o' Shanter. 5. "My name is Fun—your cronie dear, The Holy Fair. 5. Crood (to coo as a dove).	at times when I grow crouse,
I cannily keckit hen, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Crock (an old ewe that has ceased bearing). Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes. The Twa Herds. Crony, -ie. Ay free, aff han', your story tell, When wi' a hosom crony; Ep. to Young Friend. 5. His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; Tan o' Shanter. 5. "My name is Fun—your cronie dear, The Holy Fair. 5. Crood (to coo as a dove).	at times when I grow crouse, What ails ye now t Crousely [gleefully, with spirit]. Ye cootie Moorcocks, crousely craw; Tam Samson's El., 7. Crowd, Croud. Who, noteless, steals the crouds among, A Bard's Epit. But Oh! what crouds in ev'ry land, All wretched and forlorn, Man was made to Mourn. In chase o' thee, what crouds hae swerv'd Frae common sense, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Their jugglin' hocus pocus arts To cheat the crowd. To Rev. J. M. Math.
I cannily keckit hen, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Crock [an old ewe that has ceased bearing]. Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, Crony, -ie. Ay free, aff han', your story tell, When wi' a hosom crony', Ep. to Young Friend, 5. His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony', Tan & Shanter, 5. 'My name is Fun—your cronie dear, The Holy Fair, 5. Crood [to coo as a dove]. While thro' the braes the cushat croods With wailfu' cry! Crooded [cooed].	at times when I grow crouse, What ails ye now the Crousely [gleefully, with spirit]. Ye cootie Moorcocks, crousely craw; Tam Samson's El., 7. Crowd, Croud. Who, noteless, steals the crouds among, Eard's Epit. But Oh! what crouds in ev'ry land, All wretched and forlorn, Man was made to Mourn. In chase o' thee, what crouds hae swerv'd Free common sense, Foem on Pastoval Poetry. Their jugglin' hocus pocus arts To cheat the crowd. In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs 16.
I cannily keckit hen, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Crock (an old ewe that has ceased bearing). Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes. The Twa Herds. Crony, -ie. Ay free, aff han', your story tell, When wi' a hosom crony; Ep. to Voung Friend, 5. His ancient trusty, drouthy crony; Tam o' Shanter, 5. "My name is Fun—your cronie dear, The Holy Fair, 5. Crood (to coo as a dove), While thro' the brass the cushat croods With wailfu' cry! To IV. Simpson. Crooded (cooed), A cushat crooded o'er me, One night as I t	at times when I grow crouse, What ails ye now t Crousely [gleefully, with spirit]. Ye cootie Moorcocks, crousely craw; Tam Samson's El., 7. Crowd, Croud. Who, noteless, steals the crouds among, A Bard's Epit. But Oh! what crouds in ev'ry land, All wretched and forlorn, Man was made to Mourn. In chase o' thee, what crouds hae swerv'd Free common sense, Foem on Pastoval Poetry. Their jugglin' hocus pocus arts To cheat the crowd. In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mohs, 1b. Crowd, to. Crowd thick on fancy's wondering eye, On Lincluden Castile.
I cannily keekit hen, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Crock Jan old ewe that has ceased bearing! Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes. The Twa Herds. Crony, -le. Ay free, aff han', your story tell, When wi' a bosom crony; Ep. to I oung Friend, 5. His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; Tane o' Shanter, 5. "My name is Fun—your cronie dear, The Holy Fair, 5. Crood Ito coo as a dove! With wailti' cry! To W. Simpson. Crooded [Coods]. One night as I t Crook. Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks; To Crooks; T	at times when I grow crouse, What ails ye now t Crousely [gleefully, with spirit]. Ye cootie Moorcocks, crousely craw; Tam Samson's El., 7. Crowd, Croud. Who, noteless, steals the crouds among, A Bard's Epit. But Oh! what crouds in ev'ry land. All wretched and forlorn, Man was made to Mourn. In chase of thee, what crouds has swer'd Pastoral Poetry. Their jugglin' hocus pocus arts Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Their jugglin' hocus pocus arts To cheat the crowd To Rev. J. M. Math. In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mohs,
I cannily keckit hen, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Crock [an old ewe that has ceased bearing]. Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, Crony, -ie. About the dykes. The Twa Herds. Cyny, -ie. Ay fire, aff han', your story tell, When wi' a hosom crony', Ep. to I 'oung Friend. 5. His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony', Tamo' Shanter. 5. 'My name is Fun—your cronic dear, The Holy Fair. 5. Crood (to coo as a dovel, While thro' the brase the cushat croods With waiffu' cry! Crooded [cooed], A cushat crooded o'er me, Ou night as I't Crook. Do hut try to develope his hooks and his crooks: Fragment, inacv. to Fax. Crooked.	at times when I grow crouse,
I cannily keckit hen, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Crock [an old ewe that has ceased bearing]. Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, Crony, -ie. About the dykes. The Twa Herds. Crony, -ie. Ay fice, aff han', your story tell, When wi' a hosom crony', Ep. to Voung Friend. 5. His ancient trusty, drouthy crony', Tam o' Shanter. 5. 'My name is Fun—your cronie dear. The Holy Fair. 5. Crood [to coo as a dove]. With waifu' cry! Crook (Took Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks: Crooked. The ricket reeling of a crooked swageer? Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane,	at times when I grow crouse,
I cannily keckit hen, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Crock (an old ewe that has ceased bearing). Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes. The Twa Herds. Crony, -ie. Ay free, aff han', your story tell, When wi' a hosom crony; Ep. to Voung Friend, 5. His ancient trusty, drouthy crony; Tann' Shanter, 5. 'My name is Fun—your cronie dear, The Holy Fair, 5. Crood (to coo as a dove). While thro' the briess the cushat croods With wailth' cry! To W. Simpson. Crooded (cooed), A cushat crooded o'er me, One night as I t Crook. Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks: Crooked. Tragmunt, inser, to Fox. The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger? Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane, They roar an' cry a' throw ther; Halloween.	at times when I grow crouse,
I cannily keckit hen, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Crock [an old ewe that has ceased bearing]. Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, Crony, -ie. About the dykes. The Twa Herds. Crony, -ie. Ay fire, aff han', your story tell, When wi'a hosom crony', Ep. to I owng Friend. 5. His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony', Tam o' Shanter, 5. 'My name is Fun—your cronic dear, The Hody Fair, 5. Crood (to coo as a dovel, While thro' the brase the cushat croods With waiffu' cry! Crooked (cooed). A cushat crooded o'er me, One night as I't Crook. Do hut try to develope his hooks and his crooks: The ricket reeling of a crooked swageer? Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane, They roar an' cry a' throw ther; . Halloween. Croon (a hollow continued mean).	at times when I grow crouse,
I cannily keckit hen, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Crock [an old ewe that has ceased bearing]. Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes. Crony, -ie. Ay free, aff han', your story tell. When wi' a hosom crony; Ep. to I oung Friend, 5. His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; Tam o' Shanter, 5. "My name is Fun—your cronie dear. The Holy Fair, 5. Crood [to coo as a dove]. While thro the braes the cushat croods With wailfu' cry! To IV. Simpson. Crooded [cood]. A cushat crooded o'er me, One night as I Crook. Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks: Fragment, inser, to Fox. Crooked. The ricket reeling of a crooked swasger? Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane, They roar an' cry a' throw ther: They for an i'cry a' throw ther: The fight the nightly wand rer's way. Wi' eldritch croon. Add. to the Dail, 5.	at times when I grow crouse,
I cannly keekit ben, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Crock Jan old ewe that has ceased bearing!. Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes. The Twa Herds. Crony, -le. Ay free, aff han', your story tell, When wi' a bosom crony; Ep. to Loung Friend, 5. His ancient, trusty, drouby crony; Tane o' Shanter, 5. "My name is Fun—your cronie dear, The Holy Fair, 5. Crood Ito coo as a dovel. With wailti' cry! To W. Simpson. Crooded Cooedl. A cushat crooded der me, One night as 14 Crook. Do hut try to develope his hooks and his crooks: Crooked. The ricket reeling of a crooked swager? Ep. fr. Euspus. They roar an' cry a' throw ther; Halloween. Croon [a hollow continued moan]. Ye fright the nightly wand'ere's way. The melanchalious Law waiter.	at times when I grow crouse,
I cannly keckit ben, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Crock Jan old ewe that has ceased bearing.] Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes. The Twa Herds. Crony, -le. Ay free, aff han', your story tell, When wi' a hosom crony; Ep. to Young Friend, 5. His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; Tane o' Shanter, 5. "My name is Fun—your cronie dear, The Holy Fair, 5. Crood Ito coo as a dovel. While thro' the brness the cushat croods Crooded [cooed], On the waith' cry! Crook Do hut try to develope his hooks and his crooks: Crooked. The ricket reeling of a crooked swager? Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane, They roar an' cry a' throw ther; Halloween. Croon (a hollow continued moan). Ye fright the nightly wand rer's way. Wi' eldritch croon Add. to the Deil, 5. The melancholious, lazy croon O' cankric care. Ep. to Major Logan, 4. The Deil, or else an outlet Ouey.	at times when I grow crouse, What ails ye now to Crousely [gleefully, with spirit]. Ye cootie Moorcocks, crousely craw; Tam Samson's El., 7. Crowd, Croud. Who, noteless, steals the crouds among, A Bard's Epit. But Oh! what crouds in ev'ry land. All wretched and forlorn, Man was made to Mourn. In chase o' thee, what crouds hae swerv'd Frae common sense, Foem on Pastoral Poetry. Their jugglin' hocus pocus arts To cheat the crowd. To Ret. J. M'Math. In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs 16. Crowd thick on fancy's wondering eye, On Lincluden Castle. Crowd thick on fancy's wondering eye, On Lincluden Castle. Crowd the Men they were a' dismist: The Holy Fair. 23. Crouding. Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train, A Winter Night, 6. Crowdie [meal and water, or meal and milk, stirred together in a cold state; food of the porridge kind in general]. An' they cry crowdie ever mair S. O that I had ne'er't Ance crowdie, twice crowdie, Three times crowdie in a day; Gin ve crowdie cowedie on mair.
I cannily keckit hen, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Crock [an old ewe that has ceased bearing]. Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes. The Twa Herds. Crony, -ie. Ay free, aff han', your story tell. When wi' a hosom crony; Ep. to Young Friend, 5. Wh same is Fun—your cronie dear. The Holy Fair. 5. Crood (to coo as a dove). While thro the braes the cushat croods While thro the braes the cushat croods Crooded [cood]. A cushat crooded o'er me, One night as I Crook. Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks: Fragment, inser, to Fox. The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger? Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane, They roar an' cry a' throw ther; Then on the cooked, yellow the surface of the cooks. Troon [a hollow continued moan]. Ye fright the nightly wand rer's way. Wi' eldritch croon. Add. to the Deil, 5. The melancholious, lazy croon O' cankire care. Ep. to Major Logan. 4. The Deil, or else an outter Quey, Gat up and gae a croon: Halloween.	at times when I grow crouse,
I cannly keckit ben, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Crock Jan old ewe that has ceased bearing.] Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes. The Twa Herds. Crony, -le. Ay free, aff han', your story tell, When wi' a hosom crony; Ep. to Young Friend, 5. His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; Tane o' Shanter, 5. "My name is Fun—your cronie dear, The Holy Fair, 5. Crood Ito coo as a dovel. While thro' the brness the cushat croods Crooded [cooed], On the waith' cry! Crook Do hut try to develope his hooks and his crooks: Crooked. The ricket reeling of a crooked swager? Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane, They roar an' cry a' throw ther; Halloween. Croon (a hollow continued moan). Ye fright the nightly wand rer's way. Wi' eldritch croon Add. to the Deil, 5. The melancholious, lazy croon O' cankric care. Ep. to Major Logan, 4. The Deil, or else an outlet Ouey.	at times when I grow crouse,
I cannily keckit hen, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Crock [an old ewe that has ceased bearing]. Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, Crony, -ie. About the dykes. The Twa Herds. Crony, -ie. Ay free, aff han', your story tell, When wi' a hosom crony; Ep. to Voung Friend. 5. His ancient trusty, drouthy crony; Tam o' Shanter. 5. 'My name is Fun—your cronic dear. The Holy Fair. 5. Crood (to coo as a dovel) While thro' the braes the cushat croods With waifu' cry! To W. Simpson. Crooded (cooed). A cushat crooded o'er me, One night as I't Crook. Do hut try to develope his hooks and his crooks: The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger? Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane, They roar an' cry a' throw ther; . Croon (a hollow continued moan). Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way, W'i eldritch croon. Add. to the Deil. 5. The melancholious, lazy croon O' cankiric care. Ep. to Major Logan. 4. The Deil, or else an outer Quey, Gat up an' gae a croon: Halloween. 20. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Foor Mailie's El. Croon, to to emit a low, hollow, continued sound].	at times when I grow crouse. What ails ye now to Crousely (gleefully, with spirit). Ye cootie Moorcocks, crousely craw; Tam Samson's El., 7. Crowd, Croud. Who, notcless, steals the crouds among, A Bard's Epit. But Oh! what crouds in ev'ry land. All wretched and forlorn, Man was made to Mourn. In chase o' thee, what crouds has swerv'd Frae common sense, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Their jugglin' hoeus pocus arts. To cheat the crowd. In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mohs, Crowd, to. Crowd thick on fancy's wondering eye, On Lincluden Castle. Crouded, An' how they crouded to the yill. When they were a' dismist: The Holy Fair, 25. Crouding. Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train, A Winter Night, O. Crowdie [meal and water, or meal and milk, stirred together in a cold state; food of the porridge kind in general]. An' they cry crowdie ever mair. S. O that I had ne'er't Ance crowdie, twice crowdie, Three times crowdie in a day; Gin ye crowdie only mair. Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away. We sister Kate cam up the gate W' crowdie unto me, man y 3. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Crowdie-time (break Risat-time).
I cannly keckit ben, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Crock [an old ewe that has ceased bearing]. Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes. The Twa Herds. Crony, -ie. Ay free, aff han', your story tell. When wi' a hosom crony; Ep. to Young Friend, 5. His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; Tam o' Shanter, 5. "My name is Fun—your cronie dear. The Holy Fair, 5. Crood (to coo as a dove). While thro the brase she cushat croods With waiffu' cry! To IV. Simpson. Crooded (cooed). A cushat crooded o'er me, One night as I forok. Crooked. The ricket recling of a crooked swagger? Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane. They roar an' cry a' throw ther; Halloween. Croon [a hollow continued moan]. Ye fright the nightly wand rer's way. Wi' eldritch croon. Add. to the Deil, 5. The melancholious, lazy croon O' cankric care. Ep. to Major Logan. 4. The Deil, or else an outter Quey, Gat up an' gae a croon: Halloween. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Foor Mailie's El Croon, to [to emit a low, hollow, contlinued sound]. Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattan tow.	at times when I grow crouse,
I cannly keckit ben, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Crock [an old ewe that has ceased bearing]. Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes. The Twa Herds. Crony, -ie. Ay free, aff han', your story tell. When wi' a bosom crony; Ep. to I oung Friend, 5. His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; Tann o' Shanter, 5. "My name is Fun—your cronie dear. The Holy Fair, 5. Crood (to coo as a dove). While thro' the brase the cushat croods With wailfu' cry! To W. Simpson. Crooded (cooed). A cushat crooded o'er me, One night as 14 Crook. Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks: Crooked. The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger? Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane, They roar an' cry a throo' ther; Croon [a hollow continued moan]. Ye fright the nightly wand rer's way. Wi' eldritch croon. Add. to the Deil, 5. The melancholious, lazy croon O' canhier care. Ep. to Major Logan, 4. The Deil, or elsa nouter Quey, Gat up an' gae a croon: Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Foor Mailie's El. Croon, to [to emit a low, hollow, continued sound]. Now Clinkumbell, wi'r atthan tow, Begins to jow an' croon: Croon'd (hummed). He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three,	at times when I grow crouse,
I cannily keekit ben, S. Rattlin, Kearin Willie. Crock Jan old ewe that has ceased bearing!. Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes. The Twa Herds. Crony, -ie. Ay free, aff han', your story tell, When wi' a bosom crony'; Ep. to Young Friend, 5. His ancient, trusty, drouty crony ; Tane o' Shanter, 5. "My name is Fun—your cronie dear, The Holy Fair, 5. Crood to coo as a dove! While thro' the brases the cushat croods Crooded [cooed]. A cushat crooded o'er me, Out night as 1† Crook. Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks: Crooked. The ricket reeling of a crooked swager? Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane, They roar an' cry a' throw ther; Halloween. Croon (a) hollow continued moanl. Ye fright the nightly wand rer's way. W' eldritch croon. Add. to the Deil, 5. The melancholious, lary croon O' cankrie care. Ep. to Major Logan, p. The Deil, or else an outler Quey, Gat up an' gas a croon: Halloween. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Foon, to for emit a low, hollow, continued sound]. Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlan tow, Begins to low an' croon: The Holy Fair. 20. Croon'd I hummed]. He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three, The folly Beggars. R. V.	at times when I grow crouse,
I cannily keekit ben, S. Rattlin, Kearin Willie. Crock Jan old ewe that has ceased bearing!. Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes. The Twa Herds. Crony, -le. Ay fice, aff han', your story tell, When wi' a bosom crony'; Ep. to Young Friend, 5. His ancient, trusty, drouty crony; Tann o' Shanter, 5. "My name is Fun—your cronie dear, The Holy Fair, 5. Crood 10 coo as a dovel. While thro' the brines the cushat croods (Trooded John waith' cry! To W. Simpson. Crooded John try to develope his hooks and his crooks: Crooked. The ricket reeling of a crooked swager? Ep. fr. Europus. The ricket reeling of a crooked swager? Ep. fr. Europus. They roar an' cry a' throw ther; Halloween. Croon (a hollow continued moan). Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way. W'eldritch croon. Add. to the Deil. 5. The melancholious, lavy croon O' cankrie care. Ep. to Major Logan. 4. The Deil, or ebe an outler Quey, Gat up an' gae a croon: Halloween. Croon, to [to emit a low, hollow, continued sound]. Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlan tow, Begins to Jow an 'croon: The Holy Fair. 20. Croonitg [humming a tune]. Yet crooning [humming a tune].	at times when I grow crouse,
Teamly keckit ben, S. Rattlin, Rearin Willie. Crock [an old ewe that has ceased bearing]. Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes. The Twa Herds. Crony, -ie. Ay free, aff han', your story tell. When wi' a bosom crony; Ep. to Toung Friend, 5. His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; Tam o' Shanter, 5. "My name is Fun—your cronie dear. The Holy Fair, 5. Crood (to coo as a dove). While thro' the brase the cushat croods With waifu' cry! To W. Simpson. Crooded (cooed). A cushat crooded o'er me, One night as I Crook. Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks. Crooked. The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger? Ep. fr. Espais. Then, straught or crooked, yird or nane, They roar an' cry a' throw ther; Halloween. Croon [a hollow continued moan]. Ye fright the nightly wand rer's way. Wi' eldritch croon. Add. to the Deil, 5. The melancholious, lazy croon O' cankir care. Ep. to Major Logan, 4. The Deil, or elsa nouter Quey, Gat up an' gae a croon: Halloween. Croon, to [to emit a low, hollow, continued sound]. Now Clinkumbell, wi'r atthan tow, Begins to jow an' croon: The Holy Fair, 20. Croon'd [hummed]. He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three, The folly Beggars, R. V.	at times when I grow crouse,

Now life is a burden that hows me down, Since I tint my bairns, and he [Jamie] tint his crown,	The hurden I must hear, while the cruel scourge I fear, S. The Slave's Lament.
He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown;	Tho' cruel fate should bid us part, S. Tho' cruel fate† Till crash! the cruel coulter past
S. Cock up your beaver.	Out thro' thy cell To a Mouse.
'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown; Thy fool's head, quoth Satau, that crown shall wear never, Epig. on —.	Thy cruel, woe-delighted train, To Ruin. For pity, hide the cruel sentence
And for your lawful King his crown, S. Highland Laddie.	Under friendship's kind disguise.
The monarch may forget the crown	S. Turn again, thou fair t
That on his head an hour has been; Lam. for Glencairn. Ambition would disown	Wake thy lover from his dream? S. Why, why tell thy t
The world's imperial crown, S. Mark youder pomp †	she, my cruel, scornfu' Fair, S. Young Jamie t
But see you the Crown how it waves in the air, S. No Churchman am I†	Is this thy plighted, fond regard
The hrightest jewel in my crown,	Thus cruelly to part, my Katy? . S. Canst thou leave me t
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen. S. O wert thou in the † Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,	Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
A virtuous Populace may rise the while,	From cruelty or wrath! . A Prayer under Anguish.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.	If not, why am I subject to His cruelty, or scorn? . Man was made to Mourn.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20. Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes, S. The day returns †	And cruelty directs the thickening blows; . The Vowels.
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,	Crumbling.
To weave his crown of flowers; The Petition of Br. Water. For this the watchman cracked his crown,	Ye holy walls, that, still sublime, Resist the crumbling touch of time; On Lincluden Castle.
The Tree of Liberty.	Crummie [a cow with crooked horns].
Crown, to.	Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks, To Gav. Hamilton.
Let her crown my love her law, S. Louis what reck † The milder sun and bluer sky	Crummock [a staff with a crooked head].
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy S. O Phely, †	Until you on a crummock driddle A gray hair'd carl. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.
To crown your happiness he asks your leave, Frologue, at Th., D	Lowping and flinging on a crummock, Tam o' Shanter. 14.
The sole reward that crowns my pain. S. The capt. Ribband.	Crump (erisp).
But now the Supper crowns their simple board,	An' farls, bak'd wi' butter, Fu' crump . The Holy Fair. 7.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown;	Crunt [a blow on the head with a cudgel]. An' mouie a fallow gat his licks, Wi' hearty crunt; To W. Simpson, P.S.
To R. G. of F., 9. Did warlike laurels crown my brow, S. When first I saw†	Crush. Whiles owre a bush wi' downward crush.
Crown'd.	The doited beastie stammers; On IV. Chalmers.
The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,	Crush, to. To crush the villain in the dust: Lns. zur. on Back of Bank Note.
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go t with days and honors crown'd, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	For I maun crash amang the stoure
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	Thy slender stem: . To a Mountain-Daisy. Crush the locusts, save the flower.
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy, . 1b.	Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Crushed, -'d, -'t.
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath, . Ib.	The Wretch, already crushed low
Crowning. Domestic peace and comfort crowning	By crael Fortune's undeserved blow? A Winter Night. q.
The hail design Friend of the poet t	To tell the truth, they [poverty and care] seldom fash't him, Except the moment that they crush't him; El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
My dismal months no joys are crowning, Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	
Cruel.	For he crush'd him between two stones. John Barleycorn. The infant aith, half-form'd, was crush't; The Vision. D. I. 8.
By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow? . A Winter Night. 9.	Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
"Man! cruel Man!" the Genius sigh'd, As on the banks †	Shall be thy doom! To a Mountain-Daisy.
O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream †	Crushing, -an. Crushing the despot's proudest bearing Liberty.
By cruel hands the sapling drops, . S. Fate gave the word, †	Crushing the despot's proudest bearing Liberty. Triumphant crushan't like a muscle
The cruel powers reject the prayer Fragment.	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
The cruel fates between us throw A boundless ocean's roar; S. From thee, Eliza, †	Crust. I gae him some pye, and he lay'd the crust by. S. The Auld Man t
And bann'd the cruel randy, S. Had I the wyte t	Crusted.
'Gainst fortunes fell cruel decree S. Here's a health to ane t	Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted; Tam o' Shanter. 11.
How cruel are the parents Who riches only prize, S. How cruel are †	Crusting. Crept, gently crusting, o'er the glittering stream. The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
But now has come a cruel blast, . Lam. for Glencairn.	Cry.
I've seen th' oppressor's cruel smile, Lns. wr. on Bank Note.	Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry, S. Caledonia.
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway, . S. Now westlin winds †	In all the clam'rous cry of starving want, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway, S. Now westlin winds † The bird that charm'd his summer day, Is now the cruel fowler's prey; S. O. Lassie, art thou † Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!	Your blood shall with incessant cry Awake at last th' unsparing power. Fragment of Odc.
	L-d hear my earnest cry an pray'r,
On seeing wounded Hare. And heal her cruel wounds On Birth of Posth. Child	The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry, S. Now westlin winds †
And heal her cruel wounds On Birth of Posth. Child. And throw ou poverty his [Oppression's] cruel eyes; On Death of R. Dundas.	S. Now westlin winds t
I mark'd the cruel hawk	The widow's tears, the orphan's cry! S. O. Logan! sweetly† And stifle, dark, the feebly-hursting cry: On Death of R. Dundas. The helpless poor mix with the conference of the
Caught in a snare; S. Phillis the Fair. Cruel, cruel to deceive me! S. Stay my charmer †	On Death of R. Dundas.
Cruel charmer, can you go! [re.]	On Death of Sir I Blair
What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn. S. The lazy mist t	The Cotter's Sat Nicht
Now was to thee, thou cruel lard, . S. The lovely lass of 1.	time thro the mass the cushat croods
	With wailfu' cry! . To W. Simpson.

Cry, to.

Cuddled [fondled].

Cry, to.	Cudaled (rondled),
Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just! Add. to Edinburgh. 6.	I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose, And cuddled me late and early, O; S: The deuks dang o'er.
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry, S. Again rejoic. Nature	Cuddy.
Wha in a brulzie, will first cry a parley?	The Cooper o' cuddy cam here awa; S. The Cooper o' cuddy t
S. Bannocks o' bear meal †	Cudgel.
While flitting sea-fowls round me cry, S. Behold the hour t	The cudgel in my nieve did shake Add. to the Deil. S.
Gin a body kiss a hody Need a hody cry. S. Comin' thro' the rye t	The pedant swung his felon cudgel round, . The Vowels.
	Cudgell'd.
Whilst I here, must cry here, At perfidy ingrate! Despondency, an Ode. 4.	And cudgell'd him full sore; John Barleycoru.
An' cry till ye be haerse an' rupit : El. on Year 1788.	Cuff'd.
Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry	How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespeket! The Twa Dogs. 12.
An' the wee powt's begun to cry, Ep. to J. R. 11.	Cuif v. Coof.
"In his flesh there's a famine,"	
A starv'd reptile cries: Epit. on Walter S	Cuist v. Coost. Cukoo. "God save the King"'s a cukoo sang
They roar an' cry a' throw'ther;	Cukoo. "God save the King" 's a cukoo sang That's unco easy said ay: A Dream. 2,
An' they cry crowdie ever mair. S. O that I had ne'er t	Cull. And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.
O wha will tent me when I cry? S. O wha my babie-clouts t	Monody, on a Lady.
Such thy morn! did I cry, S. Phillis the Fair.	Culloden.
The voice of nature loudly cries,	My Donald and his Country fell,
That something in us never dies : Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Upon Culloden's field, S. The High. Widow's Lament.
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry Tam o' Shanter. 9.	Cumbrous. Princes whose cumb rous pride was all their worth,
'Na want than a'!' cries ilka chiel.	El. on Miss Burnet.
'Tam Samson's dead!' . Tam Samson's Et	Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys; S. The Contented Cottager.
And ilka wife cries, auld Mahoun,	
I wish you luck o' the prize, man. S. The deil cam fiddlin't	What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.
That I might greet, that I might cry, The Election Ballads. 1'1.	
2 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2	Cummins. Where Cummins once had high command: S. The Banks of Nith.
One and all cry out, amen! . The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	Cummock [a short staff with a crooked head].
Cry the hook is wi' heresy cramm'd; . The Kirk's Alarm. Sweet lassie dinna cry S. The Lass that made the bed.	To tremble under Fortune's cummock.
	On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
For e'en and morn she cries, alas!. S. The lovely lass t	Cumnock. The rising Moon began to glowr
We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills To help, or roose us, Third Ep. to J. Lap	The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;
	Death and Dr. Hornbook.
But still the mair I'm that way bent, Something cries, "Hoolie! To J. S., 7.	Cunning. But gin ye be crafty, I am cunning, S. O meikle thinks my love t
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws,	But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketck.
Like some we ken To Rev. J. M'Math.	
Cry'd, Cried.	By human pride or cunning driv'n To Mis'ry's brink, . To a Mountain-Daisy.
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, 'Willie, rise! A Fragment. 8.	Cunningham [the northern district of Ayrshire].
Stop Thief! dame Nature cried to Death, . Epit. on W	Till I met my old boy in a Cunningham fair;
An' she cry'd, L-d preserve her! Halloween. 22.	The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
My true love! she cried,—and sunk down by his side,	Cup. Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear: El. on Capt. M. H. 12.
S. Oh, open the door,†	And pours her [pleasure's] cup luxuriant; . Innocence t
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried;	There's death in the cup-sae beware! Inscrip. on Goblet.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11
'L-d, five!' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger;	And still I can join in a cup and a song; The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Tam Samson's El., 11.	The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
I lap and cry'd fu' loud	She put the cup to her rosy lip.
But ay she sigh'd and cry'd, "Alas! S. The lass that made the bed.	S. The Lass that made the ved.
Auld Clinlow at the Inner port	Whyles, owre the wee hit cap an' platie, They sip the scandal-potion pretty; The Twa Dogs. 33.
Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now t	
But the houlet cry'd frae the Castle wa',	
S. What will I do gin †	Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
She sank within my arms, and cried, Art thou my ain dear Willie? S. When wild War's t	Cupar.
Art thou my ain dear Willie? . S. When wild War's t	Donald Brodie met a lass Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar [re.] . S. Donald Brodie †
Crying.	Cupid.
Here's crying out for hakes an' gills, . The Holy Fair. 18.	But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft.
D've think, said L this face was made for crying?	That play'd a Dame a shavie The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Cur. O let us not, like snarling curs,
Crystal. Beside his crystal well! . Despondency, an Ode. 3.	In wrangling be divided, . S. Does haughty Gaul
Crystal Devon, winding Devon, [re.] . S. Fairest maid †	And that fell cur ca'd common sense,
Now Phoebus chears the crystal streams, Lament of Mary of Scots.	That bites sae sair, . The Twa Herds, 16.
	For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast: To R. G. of F., 6.
And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water. And Eden scenes on crystal Ied. To W. Creech.	County for assessing for the head a kenchief!
	Curch [a covering for the head, a kerchief].
And glitter o'er the crystal streams . S. Young Feggy t	Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean, S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †
Cub. My voice, a lioness that mourns Her dayling only undoing 1. The Election Ballads VI.	I tint my curch and baith my shoon, . S. Duncan Gray.
Her darling cub's undoing! The Election Ballads. VI.	Curchie [curtsey].
Cuckold. I'll tak Cuckold frae nane, I'll gie Cuckold to naehody. S. Nacbody.	An' wi' a curchie low did stoop The Holy Fair. 3.
Wha first shall rise to gang awa,	Cure. a hig-bellied bottle's a cure for all care.
A cuckold coward loun is he! . S. O Willie brew'd t	S. No Churchman am I †
Cuddle [embrace, fondle].	What throes, what tortures passing cure.
O a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,	Were in my bosom swelling: S. The last time I't
S. O merry hae I been †	Cure, to. That wound degenerate ages cannot cure On Death of E. Dundas.
Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle	
Till ballins ballins killer cuddle	
Your auld gray hairs. Second Ep. to Davie.	A woe that no mortal can cure. S. The winter it is fast?

Cur'd. Would'st thou be cur'd, thou silly, moping elf, Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Cureless.	For now I'm grown sue cursed douse, And comrade deart wi' his art 'And cursed skill, Death and Dr. Hornbook, 15. But hanker, and canker.
And scorpion Critics cureless venom dart. To R. G. of F., 3. Curious. Told him, I came to feast my curious eyes; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	To see their cursed pride Ep. to Davie. 1.— But your curst wit, when it comes near it, Rives't aff their back Ep. to f. R., 3.
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in; . Ep. fr. Esopus. Half-jest, she [Nature] tried one curious labour more.	The witching cursed delicious blinkers Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10. Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf,
knit with curious tracery, On Lincluden Castle.	Lns, back of Bank Note. Unaided through thy curs d restriction;
As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious, Tam o' Shanter.12. My savage journey, curious, I pursue. Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	that curst carmagnole auld Satan,
Vet un insect's an insect at most,Tho' it crawl on the curl of a queen. On an empty Fellow.	E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction On Aquavitæ; The Author's Cry and Prayer. But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl, The Twa Dogs. 5. Curled. And curled as the wintry wave, As on the banks †	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. An' bid him burn this cursed tether. The Death of Mailie.
Curler. When to the loughs the Curlers flock, Tam Samson's El.	Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life, The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife. The Henpecked Husband.
The Curlers quat their roaring play, The Vision. D. I., 1.	Curst Common-sense, that imp o' hell, . The Ordination, 2. Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst The Twa Dogs. 30.
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud; El. on Capt. M. H. 7. Curlie [curly-headed].	curst Venetian b-res an' ch-neres [v. A. 13]
his wee, curlie John's ier-oe, A Ded. to G. H., 14. Curling. And peacefu' raise its ingle reek,	I winua name, . The Twa Herds. 11. And that curs'd rascal ca'd M'[Quha]e,
That slowly curling clamb the hill. As on the banks † Her hair is like the curling mist That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks †	Ve little ken what cursed speed The blastie's makin! To a Louse.
Curmurring [murmuring, a slight rumbling noise].	Till curst with Age, obscure an starvin, They aften groan To f. S., 19.
Or some curmuring in his guts. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27. Curpan, Curple [the crupper, the buttocks].	And curst be the cause that shall part us! To Mary. Cursedly.
An' haurls at his curpan;	But never honest man's intent,
Douse hingin o'er my curple. The Ans. to the Guidwife. Current. Kind Nature's care had given his share,	Cursing.
Large, of the flaming current; Nature's Law. Reflected beams dwell in the streams.	Here cursing, swearing Burton lies, Epit. on Mr. Burton. Cur'st. Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief
Or down the current shatter; The Fête Champetre. But while my crimson currents flow,	Of Moses and his rod; . Lns on Mrs. Kemble.
I love my Highland Lassie, O. S. The Highland Lassie.	Downy Sleep, the curtain draw; S. Musing on the roaring † The curtain draws of Nature's rest, S. Now rosy May †
Wi' oil of aik Adam A—'s Prayer.	Till Fate the curtain drops on worlds to be no more.
Curse. My curse upon your venom'd stang. Add. to Toothache.	Curtain-lecture. Prologue, sp. by Woods.
The whigs cam o'er us for a curse, S, Awa, whigs, awa,	Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell.
The vices also, must they club their curse? Ep. fr. Esopus. My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase	The Henpecked Husband. Curtis [Capt. Curtis, who destroyed the Spanish
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.	floating batteries during the siege of Gibraltar]. I lastly was with Curtis among the floating batt'ries
Baited with many a deadly curse? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art,	Cushat [the wood-pigeon].
On Seeing wounded Hare. Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth! The Cotter's Sat, Night, 10.	Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens; El. on Capt. M. H. 4. Thro' lofty groves, the Cushat roves, The path of man to shun it; . S. Now westlin winds t
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. And Thurlow growl a curse of woe, The Election Ballads. VI.	A cushat crooded o'er me, One night as I †
My curse upon them every one, The folly Beggars, S. IV. But Heaven's curse will blast the man	On lofty aiks the cushats wail, S. The Contented Cottager. While thro' the braes the cushat croods
Denies the bairn he got; . The Ruined Maid's Lament.	With wailfu' cry! To W. Simpson. Custock [pith of a kale or cole-wort stalk].
My curse upon your whunstane hearts, Ye Enbrugh Gentry! . To W. Simpson. Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd,	An' gif the custock's sweet or sour, Wi' joctelegs they taste them;
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure. Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.	Cut. Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg The cut of Adam's philibeg; On Grose's Peregrinations.
Curse, to. An' curse your folly sairly A Dream, to. Curse thou bis basket and his store, Kail an' potatoes. Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.	And show my cuts and scars wherever I come; The folly Beggars, S. I.
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate. On seeing wounded Hare.	Cut, to. And cut him by the knee;
And, agonising, curse the time and place When ye begat the base, degen'rate race!	King Loui' thought to cut it down, The Tree of Liberty. Cut aff his head and a' man
The Brigs of Ayr. 9. Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins, The Holy Fair. 10.	An' cut you up wi' ready slight, To a Hasgis. For one [dart] has cut my dearest tye,
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear, The Twa Dogs, 13. Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night; To Clarinda.	And quivers in my heart
And hear him curse the light he first surveyed, And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade. To $R. G. of F.$	"To cut it aff, an' whatfore no, "Your dearest membe What ails ye now †
Cursed, -'d, Curst.	Cutted. A thief, new-cutted frae a rape, Tam o' Shanter. 11. Cut-throat.
The bleezan, curst, mischievous monkeys Add. to the Deil. 13. An' play'd on man a cursed brogue,	How cut-throat Prussian blades were bingin; Kind Sir, Ive read†
Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd; At Meet. of D. Volunteers.	Those [critics] cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame;
in man, of D. volunteers.	To R. G. of F., 4.

	. Poem on Life. y Beggars. S. III. 1b. R. VII.
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!" 18. 16. Or cutty-sarks ran in your mind. 18. 17. Cutty-stool [a low stool; stool of repentance]. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18. 18.	Beggars. S. III
Of an ethat's avowedly daft? The foldy Cutty-stool (a low stool; stool of repentance). Ill har'sts, daft hargains, cutty-stools, Add. to Toothache. Cyclopean. Hieb-wav'd his magnum-bonum round With Cyclopean fury. The Election Ballads. VI. Cynthia. Now looking over firth and fauld, Her horn the pale-faced Cynthia rear'd; [v. A. 20] A Vision. When Cynthia lights, wi silver ray. The weary shearer's hameward way. S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite! Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fite Champetre. Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fite Champetre. Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, i'm carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, i'm carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, i'm control of the control of the chief of the sound beautiful to the control of	
Cutty-stool [a low stool ; stool of repentance]. Ill harsts, daft hargains, cutty-stools, Add. to Toothache. Cyclopean. Hieb-wav'd his magnum-bonum round With Cyclopean fury. The Election Ballads. I'I. Cynthia. Now looking over firth and fauld, Herborn the pale-faced Cynthia rear'd; [v, A. 20] When Cynthia lights, wi'l silver ray. When Cynthia lights, wi'l silver ray. The weary shearer's hameward way. Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fitt Champetre. Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fitt Champetre. Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, i'm controlled to the stools of th	
Ill har'sts, daft hargains, cutty-stools, Add. to Toothache. Cyclopean. High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round With Cyclopean fury. The Election Ballads. I'. Cynthia. Now looking over firth and fauld, Per horn the pale-faced Cynthia rear'd; [v. A. 20] Her horn the pale-faced Cynthia rear'd; [v. A. 20] When Cynthia lights. w'i silver ray. The weary shearer's hameward way. Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fite Champetre. Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fite Champetre. Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools.	
Cyclopean. Hiel-way'd his magnum-bonum round With Cyclopean fury The Election Ballads. VI. Cynthia. Now looking over firth and fauld, Her horn the pale-faced Cynthia rear'd; [v. A. 20] A Vision. When Cynthia lights, wi silver ray. The weary shearer's hameward way, S. Lassic wi' the lintwhite! Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fite Champetre. Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fite Champetre. Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fite Champetre. Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, i'm a finite date. The fite Champetre. Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fite Champetre.	. Ib. S. VII.
Hieb-way'd his magnum-bonum round With Cyclopean fury. The Election Ballads. VI. Cynthia. Now looking over firth and fauld, Herborn the pale-faced Cynthia rear'd; [v, A. 20] When Cynthia lights, wi's silver ray. The weary shearer's hameward way. Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fite Champetre. Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fite Champetre. Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, i'm and the control of the contr	n
With Cyclopean fury. The Election Ballads. VI. Cynthia. Now looking over firth and fauld, Herborn the pale-faced Cynthia rear'd; [v, A. 20] A Vision. When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray. The weary shearer's hameward way, S. Lassie wi' the lintubite! Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fite Champetre. Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fite Champetre. Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, i's constant of the constant of	ne I wa Dogs, 22
Cynthia. Now looking over firth and fauld, Her horn the pale-faced Cynthia rear'd; [v. A. 20] When Cynthia lights, w'i silver ray, The weary shearer's hameward way, S. Lassie w'i the lintwhite! Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fitt Champetre. Conthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fitt Champetre. Conthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fitt Champetre.	
Her horn the pale-faced Cynthia rear at (; [v, A. oo] When Cynthia lights, wi silver ray. The weary shearer's hameward cay. Substitute the lintwhite to Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fite Champetre. The Fite Champetre. The Fite Champetre.	lu Reggare S'111
The weary shearer's hameward way, S. Lassic wi' the lintwhite! Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fite Champetre Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools,	y 2018 3 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 11 1
Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fete Champetre. Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools,	Samson's El., 11.
T'' C - 1: 1: 11 11 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1 - 1	The Holy Fair 8
	1 ne 1101y 1 mir. 0
Dad. May he be dad, and Meg the mither, There daily I wander as noon rices high	S. Afton Water
Just five and forty years thegither! Auld comrade dear † To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee. Tho' a' my daily care thou art,	S. Ah, Chloris,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. Still daily to grow wiser: Ft. to 1	oung Friend, 11
How graceless main length at his Dad, . The Orannation, 4. We're fit to win our daily bread	Ep. to Davie, 2
Daddy, Daddle, Dadle dim. of Dad, lather l.	
Or if I blush when thou shalt ca me	16.
An' [inberit] thy poor worthless daddy's spirit, Without his failins, Ib. But monie daily weet their weason Wi liquors nice,	Scotch Drink. 14.
We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray.	
Thou now has got thy Daddy's chair, . El. on Year 1788. On bended knees most fervently. S. The bonic	
	rnj.
Your daddie's gear maks you sae mice; S. O Tibbie! I hae † A daimen-icker in a thrave 'S a sma' request The raptin dog, the daddie o't, [re.]	
The rantin dog, the daddie o't. [re.] S. O wha my babic-clouts + S. O wha my babic-clouts + Ye royal Lasses dainty.	
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.	. A Dream. 14.
S. O whare did ye get t	
At his daddie's yett, Wha met me but Robin. S. Robin shure in hairst. At Brownhill we always get dainty good che My ain dear, dainty Dayle.	
	. Now rosy May 1
My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him, He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten: . S. Tam Glen. Ye'll find bim ay a dainty chiel An' fou o' glee: On Scot. I	Sard one to H". I.
The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O! S. The deuks dang o'er. Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose! On Grose	
She stares the daddy in her face, The Inventory. Haud tae the Muse, my dainty Davie; Secondary	
Some one of a troop of Dragoons was my dadie, Ve dainty Deacons, an' ye douce Conveener	s,
	Erigs of Ayr. 9.
Sing whistle owre the lave o't	Research P VII
And Susie whase daddy was laird o' the Ha'; S. There's a youth † Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; The you're	e True of Liberty
	To Dr. Blacklock
And my daddle has hought but a co-house and yard. S. There's and Rah M + Ve glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies.	
I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money, S. Tibbic Dunbar. I wat she is a dainty chuckie, As e'er tread or For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast;	
S. Tibbie Dunbar. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast;	
Should think they better were inform'd, Than their auld dadies. To W. Simpson, P.S Dainty [a delicacy, tid-bit, rarity].	
Daddy Auld [Father Auld, the parish clergyman of Paise Daise	The Ordination. 6.
Manchine, by whom Ruphs was rehuked!	
Dodder And Dodder And shows a sad in the fould An' thy auld hide as white s a daisie, A Ga	nd New Year † 2.
The Kirk's Alarm. The daisy amus d my fond fancy, So artless, so simple, so wild; S. Adow	n winding Nith t
Frae Daddie Auld What ails ve now t And when the lark "tween light and dark.	
Daer (Basil Wm., Lord Daer, son of the Earl of Selkirk, met by Burns at Prof. D. Stewart's villa). Blythe waukens by the daisy's side, S. Again r	ejoicing Nature †
Nae honest worthy man need care, In days when Daisies deck the ground,	Ep. to Davie. 4.
To meet with noble youthful Daer, On dining with Daer. And spreads her sheets o' daisies white	
Daez't [stupefied]. Out o'er the grassy lea: . Lament	of Mary of Scots.
Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink, The daisy for simplicity, and unaffected air,	S. The Posie.
Second Ep. to Davie. Vet all beneath th' unrivall'd Rose,	Water D. H
	Vision. D. 11. 20.
Daffin [merriment, foolishness]. Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate. Ne'er a fellow-creature slight That fate is thine—no distant date : To a	Mountain-Daisv.
Ne'er a fellow-creature slight For random fits o' daffin Add. to Unco Guid. Mott. Dale, Dail.	
"To spend an hour in daffin: The Holy Fair. 5. An' thro' the flowery dale; S. A	s down the burn
For towsing a lass i' my daffin. The Iolly Eggars, S. III. The Game shall Pay owre moor an' dail.	
Until wi' daffin weary grown. For this, niest year.	Ep. to J. R. 10.
Upon a knowe they sat them down. [v.A.1] The Twa Dogs. I here hiv d a lass in youder date, A	atharine Jaffray
Daft [mad_foolish_giddy_frollesome] See you not you hills and dales	
The sun shines on sae brawlie? . S. M.	y Collier Laddie.
Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools, . Add. to Toothache. How sweetly wind thy sloping dales, S. To	he Banks of Nith.
Till daft mankind aft dance a reel O'er hill and dale she [Mirth] flew, man;	Fête Champetre
in gore a snoe-tuick;	he gloomy night t
Il that dait buckle, Georgie Wiales,	
Was threshin still at hizzies tails, . Kind Sir. I ve read t Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale, T	

Danced

And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale. S. The small birds †	An' let poor, damned bodies bee; Add. to the Deil. 2.
Tr	Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd; At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
O'ex many a winding dale and painful steen.	D-n'd haet they'll kill! Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15.
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	'Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey, 'Wi' his d-ma'd dirt! 1b. 29.
Dalgarnock (an old parish in Dumfries-shire, now	
incorporated with Closeburn Parish]. I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock,	May they be damn'd together. S. Does haughty Gault But with such as he, where'er he be,
And who but my bue bokle lover was there:	May I be sav'd or d—'d! Epit. for. G. H.
S. Last May a braw wooer†	This worthless hody damn'd himsel, To save the Lord the trouble Epit. on D. C.
Dalrymple. Dalrymple has been lang our fae, . The Twa Herds. 12.	To save the Lord the trouble Epit. on D.C. That the worms ev'n d—d him
Shaw's and Dalrymple's eloquence	When laid in his grave Epit. on Walter S
D'ample mild D'rymple mild, the' your heart's like a child,	If ever he rise, it will be to be d-'d.
And your me like the new driven shaw, 2 ie 21176 3 2110771.	Extem. on the Marquis.
Dam [a mole across a stream]. Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;	Whar damned devils roar and yell, Holy Willie's Prayer. 4. To grace this damn'd infernal clan. Lns add. to J. Ranken.
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	thy spider snare O' hell's damned waft Poem on Life.
Dam [a female parent].	Thy nuld damned elbow yenks wi' joy,
This was thy billie, dam, and sire, El. on Capt. M. H. Epit. That wantons round its bleating dam; S. On Cessnock banks †	An' bake them up in brunstane pies For poor d-n'd Drinkers. Scotch Drink, 20.
Dam [urine].	For poor d—n'd Drinkers. Scotch Drink, 20.
Till where we sit, on craps o' heather,	An' d-mn'd Excise-men in a bussle, Seizan a Stell, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 7.
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather, Ye tine your dam; [v. A. 2]	And one, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran 1b. 13.
The Althor's Cry and Trayer's.	Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d-d new Brigs and Harbonrs!
Dame. Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames. Ty'd up in godly laces, Add. to Unco Guid. 6.	Harbours!
It brake the sweet heart of my faithful and dame,	A d-n'd red wud Kilburnie blastie; The Inventory. And roar every note of the damn'd The Kirk's Alarm.
S. By you castle wa t	And roar every note of the damn'd The Kirk's Alarm. An' damn'd my fortune to the groat; To J. S., 6.
To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile, Assiduous wait upon her; Ep. to young Friend, 7.	All devil as I am, a damned wretch Tragic Frag.
Stop Thief! dame Nature cried to Death, . Epit. on W.	Damon.
Out spak' a dame in wrinkled eild, S. In Simmer when t	There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay: [rc.] S. Damon and Sylvia.
As the finest dame in castle or ha' S. O when she cam ben †	Damp.
Dame life, the' fiction out may trick her, Poem on Life.	Then is it wise to damp our bliss? Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame, Tam o' Shanter. 1. Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet, Ib. 4.	Dampiere. How does Dampiere do? Add. to Dumourier.
The Dame brings forth, in complimental mood,	Dance. The princely revel may survey Our rustic dance wi' scorn; S. Behold, my love, †
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,	For monie a Plack they wheedle frae me,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. II	At dance or fair: Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 17.
A dame wi' pride eneugh, The Election Ballads. I. Dame fortune should hing by the neck; Ib. III.	Yestreen, when to the trembling string The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha'.
Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair,	S. O Mary, at the window t
Shall ever be my muse's care; S. The Highland Lassie.	No song nor dance I bring from you great city,
But hurchin Capid shot a shaft, That play'd a Dame a shavie The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	Warlocks and witches in a dance; Tam o' Shanter. 11.
That play'd a Dame a shavie The Jolly Beggars. R. VII. Simper James, Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames,	Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches! Ib. 15.
The Kirk's Alarm.	Wi' merry dance in winter-days, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
And the dames danced in the ha'; S. The last braw bridal	"But the ac best dance e'er cam to the Land, "Was, the de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman.
Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame, S. The weary Pund. Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame.	"Was, the de its awa with Exciseman. S. The deil cam fiddlin' †
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame. The Whistle. 10.	To Harmony's enchanting notes,
Damie [dim. of dame].	As moves the mazy dance, man. The Fête Champetre.
Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies, . To Dr. Blacklock.	I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle ha'. S. There grows a bonie †
Damn.	Youth and Love with sprightly dance,
And damn a' Parties but your own; . A Ded. to G. H. 9.	Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Like Æsop's Lion, Burns says, sore I feel All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.	Dance, to.
Keply to a Reproof.	By my soul I'll dance a dance with you, Add. to Dumourier. 'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
Damnable. To init fuith and sense upon ony pretence.	In gore a shoe-thick; . Add. to Toothache.
To join faith and sense upon ony pretence, Is heretic, damnable error The Kirk's Alarm.	Thou shalt dance, and I will sing. S. Carl, an the king come.
Damnation.	Upon that night, when Fairies light,
It's no through terror of D-mn-t-n; . A Ded. to G. H. 6.	On Cassilis Downans dance,
Or your more dreaded hell to state, D-mnation of expences 1 Add. to Unco Guid. 5.	But when will he dance like Tam Glen? . S. Tam Glen.
Damnation then would be our fate,	"We'll dance and sing and rejoice man;
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 14.	S. The deil cam fiddlin'
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain, My horny fist assume the plough again; Ep. to R. Graham.5.	The youngest ay chiefly does dance on my knee; S. The Poor Thresher.
I wha deserve sic just damnation. Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.	Around it a' the patriots dance, . The Tree of Liberty.
A wight that will weather damnation, The devil the prey will despise. The Election Ballads, III.	And learning in a woody dance, . The Twa Herds. 16
The devil the prey will despise. The Election Ballads, III.	Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold, And threaten'd worse damnation	Dance by fu' light To J. S., 11.
	Danced, -'d. I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,
For [Moodie] speels the holy door, Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t-n. [v. A. 22] . The Holy Fair, 12.	An' danc'd my fill! Ep. to J. R. 6.
D-man ad -1d	He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round.
They!—they he d—d! what right has they Add. of Beelzebub. 3.	Below the gallows-tree. S. Farewell, ye dungtons the Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd; The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
Then we'll be d-mued no doubt . Add. to Dumourier.	The Bries of Avr. 11.

The deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town,	Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart.
And dane'd awa wi' th' Exciseman; S. The deil cam fiddlin' t	Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart, Yet dare na for your anger; S. Sweet fa's the eve t
He's danc'd awa' he's danc'd awa'	The stubborn Tories dare to die: The Election Ballads, VI.
He's danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman [re.] Ib.	Where many a danger I must dare, S. The gloomy night t
And the dames danced in the ha'; S. The last braw bridal t	For her I'll dare the billows' roar; , S. The Highland Lassie.
Sae merrily they danced the ring, . The night was still t We lap an' danced the lee-lang day, T. Menzie's bonic Mary.	We dare he poor for a' that! S. The Honest Man.
He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down, S. There was a lass †	I ken the devils dare na touch me The Inventory.
Where are the joys I have met in the morning,	Yet dare not speak my anguish S. The last time I† Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
That dane'd to the lark's early song? S. Where are the joys t	'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares
Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha' S. Young Jockey t	The Rights of Woman.
Dancer.	Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare, With feature stern, [v.A.4] The Vision, D. I.
The dancers quick and quicker flew; . Tam o' Shanter, 12.	'Some fire the Sodger on to dare;
Dancing, -in.	Not a hope that dare attend; S. Thickest night t
seasons dancing, life advancing, S. Bonie Bell. When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,	I dare not combat-but I turn and fly: To Clarinda.
Despondency, an Ode. 5.	Who holdly dare thy cause maintain
Nell's heart was dancin at the view;	In spite of foes: . To Rev. J. M' Math.
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,	Should I but dare a hope to speel, Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield, The braes o' fame;
Wi' bickerin, dancin dazzle; 1b. 25.	To W. Simpson.
And singin' there, and dancin' here, [v. A. 11] Holy Willie's Prayer.	Nor hope dare a comfort hestow: . S. Where are the joys t
I see thee dancing o'er the green, S. O were I on Parnass. †	If I may dare a lifted eye to thee, Why am I loth t
And loud resounded mirth and dancing. Tam o' Shanter. 10.	And wha a crime dare ca' that? S. Women's Minds.
The boniest sight that e'er I saw	Dar'd. On many a bloody plain I've dar'd his [death's] face, S. Farewell, ye dungeons t
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. S. The Ploughman t	When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
Fu' aft at e'en Wi' dancing keen, . S. The tither morn t	And covenant True blues, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Fu' aft at e'en Wi' dancing keen, . S. The tither morn† Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha', S. There grows a bonie†	Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
Dang, Dung [knocked, pushed, worsted, driven].	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels, That dang her tapsalteerie, O. S. Amang the trees t	Darena [dare not].
That dang her tapsalteerie, O S. Amang the trees t	We darena weel say't, though we ken wha's to blame, S. Ey yon castle wa't
He fir'd a fiddler in the north That dang them tapsalteerie, O	I canna tell, I mauna tell,
O av my wife she dang me.	I darena for your anger: S. Craigie burn Wood. Tho' the love that I owe to thee I darena show,
An' aft my wife she bang'd me, S. O ay my wife she dang.	S. My Sandy gied †
The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O! S. The deuks dang o'er.	And dear was she, I darena name, S. O May thy morn t
To see his poor, and Mither's pot, Thus dung in staves, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	And here's to them, we darena tell,
Danger.	I lo'e her mysel, but I darena weel tell, Ronalds of Bennals.
And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar, Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	My heart is sair, I darena tell, S. Somebody.
Nay, more-there is danger in touching; Inscrip. on Goblet.	A running stream they dare na cross Tam o' Shanter. 18. O love will venture in, where it dare na weel be seen;
Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,	S. The Posie.
Prologue, sp. by Woods. From ev'ry danger keep him free, S. Somebody.	Daring, -in.
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!	His darin look had daunted me; A Vision.
What dangers thou canst make us scorn! Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Some daring Hancocke, or a Franklin, . Add. of Beelzebub.
Where many a danger I must dare, S. The gloomy night +	The daring invaders they fled or they died S. Caledonia.
Wi' auld Nick there's less danger; To a Painter.	Straight the sky grew black and daring; S. I dream'd I lay
Remember, he's his country's stay In day and hour of danger S. When wild War's t	Braved usurpation's boldest daring! Liberty. The deed too daring brave is; S. Lovely Davies.
In day and hour of danger. S. When wild War's † Dangers, eagle-pinioned, hold,	Is there no daring Bard will rise and tell
Soar around each cliffy hold, Wr. in Friars-Carse H	How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell? Scots Prologue.
Dangerous. But loyalty truce! we're on dangerous ground,	Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
Poet. Add. to Tytler.	And think on former daring: The Election Ballads. VI. By blockhead's daring into madness stung; To R. G. of F., 5.
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther, Clear-dangling hang; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.	Dark. When death's dark stream 1 ferry o'er, A V. on being Hosp. Entertain'd.
As dangling in the wind he hangs A gibbet's tassel Poem on Life.	Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim, . A Winter Night. 8.
A gibbet's tassel Poem on Life. Danton v. Daunton.	One point must still be greatly dark.
Dappl't.	The moving Why they do it; Add. to Unco Guid. 7.
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glaizie, A Guid New-Yeart 2.	And when the lark, 'tween light and dark, Blythe wankens by the daisy's side,
Dare.	S. Again rejoic. Nature †
And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch.	Dark as the frowning rock his brow,
S. Contented wi' little†	Threw broad and dark across the pool:
Our father's blude the kettle bought! And wha wad dare to spoil it? . S. Does haughty Gaul.	While sordid sons o' Mammon's line Are dark as night! Eft. to J. L-k, Aft. 21st. 16.
And dares the public like a noontide sun Ep. fr. Esopus.	Be't light, he't dark, Ef. to Major Logan, 14.
And dare the war with all of woman horn: Ib.	Thou ne'er took such a bleth'ran b-tch,
Though thanks to heaven I dare even that last shift,	Into thy dark dominion! Epit. on noisy Potemic.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	To what dark cave of frozen night, Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie;
Nor dare disclose my anguish. S. Farewell, thou stream † May coward shame disdain his name,	S. Farewell, dear mistress †
The wretch that dares not die! S. Farewell, ye dungeons	Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
Even they [typefy' powers] mann dare an effort mair.	S. Farewell, thou fair day t
S. Lovely Davies. Lord, to account who dares thee call,	Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong, S. Farewell, ye dungeons t
On Com. Goldie's Brains	And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown. Lus sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Dare invade your native right, . On scaring Water fowl.	Lus sent Str J. Whiteford.

At Darlet we a blink did tarry; S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.

	•
And winter nights were dark and rainy; S. Montgomerie's Peggy.	Darling. Edina! Scotia's darling seat! Add. to Edinburgh. The sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest, The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're carest.
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw, S. My Nanie's Awa.	S. Awa wi your witchcraft t
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear, S. O Logan! sweetly †	While my darling fair Is on the couch of anguish? S. Ay waking, O†
Of speechless grief, and dark despair: S. O stay, sweet warb. † Dweller in you dungeon dark, Ode to Mem. of Mrs. —.	Thou goest, thou darling of my heart: S. Behold the hour t
In the dark silent mansions of sorrow.	Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn. S. Caledonia.
On Death of fav. Child.	Spring, thou darling of the year : . El. on Capt. M. H. 12.
And stifle, dark, the feehly-bursting cry; On Death of R. Dundas.	Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part, And I my darling Jean!
Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains, Ib.	Fate gave the word, the arrow sped.
Dark despair around benights me. S. One fond kiss, †	And pierc'd my darling's heart: . S. Fate gave the word,
And to dark Oblivion join thee! S. Raving winds †	So I for my lost darling's sake. Lament the live-day long
Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair, Wi' gloomy smile Scotch Drink, 6.	I've been her [mammy's] darling a' my days,
Or dark as misery's woeful night . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	S. I'm o'er young to marry t
Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky: S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †	My pride and my darling to be? S. Leesie Lindsay. This darling child of nature, . S. My Love's a winsome †
And in an instant all was dark : Tam o' Shanter. 16.	Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
dark in Death's fish-creel Tam Samson's El. 6.	O Thou dread Pow'r
heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	My voice, a lioness that mourns Her darling cub's undoing! The Election Ballads, I'I.
Blew up each Tory's dark designs, The Election Ballads, VI.	Old Scotia's darling hope. Your little angel band
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill; S. The lazy mist †	The Petition of Br. Water. Give the poet's darling flame, The Toast.
In spite o' dark banditti stahs . To Rev. J. M'Math.	Some teach the Bard, a darling care,
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms, The lang, dark night! To W. Simpson. 14.	
Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode? . Why am I loth †	And ae honnie lassie, his darling and mine. S. There's auld Rob M.
Darken'd.	Her darling bird that she lo'es best To IV. Creech.
They [the eagles] darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land: S. Caledonia.	woman, nature's darling child! . S. Twas even, the dewy t
And downward, how weaken'd, bow darken'd, how pain'd! S. The lazy mist †	Ance the darling o' the men: S. Will ye go and marry † Dart. 'See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15.
Darkening, -'ning.	That when I looked to my dart, It was sae blunt, 1b. 17-
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r, A Winter Night. 1.	Say, sages, what's the charm on earth,
Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air, On Death of Sir J. Blair,	Can turn death's dart aside? . Epit. on Miss J. Lewars. If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue,
Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws, The Vowels.	Your speed will out-rival the dart: Extem., finned to Coach.
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee, Dark'ning the day!. To W. Simpson.	But it's innocence and modesty That polishes the dart S. Handsome Nell.
Darker. Her eye-brows of a darker hue, . S. Sae flaxen †	He spak o' the darts o' my bonie black een,
An' darker gloamin brought the night: . The Twa Dogs, 35.	S. Last May a brazu woocr†
Darkest. lust and pride, The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers, The Hermit.	The trout within you wimpling burn That glides, a silver dart, . S. Now Spring has clad †
Darkling. Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,	Are worse than poison'd darts of steel, O leave novels†
In low pursuit, A Bard's Epit. But like the sun eclips d at morning tide,	Thou dart of Heav'n that flashest by, . S. O mirk, mirk† Nane other love, nane other dart, I feel, S. Sae far awa.
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.	Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.
El. on Miss Eurnet. And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,	With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
To R. G. of F., 7.	I see each aimed dart; To Ruin.
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears, And left us darkling in a world of tears:)	But where is your shield from the darts of contempt? Ye true "Loyal Natives" †
Darklins (darkling).	when Wit and Refinement hae polish'd her [Beauty's] darts,
An' darklins grapet for the bauks, Halloween. 11.	S. You wild mossy mountains †
Darkly. Rave to my darkly dashing stream, The Petition of Er. Water.	Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart, S. By Allan stream †
The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer, Is in his "narrow bouse" for ever darkly low. [v.A.10]	There keen indignation shall dart on her prey, Monody, on a Lady.
Sonnet on Death of Riddel.	When through my very heart
Dark-muffl'd.	Her beaming glories dart: S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st † Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
Now Phœbe, in her midnight reign, Dark-muffl'd, view'd the dreary plain; . A Winter Night, 6.	The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Darkness. In shades of darkness hide [weakness, frailty].	And scorpion Critics cureless venom dart. To R. G. of F., 3
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death,	Darting. A scepter'd hand, a king's command, Is in her darting glances: . S. Lovely Davies.
quenched in darkness like the sinking star, Liberty. The speedy gleans the darkness swallow'd: Tam o' Shanter. &.	Dash. And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies, The Bries of Avr. 7.
Life is but a day at most,	Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash, O how unfit! To a Haggis.
Sprung from night, in darkness lost; Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Darksome. They filled up a darksome pit	Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds, IVr. by Fall of Fyers.
With water to the brim, . John Barleycorn.	Dash'd.
Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den, On Death of R. Dundas.	And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Banisbes ilk darksome shade, S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st † The darksome night did me enfauld.	Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore: The Erigs of Ayr. 3.
S. The lass that made the led.	Across the rolling, dashing roar, S. Behold the hour t
Darlet.	Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar;

Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar;
S. Had I a cave †

Suspend their dashing oars to hear On Lincluden Castle.	David, Davie [King David of Scripture].
Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains.	Mak haste an' turn king David owre, . The Ordination. 3.
On Death of R. Dundas. But hashing and dashing I kend na how to tell	King David o' poetic brief, What ails ye now † An' snugly sit among the sannts, At Davie's hip yet 1b.
But bashing and dashing I kend na how to tell. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Davie. But Davie lad, ne'er fash your head, Ep. to Davie, z.
Rave to my darkly dashing stream, The Petition of Br. Water.	But tent me, Davie, Ace o' Hearts!
Delighted with the dashing roar; . The Vision, D. 11, 13.	And now come in my bappy honrs, To wander wi' my Davie. [rc.] . S. Now rosy May †
Date.	Meet me on the warlock knowe,
O! why has Worth so short a date? Lament for Glencairn. Add to our date one minute more? Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
I mind it weel in early date,	But Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit; Second Ep. to Davie.
When I was beardless, young and blate, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Haud tae the Muse, my dainty Davie:
Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see;	Davie Bluster [Mr. Grant, Ochiltree]. Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster, if for a saunt ye do muster,
The Brigs of Ayr. 5. That fate is thine—no distant date; To a Mountain-Daisy.	The corps is no nice of recruits; The Kirk's Alarm.
Date, to.	Davies.
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,	The charms o' lovely Davies. [re.] S. Lovely Davies. Davison.
Ep. fr. Esopus.	They ca'd him Duncan Davison. S. Duncan Davison.
your hraw, nameless, dateless letter, Third Ep. to J. Lap.	Davock [dim. of David].
Daud [to thrash, abuse; drive forcibly; pelt].	Wee Dayock hauds the nowt in fother The Inventory. Till faith, wee Dayock's turn'd sae gleg, Ib.
An' set the bairns to daud her [Common Sense], Wi' dirt this day The Ordination, 2.	Daw [to Dawn].
Daudin [pelting].	The cock may craw, the day may daw, . S. O Willie brew'd †
But hitter, daudin showers hae wat it, Third Ep. to J. Lap	When day did daw, and cocks did craw, S. What will I do gin!
Daughter. Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,	Dawd [a large piece of anything].
Add, to Edinburgh. 4.	An' cheese an' hread, frae women's laps, Was dealt about in lunches, An' dawds The Holy Fair. 23.
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain. Blest be M'Murdo † Meanwhile the hapless daughter	Dawing, -in [dawn of day, dawning].
Has but a choice of strife, S. How cruel	I cou'dna get sleeping till dawing, for greeting, S. As I was a-wand ring t
Daunt. Still I will try to daunt you; . S. Husband, husband †	And dawin it is dreary,
Still I will try to daunt you; . S. Husband, husband† Daunted. His darin look had daunted me; . A Vision.	When hirks are bare at Yule. S. Cauld is the e'enin† The day is near the dawin; S. Landlady, count†
Dauntingly.	As day was dawin in the sky . S. T. Mensie's bonie Mary.
Sae dauntingly gaed he: . S. Farcwell, ye dungcons t	Dawn. Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled, In all its crimson glory spread, . S. A Rose-bud by †
Dauntless. The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride; Epit. for Author's Father.	At dawn, when every grassy blade
Whose is that noble, dauntless brow? . V.s under Picture.	Droops with a diamond at his head, El. on Capt. M. H. 6. With chill hoary wing as ye [hreezes] usher the dawn:
Daunton, Danton [to subdue, intimidate]. Shall ever danton me, or awe me, Add. to Illegit. Child.	S. How pleasant the banks †
But an auld man shall never daunton me. [re.] S. To daunton me.	Lovely was she by the dawn, S. It was the charming t
Fo daunton me, and me sae young,	The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn, S. My Nanie's Awa.
Daur [to dare].	And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews At morning dawn and parting day S. O were my love t
'I daur you try sic sportin,	She's fresher than the morning dawn S. On Cessnock banks †
How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced, In Defence of a Lady. How daur ye set your fit upon her,	or hail the chearful dawn, . On seeing wounded Hare. Our lads gaed a hunting, ac day at the dawn,
Sae fine a Lady! To a Louse.	S. The heather was bloom.
Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle, Your thick plantations	Here haply too, at vernal dawn, Some musing bard may stray, The Petition of Br. Water.
How daur ye do't?	Glowing dawn of brighter day To a Kiss.
Who in her rough imperfect line	Night, where dawn shall never break, Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Who in her rough imperfect line Thus daurs to name thee [Religion]. To Rev. J. M'Math.	The rosy dawn, the springing grass, With early gems adorning S. Young Peggy †
Daurna [dare not]. For which we daurna show our face Adam A—'s Prayer.	Dawn, to.
As for the deil, he daurna steer him	But fairer still my Delia dawns, Delia. An Ode
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt, G. † Daurk [a day's labour].	Dawning. In manhood's dawning blush; . O Thou dread Pow'r†
Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,	So dawning day has brought relief S. The noble Maxwells †
An' nought but his han'-daurk, The Twa Dogs, 10.	Dawte, Dawtet, v. Daut, Dautet.
Daur't [dared].	Day, Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror! A Ded. to G. II., 10.
He should been tight that daur't to raise thee.	May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
A Guid New-year t 2. Daut. Dawte [to fondle, caress, make of, pet].	Shine on the evining o' his days;
1, fatherly will kiss an' dant thee. Add. to Illegit. Child.	On sic a day as this is,
When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wyte t	till Fate some day is sent,
And ither some will kiss and daut; . S. John, come kiss. Dautet, Dawtet [made of, petted].	For ever to release Ye Frae Care
Ye're unco muckle dautet; A Dream. 15.	Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie By night or day
An' dawtet, twal-pint Hawkie's gane	He was an unco shaver For monie a day
As yell's the Bill. Add. to the Deil. 10. Dawtingly [caressingly].	But or the day was done. I trow.
And dawtingly did chear me; . S. The tither morn †	The laggen they hae clautet Fu' clean . 16. 15.

Then lost his way, ae misty day, A Fragment. 4.	When I think on the lightsome days I spent wi' thee, my dearie; S. How lang and dreary †
I've seen the day, Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie A Guid New-year † 1.	The joyless day, how dreary;
He should been tight that daur't to raize thee,	I've heen her [mammy's] darling a' my days, S. I'm o'er young to marry t
Ance in a day	And plenty of bacon each day in the year; . Impromptu.
That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,	Give me Maria's natal day! Improm. on Mrs's Birthday.
Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han',	When day is gane, and night is come, . S. It was a' for t
For days thegither 10.11.	One morning by the break of day, S. It was the charming
An' monie an' anxious day, I thought We wad be beat!	O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting † And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither;
An' thy auld days may end in starvin', Ib. 17.	S. John Anderson, †
Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day, S. A Roschud by † He sang wi' joy his former day, A Vision.	But he has na tell'd the lass hersel Till on her wedding day, O
He sang wi' joy his former day,	This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,
To meat, or sleep, or light o' day?. Add. of Beelzebub. 3.	Kind Sir, I've read t
Whose ancestors, in days of yore, Add. to Edinburgh 7. D've mind that day, when in a bizz, Add. to the Deil. 17.	And the days are awa that we hae seen; But far better days I trust will come again; S. Lady Mary Ann.
D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz, Add. to the Deil. 17. Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,	Why did I live to see that day?
[Peauty] The bloom of a fine summer's day!	A day to me so full of woe? . Lament for Glencairn.
S. Adown winding With T	The mavis mild wi' many a note, Sings drowsy day to rest: . Lament of Mary of Scots.
The day was waxing weary,	The day is near the dawin; . S. Landlady, count †
Gude help the day when royal heads	Shrinking from the gaze of day S. Mark yonder Pomp †
Are hunted like a maukin S. Awa, whigs, awa.	I can win my five pennies in a day, S. My Collier Laddie. My heart was ance as blythe and free
Wha in his wae days were loyal to Charlie? S. Bannocks o' bear meal †	As simmer days were lang, S. My heart was ance †
The wintry sun the day has clos'd, S. Behind you hills †	I rue the day I sought her O, [re.] S. My love she's but †
Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day, Blest be M'Murdo † Come let us spend the lightsome days	Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded, Gaudy Day to you is dear. S. Musing on the roaring
In the birks of Aberfeldy S. Bonie Lassic, will ye go †	Auld, cantie Coil may count the day, Nature's Law.
But lately seen, in gladsome green, The woods rejoic d the day, S. But lately seen t	There I'll spend the day wi' you, S. Now rosy May t
The woods rejoic d the day,	When day, expiring in the west, The curtain draws of Nature's rest,
How cheery, thro' her shortening day,	When a' thir days are done, man, S. O ay my wife she dang.
Is Autumn in her weeds o' yellow: S. By Allan stream † By you castle wa' at the close of the day,	The hird that charm'd his summer day, S. O Lassie, art thou
S. By you eastle wa't	O Logan! sweetly didst thou glide.
And a' the day to sit in dool,	The day I was my Willie's bride; S. O Logan! sweetly the Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days.
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;	Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days,
S. Caledonia.	O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer, [re.]
And a' my days o' life to come I'll gratefully adore thee	S. O merry hae I been the And blest he the day I did it again Ib.
Slides by a bower where monie a flower Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir. S. Damon and Sylvia.	And blest be the day I did it again
Sheds fragrance on the day, Sir. S. Damon and Sylvia. 'Thus goes he on from day to day,	'As songsters of the early year
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.	'Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
Fair the face of orient day, Delia, An Ode. Oh, enviable, early days,	Ye would na heen sae shy; S. O Tibbie!
C D	a' the lee-lang simmer's day, . S. O were I on Parnass. By night by day a field at hame.
Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day. El. on Capt. M. H. 9.	By night, by day, a field, at hame,
Whom we, this day, lament! . Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	At morning dawn and parting day S. O were my love
In days when Daisies deck the ground.	The cock may craw, the day may daw, . S. O Willie brew'd
And Blackbirds whistle clear, Ep. to Davie. 4.	But day and night my fancy's flight Is ever wi' my Jean
Long since, this world's thorny ways Had number'd out my weary days,	On a bank of flowers one summer's day
May still your life from day to day, Nae "lente largo" in the play, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.	S. On a bank of flowers The piety of ancient days! . On Lincluden Castle.
They persecute you all your future days Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	A ne'er to he forgotten day, On dining with Daer
And mercy's day is gane Epit. on Holy Willie.	A loss these evil days can ne'er repair!
As Tam the Chapman on a day Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,	On Death of R. Dundas. The lamp of day with ill-presaging glare,
Epit, on Tam the Chapman.	On Death of Sir J. H. Blair
She, the fair sun of all her sex, Has blest my happy, glorious day:	And blest the day and hour, S. Peggy Chalmers Sweet to the opening day,
S. Farewell, dear mistress †	Rosebuds bent the dewy spray; S. Phillis the Fair
Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, S. Farewell, thou fair day t	Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays At close o' day. Poem on Pastoral Poetry
Nor think to lure us as in days of yore:	"You're one year older this important day,"
We solemnize this sorrowing natal day, Pragment of Cae.	For mony a rantin day Prologue, at Th., D.
Gane is the day and mirk's the night, . S. Gane is the day † 'But monie a day was by himsel,	My fiddle and I hae had S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie
'He was sae sairly frighted Halloween. 16.	Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; S. Raving winds
I mourn through the gay, gawdy day, S. Here's a health to ane †	Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash O' half his days;
S. Here's a neath to ane † L—d in the day of vengeance try him, Holy Willie's Prayer. 15.	Now's the day, and now's the hour, . S. Scots wha ha'e
Holy Willie's Prayer, 15.	Och, ho! the day! Searching auld
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,	Should auld acquaintance be forgot,

This day, Time winds th' exhausted chain.	This day M'[Kinlay] taks the flail, . The Ordination. 2.
Sketch. New-Yr's Day. This day's propitious to be wise in. 1b.	This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
And what is this day's strong suggestion? "The passing moment's all we rest on!"	O happy day! rejoice, rejoice!
A few days may-a few years must-	Where, like an aged man, it [the hawthorn] stands at break o'
Repose us in the silent dust	day; S. The Posie.
with days and honors crown'd,	in far less polish'd days, The Rights of Woman. The day it is short, and the night it is lang, S. The Taylor fell †
To Evan-banks, with temp rate ray,	S. The Taylor fell † And blythe we'll sing, and hail the day
Home of my youth, he [the sun] leads the day. S. Slow spreads the gloom †	That gave us liberty, man The Tree of Liberty.
I thank thee, author of this opening day!	Upon a bonie day in June, The Twa Dogs. That merry day the year begins,
Sounet, wr. on Birthday	Their days, insipid, dull an' tasteless,
Life's poor day I'll musing rave, . S. Streams that glide t	Niest day their life is past enduring
God hless your Honors, a' your days. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 24.	Resolv'd to meet some ither day
Thou minds me o' the happy days	O would, or I had seen the day S. The Union.
Thou minds me o' the happy days When my fause luve was true. S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II. May there my latest hours coosume.	The sun had clos'd the winter-day, The Vision, D. I. 1.
May there my latest hours consume, Among the friends of early days! S. The Banks of Nith.	The Thresher's weary flingin-tree, The lee-lang day had tir'd me;
The Angus lads had nae gude will, That day their neehour's blude to spill;	And when the Day had clos'd his e'e Far i' the West, . Ib.
That day their nechour's blude to spill; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	"The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day!" The Whistle. 18.
Alas the day, and wo the day,	Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day, S. The young High. Rover.
A false usurper wan the gree, S. The bonte Lass of Albany.	As day was dawin in the sky . S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.
The hoary morns precede the sunny days, The Brigs of Ayr.	We lap an' danced the lee-lang day,
There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle, Some fewer whigmaleeries in your noddle	Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen, S. There liv'd ance a carle
Yet I hae seen him on a day The pride of a' the parishen S. The cardin o't.	And he had a wife was the plague of his days, Ib.
We'll live a' our days, S. The Carls o' Dysart.	But whatna day o' whatna style, . S. There was a lad †
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;	Our monarch's hindmost year but ane Was five-and-twenty days hegun,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. z. Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'	The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane; S. There's auld Rob M.
That thus they all shall meet in future days: . Ib. 16. The day returns, my bosom burns,	Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
The hlissful day we twa did meet, S. The day returns †	Glowing dawn of brighter day To a Kiss.
While day and night can bring delight,	Friday first's the day appointed,
Was ae day nihbling on the tether, The Death of Mailie. He saw her days were near hand ended	By our Right Worshipful anointed, . To a Medical Gent.
He saw her days were near hand ended, 1b. I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,	When ance life's day draws near the gloamin, To J. S., 14.
Ye wad na heen sae donsie, O.	Then canie, in some cozie place, They close the day. Ib. 18.
I've seen the day ye hutter'd my brose, And cuddled me late and early, O; S. The deuks dang o'er.	With Pegasus upon a day, Apollo weary flying,
In March the three-and-twentieth day,	Again thou usher'st in the day
The Election Ballads. V.	My Mary from my soul was torn. To Mary in Heaven. To live one day of parting love!
Awa, thou flaunting god o' day! . S. The gowd. locks of A.	To live one day of parting love!
Our lads gaed a hunting ae day at the dawn, S. The heather was bloom.	Proclaim'd the speed of winged day
[Think not] I joy my lonely days to lead in	Last day my mind was in a hog, To Miss Ferrier.
This desert drear;	Thou orh of day! thou other paler light! . To R. Graham.
I wear away My life, and in my office holy Consume the day	When shall my soul, in silent peace, Resign Life's joyless day?
The lav'rocks they were chantan	This day thou metes threescore eleven, . To Terraughty.
	If envious huckies view wi' sorrow Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow,
Should Hornie, as in ancient days, 'Mang sons o' G— present him, Ib. 12.	Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee, Dark'ning the day! To W. Simpson.
How monie hearts this day converts, O' sinners and o' Lasses!	In days when mankind were but callans, Ib. P. S.,
An monie jobs that day hegin, May end in Honghmagandie Some ither day	And ev'ry day has joys divine With the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle.
Last day I grat wi' spite and teen, As Poet B[urns] came by, The Petition of Br. Water.	S. Twas even—the dewy t A' day they fare but sparely; . S. Up in the morning.
An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been The Inventory.	A' day they fare but sparely; . S. Up in the morning. I fear ye'll bide till break o' day; . S. Wha is that at †
In days when riding was nae crime	He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang:
Day an' date as under notit,	3. What can a ying tasset (
Round we wander all the day; The Jolly Beggars, S. VIII.	O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man. [re.] Ih.
The day he stude his country's friend	When day did daw, and cocks did craw, S. What will I dogin t
That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie. S. The Laddies by † The morn that warns th' approaching day, . The Lament.	the happy days I spent wi'you, my dearie; S. When I think on
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief, From such a horror-breathing night	Remember, he's his country's stay In day and hour of danger S. When wild War's t
I'll ne'er forsake till the day I die, The lass that made the bed to me. S. The lass that made.	And hird and beast, in covert, rest, And pass the heartless day
The lass that made the bed to me. S. The lass that made. Twas on a Hallownass day, S. The last braw bridal	The ioyless winter-day, Let others lear,
Drumossie muir. Drumossie day,	Life is but a day at most,
A wasto day it was to me:	As thy day grows warm and anger,
So dawning day has brought relief S. The noble Maxwells †	Day-detesting.
An' pour divine libations	Or [their soul] in some day-detesting owl May shun the light. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 18.

Day-lang. For there, wi'my Lassie, the day-lang I rove,	Deaf. Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig, . S. Duncan Gray †
S. You wild mossy mountus † Day-star, Like the beam of the day-star to-morrow.	Bear this in mind, [in politics] he deaf and blind,
On Death of fav. Child.	Deaf as my friend, he sees them press, Sketch. New-Y'r's Day. Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
Dazzle. Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays, Wi' bickerin, daucin dazzle;	
Dazzle, to. And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'. S. There's a youth †	The Kirk's Alarm. With deaf endurance sluggishly they hear, To R. G. of F., 7.
They dazzle our een. as they flie to our hearts. S. You wild mossy mountus †	Deal.
Deacon. Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye douce Conveeners, The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	To you the dotard has a deal to say, Prologue, at Th., D Deal, to.
Dead.	And deal from iron hands the spare repast, . Ep. fr. Esopus.
Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear; A Vision. renew their leagues, Owre howcket dead. Add. to the Deil. 9.	Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air, Lns. extm. in Lady's Pocket-book.
'I'll nail the self-conceited Sot, 'As dead's a herrin: Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.	Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor, On Grose's Peregrinations. An' deal't about as thy blind skill
Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence,	Directs thee best, Scotch Drink, 21. Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like adle,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another. Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear. For him that's dead. El. on Capt. M. II. 12. An' my and teethless Pawing dead. El. on Vege 1789.	Dealing.
Au' my auld teethless Bawtie's dead; El. on Capt. Al. 11. 12. El. on Year 1783.	Or dealing thro' amang the naigs Their ten-hours bite, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 2.
Ye honoured mighty dead! Fragment of Ode. Well, Sir, from the silent dead,	Yestreeu at the Valentine's dealing,
Still 1 will try to daunt you; . S. Husband, husband †	My heart to my mou' gied a steu; . S. Tam Glen. Dealt.
And they hae sworn a solemn oath John Barleycorn was dead. John Barleycorn.	He dealt it [coin] free: On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
For all the life of life is dead, . Lament for Glencairn. Immingled with the mighty dead! Liberty.	Was dealt about in luuches, An' dawds The Holy Fair. 23.
He who of R—k·n sang, lies stiff and dead, Lns while on Deathbed.	Dean. Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job
O an ye were dead, gudeman, . S. O gin ye were dead.	Who should be Faculty's Dean, Sir The Dean of Fac Dear. 1, through the tender-gushing tear,
The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; Poor Mailie's dead! [re.] Poor Mailie's El	Should recognise my Master dear, A Ded. to G. H., 16. Farewell, dear Friend! may guid luck hit you! A Farewell.
What hreast so dead to heavinly Virtue's glow, Prologue, sp. by Woods.	And I will luve thee still, my Dear, [re.] S. A red, red Rose.
Coffins stood round, like open presses, That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;	dear bird, young Jeany fair, S. A Rosebud by my† As dear an' near my heart 1 set thee Add. to Illegit. Child.
'Tam o' Shanter, II. 'Tam Samson's dead!' [re.]	Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy! . Add. to Edinburgh. 4.
And when ye're number'd wi' the dead, Below a grassy hillock,	Yet let the friend be dear S. Ah, Chloris, † Auld comrade dear and brither sinner, . Auld comrade †
Au' bairns greet for them when they're dead. The Death of Mailie.	Thou may'st find those will love thee dear, But not a love like mine, my Katy. S. Canst thou leave me †
Au' clos'd her e'en amang the dead! Ib.	And Andrew dear believe me, Ye'll find mankind an unco squad, Ep. to Young Friend. 2.
Now Robin, greetin', chows the hams O' Mailie dead! [v.A.19]	Adieu, dear, amiable Youth!
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead, Forgot and gone! To J. S., 10.	The life blood streaming thro' my heart, Or my more dear Immortal part,
Dead, even resentment, for his injured page, To R. G. of F., 5.	Is not more fondly dear!
Dead [death]. To see thee in another's arms,	And solace to my breast,
In love to lie and languish, 'Twill be my dead, that will be seen, S. Craigie-burn Wood.	An' by her een wha was a dear ane! Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead To her twa een sae bonie blue S. I gaed a waefu't	Here lie the loving Hushaud's dear remains, Epit. for Author's Father.
For mony a beast to dead she shot, . Tam o' Shanter. 15.	Farewell, dear mistress of my soul, S. Farewell, dear mistress †
The wounds I must hide which will soon be my dead. S. There's and Rob M.	Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties! S. Farewell, thou fair day t
As whiles they're like to be my dead, . To W. Simpson. Deadly. Morality, thou deadly bane, . 4 Ded. to G.H., 7.	Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear, S. From thee, Eliza † Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear, S. Hark! the mavis †
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale: , Eb. fr. Esobus.	O welcome dear to love and me! S. Here is the glen !
And ay the stound, the deadly wound, Came frae her een sae bonie blue. S. I gaed a waefu' †	Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, S. Here's a health to ane † I guess by the dear angel smile,
To show their deadly rage John Barleycorn. But now he [love] is my deadly fae,	I guess by the dear rolling ee; S. Here's a health to ane † My dear, I'l come and see thee; S. Here's to thy health †
Unless thou'lt be my ain S. O lay thy loof † That brethren rouse in deadly hate! S. O Logan! sweetly †	My dear lad that's far away, S. How can my poor heart
purse, Baited with many a deadly curse?	O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes, S. How pleasant the banks †
Till coward Death behind him jumpit, Wi' deadly feide; Tam Samson's El., 10.	I'll wed another like my dear S. Husband, husband † And when her lovely form I see,
. The Election Datials, 1.	O haith, she's doubly dear again! . S. Fil ayea' in † But dear as is thy form to me,
The magua charta flag unfurls, All deadly gules its bearing	Still dearer is thy mind S. It is na, Jean, †
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore; . S. The gloomy night † When wild War's deadly blast was blawn,	I maun cross the main, My dear, [re.] . S. It was a' for† And vow'd I was his dear lassie, [re.] Last May a braw wooer†
S. When wild War's †	Last May a braw wooer † This ivied cot was dear; Lns on Window, F.'s C. Her
Dead-sweer (very reluctant). I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;	Vet happy, happy would I be Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy. [re.]
A Ded. to G. H., 13.	S. Montgomerie's Peggy.

I dote on ev'ry feature	Dear brothers of the mystic tye! The Farewell. To St J.'s L
Of this dear artless creature, S. My Love's a winsome † The generous purpose, nobly dear, S. My Mary's face †	To Masonry and Scotia dear!
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,	Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell; The Henpecked Husband.
Gaudy Day to you is dear S. Musing on the roaring †	My name is Fun-your cronic dear, . The Holy Fair. 5.
Wi' her the lassie dear to me, S. Now bank and brae t	Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,
My ain dear, dainty Davie S. Now rosy May †	Comes clinkan down beside him! , Ib. II. And birks extend their fragrant arms
I'll flee to's arms I lo'e the best, And that's my ain dear Davie	To screen the dear embrace. The Petition of Br. Water.
But Peggy dear, the evining's clear, S. Now westlin winds +	Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,
So dear can be, as thou to me,	Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle; The Inventory.
And bonie she, and ah how dear! S. O bonic was you rosy t	An' go wi' me an' be my dear; . The Jolly Beggars, S. V. And by that dear Kilbaigie,
While my dear lad maun face his faces. S. O Logan! sweetly †	For her dear sake, and her's alone! . The Lament, 4.
And dear was she, I darena name, . S. O May thy morn † Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above,	Your dear remembrance in my breast,
To be my ain dear Willy S. O Phely † So ilka day to me mair dear	For there I lost my father dear, My father dear and brethren three. S. The larvely lass of I.
And charming is my Phely	And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May S. The Posie.
My thoughts are a' bound up in ane, And that's my ain dear Phely. [re.]	And I will pn' the pink, the emblem o' my dear;
And doubly welcome be the spring, The season to my Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in t	Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration! The Rights of Woman.
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear	I hae been blythe wi' Comrades dear; S. The Rigs o' Barley.
That I might catch poetic skill. To sing how dear I love thee. [re.] S. O were I on Parnass. †	And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear, S. The Slave's Lament.
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear. S. O whare did ye get †	Within this dear mansion may wayward contention Or withered envy ne'er enter; S. The sons of old Killie.
And in their dear petitions place him; On Scot, Bard gue to W. I.	There lies the dear partner of my breast, S. The sun he is sunk †
O sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave,	But then my wife and children dear,
My dear little angel, for ever, . On Death of fav. Child	O whither would they go?
Told how dear ye were aye to each other 1b.	And she lo'ed her bonie laddie dear; S. There was a bonie lass †
And every year come in mair dear . On W. Chalmers.	the bonie lass he lo'ed sae dear
Once fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear, Once fondly lov'd †	O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear; . S. There was a lass t
The lad that is dear to my babie and me. S. Out over the Forth †	But th' laddie's dear sel he loe's dearest of a'. S. There's a youth †
He's lost a friend and neebor dear, . Poor Mailie's El	And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e. S. There's auld Rob M. †
Hail, Caledonia, name for ever dear! Prologue, sp. by Woods. O saw ye my dear, my Phely? S. Sazo ye my Phely.	Her dear idea round my heart
O saw ye my dear, my Phely? . S. Sazo ye my Phely. Friends so near my bosom ever,	Should tenderly entwine. S. Tho' cruel fate † Dear —, I'll gie ye some advice, To a Painter.
Ye hae render'd moments dear; . S. Scenes of weet	Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone: . To Clarinda.
Friends, that parting tear reserve it, Tho' tis doubly dear to me;	By your dear self !- the last great oath I swear, Ib.
For auld lang syne, my dear S. Should auld acquaintance †	Nor life nor soul was ever half so dear!
Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of Ruin!	Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief, To J. S.
Scots Prologue.	An' fareweel dear, deluding woman,
And still his precious self his dear delight: Sketch.	O Mary! dear, departed shade! . S. To Mary in Heaven. Those records dear of transports past,
Oh! banks to me for ever dear! S. Slow spreads the gloom † Nor more may aught my steps divide,	But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde Ib.	An Edwin still to you To Miss L., with " Beattie."
O dear! for Somebody; S. Somebody.	Wi' you no friendship I will troke Nor cheap nor dear. To Mr. J. Kennedy.
From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested,	Dear Peter, dear Peter,
A sprig her fair breast to adorn; Sp. Exten. to yng Lady. My beart is a-breaking, dear titty, S. Tam Glen.	His well-won bays, than life itself more dear, To R. G. of F., 5.
Come counsel, dear titty, don't tarry;	O Ayr, my dear, my native ground, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear, Tam o' Shanter, 19.	For there he roy'd that broke my heart,
I turn'd my weeding heuk aside,	Yet to that heart, ah! still how dear. S. To thee, lov'd Nith † But tell him, though he broke my heart,
An' spar'd the symbol dear The Ans. to the Guidwife. When shall I see that bonour'd land,	Yet to that heart he still was dear!
That winding stream I love so dear! S. The banks of Nith.	Thee, dear maid, have I offended? S. Turn again, thou fairt
Fame, honest fame, his great his dear reward.	Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us, S. Twas na her bonie blue †
The Brigs of Ayr. 1. Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,	And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms.
When thro' his dear Stratbspeys they bore with Highland rage;	S. Wandering Willie.
16, 12,	Wha spied I but my ain dear maid, S. When wild War's t. That gallant hadge the dear cockade.
some kind, connubial Dear	That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Dear Myra, the captive ribband's mine, S. The Capt. Ribband. To help her Parents dear, if they in hardship be.	But, my dear and lovely Katie, S. Will ye go and marry †
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 4. Together hymning their Creator's praise,	to me more dear, Than all the Pride of May: Winter. Still may thy pages call to mind
In such society yet still more dear; 1b. 16. O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! 1b. 20.	The dear, the beauteous donor: Wr. on Leaf of H. More.
My dying words attentive hear,	For dear to me as light and life Was my sweet Highland Mary. S. Ye banks, and bracs, and streams †
Dear to his country by the names, Friend, Patron, Benefactor! The Election Ballads, 1.1.	But I lo'e the dear Lassie because she lo'es me. S. You wild mossy mountus t
Farewell, a mother's blessing dear! . The Farewell.	Repentance I should buy sae dear: . S. Young Jamie †
All-hail then, the gale then,	And bless the dear parental name
Wafts me from thee, dear shore! 1b.	With many a filial blossom S. I oung Feggy

111

Dear-bought.	Nor ever sorrow stain the bour,
My sonsie smirking dear-bought Bess, The Inventory.	The place and time I met my dearie! S. By Allan Stream †
Dearer. I never lo'ed a dearer S. My love's a winsomet	My bonie dearie, S. Ca' the Ewes.
My lassie, ever dearer; S. O wat ye wha that west	An' he ca'd me bis dearie
Thou's ny the dearer, and dearer to me!	And ye sall be my dearie [re.]
S. O whare did ye get †	O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab? [re.] S. Eppie M'Nab.
Far dearer than the torrid plains	Nne mair my Dearie smiles; Fragment.
Where rich ananas blow! The Farewell.	My arms about my Dearie, O; S. Green grow the Rashes.
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,	My bonie dearie. [rc.] S. Hark! the Mavis †
S. Their groves of t	How lang and dreary is the night,
Far dearer to me are you humble broom howers, Ib.	When I am frae my dearie; [re.] S. How lang and dreary †
Yet, dearer than my deathless sonl, I still would love my Jean S. Tho' cruel fate †	Wilt thou be my dearie O? . S. Lassic wi the lintwhite †
The gift still dearer, as the giver you To R. Graham.	And say thou'lt be my dearie O?
Dearest.	We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r,
My dearest member nearly dozen'd: Auld comrade deart	At sultry noon, my dearie O
1 ask for dearest life alone,	And talk of love my dearie O. ,
That I may live to love her. S. Come let me take thee †	I'll comfort thee, my denrie O
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part, . Ep. to Davie, 8.	He [the cottar] woos his simple dearie: S. O poortith cauld, †
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times	How fumbling coofs their denries slight, Scotch Drink. 12.
Ep. to R. Grahant, 5.	Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum
O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,	Sae sad was I, In absence o' my dearie. S The tither morn †
Man was made to mourn.	Come to my bosom, my ain only deary, S. Wandering Willie.
But did you see my dearest Phillis,	O gin 1 were her dearie! S. When first I saw †
In simplicity's array; S. Mark yonder Pomp †	When I think on the happy days
From friendship and dearest affection removed: Monody, on a Lady.	1 spent wi' you, my dearie; When I think on †
The dearest o' the quorum. [rc.] . S. O May thy morn †	It was no sae ye glinted by When I was wi my dearie
O why should Fate sic pleasure have,	I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
Life's dearest bands untwining? . S. O poortith cauld †	My ain kind dearie O. [re.]. S. When o'er the hill t
But my delight in yon towa,	Wilt thou be my denrie? S. Wilt thou be my t
And dearest joy, is Lucy fair S. O wat ye wha's in t	I swear and yow that only thon
while life's dearest blood is warm,	Shall ever be my dearie: [re.]
Fare-thee-well, thou best and dearest! . S. One fond kiss †	The golden hours, on angel wings.
That dearest meed is granted—honest fame;	Flew o'er me and my dearie;
And my my Chloris' dearest charm,	S. 1'e banks, and bracs, and streams †
She says she loves me best of a'. [re.] . , S. Sae flaxen †	A dear-lov'd lad, convenience song,
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove	A treacherous inclination Add. to Unco Guid.
What says she, my dearest, my Phely? [re.]	And for my dear-loy'd Land o' Cakes.
S. Saw ye my Phely.	And for my dear-lov'd Land o' Cakes, I pray with holy fire: The Election Ballads, VI.
We will drain our dearest veins, S. Scots wha ha'e t	Dearly.
And I hae tint my dearest dear; . S. She's fair and fause !	O dearly do I lo'e thee Annie S. By Allan Stream +
In that sober pensive mood,	Wha dearly like a jig or sang, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.
Dearest to the feeling soul S. Streams that glide t	But still, but still, I like them dearly,
Dearest of Distillation! last and hest! How art thon lost! The Author's Cry and Prayer, Mott.	The wisest Man the warl' saw.
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:	He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. S. Green grow the Rashes.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 1.	A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue; S. I gaed a waefu't
lust and pride, The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers,	Swear how I love thee dearly: . S. Now westlin winds †
The Hermit	O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill loes dearly?
And by them lies the dearest lad That ever blest a woman's ee! . S. The lovely lass of Lt	S. O ken ye what Meg † I dearly like the west, S. Of a' the airts †
That ever blest a woman's ee! . S. The lovely lass of 1.† For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,	I dearly like the west,
The Rights of woman.	Dearly bought the hidden treasure
The dearest siller that ever I wan S. The Taylor fellt	Finer feelings can bestow! S. Sensibility †
The dearest comfort of their lives	The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen S. Tam Glen.
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives; The Twa Dogs, 17.	To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane, Tam Samson's El
His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew! The Vowels.	This chap will dearly like our kin', S. There was a lad t
But th' laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'.	Thou'rt welcome to it dearly! . S. When wild War's +
S. There's a youth †	That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
Dearest tie of young connexions, To a Kiss. And, dearest gift of henven below,	S. Ye banks, and bracs, and streams †
Thine friendship's truest beart To Chloris.	Dear-remember'd.
For one [dart] has cut my dearest tye,	O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
And quivers in my heart	Dears. The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!	Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
S. Twas na her bonie blue †	rier howest work she classes, O: 5. Green grow the Rashes
"To cut it aff, an' what fore no, "Your dearest member." Il 'hat ails ye now †	Ye're wae men, ye're nae men, That slight the lovely dears: The Ans. to the Guidwife.
O! happy, happy may he be,	
That's dearest to thy bosom: . S. When wild War's +	Dear sirs!
Dearle [dim. of dear].	Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate,
Who did I meet upon the work	They waste sae mony a braw estate! . The Twa Dogs, 25.
But pretty Peg, my dearie S. As I gaed up by t	Dearthfu'. It sets you ill, Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Kest I canna get for thinking o' my dearie.	Death. Scotch Drink. 16.
S. Ay waking, O+	TOTAL TO A 1917 A 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
Sleep I can get nane, For thinking on my Dearie.	Or close them [my weary eyes] fast in death!
S. Ay waukin, O. The mair I kiss she's ay my dearie, S. Braw lads of G. Water.	A Prayer under Anguish.
Sae bonie blue ber een, my dearie; [12.]	When death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
10,	A V. on being Hosp. Entertained.

P

But gude preserve us frae the gallows, That shamefu' death! Adam A—'s Prayer.	Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The capt. Ribband.
When Death comes in, wi' glimmering blink,	from the shades of death's deep night, The Election Ballads, VI.
Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e,	NY TO 1 1 YEAR OF THE STATE OF
Ye sall be my dearie S. Ca' the Ewes.	Now Death and Hell enguiph thy foes,
It spak right howe-'My name is Death.'	The Wretched have no more to fear: S. The gloomy night +
Death and Dr. Hornbook, 9.	In gasping death to wallow The Petition of Br. Water.
'Folk maun do something for their bread,	Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death.
*An' sae mann Death	The Kirk's Alarm.
	We thought by death wad bring relief. The Twa Herds, 13.
1 took the way that pleas d mysel. And sae did Death, Ib. 31. Duncan cou dna be her death, S. Duncan Gray t	Often hast thou vow'd that death Only should us sever: S. Thou hast left me t
O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody! El. on Capt. M. II. 1.	Only should us sever: S. Thou hast left me + If death, then, wi' skaith, then,
Nor envious death so triumphed in a blow.	Some mortal heart is hechtio, To a Medical Gent.
El. on Miss Burnet.	Put why, o' Death, begin a tale? To J. S., 11.
O Death, hadst thou but spar'd his life.	With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	To R. G. of F., q.
Or die a cadger pownie's death, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 7.	Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode? Why am I loth t
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold Epit. for R. A.	But oh! fell death's untimely frost, S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t
Here Souter [Hood] in Death does sleep;	Deathful That like a deathful meteor gloom'd efer
For had he said, "the soul alone Epit, on ruling Elder.	Deathful. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
For had he said, "the soul alone "From death I will deliver". Epit. on Country Laird.	Deathless.
O Death, it's my opinion,	after many a bloody, deathless doing Scots Prologue.
Thou ne'er took such a bleth ran b-tch. Epit. on noisy Polemic.	dearer than my deathless soul, . S. Tho' cruel fate t
Here lies with death auld Grizel Grim, Epit. on Grizel Grim.	Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name.
O Denth, how horrid is thy taste	To W. Simpson. 3.
Say, sages, what's the charm on earth. Can turn death's dart aside? . Ep. on Miss J. Lewars.	Deave [deafen, stupefy with noise or clamour].
Can turn death's dart aside? Ep. on Miss J. Lewars. Wi' Death forgather'd by the way. Epit. on Tam the Chapman. Death was one less pleased wi' Thomas. 1b.	And sair wi' his love he did deave me: S. Last May a braw woert
Epit. on Tam the Chapman,	My minny does constantly deave me S. Tam Glen.
Death was nae less pleased wi Thomas, 1b.	If mair they deave us wi' their dia, . The Ordination. 14.
Sae tickled Death, they couldna part:	A clapper tongue wad deave a miller; . S. Willie Wastle †
Death takes him hame to gie him quarters, Ib.	Debar. Debar a' side-pretences; . Ep. to I'oung Friend. S.
Stop Thief! dame Nature cried to Death. Epit. on W	Debauch.
Death has murder'd Johnie; Epit. on wee Johnie.	Then sowther a' in deep debauches The Twa Dogs. 32.
O what is death but parting breath? S. Farewell, ye dungeonst	Debauchery.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow, S. Fate gave the word, +	Till, quite transmogrify'd, they're grown
And by fell death was nearly nicket: Friend of the poet, † P. S.	Dehauchery and Drinking: . Add. to Unco Guid. 5.
While Death stands victor by, . S. From thee, Eliza, †	Deborah.
I gat my death frae twa sweet een S. I gaed a waefu' †	He, rising, rejoicing,
There's death in the cup—sae beware! . Inscrip. on Goblet.	Between his twa Deborahs, The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.
Whom death had all untimely taen. Lament for Glencairn.	Debt. That he intends to pay your debt A Dream. 7.
And in the narrow house o' death Let winter round me rave; Lament of Mary of Scots.	Till he forgets his loves or debts Scotch Drink, Mott. I'll be his deht twa mashlum bonnocks.
Haste, gie her name up i' the chappel,	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Nigh unto death; Letter to J. Goudie.	Debtor. For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption	Am I your humble dehtor: A Dream. 3.
Death soon will end her	This hour on e'enin's edge I take. To own I'm debtor, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st.
Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death! Liberty.	Which will oblige your humble dehtor.
Death, that grusome carl, Lns add. to J. Ranken.	S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.t
I'm better pleas'd to make one more, Than be the death of twenty. Lns on Windows, Gl. Tax	I'm three times, doubly, o'er your debtor.
O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,	Second Ep. to Davie.
Man was made to Mourn.	It's now two month that I'm your debtor. Third Ep. to J. Lap
Oh still I behold thee, all lovely in death,	
On Death of far, Child.	Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors, A' future ages;
The Tyrant Death, with grim control S. Peggy Chalmers.	Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three,
But tearing Peggy from my soul Must be a stronger death	Made Homer deep their debtor; . To Miss Ferrier.
And sock or buskin skelp alang	Decay.
To death or marriage; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	While worth in the mind o' my Phillis Will flourish without a decay. S. Adown winding Nith †
Death tears the brother of her love	Our sad decay in church and state.
From Isabella's arms Sad thy tale †	
Then Burnewin comes on like Death At ev'ry chap Scotch Drink, 10.	Surpasses my descriving: S. Awa, wrigs, awa. And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay; S. My Nanie's Awa.
To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane, Tam Samson's El.	S. My Nanie's Awa.
Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel,	Ruins yet beauteous in decay, . Un Linctuden Castle.
But now he lags on Death's hog-score,	Decay, to.
dark in Death's fish-creel	Who but knows they all decay! S. My Mary's face t
Till coward Death behind him jumpit	Decayed.
unskaith'd by Death's gleg gullie,	And all the splendid scene's decayed; On Lincluden Castle.
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him; The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.	The Catrine woods were yellow seen. The flowers decay a on Catrine lea. S. The Catrine woods †
The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.	Eut long ere night out down it lies
frae the sheath, Drew blades o' death, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	All wither'd and decay'd The 1st 6 1's of 90th Ps
The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:	Deceased.
The Bries of Avr.	When -, deceased, to the Devil went down, Epig. on
To rustic Agriculture did bequeath	So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased. To R. G. of F., b.
The broken, iron instruments of Death, Ib. 13.	10 A. G. O P., O.

Deceit. Beauty is at hest deceit; S. Jockey fou, †	Declar'd.
Deceitful.	Then a' that kent him round declar'd,
Such was my life's deceitful morning, . S. I dream'd I lay t	He had ingine, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 5. Ilk feature—auld nature
Deceive.	Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair! S. Sae flaxen t
And ony De'il that thinks to get you, Good Lord deceive him. A Farewell.	Declaring. Heavy, heavy is the task. Hopeless love declaring; S. Blythe ha'e I been †
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee S. Deluded swain t	Declining.
Cruel, cruel to deceive me! . S. Stay, my charmer †	The fears all, the tears all,
They flatter, she says, to deceive me, S. Tam Glen.	Of dim declining Age! Despondency, an Ode. 5.
Deceived, -'d. The fickle Fortune has deceived me, . S. I dream'd I lay †	Prudence, with decorous sneer. In vain would Prudence †
That he was still deceived who trusted	Decorum.
To love or friend; The Hermit.	Let them cant about decorum,
Though fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me, S. Though fickle Fortune †	Who have character to lose. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum.
Deceiver.	The Rights of Woman.
I'll warrant then, ye're nae Deceiver, . A Ded. to G. H., q. December.	Decoy. Morality's demure decoys
the mirk night o' December, . S. O May thy morn t	Shall here nae mair find quarter: . The Ordination, 13.
An' bleak December's winds ensuin, To a Mouse.	Decoy, to.
Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December! [re.] S. Gloomy December.	Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is: Add. to the Deil. 13.
Decency.	Decoying. Bowers adieu! where love decoying,
And carefully he bred me	First enthrall'd this heart o' mine, . S. Scenes of woe t
In decency and order, O; S. My father was a farmer † With decency and law beneath his [Riot's] feet;	Decree.
Prologue, sp. by 11 ooas.	'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree S. Here's a health to ane† Decreed. But hath decreed that wicked men
Decent. She dresses age sae clean and neat. Both decent and genteel: . S. Handsome Nell.	Shall ne'er be truly blest The 1st Psalm.
decent, honest, fawsont folk, The Twa Dogs. 21.	Decyphering. My periods that decyphering defy, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Decide. Till slap! come in an unco loun, And wi' a rung decide it: S. Does haughty Gaul†	Dedicate.
Decided. An' monie lads an' lasses fates	
Are there that night decided: . Halloween, 7. Decidedly.	To dedicate them, Sir, to You: A Ded. to G. H., 12. To you I dedicate the hour In idle rhyme. To Rev. J. M'Math.
Who made the heart, 'tis He alone	Dedicating. With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose?
Decidedly can try us, Add. to Unco Guid. 8.	The Brigs of Ayr.
Deck. But clear your decks an' here's the Sex The Jolly Beggars, S. VII.	Dedication. A fleechan, fleth'ran Dedication,
Deck, to.	A fleechan, fleth'ran Dedication,
These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck That spotless breast o' thine; S. Behold, my love, †	Dee. Buy braw troggin.
In danc when Doisies deck the ground E6 to Danie (Frae the banks o' Dee; The Election Ballads. IV.
And the next flowers, that deck the spring, Bloom on my peaceful grave. Lament of Mary of Scots.	'Twas by the banks o' honie Dee,
To deck her gay green spreading bowers; S. Now rosy May †	Thoughts, words and deeds, the Statute blames with reason;
And from thee many a parent stem	famed for martial deed and sacred song, A Dream. Liberty.
Arise to deck our land On Birth of Posth. Child. And in paste gems and frippery deck her; . Poem on Life.	The deed too daring brave is; S. Lovely Davies.
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride, The Cotter's Sat. Night, 18.	For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed.
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 18.	Monody, on a Lady. Has this to say—"It was no deed of mine;"
Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem, Richly deck thy native stem;	
Deck'd, Deckt, Deckit.	And execrates man's savage ruthless deeds!) The Brigs of Ayr.
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' honie white yewes. S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft	A chief o' doughty deed; . The Election Ballads. I'.
So deckt the woodbine sweet you aged tree.	The butcher deeds of bloody fate,
El. on Miss Burnet. The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,	The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice?
Now trodden like the vilest weed, . S. O Lassie, art thou	S. The small birds t The gentleman in word an' deed, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Sweetly deckt with pearly dew Sad thy tale,	Deep. When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep, A Guid New-year 13.
Be thou deckt in silken stole, Wr. in Friars-Carse H	As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
Declamation-mist. Till in a declamation-mist,	So deep in luve am 1; S. A red, red Rose.
His argument he tint it : Extem. in Court of Session.	But deep this truth impress'd my mind A Winter Night. 10. And deep as soughs the boding wind,
Declaration.	Among his cover the sigh he gove As an the hands
But pith and power, till my last hour, I'll mak this declaration;	The foaming stream deep roaring fa's, S. Bonie lassie, will ye go
Declare. My passion I will ne'er declare, S. Ah, Chloris,	Law, physics, politics and deep divines:
Could aught of song declare my pains, S. Could aught of song †	Ep. to R. Graham, 2.
Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H. 13.	Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain, My horny first assume the plough again; Ib. 5.
Falsest of woman-kind, canst than declare.	Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale;
All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! S. Had I a cave t	Fragment of Ode.
And sage Experience bids me this declare The Cotter's Sat. Night, 9.	The battle closes deep and bloody: S. My bonie Mary. Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, [re.]
The bursting tears my heart declare, S. The gloomy night †	S. One fond kiss,†
Frae this time forth, I do declare, I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair; The Inventory.	deep I feel Your interest in the poet's weal; . Poem on Life. There let him bowse an' deep carouse, Scotch Drink, Mott
And they declare Terreagle's fair, . S. The noble Maxwells †	There let him bowse an' deep carouse, Scotch Drink, Mott And plung'd me deep in woe. S. Talk not of Love t
,	

She prophesied that late or soon,	Defender.
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon, Tam o' Shanter, 3.	Revered defender of beauteous Stuart, Toct. Add. to Tytler. Defiance.
Loud, deep, and laug, the thunder bellow'd: Ib. &. How would your spirits groun in deep vexation,	And Westerha' and Hopeton hurled To every Whig, defiance. The Election Ballads. VI.
The Brigs of Ayr. q. The Brigs of Ayr. q. The Election Ballads, VI.	Defile. Dishonour defile me, If e'er I beguile thee, S. Effie Adair.
It never fails, on drinkin deep, To kittle up our notion, By night or day. The Holy Fair. 19.	Defil'd. But thou remembers we are dust, Defil'd in sin. Holy Willie's Prayer, 0.
And mourn, in lamentation deep, The Lament, 1	Define. The moral man he does define, The Holy Fair, 15.
Then sowther a' in deep debauches The Twa Dogs, 32. There's D[unca]u deep, and P[eeble]s shaul,	Definition. Mankind is a science defies definitions. Fragment, inser. to Fox.
The Twa Herds, 10 Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, The Vision, D. I. 12.	Deform. Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,	Their unknown pages To J. S., S.
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea, The Whistle.	But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! . The Vowels.
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,	Defy. My periods that decyphering defy Ep. fr. Esopus. Mankind is a science defies definitions.
As deep recoiling surges foam below, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	And safe beneath the shady thorn Defies the augler's art: S. Now Spring has cladt
Deep, the. where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Defies the angler's art: S. Now Spring has cladt Defying.
from the eddying deep below, As on the banks †	He was a care-defying blade. The Jolly Beggars, R. VII. Degenerate. Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes;
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep, S. Twas even—the dewy † Jeep-bending.	Rousing elate in these degenerate times; On Death of R. Dundas.
And view, deep-hending in the pool. Their shadows' wat'ry hed: The Petition of Br. Water.	That wound degenerate ages cannot cure
Deep-dy'd.	Poet. Add. to Tytler.
And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel In sturdy blows; [v. A. 4] . The Vision. Deepening, -'ning.	And, agouising, curse the time and place When ye begat the base, degen rate race! The Brigs of Ayr, 9.
And strikes the ever-deep ning tones, . A Ded. to G. H., 10.	Degree. A country lad is my degree, S. Behind you hills † In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains; The Brigs of Ayr, 7. Deeper. Time but the impression stronger makes,	There sits an isle of high degree, S. The bonic Lass of Albany.
As streams their channels deeper wear. S. To Mary in Heaven.	Which, by degrees, slips round her neck, The Holy Fair. 11.
Deepest.	But the 'he was e' high degree, The fient a pride na pride had he, The Twa Dogs.
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure, Thrill the deepest notes of woe, S. Sensibility, †	O had she but been of a lower degree. S. There's auld Rob M.
The frost may freeze the deepest sea, . S. To daunton mc.	Woor by degrees, till her last roon
Oeep-green-mantl'd, Or when the deep-green-mantl'd Earth. Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth, The Vision, D. II. 14.	Gaed past their viewin, To W. Simpson. P.S. Deign. Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to peruse:
Deep-lairing.	Deil, De'il, Diel [devil].
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle, Beneath a scar	And ony De'il that thinks to get you, Good Lord deceive him A Farcwell.
Deeply-ranklin'. 1 canna to mysel' conceal	I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
My deeply-ranklin' sorrow V.s under Grief.	Ev'n to a deil, Add. to the Deil, z. Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't, . S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Deep-read. deep-read in hell's black grammar, On Grose's Feregrinations.	Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past. S. Contented wi' little †
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines. The Whistle. 6.	Is just as true's the Deil's in h-ll, Or Dublin city: Death and Dr. Hornbook. 2.
Deep-struck.	Diel mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan! 1b. 14.
With deep-struck, reverential awe, The learned Sire and Son I saw, [v. A. 4] . The Vision.	But deil a foreign tinkler loun Shall ever ca' a nail in't: S. Does haughty Gaul
Deep-sunk. The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Here lies in earth a root of Hell, Set by the Deil's ain dibble; Epit. on D. C.
Deep-ton'd.	But hear me, Sir, de'il as ye are, . Epit. on Holy Willie.
Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill; The Brigs of Ayr.	But I'll be wi' ye by an' bye; Or else the Deil's be in it Extem., to an Intimate.
Oeer. My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer; Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe, [rc.] S. My heart's in the Highlands †	For deil a bite o't's rotten
The hunter lo'es the morning sun. To rouse the mountain deer, my jo; S. When o'er the hill†	Are at it, skelpin jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Priend of the poet to Deil tak Kate An' she be no noddin too!
Deevil v. Devil. Defac'd Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form.	S. Gudeen to you Kimmer † But whether 'twas the Deil himsel, Halloween. 12. But for to meet the Deil her lane,
The Rights of Woman. Defame. To stigmatize false friends of thine Can ne'er defame thee. To Rev. J. M' Math.	She pat but little faith in:
Defence.	And as for the lave, let the deil do his best. Jenny M'Craw t
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes Would here propone defences, . Add. to Unco Guid. 2.	As for the deil, he daurua steer him. S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.
Defend.	The deil tak' his taste to gae near her! S. Last May a braw woocr
Not only hear—but patronise—defend them, Scots Prologue. Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour, To R. G. of F.—	The Deil he cou'dna skaithe thee, S. O saw ye bonie Lesley t
Ye pow'rs of honour, love, and truth,	The deil a ane would spier your price, S. O Tibbie!† For clever deils he'll mak 'em! On a Schoolmaster.
From ev'ry ill defend her; S. Young Peggy †	r or ciever dells ne il mak em:

Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains; The Brigs of Ayr.7.

Delusion. Delusions, oppressions, and murderons wars;
S. By you castle wa't

fortune's vain delusion, O, . S. My father was a farmer t

Delusion

Delicious.

The witching cursed delicious blinkers Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.

The witching cursed dencious unusers of the Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,

The Brigs of Ayr.

He wad na wrang'd the vera Diel, On Sc. Bard gne to W. I.	Delight. While my soul's delight
Wi' deile they say I d safe's colleaguin	Is on her bed of sorrow. S. Ay waking, O† Never mair to taste delight S. Frac the friends †
On Grose's Peregrinations.	Never mair to taste delight S. Frae the friends † Nae the meat, but appetite
For de'il a hair I ronse him On W. Chaimers. Hand up thy han' Deil! ance, twice, thrice! Scotch Drink, 20.	
The Deil had business on his hand Tam o' Shanter. S.	The Sun took delight to shine for its sake; S. Lady Mary Ann.
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle	S. Lady Mary Ann.
Has auld K[ilmarnock] seen the Deil? . Tam Samson's El.	Compar'd wi' my delight is poor S. O Phely,† But my delight in you town,
(Deil no they never mair do guid.	And dearest joy, is Lucy fair. S. O wat ye wha's in †
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	And still his precious self his dear delight: Sketch.
Till when ye speak, ye aiblins blether, Yet deil mak' matter! [v. A. 2] . Ib., P	Return, ye moments of delight, S. Slow spreads the gloom †
O how deil Tam can that be true?	While day and night can bring delight, S. The day returns †
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	And still my delight is in proper young men: The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
And ev'n the vera deils they [Bards] brawly ken them). The Brigs of Ayr, 4.	The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;
Then down ye'll harl, deil nor ye never rise! Ib. 7.	S. There's auld Rob M.
He sought them out, he sought them in.	Delight, to.
Wi' deil hae her! and deil hae him! S. The cooper o' cuddy t	Our mild Guidman delights to view His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, . S. Behind you hill?
The deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town, And dane'd awa wi' th' Exciseman'; S. The deil cam fiddlin' †	And courtly grandenr bright
The de'ils awa' the de'il's awa'	The fancy may delight, . S. Mark yonder Pomp †
The de ils awa' wi' th' Exciseman,	The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw, Alane can delight me—now Nanie's awa'.
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,	S. My Nanie's Awa.
That danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman	Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain. Delights the weary Farmer; . S. Now westlin winds t
But the ac best dance e'er cam to the Land, Was, the deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman	Delights the weary Farmer; S. Now westlin winds to To my wife and children in whom I delight,
An he get na hell for his haddin.	S. The Poor Thresher.
The deil gets na justice ava. The Election Ballads. III.	While bees delight in opening flowers; S. Where Cart rins †
The deil ane but honours them highly, The deil ane will give them his vote	Delighted.
The deil and will give them his vote	That, in the merry months o' spring, Delighted me to hear thee sing, A Winter Night. 4.
The deil would ne'er abide her S. The Joyful Widower.	Yet [Summer] oft, delighted, stops to trace
She's dour and din, a deil within, . The Tarbolton Lasses.	The progress of the spiky hlade.
De'il tak the war! I late and air Hae wish'd S. The tither morn!	Add. to Shade of Thomson. The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
And staw'd a branch, spite o' the deil, The Tree of Liberty.	Delighted, rival other's lays: S. The Contented Cottager.
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither The Twa Dogs. 33.	Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
I hae been a de'il now the feck o' my life, S. There liv'd ance a carle t	You'll wander on my banks, The Petition of Br. Water.
While deil a hair yoursel ye're better, Third Ep. to J. Lap	Delighted with the dashing roar; . The Vision, D. II. 13.
To tell the truth an' shame the Deil	Delighteth. Goodness still Delighteth to forgive. A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive, To a Haggis.	Delightful.
Ye hate as ill's the vera de'il,	But, Delia, more delightful still Steal thine accents on mine ear Delia. An Ode.
The flinty heart that caona feel To Mr. J. Kennedy.	In love's delightful fetters, she chains the willing soul!
Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord be near ye, And then the Deil he daurna steer ye: . To Terraughty.	S. Mark yonder Fomp †
Deil-haet, Devil-haet [devil a thing],	Delightless. But to me its delightless,—my Nanie's awa'. S. My Nanie's Awa.
Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy; . The Twa Dogs, 30.	My soul, delightless, a surveys, . S. O Logan, sweetly †
The devil-haet, that I sud han. They ever think. Second Ep. to Davie.	Deliver.
	For had he said, "the soul alone "From death I will deliver," . Epit. on Country Laird.
Deil-ma-care (devil may care, no matter!) 'But deil-ma-care!	
'It just play'd dirl on the hane, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.	We saw none to deliver New Psalmody.
But, Deil-ma-care! Somebody tells the Poacher-Court,	First, what did yesternight deliver? "Another year is gone for ever." . Sketch. New-Y'r's Day.
Somebody tells the Poacher-Court, Ep. to J. R., S. Now deil-ma-care about their jaw, To Mr. M'Adam.	Enthron'd in her eyes he [Love] delivers his law:
Deity.	S. True hearted was het
From some of your northern deities sprung: S. Caledonia.	Dell. I'd seek some dell, and in my arms I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy.
An athiest-laugh's a poor exchange	S. Montgomeric's Peggy.
For Deity offended! Ep. to Young Friend. 9. The deities that I adore,	The woodcock haunts the lonely dells; S. Now westlin winds t
Are social Peace and Plenty, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tar.	Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell, On Death of Sir J. H. Blair.
Even Avarice would deny	Her banks an' braes, her dens an' delle To IV Simbon
His worshipp'd deity, S. Mark yonder Fomp †	While chearful peace, with linnet song,
Dejected. But now dejected I appear, Clarinda proves unkind; To Clarinda.	While chearful peace, with linnet song, Chants the lowly dells among Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Delude.
Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and deprest, To. R. G. of F.,	The bleezan, curst, mischievous monkies
Delay. Till, thence returned, they [tones] softly stray O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay;	Delude his eyes, . Add. to the Deil. 13.
	Pleasure with her siren air
Delay, to. 1 ken thy friends try ilka means	May delude the thoughtless pair; Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Frae wedlock to delay thee; . S. Here's to thy health,	Deluded. Deluded swain, the pleasure The fickle Fair can give thee,
Deleeret [delirous].	Is but a fairy treasure S. Deluded smain t
'For monie a ane has gotten a fright, 'An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,	Deluding. dear, deluding woman, The joy of joys! . To J. S., 14.
Delia. But fairer still my Delia dawns, [re.] Delia. An Ode.	dear, deluding woman, The joy of joys! To J. S., 14. Deluge.
Deli-iana	100

Delver.	Departed.
l—d man, our gentry care as little	Descrives the proudest wreath departed heroes claim.
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle: . The Twa Dogs. 12.	Francest of 112
Delvin.	De'il tak the war! I late and air Hae wish'd since Jock departed; . S. The tither morn t
For gumlie duhs of your ain delvin! .4 Ded. to G. II., 10.	In from the chadas of death's deep sinks
A buck, a heau, or Dem my eyes! . Epit. on Mr. Burton.	Departed Whigs enjoy the fight, The Election Ballads, 17.
And his last words were Dem my blood! Ib.	O Mary! dear, departed shade! . S. To Mary in Heaven.
Demeanor. Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a'.	Thou mind'st me of departed joys, Departed, never to return . S. Ye banks and bracs t
S. True hearted was he	Departing.
Democrat.	By fits the sun's departing beam
Abjuring their democrat doings, By kissin' the a— of a peer. The Election Ballads, III.	Look'd on the fading yellow woods Lament for Glencairn.
Demosthenes.	Is it departing pangs my soul alarms? . Why am I loth † Depend. The world were blest did bliss on them depend,
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Might own for brithers. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Or why sae sweet a flower as love, Depend on Fortune's shining? . S. O poortith cauld?
Dempster. Dempster, a true-blue Scot I'se warran; The Author's Cry and Prayer, 13.	All on Nature you depend, On scaring Water-fowl.
Hence, Demoster's truth-prevailing tongue; [v.A.23]	On this poor being all depends, . Sketch. New-Tr's Day.
The Vision. D. II. 6.	Dependent.
A Title, Dempster merits it;	Still self-dependent in her native shore, Prologue sp. by Woods.
Morality's demure decoys	Depending.
Shall here had mair find quarter: . The Oraination, 13.	Depending on some higher chance, S. Here's to thy health, † Deplore.
Den. I'm wae to think upo' yon den. Ev'n for your sake! Add. to the Deil. 21.	Tell thae far worlds, wha lies in clay,
	Wham we deplore El. on Capt. M. II. o.
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in you thorny den, S. Afton Water,	In wood and wild ye warbling throng,
Ye hazly shaws and briery deas; . El. on Capt. M. H. 4.	Your heavy loss deplore; On Death of Lap-dog. Pale Scotia's recent wound 1 may deplore.
Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den, On Death of R. Dundas.	On Death of R. Dundas.
Now he's ta'en her hame to his ain reeky den,	Who but deplores that hapless friend? Sent to a Gent. offended.
S. There livid ance a earle †	Deploring. By a river hoarsely roaring Isahella stray'd deploring. S. Raving winds +
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells, To IV. Simpson.	Isabella stray'd deploring. S. Raving winds † Deposite.
Denied, Deny'd.	Or deposite her sair-won peany-fee, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
But whether granted or denied, Lord bless us with content! . A Grace before Dinner.	Deprest.
Ev'n when the wished end's deny'd, Despondency, an Ode. 2.	Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and deprest, To R. G. of F.
Altho' even hope is denied; . S. Here's a health to ane †	Deprived, -'d.
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,	When depriv'd of her husband she loved so well, Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another.
Want only of goodness denied her esteem. Monody, on a Lady. Epit.	Depriv'd of thee, his life and light, S. Farewell, dear mistress +
Where first I own'd that virgin love	Ae look deprived me o' my heart, . S. When first I saw +
I lang, lang had denied S. O mirk, mirk	Depth. An' in the depth of science mir'd, Anld comrade deart
And syne deny'd she did it at a' S. O when she cam ben t	With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil, Fragment, inser. to Fox.
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys, Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan, 16.
But the Heavens deny'd success S. Thickest night t	Depute. Old Father Time deputes me here before ye,
This was deny'd, it was affirm'd; . To W. Simpson, P.S.,	Dern'd [hidden, secreted], Prologue, at Th., D.
Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me, S. Twas na her bonie blue e'c t	And now we're dern'd in glens and hollows,
Denmark.	Desart v. Desert. Adam A-'s Prayer.
If Denmark, any hody spak o't; . Kind Sir, I've read t	Descant. Nor pour your descant grating on my ear:
Denomination.	Sonnet, on Death of R.,
Black gowns of each denomination, Lns add. to J. Ranken.	Descend. Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows! A Winter Night. 7.
An' ye wha leather rax an' draw, Of a' denominations; The Ordination. 1.	While laigh descends the simmer sun,
Deny. If thou should ask my love,	S. The Contented Cottager
Could I deny thee? S. Jamie, come try me†	The robin in the hedge descends, And soher chirps securely. The Election Ballads, 17.
Even Avarice would deny His worshipp'd deity, S. Mark yonder Pomp †	Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
Why urge the only, one request,	Descending. Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
You know I will deny! . S. Talk not of Love †	Or find a sheltering, safe retreat,
That there is falsehood in his looks I must and will deny: That there is falsehood †	From prone-descending showers, The Petition of Br. Water.
Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,	Describe. Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe, And think human nature they truly describe;
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	Fragment, inser, to Fox.
Maxwell, if merit here you crave, That merit I deny: To Dr. Maxwell.	Could I describe her shape and mien; S. On Cessnock banks
If to love thy heart denies,	Describ'd. I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
For pity, hide the cruel sentence S. Turn again, thou fair †	What gen rous, manly bosoms feel; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 1.
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny, Assist me to resign!	Descrive [describe].
Deny'st.	Let me fair Nature's face descrive, To W. Simpson, Descriving [describing].
Since thou then deny'st the pleasure,	Our sad decay in church and state,
Now 'tis fit that thou shouldst moura. S. Blue Bonnets.	Surpasses my descriving: . S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Depart.	With these what Tory warriors clos'd,
It have my heart I must depart And not avenged he S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	Surpasses my descriving: . The Election Ballads. VI. O, how past descriving had then been my bliss,
Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart ; S. O wat ye wha's in t	S. There's auld Rob M.

Descry.	Desire, to.
A lang half-mile she could descry him; . Poor Mailie's El	Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
Descry'd. Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd	That's a' the learning I desire; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 13. Whae'er desires to ken, Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside. The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	The Friend we trust; the Fair we love; And we desire no more
Desert, Desart. Through the dire desert regions of sorrow, On Death of fav. Child.	Auld uncle John, who wedlock's joys,
1 joy my lonely days to lead in This desert drear; The Hermit	Sin' Mar's-year did desire,
But few enjoy the calm 1 know in This desert wood Ib. Tho mountains rise, and deserts howl,	Desiring Glenriddell to yield up the spoil; . The Whistle.
And oceans roar between; S. Tho' cruel fate †	Desolating.
Desart ilka blooming shore; S. Frac the friends †	Waving on high the desolating brand, Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Desolation.
The desart were a paradise, If thou wert there, if thou wert there. S. O wert thou in the t	The many-pounders of the Banks, Resistless desolation; The Election Ballads. VI.
Swift from this desart let me part, S. Slow spreads the gloom t	desolation's lang teeth'd harrow, To Terraughty.
Desert [merit, what one deserves].	Despair.
Roose you sae weel for your deserts, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 5.	When Remembrance wracks the mind,
L-d mind G[avi]n H[amilto]n's deserts.	Pleasures but anvail Despair S. Frac the friends †
Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.	Ye Heavens, how great is my despair, Fragment.
How true is love to pure desert, . S. Sae far awa.	The voice of woe and wild despair! Lament for Gleneairn.
O Pope, bad I thy satire's darts To gie the rascals their deserts, To Kev. J. M'Math.	Within whase bosom save Despair Nae kinder spirits dwell S. Now Spring has clad t
To gie the rascals their deserts, . To Rev. J. M Math. Desert, to.	Of speechless grief, and dark despair:
l'il desert my sov'reign lord, . S. Husband, husband †	S. O stay, sweet warbling t
Tho' by the neck she should be strung,	Dark despair around benights me. S. One fond kiss, t
She'll no desert. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Fell Despair my fancy seizes S. Raving winds
The Power, incens'd, the Pageant will desert	Gie him strong Drink until he wink, That's sinking in despair; Scotch Drink, Mott.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17. O never, never Scotia's realm desert,	That's sinking in despair; Scotch Drink. Mott. Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair, Wi' gloomy smile. Ib. 6.
Wad ne'er desert his friend The Election Ballads. I.	I know my doom must be despair, S. The last time I
Why desert ye your auld native shire? . The Kirk's Alarm.	soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. S. The small birds
Again 1 might desert fair Virtue's way; Why am I loth t	Tho' despair had wrong its core, . S. Thine am I
Deserted.	Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;
If every other fair one,	S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e
But her, then hast deserted, S O wat ye wha that loes t	Despair, to. But ah! how hootless to admire, When fated to despair! S. Anna, thy charms
Or kirk, deserted by its riggin, On Grose's Peregrinations. Deserve.	For sure 'twere impious to despair
Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim.	So much in sight of Heaven
Fragment of Ode.	1 know thou doom'st me to despair, S. Farewell, thou stream
1 wha deserve sic just damnation, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.	Despair'd.
And fortune favor worth and merit, As they deserve: Pacut on Life	And but for you I might despair'd of. Kind Sir, I've read
As they deserve: Poem on Life. Could I think I did deserve it,	Despairing. Sighing, dumb, despairing! S. Blythe ha'e I been! Still caring, despairing,
How much happier wou'd I be S. Scenes of weet	Must be my bitter doom; . Despondency, an Ode, 1.
For talents to deserve a place	'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Are qualifications saucy; The Dean of Fac	Than aught in the world beside. S. Here's a health to ane
The best deserves to fa' that? The Election Ballads. II. Conscious the bounteons meed they well deserve,	Till of escape despairing,
To R. G. of F., 7.	Fain, fain my crime would cover: . S. The last time I
Deservin. An' think na, my auld, trusty Servan'	The wailing minstrel of despairing woe; . The Vowels
That now perhaps thou's less deservin, A Guid New-Year † 17.	With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye, To Ruin
A seat, I'm sure ye're weel deservin't; Add. of Bcelzebub. 5.	Rue on thy despairing lover, . S. Turn again, thou fair
Design. But if I must afflicted be,	Desperate.
To suit some wise design; A Prayer under Anguish.	Lord grant, nae duddie, desperate beggar, Add. of Beclzebub. Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs, Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	Add. sp. by Fontenelle
Domestic peace and comforts crowning	Desperation. In dreadfu' desperation? . Halloween. 20.
	Despise. Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,
Elew up each Tory's dark designs, The Election Ballads. VI. May Freedom, Harmony and Love	Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Unite you in the grand Design,	Despise the silly creature S. Deluded swain
May Freedom, Harmony and Love Unite you in the grand Design, The Farewell. To St. Is L Design, to.	The Solitary can despise [pleasure, Loves, Joys],
- I '	Can want, and yet be hlest! . Despondency, an Ode, 4. 1 know its worst—and can that worst despise.
Take a heart which he designs thee; . S. Sweetest May † Designed, -'d.	In vain would Prudence
I'm no design'd to try its mettle; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.	Who know them best despise them most.
When nature her great master-piece designed,	On Window at Stirling. How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
Et. to R. Graham. 1.	The hasband frae the wife despises! . Tam o' Shanter. 4.
If I'm design'd you lordling's slave, Ey Nature's law design'd,	The devil the prey will despise. The Election Ballads. III.
Desire.	There I'll despise imperial charms, S. The gowd. Locks of A.
The caput mortuum of gross desires Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	Despise that Shrimp, that withered Imp, The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath, Innocence †	Nae ferly tho' ye do despise
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace	The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys, To J. S., 28.
Might weel awauk desire S. It is na, Jean, † The liquid fire of strong desire Nature's Law.	The brave poor sodger ne'er despise, S. When wild War's
And wan his heart's desire : The Dean of Fac.	Despised, -'d. But now 'tis despised and neglected: Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Remorse's throb, or loose desire;	Ye poor, despised ahandon'd vagabonds, . Tragic Frag.
,	Feer's erabits of antition of talenomous 1 1 tages 1. tage

Despising.	The followers o' the ragged Nine.
Despising wind, and rain, and fire; . Tam o' Shanter, q.	The followers o' the ragged Nine, Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
Despising worlds with all their wealth	E.p. to J. L-R, Ap. 21st. 10.
Despite. The Petition of Br. Water.	Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts,
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer (Fortune),	The devil rul'd the woman. Epit. on Henpecked Squire.
I, Rob, am here. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 10.	Cheat him, Devil, if you can Epit. on J. B., Writer.
Despot, You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier; Add. to Dumourier.	All in all he's a problem must puzzle the Devil. Frag., inser. to Fox.
Crushing the despot's proudest bearing, Liberty.	May tyrauts and tyranny tine in the mist,
Till slave and despot be but things which were.	And wander their way to the devil!
Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.	S. Here's a health to them †
And banged the despot weel, man. The Tree of Liberty.	Whar damned devils roar and yell, Holy Willie's Prayer, 1. But I met the Devil and Dundee
Destin'd. tiny thieves not destin'd yet to swing, Ep.fr. Eschus.	On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O. S. Killiecrankie.
tiny thieves not destin'd yet to swing, Ep. fr. Esopus. Destiny, -ie.	The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,	Amen! Amen! Poem on Life. Poor, plackless devils like mysel, Scotch Drink, 16.
The wretch's destine: . S. Parewell, ye dungeons t	As able—and as wicked as the devil! Scots Prologue.
Such make his destiny, He who would injure thee, S. Phillis the Fair.	Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil! . Tam o' Shanter, 11.
Inspire the highly favour'd youth	The muckle devil blaw you south,
The destinies intend her S. Foung Peggy	The Author's Cry and Prayer,
Destroy. But for thy people's sake destroy 'em, Holy Willie's Prayer. 15.	She's [Scotland's] just a devil wi' a rung ;
O why that bliss destroy! S. Talk not of Love!	The Brice of Aur
Destroy'd.	Which shows that heaven can boil the pot.
A' my flowery bliss destroy'd S. I dream'd I lay t	Though the devil p-s in the fire The Dean of Fac., The devil the prey will despise. The Election Ballads, 111.
Ev'n ev'ry ray of Hope destroy'd, The Lament.	Like furious devils driving
Destruction. An' nighted Trav'llers are allur'd	His talk o' H-ll, whare devils dwell.
To their destruction. Add. to the Deil. 12. For Britain's guid! for her destruction! The Twa Dogs. 24.	Our vera "Sauls does harrow" Wi fright The Holy Fair. 21.
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction, . Tragic Frag.	I ken the devils dare na touch me The Inventory.
Destruction-breathing.	Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet lenks,
At whose destruction-breathing word.	Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks; . The Twa Dogs, 33.
The mightiest empires fall! To Ruin. Detach.	Poor devil! see him owre his trash, To a Haggis.
But now his Honor mana detach,	You shouldus paint at angels mair, But try and paint the devil To a Painter.
Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons, The Ordination. 10.	Au' if a Devil be at a',
Detail.	In faith he's sure to get him To Gav. Hamilton.
If I should detail the pick and the wale Ronalds of Bennals.	All devil as I am, a damned wretch, Tragic Frag.,
Determine. Let time and chance determine; . Ep. to Young Friend. 1.	I've little to spend, and naething to lend. But deevil a shilling I awe, man Ronalds of Bennals.
	A reekit wee deevil looks ower the wa',
Then out into the world My course I did determine, O; S. My father was a farmer† Petest. And flatt'ry I detest) Fe to Davie 8	S. There livid ance a carle t
Detest. And flatt'ry 1 detest) Ep. to Davie. 8.	Devil-haet v. Deil-haet. Devilish.
Detest. And flatt'ry 1 detest) Ep. to Davie. 8. Detested.	Alas! Alas! a devilish change indeed.
A hard who detested all sadness and spleen, The Whistle. 11.	Lus while on Deathbed.
Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner, To a Louse.	by some devilish cantraip slight Tam o' Shanter, 11.
The most detested, worthless wretch among you!	Devilship.
Tragic Frag.	Your brunstane devilship I see Has got him there before ye; Epit. on Holy Willie.
Detesting. Thee, aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran; The Author's Cry and Prayer. 13.	Has got him there before ye; Epit. on Holy Willie, Devious.
Detraction, If e'er Detraction shore to smit you,	Wild-send thee Pleasure's devious way, The Vision, D. II. 17.
May nane believe him! A Farewell,	Devon.
Detraction's eye no aim can gain, Her winning powers to lessen; . S. Young Peggy †	Fairest maid on Devon banks!
Deuce. O why the deuce should I repine, Extem. Ap. 1782.	Crystal Devou, winding Devon, [re.] . S. Fairest maid † How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon.
The deuce gae wi' him to believe me, [re.]	S. How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devoit,
S. Last May a braw wooer† Deuck, Deuk [duck].	Where Devon, sweet Devon, meand'ring flows 1b.
Frightin awa your deucks and geese Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	Devoted. Tho' thick'ning, and black'ning, Round my devoted head To Ruin.
The deuks dang o'er my daddie, O! S. The deuks dang o'er.	Devotion. Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion,
Devel [a stunning blow].	S. Musing on the roaring t
Death's gieu the Lodge an uoco devel, . Tam Samson's El	Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
Develope. Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks: Fragment, inser. to Fox.	That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion: The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Deviating.	Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart!
Yet deviating own I must,	The Cotter's Sat. Night, 17.
For so approving me Wr. on Leaf of H. More.	What airs in dress au' gait wad lea'e us, And ev'n Devotion! . To a Louse.
Devil, Deevil [v. also Deil], Some devils seize them in a hurry, Adam A—'s Prayer.	Devour.
But to grant a maidenhead's the devil! . Auld comrade †	Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour, To R. G. of F
	The second she bloom develop
The meikle devil wi' a woodie	Those that would the bloom devour,
The meikle devil wi' a woodie Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie, El. on Capt. M. H 1.	Crush the locusts, save the flower. Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.
The meikle devil wi' a woodie Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie, El. on Capt. M. H. 1. The tane is game, a bluidy devil, El. on Year 1788.	Crush the locusts, save the flower. Wr. in Hermilage at F. C. Deyout. And all devont, he never sought
The meikle devil wi' a woodie Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie, El. on Capt. M. H 1.	Crush the locusts, save the flower. Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.

Dew. The dew sat chilly on her [the linnet's] brenst,	Diamond.
S. A Rosebud by † All freshly steep'd in morning dews.	Till the Diamond's Ace, of Indian race, Led him a sair faux pas, man: A Fragment.
S. Again rejoicing Nature †	Its dew-drop o' diamond, her eye. S. Adown winding Nith
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew, S. Behind you hills †	At dawn, when every grassy blade
But I cam through the Tiseday's dew, . S. Had I the wyte t	Droops with a diamond at his head, El. on Capt. M. H.
Her lips are roses wet wi' dew! . S. Her flowing locks †	My Sandy gied to me a ring,
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;	Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine; S, My Sandy gied
S. How pleasant the banks† See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew, S. I do confess†	And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear; S. The Post
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew, S. I gard a wacfu't	But Kindness, sweet Kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e,
Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew: S. Lady Mary. 1nn.	Has lastre outshining the diamond to me; S. You wild mossy mountains
And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast;	Diamond-dew.
S. Lus on a Ploughman.	The diamond-dew in her een sae blue, S. My Lord a-hunting
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild, S. Luckless Fortune.	Diana. An' curse your folly sairly.
The diamond-dew in her een sae blue, S. My Lord a-hunting †	That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
Thou lavrock that starts frac the dews of the lawn,	Awa, thou pale Diana! S. The gowd. locks of A
S. My Nanie's Awa.	Dibble. Here lies in earth a root of Hell, Set by the Deil's ain dibble : . Epit. on D. C
Then through the dews I will repair, . S. Now rosy May t	Dice. Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie
You rose-bads in the morning dew, S. O bonie was you rosy t	By night or day A Dream, 10
As dews o' summer weeping, In tears the rose-huds steeping: S. O wat ye wha that loes t	
And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews S. O were my love t	An' send him [Charlie Fox] to bis dicing box, An' sportin lady. The Author's Cry and Prayer, 19
And I mysel' a drap of dew,	Dictionar [Dictionary].
Into her honie breast to fa'!	He was a dictionar and grammar Amang them a';
Sweetly deckt with pearly dew Sad thy tale.	Did. It just play'd dirl on the hane,
Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells, S. The heather was bloom.	But did nae mair. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear;	A coof like him wou'd stain your name,
S. The Posie.	If it were kent ye did it Epit. on Holy Willia
The primroses blow in the dews of the morning,	O wat ye what my minnie did, On Tysday 'teen to me, jo? . S. O wat ye what my
S. The small birds +	An' wat ve what the parson did.
While thro' your pores the dews distil Like amher head, To a Haggis.	A for a penny fee, jo?
Nor even Sol too fiercely view	And swore 'twas the way that their necestor did. The Whistle, 14
Thy bosom blushing still with dew! To Miss C.	Diddle [to shake, jog].
Dropping dews, and breathing balm	Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3
Down by the burn, where scented birks Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo, S. When o'er the hill †	Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle, Second Ep. to Davie
Those that sip the dew alone,	Didna [did not.]
Make the butterflies thy own; Il'r. in Hermitage at F. C	She did na wait on talkin To spier
Dew-drop.	l wat they didna weary;
It's [the woodbine's] dew-drop o' diamond, her eye. S. Adown winding Nith †	The fault wad be mine, if they didna shine, The sweetest and best o' them a', man. Ronalds of Bennals
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.	I wonder didna turn thy stomach Tam o' Shanter, 14
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.	For the auld gudeman o' London court
When dewdrops twinkle o'er the lawn;	She didna care a pin ; The Election Ballads, I
S. On Cessnock banks† The mavis sang, while dew-drops hang	1 didna trow, 1'd see my jo S. The tither morn
Around her on the castle wa' The night was still t	And did na joy blink in her e'e; . S. There was a lass Die. When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;
Dewy. All on a dewy morning S. A Rosebud by †	The Jolly Beggars, S. I
drooping rich the dewy head,	Die, to. Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air, A Vision.	And live or die wi' Charlie. S. Come boat me o'er
Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn, Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	If I had twenty thousand lives, I'd die as aft for Charlie
I meet him [the Sheep-herd] on the dewy hill. S. Again rejoicing Nature †	Shall I like a fool, quoth he,
But Phemie was the blythest lass,	For a haughty hizzie die? S. Duncan Gray
That ever trode the dewy green. S. Blythe was she †	E'en let them [Lords or Kings] die—for that they're born! El. on Year 1788
O'er the dewy bending flowers . S. Hark! the mavis +	Or die a cadger pownie's death, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 7
The dewy star of eve to hail . S. Here is the glen,† Aloft on dewy wing; Lament of Mary of Scots.	O, who would not die with the brave!
Aloft on dewy wing; Lament of Mary of Scots. Winnowing blythe her dewy wings	S. Farewell, thou fair day
In morning's rosy eye; . S. Now Spring has clad+	I die by treacherie; S. Farewell, ye dungeons
The woodhine in the dewy weet, S. O Phely, †	May coward shame disdain his name, The wretch that dares not die!
1 see her in the dewy flowers, S. Of a' the airts t	How can I see him die! Fragment
When purest in the dewy morn; . S. On Cessnock banks +	l can die,-but canna part, S. Hark! the mavis
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn, On seeing wounded Hare.	And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
Rosebuds bent the dewy spray; S. Fhillis the Fair.	For thee 1'd hear to die, S. It is na, Jean,
Gi'e me the lonely valley,	And they hae sworn a solemn oath John Barleycorn should die John Barleycorn.
The dewy eve, and rising moon: S. Sae fla.ren t	I said he might die when he liked for Jean;
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn, The Petition of Br. Water.	S. Last May a braw wooer
As in the bosom of the stream The moon-heam dwells at dewy e'en; S. There was a lass †	And I'll keep it until the hour I die S. My Sandy gied
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet! To a Mountain-Daisy.	The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die:
Oh fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,	S. No Churchman am I† They'll live, or die wi' fame, Willie!
S. True hearted was he t	S. O Kenmure's on and awa t
'Twas even—the dewy fields were green, S. Twas even—the dewy t	Who for thy sake would gladly die!

And now in fainting murmurs die; On Lincluden Castle.	Dim-seen.
Forward,—let us do or die! S. Scots, wha ha'e †	Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
That something in us never dies: Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
Let us th' important now employ,	Dimension,
And live as those who never die	And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part :	Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles, Death and Dr. Hornbook, 20,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.	Dimpled, -'t.
In your heretic sins may you live, and die, The Dean of Fac The stubborn Tories dare to die: The Election Ballads, VI.	Whyles in a wiel it [the hurnie] dimpl't; . Halloween. 25.
	An' ay they dimpled wi' a smile 'The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary. S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.
And when I die, Let me in this belief expire,—" To God I fly," The Hermit.	
Ull no or forcely till the day I die	Dimpling.
The lass that made the hed to me. S. The Lass that made the bed.	Peaceful keep your dimpling wave, On scaring Water-fowl.
He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum.	Din (dun in colour).
The Rights of Woman.	She's dour and din, a deil within The Tarbolton Lasses.
And knee-deep in claret he'd die or he'd yield. The Whistle. 9.	He had a wife was dour and din, S. Willie Wastle† Din. The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Turn away thine eyes of love,	Din. The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din; A Vision.
Lest I die with pleasure S. Thine am I †	There [o'er hell] let him bing, and roar, and yell,
An angel could not die To Dr. Maxwell.	Wi' hideous din, . Adam A-'s Prayer.
Canst thou wreck his peace for ever, Wha for thine wou'd gladly die! S. Turn again, thou †	Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,
What will I do gin my Hoggie die? S. What will I do gin t	Wi' toddlin din, . El. on Capt. M. H. 4. Or haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms, Ep. fr. Esopus.
If ance I had my lovely treasure,	Half-wanken'd wi' the din, . Extem. in Court of Session.
Let the rest admire and die. S. Will ye go and marry t	Now half your din of tuneless sound,
Let me, lassie, quickly die, Trusting that thou lo'es me: S. Wilt thou be my †	With echo silent lies On Death of Lap-dog.
Died, Di'd, Dy'd.	What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on?
The daring invaders they fled or they died S. Caledonia.	Scots Prologue.
It is not purity and worth,	They raise a din, that, in the end, Is like to breed a rupture O' wrath . The Holy Fair. 18.
Else Jessy had not died Epit. on Miss J. Lewars.	If mair they deave us wi' their din, . The Ordination. 14.
'For monie a ane has gotten a fright,	Some rhyme to court the countra clash,
'An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,	An' raise a din; To J. S., 5.
Till fey men died awa, man. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,	An' muckle din there was about it, Baith loud an' lang. To W. Simpson, P.S.
Or glorious dy'd! To W. Simpson.	
Diedst. Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unloved.	We's mak nae din about your tocher:
Monody, on a Lady.	Ve'll keep me waukin wi' your din; . S. Wha is that at † We's mak nae din about your tocher; S. Will ye go and marry † Dine (dinner, time)
Diel v. Deil. Differ [difference].	Dine jumner-time).
What maks the mighty differ; . Add. to Unco Guid, 3.	Frae morning sun 'till dine : . S. Shld auld acquaintce †
Different.	Dine, to.
But Oueen Nietherplacel, of a diffrent complexion,	What the on hamely fare we dire, S. The Honest Man.
Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another.	Invited him home to dine with him next day; S. The Poor Thresher.
Nor even two different shades of the same [virtue], Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	They all went to dine at the Nohleman's hall 1b.
Dig.	Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely,
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun; To R. G. of F., 3.	On sic a place To a Louse.
Dight [to wipe, dry by rubbing; prepare for use].	Dined. And the dukes that you dined wi' yestreen, On an empty Fellow.
Ye bonnie lasses, dight your een El. on Year 1788.	Ding [to drive, knock, beat; overcome, surpass; be
I'll light now, and dight now,	pushed or upset].
His sweaty wizen'd bide Ep. to Davie. 11. Let me ryke up to dight that tear, The Jolly Beggars. S. V.	But Facts are cheels that winna ding. A Dream 4.
His knife see Rustic-labour dight, To a Haggis.	Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse, Add. to the Deil. 19.
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion; . S. Willie Wastlet	Whare Sandy and Nancy I'm sure will ding them a'? S. There grows a bonie †
Dight [cleaned from chaff].	Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks, . To Miss Ferrier.
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight	Dink [neat, trim].
May hae some pyles o' caff in; Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.	My Lady's dink, my Lady's drest, S. My Lord a-hunting t
Dighted [wiped].	Dinna [do not].
I dighted ay her een sae blue, . S. Had I the wyte †	Ve aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Dignity. For a' that, and a' that, Their dignities, and a' that, S. The Honest Man.	Still hae a stake . Add. to the Deil. 21.
"Preserve the dignity of Man,	I dinna envy him the gains he can win; S. As I was a-wand ring t
With Soul erect; . The Vision. D. II. 22.	Tho' dinna ye he speakin o't; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.
Digression.	For Lords or kings I diuna mouru, . El. on Year 1788.
Your pardon, Sir, for this digression, A Ded. to G. H., II.	I dinna like to see your face.
An' there began a lang digression The Twa Dogs. 6.	Nor hear your crack. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 20.
Dillgent. So hold thy industry with diligent cares. The Poor Thresher.	So dinna ye affront your trade, But rhyme it right Ib., Ap. 21st, 4.
Dim. The fears all, the tears all,	That holy rohe, O dinna tear it! Ep. to J. R., 3.
Of dim declining Age! . Despondency, an Ode. 5.	O dinna think my pretty pink,
Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;	But I can live without thee:
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	I vow and swear, I dinna care, . S. Here's to thy health t
Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye, Poet. Add. to Tytler.	L—d weigh it down, and dinna spare, Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.
Dim-backward.	
	But for thy people's sake destroy em.
Dim-hackward as I cast my view,	But for thy people's sake destroy 'em, And dinna spare 1b. 15.
What sick ning scenes appear! . Despondency, an Ode. 1.	For Johnie o' the Buskie-glen,
Dim-hackward as I cast my view, What sick ning scenes appear! . Despondency, an Ode. 1. Dim-dark ning. Dim-dark ning thro' the flaky show'r, . A Winter Night. 1.	

Directing,

Direction.

impell'd by all-directing Fate,

Then, Water-kelpies haunt the foord,

By your direction, Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Direst. Let Prudence' direst hodements on me fall,

Dirgeful. Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,

Direful. Keen Recollection's direful train, The Lament, 7.

Tyranny's or direr Pleasure's chain; Prologue, sp. by Woods.

To glut that direst foe,-a vengeful woman ; Scots Prologue.

Shed thy dying honours round, .

122

Now, honest Hughor, dinna fail, To tell my Master a my tale: The Death of Mailie.	Dirk. And secret hung, with poison'd crust. The Dirk of Defamation: The Holy Fair.
To tell my Master a' my tale; The Death of Mailie. An' dinna, for a kehhuck-heel,	Diri [a vibrating blow].
Let lasses he affronted On sic a day! The Holy Fair. 25.	It just play'd dirl on the bane, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.
An' then if kirk folks dinna clutch me, I ken the devils dare na touch me The Inventory.	Dirl, to [to vibrate]. Till roof and rafters a' did dirl Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Sae dinna put me in your buke,	Dirl'd [played with vibrating energy].
And dinna sae uncivil be; S. The lass that made the bed.	'Twas Pibroch, Sang, Strathspey, or Reels,
And said, Sweet lassie dinna cry,	She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O S. Amang the trees † Dirt. An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood.
As lang's the Muses dinna fail	To mak it guid in law, man A Fragment. 9.
To say the grace To J. S., 24.	Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire, . Add. of Beelzebub.
And if we dinna haud a bouze I'se ne'er drink mair. To Mr. J. Kennedy.	'Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey, Wi' his d-mn'd dirt! Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.
For me, shame fa' me, If neist my heart I dinna wear ye To Terraughty.	Down the zodiac urge the race. And cast dirt on his godship's face; Ep. to H. Parker.
Dinner. The dinner being ended, he then let them know, S. The Poor Thresher.	If he but want the miser's dirt, Ye'll cast your head anither airt, S. O Tibbie! †
Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner	Thro' dirt and duh for life I'll paidle, The Inventory.
Better than ony Tenant-man	An' set the hairns to daud her [Common-sense] Wi' dirt this day The Ordination. 2.
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view	On my ain legs through dirt and dub,
On sic a dinner? To a Haggis. Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,	I independent stand ay To Mr. M Adam. Dirty. the wives and dirty brats . Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
On some poor body To a Louse.	Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
Dinner'd. Sae far I sprackled up the brae,	The picture of thy mind! . On seeing Seat of Lord G., Wi' dirty stanes higgan a dyke, The Twa Dogs, 10.
I' dinner'd wi' a Lord. On dining with Daer.	Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame, . S. The weary pund.
Dinsome [noisy]. Till block an' studdie ring an' reel	Disagreet.
Wi' dinsome clamour Scotch Drink. 11.	Sic famous twa should disagreet, The Twa Herds. q.
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys; S. The Contented Cottager.	Disappear. Tho' stars in skies may disappear. S. The noble Maxwells †
Dint.	Disappointment.
Sweet fruit o' mony a merry diot, . Add. to Illegit. Child.	When disappointment snaps the clue of hope, To R. G. of F., 7.
Who think to storm the world by dist of merit, Prologue, at Th. D	And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds, Find halm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:
Dinted.	Disarm.
By some sweet elf I'll yet he dinted, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12. Dip. He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen, Ep. fr. Esopus.	The gentle look that rage disarms; . S. My Mary's face †
To dip her left sark-sleeve in,	Disaster.
Diphthong.	An' when they meet wi' sair disasters, Like loss o' health or want o' masters, . The Twa Dogs. 11.
Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound; The Vowels.	Pity my sad disaster;
Dipt. Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine, S. The lass that made the bed.	Disastrous.
Dire. What dire events ha'e taken place! El. on Year 1788.	And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope, To R. G. of F., 7.
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,	Discarded.
Ep. fr. Esopus. the dire feeling, O farewell for ever, S. Gloomy December.	Discarded remnant of a race Once great in martial story! . On Duke of Queensberry,
Through the dire desert regions of sorrow, On Death of fav. Child.	Discern. But first hang out that she'll discern, Your hymeneal Charter, A Dream, 13.
Dire was the hate at old Harlaw, The Dean of Fac	Bold stems of Heroes, here and there,
And dire the discord Langside saw,	I could discern; [v.A.4] The Vision. Among the illustrious Scottish sons
No pause the dire extremes between, . The Tears I shed.	That chief thou may'st discern; . V.s below Picture.
Direct. A ray direct from pitying Heaven, On scaring Water-fowl.	Discharge. We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
Direct, to. This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way	Disclaim. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 18.
Inscrip, on Tonib of Fergusson, An' deal't about as thy blind skill	To shame ye, disclaim ye, Ilk honest hirkie swears. The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Directs thee best Scotch Drink. 21.	And all his well-earn'd praise disclaim, S. The capt. Ribband.
And cruelty directs the thickening blows; . The Vowels,	Disclose.
Directed. Till God knows what may be effected.	Nor dare disclose my anguish. S. Farewell, thou stream t
When by such heads and hearts directed: Add. of Beelzebub.	Whose innocence did sweets disclose Beyond that flower's perfume. On Poet's Daughter.
Directing	- Control Dangater

Beyond that nower's peranne.

Disclos'd. The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately Form,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Discord.

O thou grim mischief-making chiel, That gars the notes of discord squeel, Add. to Toothache. 6. May fireside discords jar a base To a' their parts! . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.

And dire the discord Langside saw, . The Dean of Fac.. Discordant.

. The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

In vain wld Prudence +

To Miss C.

Add, to the Deil, 12.

Scream your discordant joys; . On Death of Lap-dog. Discordant jar thy hosom-chords among; To Miss Graham. Discount. Discount what scant occasion gave, Add. to Unco Guid. 3.

Discourse. And still his discourse was concerning his charge.
S. The Poor Thresher.

Disloyal.

Discover. Then let the sudden bursting sigh	Disloyal. And who wou'd to Liberty c'er prove disloyal,
The heart-felt pang discover; S. Could aught of song † Thine am I my faithful fair,	May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial. At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Well thou may'st discover; S. Thine am I†	
Discover'd. At length they discover'd a bonie moor-hen. S. The heather was bloom.	Dismal. My dismal months no joys are crowning, Improm. on Mrs. — s Birthday.
Discreet. Mally's modest and discreet, S. O Mally's meek. Discreetly. 1 rule them as I ought, discreetly, The Inventory.	Dismist. An' how they cronded to the yill, When they were a' dismist: The Holy Fair. 23.
Disdain.	Disobey. Fain promise never more to disobey; Why am I loth t
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain, . S. O Lassie, art thou t	Dlsown. As ye disown yon paughty dog, That bears the Keys of Peter, . A Dream, 12.
Firm may she rise with generous disdain Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Whom friends and fortune quite disown! A Winter Night. 9. And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab. S. Eppie M'Nab.
Wha twists his grantle wi' a glanch O' sour disdain,	Reif randies I disown ye! S. Louis what reck I t
O'sonr disdain, Scotch Drink. 17. The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains, The brave Caledonian views with disdain; S. Their groves of t	Ambition would disown The world's imperial crown, S. Mark yonder Pomp†
And han ly, eye the barren hut. With high disdain.	Disown'd.
Disdain, to.	My friends they hae disown'd me a', S. Oh, how can I be blythe† Dispense.
For well I know thy gentle mind	If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense . The Tarbolton Lasses. should my Author health again dispense, Why am I loth t
Disdains art's gay disguising: . S. Could aught of song † May coward shame disdain his name,	should my Author health again dispense, Why am I loth † Dispensing.
The wretch that dares not die! S. Farewell, ye dungeons to The English steel we could disdain, S. The Union.	An aged Judge, I saw him rove, Dispensing good. [v, A. 4] The Vision.
My faithful love disdains, To Clarinda.	Display.
Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear, Ye'll now disdain me, . To Dr. Blacklock.	Comes, 'mid a string of coxcombs to display, Ep. fr. Esopus. And England, trinmphant, display ber proud rose;
But mean revenge, an' malice fanse He'll still disdain, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	S. How pleasant the banks † How strongly still your view displays
Disdaining.	The piety of ancient days! . On Lincluden Castle.
Wha kills me wi' disdaining. S. O stay, sweet warbling † Disease. thou hell o' a' diseases, . Add. to Toothache.	Each Gothic ornament display
Baith their disease, and what will mend it, At once he tells't. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19.	Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart! The Cotter's Sat. Night, 17.
As whiles they're like to be my dead,	Disporting. And little lambkins wanton wild,
(O sad disease!) . To W. Simpson. As life itself becomes disease, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	In playful bands disporting S. 1'oung Peggy †
Disgrace. For Geordie's jurr we're in disgrace, Adam A—'s Prayer.	Dispute. Or e'er dispute thy pleasure? . On Com. Goldie's Brains.
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race,	Disputed. But Facts are cheels that winna ding, An' downa be disputed: A Dream. 4.
Wha count on poortith as disgrace Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7. Wha bring thy elders to disgrace, Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.	Disquiet.
Alas! misfortune stares my face, And points to rnin and disgrace, The Farewell.	With tunnelt, disquiet, rebellion, and strife; S. Caledonia. Disrespeket [disrespected].
	How buff'd, an' cuff'd, and disrespeket! The Twa Dogs. 12. Dissector.
Disgrace, to. Mansions that would disgrace the building taste Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast; The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes;
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace; . To K. Graham.	He hacks to teach, they [Critics] mangle to expose. To R. G. of F., 4.
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces Waur nor their nonsense. To Rev. J. M' Math. Disguise.	Dissection. An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck, And gie her for dissection! . A Dream. 8.
For pity, hide the cruel sentence	Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can Frae critical dissection; Ep. to Young Friend. 5.
Under friendship's kind disguise. S. Turn again, thou t Disguising.	Dissemble.
For well I know thy gentle mind Disdains art's gay disguising; . S. Could aught of song †	The muckle devil blaw you south, If ye dissemble! The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4.
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load, Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,	Dissembling. Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.	Dissipation. Wi' dissipation, fend, an' faction! The Twa Dogs. 24.
Disgusted. And bitber came, with men disgusted, My life to end. The Hermit.	Dissolve. Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears Add. spkn by Fontenelle.
Dish. Because he gat the toom dish thrice, He heav'd them on the fire,	When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord, Add. to the Deil. 12.
While she held up her greedy gab, Just like an anmous dish: The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	Distain'd. Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes; On Death of R. Dundas.
Dish, to. And dish them out their bill o' fare, To a Haggis.	Distant. Whase distant roaring swells and fa's A Vision. You distant isle will often hail; S. Behold the hour!
Dish'd. Wha I wish were maggots' meat,	The rising Moon began to glowr
Dish'd up in her winding-sheet; S. First when Maggy † Dishonest.	The distant Cumnock hills out-owre; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.
But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! . The Vowels.	The ways of men are distant brought, Despondency, an Ode. 3. Had I a cave on some wild distant shore, S. IIad I a cave †
Dishonour. Dishonour defile me, S. Eppic Adair. O! may it ne'er be a livin' plague	While in distant climes I wander, [re.] S. Highland Mary.
To my disbonour, . Holy Wille's Prayer. 7.	And far he thon distant, thou reptile that seizes The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.
Dishonour, -or, to. Or hounded forth, dishonor arms	For where'er he distant roves.
In hungry droves, The Author's Cry and Prayer, P. And dishonour not thy kind Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.	Jockey's heart is still at hame. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting † 1 haste with the storm to a far distant shore;
Dishonor'd. In dust dishonor'd laid: S. Fate gave the word, †	Lament on leaving Nat. Land.

Monody on a Lady.

On Death of R. Dundas.

On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Ditcher.

I —d man, our gentry care as little For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;

Ditching. And sometimes a hedging and ditching I go;
S. The Poor Thresher.

Ditty. And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung.

The Brigs of Ayr. 11.

So shy, grave and distant, ye shed not a tear:

The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains :

That distant years may boast of other "Blairs"

And gild the distant mountain's brow; S. On Cessnock banks †

. The Twa Dogs. 12.

Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes,
Once fondly lov'd † Then staggering, an' swaggering, He roar'd this ditty up . . The Jolly Beggars. R. I. Grunts out some Latin ditty; . The Ordination, 11. For her I'll trace a distant shore; S. The Highland Lassie. Diurnal. While Terra firma, on her axis, Diurnal turns, . To W. Simpson. 18. The faintly-marked, distant bill: . . The Lament. 2. ere Phœbus, low, Shall kiss the distant, western main. Ib. 7. Diversion. An' worry'd ither in diversion; The Twa Dogs. 6. There, distant shone, Art's lofty boast, The Vision. D. I. 13. Divide. They [boundless oceans] never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee. S. From thee, Eliza, † Your hurdies like a distant hill, To a Haggis.
That fate is thine—no distant date; To a Mountain-Daisy. Musing on the roaring ocean, Which divides my love and me : S. Musing on the roaring t Distant-echoing. And the distant-echoing glens reply. . Nor more may aught my steps divide, or more may augnt my steps divide,
From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.
S. Slow spreads the gloom † Distil. While thro' your pores the dews distil . To a Haggis. His piercin words, like Highlan swords, Divide the joints an marrow; . . . Distillation. The Holy Fair. 21. Dearest of Distillation! last and best! The meeting cliffs each deep sunk glen divides, How art thou lost! . The Author's Cry and Prayer. Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Distill'd. Divided. 'Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd per se; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22. O let us not, like snarling curs, In wrangling be divided, . . S. Does haughty Gault Distinguished, -'d. The puld Guidwife's weel-boordet nits That which distinguished the gender Are round an' round divided, . . Halloween. 7. O' Balaam's ass; On Grose's Peregrinations. Divine. Heaven's attribute distinguish'd-to bestow! I see the Sire of Love on high, And own his work indeed divine! Add. to Edinburgh. 4. Ep. to R. Graham, 5. Distracted. Hear me. Powers divine! Western breezes softly blowing, Oh, in pity hear me! . . S. Ay waking, 0 t Suit not my distracted mind. . S. Thickest night † (Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine ?) S. Caledonia. Distraction. Who christened thus Maria's lyre divine; Ep. fr. Esopus. Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction wild! O Mandate, glorious and divine! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 16. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine, Holy Willie's Prayer. 16. As now my distraction no words can express!

S. There's auld Rob M. Wi' her I'll blythely bear it, And think my lot divine. Distress. . S. My Wife's a winsome. S. O saw ye bonie Lesley t Thou art divine, fair Lesley, . Affliction's sons are brothers in distress; A Winter Night. q. To lye in kilns and barns at e'en, When banes are craz'd, and bluid is thin, Miss Miller is fine. Miss Markland's divine, The Belles of Mauchline. Is, doubtless, great distress! Ep. to Davic. 3. But chiefly, in their hearts with Grace divine preside.

The Cotter's Sat. Night, 18. distress, with horrors arming, . . . S. Sensibility, Wi's ma' to sell, and less to buy, Aboon distress, below envy, . S. The Contented Cottager. The glorious Architect Divine! The Farewell, To St. J.'s L., There's some are fou o' love divine; . The Holy Fair. 27. Her [Life's] way may lie thro' rough distress! The Lament. An' pour divine libations For joy this day. The Ordination. 1. I view the helpless children of distress. . Tragic Frag.. Call a toast-a toast divine: . The Toast. Distressing. He left the foul business to folks less divine. The Whistle. 15. Life, thou soul of every blessing, Load to Misery most distressing, All hail, Religion! maid divine! . . To Rev. J. M'Math. All hail, Kengton: Mana S.A. And ev'ry day has joys divine With the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle. S. Twas even—the dewy! . S. Raving winds † Distrest, Distress'd. I may be distress'd, but I winna complain; S. As I was a-wand ring t O, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine! Thy creature here before Thee stands, Why am I loth t All wretched and distrest; . A Prayer under Anguish. Divine. s. Ivine, s.

Law, physics, politics and deep divines:

Ep. to R. Graham. 2. I once could relieve the distrest; S. The sun he is sunk t Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest, . To W. Creech. Divinely. District Wi' reaming swats, that urans arranged.

Diviner. Her cheeks a mair celestial bue,
A crimon still diviner! S. Her flowing locks t Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely; Tam o' Shanter. 5. And this district as mine 1 claim, . The Vision. D. II. 11. District-space. Some, bounded to a district-space, The Vision. D. II. 10. Disturb. Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream, But when Divinity comes cross me. My readers then are sure to lose me. . A Ded. to G. H. 11. S. Afton Water. I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair. . . Ib. Divulge. But never tempt th' illicit rove, The naething should divulge it: Ep. to Young Friend. 6. Dizzen, Diz'n [dozen]. Disturb not ye [winds] the hero's sleep, . . Liberty. Till H[amilton]'s, at least a diz'n, Are frae their nuptial labors risen:. Yet, let not this too much, my Son, A Ded. to G. H., 14. Disturb thy youthful breast: Man was made to Mourn.
Why disturb your social joys, On scaring Water-fowl. Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel; . The Twa Dogs. 30. Dizzy, -ie. Disturb'd. They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, . Add, to the Deil, o. The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose, . S. Caledonia. That trouth, my bead is grown right dizzie, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 3. Ditch. I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay The Jolly Beggars, R. III. wi' drink an' courting dizzy, To free the ditches; Death and Dr. Hornbook. Do. This may do-maun do. Sir, wi' them wha An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch : . The Death of Mailie. Maun please the Great-folk for a wamefon; Trenching your gushing entrails bright Like onie ditch; A Ded. to G. H., 2.

. To a Haggis.

He may do weel for a' he's done yet, .

. . . . 1b. 3.

Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang, A Dream. 2.	The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever, S. Scroggam.
I canna say but they do gailies; . Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three, To Miss Ferrier.
How does Dampiere do? Add. to Dumourier.	Doctor. Doctor Hornbook, wi'his art And cursed skill,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell	Death and Dr. Hornbook, 15.
Your Neebours' fants and folly! . Add. to Unco Guid. 1.	a' doctor's saws and whittles,
One point must still be greatly dark,	How it comes, let Doctors tell, S. Duncan Gray †
The moving Why they do it;	But the Doctor's your mark, The Kirk's Alarm.
How do ye this blae eastlin win', . Andd comrade dear t	Poet Willie, Poet Willie, gi' the Doctor a volley,
Ye'll do nae gude at a' S. Awa, whigs, awa.	To confound the poor Doctor at ance
To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would: S. Caledonia.	Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
Falls mann do comething for their bread	Ta E G of E
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 12.	Doctrine.
The swap we yet will do't; . Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	The doctrine, to day, that is loyalty found,
C: D 1 'B 1 1' 161 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	To-morrow may bring us a halter. Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.	An' some, by whom your doctrine's blam'd
And how do ye do? . S. Gudeen to you Kimmer t	(Which gives you honor) To Ker. J. M. Math.
Let them do the like,	Your doctrines I maun blame, S. Ye Jacobites by name †
And spend the gear they win S. Hey ca' thro'.	Dog. Make you as poor a dog as 1 am, A Ded. to G. H., 10.
Now a' is done that men can do, . S. It was a' for t	you paughty dog, That bears the keys of Peter, A Dream. 12.
 And as for the lave, let the deil do his best. Jenny M'Craw. 	The young dogs-swinge them to the labour
And that's the way I like to do S. John, come kiss.	Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
Sweet lass, may 1 do that? . S. Lass, when yr mither †	I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie, Ev'n to a deil,
That gin the lassie winna do't,	To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
Ye'll fin' anither will, jo S. O steer her up t	ye auld, snick-drawing dog!
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,	
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	By Heavens, the sacrilegious dog Shall fuel be to boil it! S. Does haughty Gaul†
You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D.	Cats like milk. And dogs like broo;
	S. Gudeen to you Kimmer†
For making o' rhymes, and working at times, Does little or naething at a', man Ronalds of Bennals.	Even as two howling, ravening wolves
	To dogs do turn their tail New Psalmody,
Ilk feature—auld nature Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair! S. Sae flaxen †	The rantin dog, the daddie o't. S. O wha my babie-clouts †
Forward,—let us do or die! S. Scots, wha ha'e† "The passing moment's all we rest on!"	Frae dogs an' tods, an' butcher's knives! The Death of Mailie.
"The passing moment's all we rest on!"	
Rest on-for what? what do we here? Sketch, New-1'r's Day.	Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame, The Twa Dogs.
1 would do-what would I not?	His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
For the sake of Somebody S. Somebody.	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen? S. Tam Glen.	After some dog in Highland sang,
(Deil na they never mair do guid.	What sort o' life poor dogs like you have; Ib. 7.
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 16.	Rejoic'd they were na men but dogs; 1b. 35.
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do!	
The Brigs of Ayr, 9.	And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog.
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.	The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog, And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog. To R. G. of F., 7.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.	Doggie [dim. of Qog].
Not only bring them tidings hame,	Me and my faithfu' doggie; S. What will I do gin t
Not only bring them tidings hame, But do their errands there, The Election Ballads. I.	
But do their errands there, The Election Ballads. I.	Dog-skin.
But do their errands there, The Election Ballads. I. And he wad do their errands weel,	Dog-skin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
But do their errands there, The Election Ballads. I.	Dog-skin.
But do their errands there, The Election Ballads. I. And he wad do their errands weel,	Dog-skin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade, And dog-skin wallet, On Grose's Peregrinations. Doing, -in.
But do their errands there, The Election Ballads. I. And he wad do their errands weel,	Dog-skin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet. On Grose's Peregrinations. Doing, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, I've read †
But do their errands there, The Election Ballads. I. And he wad do their errands weel,	Dog-skin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade, And dog-skin wallet, On Gross's Peregrinations. Doing, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, Fve read † That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
But do their errands there, . The Election Ballads. I. And he wad do their errands weel, For woman's wit, or strength o' man. Alas! can do but what they can; . Ib. VI. O wha will to Saint Stephen's house, To do our errands there, man? . S. The Fête Champetre. Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't; . The Holy Fair, b.	Dog.skin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. Doing, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, Fve read † That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by presevering. Prologue, at Th., D.
But do their errands there, The Election Ballads. I. And he wad do their errands weel,	Dog-skin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet. On Grose's Peregrinations. Doing, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, I've read? That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, Yon may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, Scots Prologue.
But do their errands there, . The Election Ballads. I. And he wad do their errands weel, For woman's wit, or strength o' man. Alas! can do but what they can; . Ib. VI. O wha will to Saint Stephen's house, To do our errands there, man? . S. The Fite Champetre. Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll dot; . The Holy Fair, b. Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death, The Kirk's Alarm.	Dog.skin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet, On Grose's Peregrinations. Doing, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, Fve read † That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D. after many a bloody, deathless doing, Scots Prologue. Doings.
But do their errands there, . The Election Ballads. I. And he wad do their errands weel, Ib. For woman's wit, or strength o' man. Alas! can do but what they can; Ib. VI. O wha will to Saint Stephen's house, To do our errands there, man? . S. The Fite Champetre. Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't; The Holy Fair, 6. Tho'ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death, The Kirk's Alarm. What will I do for a lad, when Sandy gangs awa?	Dog-skin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet. On Grose's Peregrinations. Doing, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, I've read? That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, Yon may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing,
But do their errands there, . The Election Ballads. I. And he wad do their errands weel, For woman's wit, or strength o' man. Alas! can do but what they can; . Ib. VI. O wha will to Saint Stephen's house, To do our errands there, man? S. The Fite Champeter. Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't; . The Holy Fair, 6. Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death. The Kirks Alarm. What will I do for a lad, when Sandy gangs awa? S. There grows a bonic t	Dogskin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet, On Grose's Peregrinations. Doing, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, Fve read † That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may a bloody, deathless doing, Doings. But a' your doings to rehearse, Wad ding a' Lalian tongue, or Erse, Add. to the Deil. 19.
But do their errands there, The Election Ballads. I. And he wad do their errands weel, For woman's wit, or strength o' man. Alas! can do but what they can;	Dog. skin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. Doing, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, Fve read † That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, Doings. But a' your doings to rehearse, Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse, Add. to the Deil. 10. Abjuring their democrat doings. The Election Ballada, 111.
But do their errands there, . The Election Ballads. I. And he wad do their errands weel, For woman's wit, or strength o' man. Alas! can do but what they can; . Ib. VI. O wha will to Saint Stephen's house, To do our errands there, man? . S. The Fite Champetre. Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't; . The Holy Fair, 6. Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death. The Kirk's Alarm. What will I do for a lad, when Sandy gangs awa bonic t Now what could artless Jeanie do? S. There was a lass t Just ac hauf muchkin does me prime. There's neethin like t	Dogs-skin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet, On Grose's Peregrinations. Doing, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, I've read † That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing,
But do their errands there, . The Election Ballads. I. And he wad do their errands weel, For woman's wit, or strength o' man. Alas! can do but what they can; . Ib. VI. O wha will to Saint Stephen's house, To do our errands there, man? . S. The Fite Champetre. Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't; . The Holy Fair, b. Tho' ye can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death, The Kirk's Alarm. What will I do for a lad, when Sandy gangs awa? S. There was a lass! Just ae hauf muchkin does me prime, There's mathin like! Father, one she. Mither, quo's she, Do what ye can,	Dog.skin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet, On Grose's Peregrinations. Doing, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, Fve read † That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, Scots Prologue. But a' your doings to rehearse, Wad ding a' Lallant tongue, or Erse, Add. to the Deil. 10. Abjuring their democrat doings The Election Ballads, 111. Doited [stupefied; hebetated]. The doited beasite stammers: On W. Chalmers.
But do their errands there,	Dog-skin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. Doing, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, Tve read † That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, Scots Prologue. But a'your doings to rehearse, Wad ding a' Lailant tongue, or Erse, Albjuring their democrat doings The Election Ballads, III. Doited (stupefied; hebetated). The doited beastie stammers; On W. Chalmers. Thou clears the head o' doited Lear; Scoth Drink. O.
But do their errands there, The Election Ballads. I. And he wad do their errands weel, For woman's wit, or strength o' man. Alas! can do but what they can;	Dog.skin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet, On Grose's Peregrinations. Doing, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, Fve read † That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, Scots Prologue. But a' your doings to rehearse, Wad ding a' Lallant tongue, or Erse, Add. to the Deil. 10. Abjuring their democrat doings The Election Ballads, 111. Doited [stupefied; hebetated]. The doited beasite stammers: On W. Chalmers.
But do their errands there, The Election Ballads. I. And he wad do their errands weel, For woman's wit, or strength o' man. Alas! can do but what they can;	Dog-skin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. Doing, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, Tve read † That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, Scots Prologue. But a'your doings to rehearse, Wad ding a' Lailant tongue, or Erse, Albjuring their democrat doings The Election Ballads, III. Doited (stupefied; hebetated). The doited beastie stammers; On W. Chalmers. Thou clears the head o' doited Lear; Scoth Drink. O.
But do their errands there,	Dog.skin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. Doing, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, Fve read † That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, Scots Prologue. But a' your doings to rehearse, Wad ding a' Lalian tongue, or Erse, Add. to the Deil. 10. Abjuring their democrat doings The Election Ballads, 111. Doited (stupefied; hebetated). The doited beastie stammers; Con W. Chalmers. Thou clears the head o' doited Lear; Thou clears the head o' doited Lear; The trip of the doing the state of th
But do their errands there,	Dogskin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet, On Grose's Peregrinations. Doing, -In. Or what the drumile Dutch were doin; Xind Sir, Fve read † That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, Doings. But a' your doings to rehearse, Wad ding a' Laliant tongue, or Erse, Abjuring their democrat doings The Election Ballada, III. Doited (stupefied; hebetated). The doited beastie stammers: Costch Drink. 6. Thou clears the head o' doited Lear; Fit only for a doited Monkish race, The Brigs of Ayr. S.
But do their errands there,	Dog. skin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet, On Grose's Peregrinations. Doing, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, Fve read † That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, Doings. But a' your doings to rehearse, Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse, Albjuring their democrat doings The Election Ballads, III. Doited [stupefied; hebetated]. The doited beastie stammers; Thou clears the head o' doited Lear; Fit only for a doited Monkish race, Fit only for a doited Monkish race, But the body he was sae doited an blin, S. The Cooper o' Cuddyt A creeping cauld prossic fog My very senses doited. To Miss Ferrier.
But do their errands there,	Dogskin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet, On Grose's Peregrinations. Doingin. Or what the drumite Dutch were doin; X ind Sir, I've read † That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, Scots Prologue. Doings. But a' your doings to rehearse, Wad ding a' Laliant tongue, or Erse, Add. to the Deil. 10. Abjuring their democrat doings The Election Ballads, III. Doited (Stupefied; hebbeated). The doited beastie stammers; On W. Chahmers. Thou clears the head o' doited Lear; Scotch Drink. 6. Fit only for a doited Monkish race, Fit only for a doited Monkish race, But the body he was sae doited an blin, S. The Cooper o' Cuddy† A creeping cauld prossic fog My very senses doited. To Miss Ferrier. Doleful, -fu'.
But do their errands there,	Dogs-kin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet, On Grose's Peregrinations. Doing, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, Fve read the That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You many do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, Doings. But a your doing sto rehearse, Wad ding a' Laliant tongue, or Erse, Aljuring their democrat doings The Election Ballads, III. Doited (stupefied; hebetated). The doited beastie stammers: Con W. Chalmers. Stockh Drink. o. But the body he was sae doited an blin, S. The Cooper o' Cuddy't A creeping cauld prosaic fog My very senses doited To Miss Ferrier. Doleful, -fu'. as he tuned his doleful sang, Lament for Glencairn.
But do their errands there,	Dogs-skin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet, On Grose's Peregrinations. Doing, -in. Or what the drumile Dutch were doin; X ind Sir, I've read? That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, Scots Prologue. Doings. But a' your doings to rehearse, Add. to the Deil. 10. Abjuring their democrat doings The Election Ballads, 111. Doited (Stupefied; hebbeated). The doited beastie stammers; On W. Chalmers. Thou clears the head o' doited Lear; Scotch Drink, O. Fit only for a doited Monkish race, Fit only for a doited Monkish race, All Strigs of Ayr. & But the hody he was sae doited an blin, S. The Cooper o' Cuddyt A creeping cauld prossic fog My very senses doited. Doleful, -ful. as he tuned his doleful sang, Lament for Glenciaru. Twa had manceles o' dolefu' black, The Holy Fair. 2.
But do their errands there,	Dogskin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet, *On Gross's Peregrinations. Doing, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin ; *Kind Sir, *I've read † That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by persevering. *Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, *Osots Prologue. Doings. But a' your doings to rehearse, Wad ding a' Lalian tongue, or Erse, *Add. to the Deil. 19. Abjuring their democrat doings *The Election Ballads, III. Doited (stupefied); hebetated). The doited beastie stammers; *On IV. Chalmers. Fit only for a doited Monkish race, But the body he was sae doited an blin, S. The Cooper o' Cuddy† A creeping cauld prossie fog My very senses doited. *To Miss Ferrier. Doleful, -fu'. as he tuned his doleful sang, *Lament for Glencairs. Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black. *The III by Fair z. Dolour. Which bled all the wounds of my delour again.
But do their errands there,	Dogskin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dogskin wallet, On Grose's Peregrinations. Doing, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, Fve read to that whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You many do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, Doings. But a' your doings to rehearse, Wad ding a' Lalian tongue, or Erse, Adjuring their democrat doings. The Election Ballads, III. Doited (stupefied; hebetated). The doited beastie stammers: On W. Chalmers. Thou clears the head o' doited Lear; Fit only for a doited Monkish race, Fit only for a doited Monkish race, But the body he was sae doited an blin, S. The Cooper o' Cuddyt A creeping cauld prossic fog My very senses doited. To Miss Ferrier. Doleful, -fu', as he tuned his doleful sang, Lament for Glencairu. Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black, The Holy Fair. z. Dolour. Which bled all the wounds of my dolour again. Domain.
But do their errands there,	Dogs-skin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet, *On Gross's Peregrinations. Doing, -In. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; *Kind Sir, I've read † That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by persevering. *Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, *Osots Prologue. Doings. But a' your doings to rehearse, Wad ding a' Lalian tongue, or Erse, *Add. to the Deil. 19. Abjuring their democrat doings *The Election Ballada, III. Doited (stupefied); hebetated). The doited beastie stammers; *On IV. Chalmers. Thou clears the head o' dolted Lear; *Scotch Drink. 6. Fit only for a doited Monkish race, *The Brigs of Ayr. 8. But the body he was sae doited an blin, S. The Cooper o' Cuddy† A creeping caulid prossic fog My very senses doited. *To Miss Ferrier. Doleful, -fu'. as he tuned his doleful sang, *Lament for Gleucairra. Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black. *The III by Fair. z. Dolour. Which bled all the wounds of my dolour again. Domain. From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain, *S. Catelomia.
But do their errands there,	Dogs-kkin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet, On Grose's Peregrinations. Doings, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, Fve read to that whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You many do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, Doings. But a' your doings to rehearse, Wad ding a' Lalian tongue, or Erse, Adjuring their democrat doings The Election Ballads, III. Doited (stupefied; hebetated). The doited beastie stammers: Con W. Chalmers. Thou clears the head o' doited Lear; Frienly for a doited Monkish race, But the body he was sae doited an blin, S. The Cooper o' Cuddy't A creeping cauld prosaic fog My very senses doited To Miss Ferrier. Doleful, -fu'. as he tuned his doleful sang, Lament for Glencairn. Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black, The Holy Fair Dolour. Which bled all the wounds of my dolour again. S. As I was a evand ring't Domain. From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain, S. Catledonia. Fraewell, old Scotia's bleak domains The Fareweell.
But do their errands there,	Dogs-kkin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet, On Grose's Peregrinations. Doings, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, Fve read to that whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You many do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, Doings. But a' your doings to rehearse, Wad ding a' Lalian tongue, or Erse, Adjuring their democrat doings The Election Ballads, III. Doited (stupefied; hebetated). The doited beastie stammers: Con W. Chalmers. Thou clears the head o' doited Lear; Frienly for a doited Monkish race, But the body he was sae doited an blin, S. The Cooper o' Cuddy't A creeping cauld prosaic fog My very senses doited To Miss Ferrier. Doleful, -fu'. as he tuned his doleful sang, Lament for Glencairn. Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black, The Holy Fair Dolour. Which bled all the wounds of my dolour again. S. As I was a evand ring't Domain. From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain, S. Catledonia. Fraewell, old Scotia's bleak domains The Fareweell.
But do their errands there,	Dogs-kin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet, *On Grose's Peregrinations. Doingsin Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; *Kind Sir, *Fve read together the theology of the theology
But do their errands there,	Dogs-kkin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet, On Grose's Peregrinations. Doing, -in. Or what the drumile Dutch were doin; Xind Sir, I've read? That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, Scots Prologue. Doings. But a' your doings to rehearse, Wad ding a' Lalian tongue, or Erse, Add. to the Deil. 19. Abjuring their democrat doings The Election Ballads, III. Doited (Stupefied; hebetated). The doited beastie stammers; On W. Chahuers. Floot clears the head o' doited Lear; Scotch Drink. 6. Fit only for a doited Monkish race, Fit only for a doited Monkish race, Fit only for a doited Monkish race, The Brigs of Ayr. 8. But the body he was sae doited an blin, S. The Cooper o' Cuddy! A creeping cauld prossic fog My very senses doited. To Miss Ferrier. Doleful, -fu', as he tuned his doleful sang, Lament for Glencairn. Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black, The Heldy Fair. 2. Dolour. Which bled all the wounds of my dolour again. S. Lat I was a evalar ring the Trom Tweed to the Orcades was her domain, S. Caledonia. Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, The Farewell. Till now, o'er all my wide domains, The Farewell. The Dome.
But do their errands there,	Dogs-kkin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet, *On Grose's Peregrinations. Doingsin Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; *Kind Sir, *Fve read to That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, *You many do miracles by persevering. *Prologue, at Th., D. after many a bloody, deathless doing, *Scots Prologue. But a' your doings to rehearse, Wad ding a' Lalian tongue, or Erse, *Add. to the Deil. rg. Abjuring their democrat doings *The Election Ballads, III.* Doited (stupefied; hebetated). The doited beastie stammers; *Con W. Chalmers. Thou clears the head o' doited bear; *Fhe Brigs of Ays. S. But the body he was sae doited an blin, S. The Cooper o' Cuddy't A creeping cauld prossic fog My very senses doited *The Brigs of Ays. S. Dollour, *Which bled all the wounds of my dolour again, *Domain. From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain, *S. Catedonia. Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, *The Farewell. 'Till now, o'er all my wide domains, *The Vision, D. II. 18, *Dome.**
But do their errands there,	Dogs-kkin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet, On Grose's Peregrinations. Doing, -in. Or what the drumile Dutch were doin; X ind Sir, I've read? That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, Scots Prologue. Doings. But a' your doings to rehearse, Wad ding a' Lalian tongue, or Erse, Add. to the Deil. 19. Abjuring their democrat doings The Election Ballads, III. Doited (Stupefied; hebbeatied). The doited beastie stammers; On W. Chahuers. Floot clears the head o' doited Lear; Scotch Drink. 6. Fit only for a doited Monkish race, Fit only for a doited Monkish race, But the body he was sae doited an blin, S. The Cooper o' Cuddy! A creeping cauld prossic fog My very senses doited. To Miss Ferrier. Doleful, -fu', as he tuned his doleful sang, Lament for Golecaira. Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black, The Holy Fair. 2. Dolour. Which bled all the wounds of my dolour again. Solour. From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain, S. Caledonia. From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain, S. Caledonia. Frarewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, The Farewell. The Vision. D. II. 18. Dome. With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears, I view that noble, stately Dome, Add. to Edinburgh, o.
But do their errands there,	Dog. skin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet, On Grose's Peregrinations. Doing, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, Fve read to that whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, Doings. But a' your doings to rehearse, Wad ding a' Lalian tongue, or Erse, Abjuring their democrat doings. The Election Ballads, III. Doited (stupefied; hebetated). The doited beastie stammers: Thou clears the head o' doited bear; Fit only for a doited Monkish race, But the body he was sae doited an blin, S. The Cooper o' Cuddy't A creeping caulid prossic fog My very senses doited. To Miss Ferrier. Dolour. Which bled all the wounds of my dolour again, Twa had manteeles o' dolein' black, The Holy Fair Dolour. Which bled all the wounds of my dolour again, From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain, S. Catedonia. Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, The Farewell. Till now, o'er all my wide domains, The Farewell. Till now, o'er all my wide domains, The Vision. D. 11, 18. Dome. With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears, Again the dome, in pristine pride, Again the dome, in pristine pride, Again the dome, in pristine pride,
But do their errands there,	Dogs-kkin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet, On Grose's Peregrinations. Doing, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Xind Sir, I've read? That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, Scots Prologue. Doings. But a'your doings to rehearse, Wad ding a' Lalian tongue, or Erse, Add. to the Deil. 10. Abjuring their democrat doings The Election Ballads, III. Doited (Stupefied; hebbeated). The doited beastie stammers; On W. Chahuers. Floot clears the head o' doited Lear; Scotch Drink. 0. Fit only for a doited Monkish race, But the body he was sae doited an blin, S. The Cooper o' Cuddy's A creeping cauld prossie fog My very senses doited. To Miss Ferrier. Doleful, -fu'. as he tuned his doleful sang, Lament for Glencaira. Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black, The Holy Fair. 2. Dolour. Which bled all the wounds of my dolour again. Somain. From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain, S. Culcdonia. Fraewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, The Farewell. Till now, o'er all my wide domains, The Farewell. The Vision. D. 11. 18. Dome. With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears, Add. to Edinburgh, O. Alin's high its roof and arches wide, On Lincluden Castle.
But do their errands there,	Dogs-kkin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet, On Grose's Peregrinations. Doing, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Xind Sir, I've read? That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, Scots Prologue. Doings. But a'your doings to rehearse, Wad ding a' Lalian tongue, or Erse, Add. to the Deil. 10. Abjuring their democrat doings The Election Ballads, III. Doited (Stupefied; hebbeated). The doited beastie stammers; On W. Chahuers. Floot clears the head o' doited Lear; Scotch Drink. 0. Fit only for a doited Monkish race, But the body he was sae doited an blin, S. The Cooper o' Cuddy's A creeping cauld prossie fog My very senses doited. To Miss Ferrier. Doleful, -fu'. as he tuned his doleful sang, Lament for Glencaira. Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black, The Holy Fair. 2. Dolour. Which bled all the wounds of my dolour again. Somain. From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain, S. Culcdonia. Fraewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, The Farewell. Till now, o'er all my wide domains, The Farewell. The Vision. D. 11. 18. Dome. With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears, Add. to Edinburgh, O. Alin's high its roof and arches wide, On Lincluden Castle.
But do their errands there,	Dog. skin. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade. And dog-skin wallet, On Grose's Peregrinations. Doing, -in. Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, Fve read to that whether doing, suffering, or forbearing, You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D., after many a bloody, deathless doing, Doings. But a' your doings to rehearse, Wad ding a' Lalian tongue, or Erse, Abjuring their democrat doings. The Election Ballads, III. Doited (stupefied; hebetated). The doited beastie stammers: Thou clears the head o' doited bear; Fit only for a doited Monkish race, But the body he was sae doited an blin, S. The Cooper o' Cuddy't A creeping caulid prossic fog My very senses doited. To Miss Ferrier. Dolour. Which bled all the wounds of my dolour again, Twa had manteeles o' dolein' black, The Holy Fair Dolour. Which bled all the wounds of my dolour again, From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain, S. Catedonia. Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, The Farewell. Till now, o'er all my wide domains, The Farewell. Till now, o'er all my wide domains, The Vision. D. 11, 18. Dome. With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears, Again the dome, in pristine pride, Again the dome, in pristine pride, Again the dome, in pristine pride,

125

Domestic.	Donsie [over-nice; restive, unmanageable; unlucky].
Domestic peace and comforts crowning The hail design Friend of the poet †	Ye ne'er was donsie; A Guid New-Year. † 5.
The hail design Friend of the poet †	Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes,
May bliss domestic smooth his private path; To R. G. of F., q.	Add. to Unco Guid. 2.
Domicile.	Ye wad na been sae donsie, O S. The deuks dang o'er.
The noisy domicile of pedant pride; The Vowels.	Dool [sorrow].
Dominion.	And o'er this grassy heap sing dool, A Bard's Epit.
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'ran b-tch,	O' a' the num'rous human dools, Add. to Toothache.
Into thy dark dominion! Epit. on noisy Folemic.	And a' the day to sit in dool, S. Ca' the Ewes.
Tyrannic man's dominion; . S. Now westlin winds †	May dool and sorrow be his lot, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.
in lone poverty's dominion drear, Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	My coggie is a haly pool.
And hanish'd our dominions, Henceforth this day The Ordination, 12.	hat heals the wounds o care and dool: S. Gane is the day t
There's few sae bonie, nane sae gude,	Bitter in dool 1 lickit my winnins
There's few sae bonie, nane sae gude, In a' King George' Dominion; . The Tarbolton Lasses.	O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave: S. O merry hae I been †
I'm truly sorry Man's dominion Has broken Nature's social union, To a Mouse.	O! dool to tell,
Has broken Nature's social union, To a Mouse. Donald.	Yet, for a' my dool and care,
the second secon	It's wantonness for ever! . S. Wantonness for ever !
Donald wi his Highland hand, [re.] . S. Donald Brodie † Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald, S. Hee balou †	O dool on the day 1 met wi' an auld man.
For Donald was the brawest man.	Doolfu' [sorrowful]. S. What can a yng lassie †
And Donald he was mine, S. The High. Widow's Lament.	And echo cons the doolfu' tale; S. The Contented Cottager.
My Donald's arm was wanted then	May mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour; . To W. Creech.
For Scotland and for me	Doom. Still caring, despairing,
Ochon, O, Donald Oh!	Must be my bitter doom; Despondency, an Ode. 1. To bear this hated doom severe?
Upon Culloden's field	Improm., on Mrs's Birthday.
The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie, . The Inventory.	The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair,"
Done. He may do weel for a' he's done yet, A Ded. to G. H., 3.	S. Now Spring has clad t
But or the day was done, I trow,	Though wandering now must be my doom, S. The Banks of Nith.
The laggen they hae clautet Fu' clean . A Dream. 15. As Something, loudly, in my breast,	Retrieve its doom and take its place. S. The capt. Ribband.
Remonstrates I have done; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's
What's done we partly may compute.	And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
But know not what's resisted Add. to Unco Guid. S.	I know my doom must be despair, S. The last time I †
And we hae done wi'thriving. S. Awa, whigs, awa.	Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight, Shall be thy doom! To a Mountain-Daisy.
And sing't when we had done Ep. to Davie, 4.	Doom'd. Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive
Whate'er thou hast done, he it late be it soon, Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab. S. Eppie M'Nab.	To make three guineas do the work of five :
And no for ony guid or ill	Add, sp. by Fontenelle.
They've done afore thee! . Holy Willie's Prayer. 1.	Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, Thro' life I'm doom'd to wander, O,
What have I [winter] done of all the year, To bear this hated doom severe?	S. My father was a farmer t
Improm., on Mrs's Birthday.	And suffering I am doom'd to bear, S. O wat ye wha's in
'Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story,	Tho' I were doom'd to wander on, Beyond the sea, heyond the sun, S. O were I on Parnass. †
Now a' is done that men can do,	Beyond the sea, heyond the sun, S. O were I on Parnass. † Doomed to share thy fiery fate, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
And a' is done in vain; S. It was a' fort	Are doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
But I'll remember thee, Gleucairn, And a' that thou hast done for me! Lament for Glencairn.	The Bries of Avr.
But what was said, or what was done.	Doom'st.
Shame in me gin I tell; S. My heart was ance t	I know thou doom'st me to despair, Farewell, thou stream † Doon. Amang the bonie, winding banks,
When a' thir days are done, man, S. O ay my wife she dang.	Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear, . Halloween.
Stand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O gude ale comes t	O, a ye Bards on bonie Doon! Poor Mailie's El.
An' kissin my Katie when a' was done. S. O merry hae I been t	Bonie Doon, sae sweet at gloaming, . S. Scenes of woet
As ye have generous done,	Bonie Doon, whare early roaming.
Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their best.". 16	First I weav'd the rustic sang
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"	Tam o' Shanter. 3.
Tam o' Shanter in	Before him Doon pours all his floods; Ib. 10.
The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face, They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;	Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	S. The Banks of Doon, Sett 11.
Look'd on till a' was done; The Election Ballads, V.	Aft bae I rov'd by bonie Doon,
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel : . The Twa Dogs, 30.	Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods; While Irwin Lucar Aire as' Deep. The Usion. D. I. 14.
How I had spent my youthfu' prime, An' done nae-thing, . The Vision. D. I. t.	
An' done mae-thing, . The Vision, D. I. 4. And ev'ry ither pair [o' shoon] that's done.	Nacbody sings To W. Simpson. Ye hanks and brases o' honie Doon, [re.]
And ev'ry ither pair [o' shoon] that's done, Mair taen I'm wi' you	S. Ve hanks and hvace t
An' wad hae done't aff han': To Gavin Hamilton.	DOOP. Steal thro the winnock frae a wh-re.
Nine Ferriers wad done better! To Miss Ferrier.	But point the Rake that take the door; A Ded. to G. H., S.
Is grown right eerie now she's done it, To Rev. J. M' Math.	List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle, A Winter Night. 3. Come thiggan at your doors and yetts, Add. of Beelsebub. 4.
An' shortly after she was done They gat a new ane. To W. Simpson, P.S	That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door Add. to Unco Guid. 2.
They gat a new ane. To W. Simpson, P.S But thy utmost duly done,	Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man; El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.
Welcome what thou canst not shun:	Whom Prose has turned out of doors, Epig. on E.'s Martial.
Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.	And har the doors wi' driving snaw, . Ep. to Davie. 1.
Donor. Still may thy pages call to mind	Syne coziely, aboon the door,
The dear, the beauteous donor: Wr. on Leaf of H. More.	W1 cannie care, they've plac'd them Halloween. 5.
	I'll come nae mair to thy bower door, S. Here's to thy health, †

Dour

Lord Gregory ope thy door S. O mirk, mirk †	Doubt, to.
Sair I fecht them [Want, Hunger] at the door,	But faith! I muckle doubt, my Sire, A Dream. 5.
My father put me frae his door, S. Oh, how can I be blythe t	I doubt no they wad bide noe better . Add. of Beelzebub. And there was muckle fun and jokin.
Oh, open the door, some pity to shew, [rc.] S. Oh, open the door, †	Ve need na doubt; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 2. I doubt na, lass, but ye may think, S. O Tibbie! †
She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide, She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh;	I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenned name May cost a pair o' blushes; On W. Chalmers.
Na, even tho' limpan wi' the spavie Frae door tae door. Second Ep. to Davie.	doubt na Fortune may you shore Some mim-mon'd ponthered priestie,
Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest, The Brigs of Ayr. S.	Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter. Second Ep. to Davie.
We'll hide the Cooper behind the door, S. The Cooper o' cuddy t	I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank, The Brigs of Ayr, 5.
But hark! a rap comes gently to the door; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.	Tho' faith, that date, I doubt ye'll never see; 1b. I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find,
For [Moodie] speels the holy door, Wi' tidings o' s-lv-t-n. [v. A. 22] The Holy Fair. 12.	Ye're still as great a Stirk
We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. S. The Poor Thresher.	Few men o' sense will doubt your claims To rank amang the Nowte
They bar the door on frosty win's: . The Twa Dogs. 20.	If ye should doubt the truth o' this It's Bessy's ain opinion! The Tarbolton Lasses.
And jee! the door gaed to the wa'; . The Vision. D. I. 7. My pen I here fling to the door, And kneel, . To J. S., 21.	For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it. The Twa Dogs, 22.
Nae mair we see his levee door	I donbt he's but a grey nick quill, . The Twa Herds. 14, Ye need na donbt, I held my whisht; . The Vision. D. I. &
Philosophers and Poets pour, To W. Creech. And, while I toddle on through life,	I doubt it's hardly worth the while, S. There was a lad †
I'll ne'er gang by your door. V.s to Landlady of Inn.	I doubt you gar, The bonie lasses lie aspar
But when we tirl'd at your door, Vour porter dought na hear us; V.s, on Window, Carron.	As faith I muckle doubt him, To Gav. Hamilton.
Wha is that at my bower door? S. Wha is that at † Dorty [huffy; supercilious, saucy].	It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it, To W. Simpson, P.S Doubted. My skill may weel be doubted; . A Dream. 4.
tho' a Minister grow dorty, An' kick your place. The Author's Cry and Prayer, 23.	Doubtful Her doubtful balance eved, and sway'd her rod:
Dose. I'd gie you sic a bearty dose o't, Wad dress your droddnm! To a Louse.	On Death of R. Dundas. Doubtings. Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him;
Wad dress your droddnm! To a Louse. Dote. I dote on ev'ry feature . S. My Love's a winsome †	The Author's Cry and Prayer, P. Doubtless. Is, doubtless, great distress! Ep. to Davie, 3.
Dotard.	Douce v. Douse.
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit, To you the dotard has a deal to say, Prologue, at Th., D	Doudl'd [dandled]. Aft has be dondl'd me npon his knee; S. O whare did ye get †
Double. In double pride were gay S. But lately seen t	Dough. She [nature] kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
To see the new [year] come laden, groaning, Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin To thee and thine; Friend of the poet t	Ep. to R. Graham. 2. Dought [pret. of dow; was or were able, could, might].
And lo! the Bard, a great reward,	C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought, . A Fragment. 4.
Has got a double portion! Nature's Law. Now wad ye sing this double flight,	Do what I dought to set her free, My saul lay in the mire; To Miss Ferrier.
Some fell for wrang and some for right, S. The Battle of Sherra-moor.	Vonr porter dought na hear us; . V.s, on Window, Carron. Doughty. And there will be Douglasses doughty.
O' double verse come gie us four, The Ordination. 3.	The Election Ballads, III. Douglas.
The rose upon the breer will be him trouse an' doublet,	The very name of Douglas blasted. On Duke of Queensberry. Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore;
Doubling.	Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan, Prologue, sp. by Woods.
With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. Listening to the doubling roar,	One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
Surging on the rocky shore; . S. How can my poor heart † The doubling storm roars thro' the woods: Tam o' Shanter, 10.	Scots Prologue.
Doubly. And when her lovely form I see, O haith, she's doubly dear again! S. I'll ay ca' in †	Ve vet may follow where a Donglas leads!
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate Monody, on a Lady.	And there will be Douglasses doughty, The Election Ballads. III.
And doubly welcome be the spring, The season to my Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in †	The Donglas and the Heron's name, We set nought to their score:
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam, S. Peggy Chalmers. I'm three times, doubly, o'er your debtor,	Ent Donglasses o' weight had we,
Second Ep. to Davie.	Douked [ducked]. An' had in mony a well been donked:
Friends, that parting tear reserve it, Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me; S. Scenes of woet	The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.
By thee inspir'd, When gaping they besiege the tents, Are doubly fir'd	Doup [the posteriors, the breech]. May Hornie gie her doup a clink
Are doubly fired. Scotch Drink, 8. Delighted doubly then, my Lord, You'll wander on my banks, The Petition of Br. Water.	Abint his yett, Adam A—'s Prayer. While raving mad, I wish a heckle
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade. To R. G. of F., I.	Were in their [the giglets] doup. Add. to I ootnache.
Doubt.	Doup-skelper [one who strikes the breech]. That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph, Kind Sir, I've read†
Then we'll be d-mad no doubt . Add. to Dumourier.	Dour, Doure (intrepid, hardy, stubborn, severe).
Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.	And S-ckv-lle doure, who stood the stoure, A Fragment. 5. biting Boreas, fell and donre, A Winter Night. 1.
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree's met, And has a doubt of a' that? The Election Ballads. II.	The state of the second broading El av Vegy 1788
Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither, . The Twa Dogs, 6. Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise; . To J. S., 28.	Yet, teughly donre, he bade an unco bang. The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatan; To W. Simpson, P.S.	She's donr and din, a deil within, . The Tarbolton Lasses. He had a wife was donr and din, S. Willie Wastle !
10 W. Simpson, P.S.	The find it wife was done and day

Douse, Douce (sedate, sober, grave, decorous). To say her pray'rs, douse, honest woman! Add. to the Deil. 6. That frequent pass donce Wisdom's door Add. to Unco Guid. 2.	The auld guidman raught down the pock, Halloween, 17. We'll gae down by Clouden-side, S. Hark! the mavis † Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in band we'll go,
For now I'm grown sae cursed douse, I pray an i'p ponder but the house, Auld comrade dear! An' either douse or merry tale, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 12t. 6. For you sae douse, ye sneer at this, S. Green grow the Rashes, Douse hingin o'er my curple, The Ans. to the Guidwigh.	S. John Andersont The primrose down the brae; Lament of Mary of Scots. Till down my weary bones I lay In everlasting slumber, O. S. My father was a farmer† Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down, Ib. While down his cheeks the sant tears row'd;
Ye dainty Deacons, an' ye douce Conveeners, The Brigs of Ayr. 9. A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo, Ib.	S. My Sandy gied † Her yellow hair, beyond compare, Comes trinkling down ber swan-white neck, S. O Mally's meek.
thrifty Citizens, an' douce,	Now, haply down you gay green shaw, She wanders by you spreading tree; S. O wat ye wha's in† Then set him down, and two or three
Dousely [soberly, prudently], So, ye may dousely fill a Throne, A Dream. 11. An' dousely manage our affairs	Gude fellows wi' him; On Grose's Peregrinations. Down in a shady walk, Doves cooing were; S. Phillis the Fair.
In Parliament, The Author's Cry and Prayer. Douser [more decorous]. Or if he was grown oughtlins douser, Kind Sir, I've read †	Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose; Poor Mailie's El And down the briny pearls rowe
Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, S. Afton Water. The trembling dove thus flies, S. Homerwelt	In vain the burns cam down like waters, An acre braid! And down by Simpson's wheel'd the left about:
The trembling dove thus flies, S. How cruel† Down in a shady walk, Doves cooing were; S. Phillis the Fair. Dove-like.	The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise! Ib. 7. Reflected beams dwell in the streams, Or down the current shatter; S. The Fête Champetre.
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession, To a Kiss. Dow [dove]. They fled like frighted dows, man. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	The hares were birplan down the furrs, The Holy Fair. 1. An' guid Claymore down by his side, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
Dow. But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews, To Mr. J. Kennedy. Dow, Dowe [to be able, can].	But I will down yon river rove amang the wood sae green, S. The Posie. Gne down by Faile, and taste the nle, The Tarbolton Lasses.
The now ye dow but hoyte and hoble, A Gude New-Year † 7. Trembling, I dow nought but glowr, S. Blythe have I been. I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg.	Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen, The Vision. D. I. 11. So uprose bright Phochus—and down fell the knight. The Whistle. 16. And down the gate, in faith, they're worse,
As lang's I dow! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 9. My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing: Ep. to J. R. 6. E'en let him come out as he dowe. The Black-headed Eagle.	To Mrs. J. Kennedy. Down by you stream, and you bonic castle green; S. Wae is my heart †
Some swagger hame, the best they dow, The Holy Fair. 20. He birples twa-fauld as he dow, S. To daunton me. Dowf, Dowf [dull, flat, pithless, silly]. Observe the very nowt an 'sheep,	Down by the burn,
How dowff an' dowie now they creep; El. on Year 17.88. Her dowf excuses pat me mad; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 4. Return sae dowf and weary O: S. When o'er the hill?	Down, Downs. Frac the downs o' Tinwald— The Election Ballads, IV. He danc'd wi' Jeanie on the down, S. There was a lass †
Dowie (worn-out, spiritless, low-spirited). The new theur's dowie, stiff an erazy, A Guid New-Year. † 2. Observe the very newt an sheep.	Downa [cannot]. when I downa yoke a naig, A Ded. to G. H., 2. He downa see a poor man want; Ib. 5.
How dowff an' dowie now they creep; El. on Year 1788. Dowie she saunters down Nithside, Ep. to H. Parker. When a' the lave gae to their bed L. Wander dowie on the shore C. M. Fr.	An' downa be disputed:
I wander dowie in the glen; S. My Harry was a gallant† Or make our Bardie, dowie, Poor Maille's El. Ther's some that are dowie, S. The Taylor fell,† The birdies dowie moaning, S. The young Hieh, Rower	Downa do (impotence, inability). But downa do's come o'er me now, S. The deuks dang o'er. Downans v. Cassilis-Downans. Down-hill.
The birdies dowie moaning. S. The young High. Rover. Bow now, alas! ye're dowie grown. His sad complaining dowie raves. S. Ye has lien wrang. Down [adv., prep.].	The wheels o' life gae down-bill, scrievin, Wi rattlin glee
As I gaed down the water side, S. Ca' the ewes. I set me down and sigh: . Despondency, an Ode.	That's little short o' downright wastrie. The Twa Dogs, 9. Downward. Whiles owe a bush wi' downward crush
The girdin brak, the beast cam down, S. Duncan Gray. Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens, El. on Capt. M. H., 4. But now she's floating down the Nith, El. on Peg Nicholson. I set me down, to pass the time, Ep. to Davie, 1.	The doited beastic stammers; On W. Chalmers. And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd! S. The lasy mist!
I'm dwindled down to mere existence, Ep. to Davie, I. Dowie she saunters down Nithside, Ib. Down the zodiac urge the race, Ib.	Or downward seek the Indian mine; S. Twas even—the dewy Downy. Downy Sleep, the curtain draw; S. Musing on the roaring
An' down gaed stumpie in the ink: Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 6. But I shall scribble down some bletber	Doxy. His doxy lay within his arm; The Jolly Beggars. R. I. And at night, in barn or stable, Hug our doxies on the hay. Ib. S. VIII. Doylt (stuplfied, crazed).
Just clean aff-loof Ib. 7. awa' we canter Uphill, down brae,	Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash O'half his days;

Doytan (moving in a doltish manner). When Hughoc he cam doytan by. The Death of Mailie. Dozen'd [benumbed, torpid].	Drappy, -ie [dim. of drap]. We are na fou, we're nae that fou, But just a drappy in our e'e; S. O Willie brew'd †
My dearest member nearly dozen'd: Auld comrade dear †	As them who like to taste the drappie In glass or horn There's naethin like †
Dozin (torpid, impotent).	In glass or horn There's naethin like †
He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen.	His latest draught o' hreathin lea'es him
S. What can a yng lassie †	In faint huzzas. The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
Dr. Mac (Rev. Dr. MacGill, of Ayr). Dr. Mac, Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack, The Kirk's Alarm.	If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare, The Cotter's Sat. Night. o. Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between; Why am I loth †
Drab. An' ny he gies the tozie drah The tither skelpan kiss, The Jolly Beggars. R.I.	Why am I loth † That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove, S. The Posic.
Drag. Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain. S. Farewell, thou stream	Draunting (whining, drawling).
Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow:	To plague you with this draunting drivel, . Poem on Life.
Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	Drave v. Drove.
Dragg'd. heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin : Scotch Drink. 5.	Draw. Let him draw near; A Bard's Epit. When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
Dragoon. Some one of a troop of Dragoons was my dadie,	A Ded. to G. H., 10.
The folly Beggars. S. 11.	Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin Guid Christian bluid to draw, A Fragment. 3.
Draigl't [draggled]. She draigl't a' her petticoatie	An' did her whittle draw, man;
Comin thro' the rye S. Comin thro' the rye t	Four gallant brutes, as e'er did draw; A Guid New-Year † 15.
Drain. We will drain our dearest veins, S. Scots, wha ha'e t	They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart. To R.G. of F., 3.	S. Bonic lassic, will ye go †
Drake. Awa ye squatter'd like a drake, On whistling wings. Add. to the Deil. 8.	Draw near with pions rev'rence and attend! Epit. for Author's Father.
Ye duck and drake, wi' niry wheels	An' her that is to be my lass, Come after me an' draw thee
Circling the lake; El. on Capt. M. II. 8.	Let my Mary's kindred spirit
Dram.	Draw your choicest influence down. S. Highland Mary.
A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.	When trystin time draws near again; . S. Ill ay ca' in †
A dram o' gude strunt in a morning early, S. O ken ye what Meg +	The polish'd jewel's blaze May draw the wond'ring gaze, S. Mark yonder Pomp†
My mither she hade me gie him a dram, S. The auld man t	Come draw a drap o' the best o't vet. [re.]
I gae him a dram o' the brand sae strang, Ib.	Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet, [re.] S. Mark younger to omp \(\) S. My love she's but \(\)
Freedom and whisky gang thegither, Tak aff your dram! [v. A.2]	Downy Sleep, the curtain draw; S. Musing on the roaring t
Tak aff your dram! [v.A.2] The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.	The curtain draws of Nature's rest, S. Now rosy May † That could sae bitter draw the tear, Poor Mailie's El.
Tak tent how ye purchase a dram; The Election Ballads, III.	The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
Drama.	The mair admiration they draw, Ronalds of Bennals.
A drama worthy of the name of Bruce? . Scots Prologue. Drank.	Freedom's sword will strongly draw? . S. Scots, wha ha'e t
And drank my fill o' fancy's dream, . As on the banks +	To guard, or draw, or wick a bore, Tam Samson's EL, 5.
She reduc'd him to dust, and she drank up the Powder.	There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight. The Author's Cry and Prayer, 10.
Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another.	Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,
And drank it [his heart's blood] round and round; And still the more and more they drank,	The Brigs of Ayr. 7. An' we mann draw our tippence. The Holy Fair. 8.
Their joy did more abound John Barleycorn.	Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife;
That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter. 3.	He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least The Inventory.
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely; 1b. 5.	An' draws a roosty rapier The Jolly Beggars, R. I'I.
I never drank the Muses' Stank, The Jolly Beggars, S. VII.	But Homer like the glowran byke. Frae town to town I draw that
And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye sound." S. The Lass that made the bed.	An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Frae Calvin's well, av clear they drank,	Of a' denominations; The Ordination. 1.
O' sic a feast! The Twa Herds. 5.	My wife she is willing to draw in the yoke, The Poor Thresher.
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea, The Whistle. 4.	Alas! that e'er a bonie face, Should draw a santy tear! The Ruined Maid's Lament.
We drank a health to bonie Mary. S. T. Mensie's bonie Mary. Drants [sour humours].	He draws a honie, silken purse, As lang's my tail,
Man weel tochered ounts, to wait on their drants.	The Twa Dogs. 8.
Ronalds of Bennals.	When click! the string the snick did draw; The Vision, D. I. 7. This, all its [Nature's law] source and end to draw.
Drap [drop]. Has clad a score i' their last claith,	That [Nature's God], to adore. [v. A. 4] Ib.
By drap and pill. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.	You'll easy draw a weel-kent face, To a Painter.
But twa-three draps about the wame Ep. to J. R. 12.	I ken he weel a Snick can draw To Gaz. Hamilton.
Come draw a drap o' the best o't yet, [re.] S. My love she's but †	When ance life's day draws near the gloamin, To J. S., 14.
And I mysel' a drap of dew, Into her bonie breast to fa'! S. O were my love!	And self-conceited critic skellum His quill may draw; To W. Creech.
His wee drap parritch, or his bread,	'As sair owre hip as ye can draw't!' . What ails ye now t
I hou kitchens nne. [v. A. 21] Scotch Drink. 7.	A consequence I draw that S. Women's Minds.
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in, An' gusty sucker! Ib. q.	A weak arm, and a strang For to draw. S. Ye Jacobites † As lang's he has a breath to draw. S. Young Jockey †
Drap, to [to drop]. Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe	As lang's he has a breath to draw S. Young Jockey † Drawing.
Frae woman's pitying e.e Lament of Mary of Scots.	Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh.
I'll drap the lyre, and mute, admire, . S. Lovely Davies.	Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. 1 am o Shanter, 9.
Drapping (dropping).	Drawn. Thou was a noble Fittie-lan',
And frae my een the drapping rains Maun ever flow. El. on Capt. M. H. H.	As e'er in tug or tow was drawn! A Guta New-Year † 11.
Palyme the elder bairns come drapping in,	Wilt thou ride on a horse, or he drawn in a car, S. Tibbie Dunbar.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.	D. Tarrette Difference

Duned - 11	
Dread, adj. In whose dread presence, ere an hour,	Dream'd. I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing, S. I dream'd I lay †
Perhaps I must appear! A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	Drear.
O Thou dread Pow'r who reign'st above! O Thou dread Pow'r †	From those drear solitudes and frowzy cells, Where infamy with sad repentance dwells; Ep. from Esopus.
O thou, dread Power! whose empire-giving hand,	Like drumlie winter, dark and drear, S. O Logan! sweetly t
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land! Prologue, sp. by Woods.	in lone poverty's dominion drear, . Sonnet, zur. on Birthday.
Dread Omnipotence, alone, Can heal the wound He gave Sad thy tale †	[Think not] I joy my lonely days to lead in This desert drear; The Hermit.
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee.	But Och! I backward cast my e'e,
And still the second dread command be free, The Brigs of Ayr, 8.	On prospects drear! To a Mouse. Dreary. Dark-muffl'd [Phobe], view'd the dreary plain;
How your dread howling a lover alarms! S. Il andering Il 'illie.	A Winter Night. 6.
Dread, s. An' p-d wi' dread, Holy Willie's Prayer, 14.	Ae dreary, windy, winter night, Add. to the Deil. 7.
Dread of black coats and rev'rend wigs, Letter to J. Goudie. It [a rape] maks guid fellows girn an' gape,	Life to me how dreary! S. Ay waking, O† And dawin it is dreary,
Wi chokin dread; Poor Mailie's El.,	When birks are bare at Yule S. Cauld is the conin +
Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw, Withoutten dread; Tam Samson's El., 7.	And in the mirk and dreary drift The hills and glens are lost
Dread, to. Slumber ev'n I dread S. Ay waking, O+	Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour El. on Capt. M.H., 10.
And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks: Ep. fr. Esopus.	that unknown river, Life's dreary bound! 16. 15.
who dreads a curtain lecture worse than hell.	Ye rugged cliffs o'erhanging dreary glens, El. on Miss Burnet.
I meikle dread him The Twa Herds. 13.	The wretch beneath the dreary pole, S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread,	But dreary tho' the moments fleet, S. Forlorn, my Love. t
Are notice takin! To a Louse, I dread thee, Fate, releatless and severe. To R. G. of F., o.	How lang and dreary is the night, S. How lang and dreary t
Then low'ring, and pouring,	The joyless day, how dreary;
The storm no more I dread;	Improm. on Mrs. — 's Birthday,
I dread ye'll learn the gate again; S. Wha is that at † Dreaded.	And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown. Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Or your more dreaded h-ll to state,	The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw,
D-mnation of expences! Add. to Unco Guid. 5. The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill, S. The Taylor fell	
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.	But gi'e me Lucy in my arms, And welcome Lapland's dreary sky. S. O wat ye wha's in †
Dreadfu'.	And ushers the long dreary night; Foct. Add. to Tytler. That dreary hour he mounts his beast in; Tam o' Shanter. 7.
And ranked plagues their numbers tell, In dreadfn' raw, Add. to Toothache.	That breast, how dreary now, and void, The Lamont
In dreadfu' raw, Add. to Toothache. In dreadfu' desperation!	Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode? . Why am I loth t
Dreadin'.	Dree [to suffer, endure]. And dree the kintra clatter: . S. Here's his health in water.
Not dreadin' onie body, My heart was caught before I thought, S. II hen first I came †	And ye will dree the scorn, lassie; S. I'e hae lien zurane
Dream.	And laugh at a' the pangs I dree; . S. Young Jamie,
But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted Treason. A Dream.	Dreeping [dripping.] Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds, To J. S., 22.
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream. S. Afton Water.	Dress.
But life to me's a weary dream, A dream of ane that never wanks.	thae Birth-day dresses Sae fine this day A Dream, 1.
S. Again rejoicing Nature † Tho' a' my daily care thou art,	a ribban at your lug Wad been a dress compleater: Ib. 12.
And a' my nightly dream, S. Ah, Chloris, †	Blest Highland bonnet! Once my proudest dress, Ep. fr. Esopus.
And drank my fill o' fancy's dream, . As on the banks †	And then there's something in her gait
Ev'ry dream is horror S. Ay waking, O † The ways of men are distant brought,	A gaudy dress and gentle air
A faint-collected dream : Despondency, an Ode. 7.	May slightly touch the heart,
Will send yon, Korah-like, a sinkin, Ep. to J. R. I.	That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses Tam o' Shanter, 11.
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,	In Lonion or Paris they'd gotton it all
S. Here's a health to ane † Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,	The Belles of Mauchline. Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd: The Brigs of Ayr. 11. On this ane's dress, an' that ane's lenk
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day, Are with him that's far away. S. How can my poor heart † And oh, her dreams are eerie; S. How lang and dream †	Dright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd:
And oh, her dreams are eerie; S. How lang and dreary † I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,	
S. My father was a farmer+	They're makin observations; The Holy Fair. 20. What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
That breaks the magic of my dream; On Lincluden Castle. That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be,	And ev n Devotion! To a Louse.
S. Out over the Forth †	Dress, to. She dresses age sae clean and neat, . S. Handsome Nell.
Philosophy, no idle pedant dream, Prologue, sp. ly Woods. Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	And I will dress bis o'erlay; S. Handsome Nell. S. The Ploughman t
flow life and love are all a dream! . The Lament	Dressed, -'d, Drest.
Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,	My Lady's dink, my Lady's drest, S. My Lord a hunting † For summer lightly dress'd, S. On a bank of flowers †
Wake thy lover from his dream? S. Il'hy, why tell thy † Fame a restless, airy dream; Il'r. in Hermitage at F. C.	And she in simple beauty drest, S. Slow spreads the gloom +
Resides a sweet Lassie, my thought and my dream.	Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest.
Dream, to. S. I on wild mossy mountns †	The Brigs of Ayr. 8. fragrant birks, in woodbines drest, The Petition of Br. Water.
When I sleep I dream, O! when I wake I'm cerie.	And infant Frosts begin to bite.
My muse to dream of such a theme,	In hoary cranrench drest; The Jolly Beggars, R. I. And dressed them all in the best of their clothes,
Her feeble powers surrender ; S. Lovely Davies.	S. The Poor Thresher.

Drew. An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew, A Fragment, 7. They drew me thretteen pund an' twa,	Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink, They're a' in famous tune For crack. The Holy Fair. 26.
The vera warst A Guid New-Year † 15.	wi' drink an' courting dizzy, . The Jolly Beggars, R. III.
Auld Caledon drew out her drone . S. Amang the trees †	For drink 1 would venture my neck; 1b. S. III.
My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword, S. By you castle wa' †	And there was routh o' drink and fun, S. The last braze bridal †
'I drew my scythe in sic a fury, Death and Dr. Hornbook, 18.	Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring, The Twa Dogs, 32.
As Willie drew his latest breath; Epit. on W	Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink: The Whistle, 17.
An' loot a wînze, an' drew a stroke,	And never drink be near his drouth! . To Dr. Blacklock.
They [sax owsen] drew a' weel enough : S. O gude ale comes †	Twere drink for first of human kind, To Mr. Syme.
For thrice I drew ane [a Valentine] without failing,	Poor Burns-e'en Scotch drink canna quicken, To W. Creech.
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen S. Tam Glen. But yet he drew the mortal trigger	Drink, to.
But yet he drew the mortal trigger, Wi' weel-aim'd heed; Tam Samson's El., 11.	A man may drink and no be drunk; S. Duncan Davison. Where strumpets, relies of the drunken roar,
frae the sheath, Drew blades o' death, S. The battle of Sherra-Moor,	Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore no more; Ep. fr. Esopus.
I have four brutes o' gallant mettle,	He's blest-if as he brewed he drink Epit. on G. Richardson.
As ever drew afore a pettle The Inventory.	An' ye drink it a', ye'll find him [pleasure] out. S. Gane is the day t
Soon drew the avenging steel, man; The Tree of Liberty.	
My gazing wonder chiefly drew; . The Vision, D. I. 12.	He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes, Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.
Dribble [drizzle]. To thole the Winter's sleety dribble, To a Monse.	Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair, Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill. S. In simmer when t
Driddle [to move slowly, to be constantly in action	That I may drink before 1 go
but making little progress].	A service to my bonie lassie S. My bonic Mary.
Until you on a crummock driddle A gray hair'd carl. Ep. to Maj. Legan. 3.	And drinks the stream with vigour fresh; S. On Cessnock Banks † Sett. II.
Wha us'd to trystes an' fairs to driddle,	An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's The Author's Cry and Prayer.
The Jolly Beggars. R.V.,	The Author's Cry and Frayer. Then let us drink the Stewartry,
Driegh [slow, lingering; tedious, wearisome].	Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that, The Election Ballads. II.
An' Stable-meals at Fairs were driegh, A Gude New-Year † S. The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh,	And drink my crystal tide The Petition of Br. Water.
S. Duncan Davison.	To drink their orra dudies : The Jolly Beggars, R. I.
Drift (a drove; "fell aff the drift," fell away or wandered from the company].	"And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!" The Whistle.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift,	They drink the sweet and eat the fat, But care or pain; To J. S., 17.
Drift.	Drinker.
Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r. Or whirling drift A Winter Night. 1.	Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers, When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.
Or whirling drift. A Winter Night. 1. And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle,	O. I. d then have what real I have
Beneath a scar	When drinkers drink, and swearers swear, [v. A. 11] Holy Willie's Prayer.
And in the mirk and dreary drift The hills and glens are lost. S. Cauld is the evenin blast †	An' bake them up in brunstane pies
While frosty winds blaw in the drift, . Ep. to Davic. 1.	For poor d—n'd Drinkers, Scotch Drink. 20. Drinking, -in. A curtain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
It's no the driving drift and snaw; S. Oh, how can I be blythe †	Add, to the Deil. 20.
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,	Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown Debauchery and Drinking: Add. to Unco Guid, 5.
Dark ning the day: . Io W. Simpson.	Debauchery and Drinking: . Add. to Unco Guid, 5. The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin! Ep. to J. R. 1.
The drift is driving sairly; . S. Up in the morning.	We're a' dry wi' drinking o't, [re.] S. My love she's but t
Drifted. Ne'er see murky blew the night	Balmaghie had better been Drinking Madeira wine. The Election Ballads. V.
Ne'er sae murky blew the night That drifted o'er the hill,	It never fails, on drinkin deep,
Her hosom was the driven snaw, Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see,	To kittle up our notion, By night or day. The Holy Fair. 19.
S. The lass that made the bed.	1 hae been merry drinking; S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Drifting.	Drive. Wha drudge and drive thro wet and dry, Ep. to Davic. 0.
Spare my love, thou feath'ry snaw, Drifting o'er the frozen plain. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †	Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives;
Drifty. Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap! A Winter Night, 9.	Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Drink. And fill her up wi' brimstone drink, Red, reeking, het. Adam A—'s Prayer.	Swift as the Gos drivés on the wheeling hare; The Brigs on Ayr. 4.
	When hailstanes drive wi' hitter skyte, The Jolly Beggars. R.I.
Mony a laugh and mony a drink, Auld Comrade † Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame,	Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive To a Haggis.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.	Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate, Full on thy bloom, To a Mountain-Daisy.
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink, S. Last May a braw Wooer †	The warly race may drudge an' drive,
	Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive, To W. Simpson.
A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Gie him strong Drink until he wink, Scotch Drink, Mott.	Drivel.
A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink, On Scot. Bardgue to W. I. Gie him strong Drink until he wink, Scotch Drink. Mott. O thou, my Muse! guid, auld Scotch drink, Ib. 2.	
A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Gie him strong Drink until he wink, Scotch Drink, Mott O thou, my Muse! guid, auld Scotch drink,	Drivel. To plague you with this draunting drivel, Poem on Life. Driven, -'n. Driv n by Fortunes felly spite, S. Frac the friends +
A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink, On Scot. Bardgue to W. I. Gie him strong Drink until he wink, Scotch Drink. Mott. O thou, my Muse! guid, auld Scotch drink, Ib. 2.	Drivel. To plague you with this draunting drivel, Foem on Life. Driven, -in. Driven by Fortunes felly spite, S. Frac the friends to Oer Hie's rough occan driven, O Thom dread Pow'rt
A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink, On Scot. Burdgme to W. I. Gre him strong Drink until he wink, Scotch Drink, Mott O thou, my Muse! guid, auld Scotch drink, Ib. 2. Whyles daer't wi' love, whyles daer't wi drink, Scotond Ep. to Davic. Wheue'er to drink you are inclin'd, Tann o' Shauter, 10. We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink,	Drivel. To plague you with this draunting drivel, Foem on Life. Driven, -'n. Driv'n by Fortunes felly spite, S. Frac the friends to O'er life's rough ocean driven, O' Thou aread Pow'r't While down the wrest-had iried part is driven!
A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink, On Scot. Burdgme to W. I. Gre him strong Drink until he wink, Scotch Drink, Mott O thou, my Muse! guid, auld Scotch drink, Ib. 2. Whyles daer't wi' love, whyles daer't wi drink, Scotond Ep. to Davic. Wheue'er to drink you are inclin'd, Tann o' Shauter, 10. We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink,	Drivel. To plague you with this draunting drivel, Foem on Life. Driven, -in. Driven by Fortunes felly spite, S. Frac the friends to Oer Hie's rough occan driven, O Thom dread Pow'rt
A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink, Os Scot. Bard gue to W. I. Gre him strong Drink until he wink, Scotch Drink, Mott. O thou, my Muse! guid, aud Scotch drink, th. 2. Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi drink, Whenc'er to drink you are inclin'd, Tam o' Shanter. 19. We'll mak our maut, and we'll hrew our drink, S. The Deil cam fiddlin't Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink, The Election Ballads, I.	Drivel. To plague you with this draunting drivel, Foem on Life. Driven, -'n. Driv'n by Fortunes felly spite, S. Frac the friends to O'er life's rough occan driven, O'Thou dread Pow'rt While down the wretched vital part is driven! And your life like the new driven, so, Mrs., -, And your life like the new driven snaw, The Kirk's Alarm. 1. Her bosom was the driven snaw.
A'ye wha live by sowps o' drink, On Scot. Burdgme to W. I. Gre him strong Drink until he wink, Scotch Drink. Mott O thou, my Muse! guid, and Scotch drink, lb. 2. Whyles dae't wi love, whyles dae't wi drink, Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd, Tam o' Shanter, 10. We'll mak our maut, and we'll bree our drink, S. The Deit cam fiddlin! Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink, The Election Ballads, I. The limit streamlet vonder flowine, Supplying drink,	Drivel. To plague you with this draunting drivel, . Foem on Life. Driven, -'n. Driv'n by Fortunes felly spite, . S. Frac the friends † O'er life's rough ocean driven, . O Thou drived Pow'r† While down the wretched vital part is driven! And your life like the new driven snaw, The Kirk's Alarm. 4. Her bosom was the driven snaw, S. The lass that made the bed.
A'ye wha live by sowps o' drink, On Scot. Burdgme to W. I. Gre him strong Drink until he wink, Scotch Drink. Mott. O'thou, my Muse! guid, and Scotch drink, lb. 2. Whyles dae't wi love, whyles dae't wi drink, Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd, Tam o' Shanter, 10. We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink, We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink, The Deit cam fiddlin' † Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink, The Election Ballads, I. The limpid streamlet yonder flowing, Supplying drink, Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair	Drivel. To plague you with this draunting drivel, Foem on Life. Driven, -'n. Driven by Fortunes felly spite, S. Frac the friends to Ger life's rough ocean driven, O Thou drived Pow'rt While down the wretched vital part is driven! And your life like the new driven snaw, The Kirk's Alarm. 4. Her bosom was the driven snaw, S. The lass that made the bed. By Passion driven; The Vision. D. II. 17. His feeket is white as the new driven snaw;
A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink, Os Scot. Bard gue to W. I. Gte him strong Drink until he wink, Scotch Drink, Mott. O thou, my Muse! guid, aud Scotch drink, th. 2. Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi drink, Scoton Ep. to Davie. Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd, Tam o' Shauter. 19. We'll mak our maut, and we'll brew our drink, S. The Deil cam fiddlin't Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink, The Election Ballads, I. The limpid streamlet yonder flowing, Supplying drink, The Hermit.	Drivel. To plague you with this draunting drivel, Focm on Life. Driven, -'n. Driv'n by Fortunes felly spite, S. Frac the friends to Great life's rough ocean driven, O Thou dread Pow'rt While down the wretched vital part is driven! Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. → And your life like the new driven snaw, The Kirk's Alarm. 4. Her bosom was the driven snaw, S. The lass that made the bed. By Passion driven; The Vision. D. II. 17.

By human pride or cunning driv'n	To quench their lowan drouth. The Jolly Beggars, R. VIII.
To mis'ry's brink . To a Mountain-Daisy.	And never drink be near his drouth! . To Dr. Blacklock.
Again the silent wheels of time Their annual round have driv'n, To Miss L., with "Beattie."	Drouthy [thirsty].
I had been driven forth like you forlorn, . Tragic Frag	And drouthy neebors, nechors meet, . Tam o' Shanter.
Driving. Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,	His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely; . A Dream, 10.	In hungry droves.
And bar the doors wi' driving snaw, . Ep. to Davie, 1. Was driving to the tither warl',	The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
A mixie-maxie motely squad, . Lns add. to J. Ranken.	The Author's Cry and Prayer, P. Wi' monie a wearie body, In droves that day. The Holy Fair, 6.
The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw, S. My Nanie's awa'.	brove, brave.
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet; S. O Lassie, art thou †	The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter; Tam o' Shanter. 5. Or Phineas drove the murdering blade,
It's no the driving drift and snaw; S. Oh, how can I be blythe	Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour; The Ordination. 4.
Protect thee frae the driving shower, On Birth of Posth. Child.	Or when the North his fleecy store,
Like furious devils driving. The Election Ballads. VI.	Drowned, -'d. Or drowned in the river Forth?
I see it driving o'er the plain; S. The gloomy night † Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs	S. Ken ye ought of Capt. G. †
Like drivin' wrack; Third Ep. to J. Lap	Is drowned amid the mournful scream, On Lincluden Castle.
By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne! To Clarinda.	Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon; Tam o' Shanter. 3.
The drift is driving sairly S. Up in the morning.	Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
Or, the stormy North sends driving forth, The blinding sleet and snaw:	E'en drown'd himsel among the nappy: 1b. 6. Drowning. But spleeny English, hanging, drowning.
Droddum [the breech].	Improm., on Mrs's Birthday.
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't, Wad dress your droddum! . To a Louse.	So noted for drowning of sorrow and care; The Whistle. 10.
Wad dress your droddum! . To a Louse. Droll.	Drowsy.
But wither'd heldams, auld and droll, Tam o' Shanter. 14.	The mavis mild wi' many a note, Sings drowsy day to rest: . Lament of Mary of Scots.
Drone. An Caledon threw by the drone, A Fragment. 9.	Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle.
Aft 'yont the dyke she's [Graunie's] heard you bumman, Wi' eerie drone; Add. to the Deil.	On Scot. Bard gone to W. I.
Auld Caledon drew out her drone, . S. Amang the trees †	The drowsy Dungeon-clock had number'd two, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
We never had sic twa drones; The Ordination. 10.	Drub.
The hum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone, The Twa Dogs. 35.	And new-light herds could nicely drub, The Twa Herds. S.
Droop. At dawn, when every grassy blade	Drudge. sic as you and 1, Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,
Droops with a diamond at his head, El. on Capt. M. H. 6.	Then tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
Sae droops our heart when we mann part S. Lovely Davies.	At pleugh or cart, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 13.
Down droops her ance weel-burnish't crest, To W. Creech. Droop'd, Her form majestic droop'd in pensive wee,	At harn or byre thou shalt na drudge, S. There was a lass †
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	The warly race may drudge an' drive, Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive, To W. Simpson.
Drooping. drooping rich the dewy head, S. A Rosc-bud by †	Drug. Tonds with their poison, doctors with their drug, To R. G. of F.
His bending joints and drooping head . John Barleycorn.	
His bending joints and drooping head . John Barleycorn. Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r, S. Lassie vo!' the lintwhite † The drooping arts surround their natron's bior.	Druken, Drucken [drunken]. And in your wicked, druken rants, Ep. to J. R. 2.
	Druken or sober here's to thee, Katie!
On Death of Sir J. Blair. Thou chears the beart o' drooping Care; Scotch Drink, 6.	S. O merry hae I been t
Droot-rumpl't [that droops at the crupper].	I've been at druken writers' feasts, On dining with Dacr. 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken Bacchus, Scotch Drink, 1.
The sma', droot-rumpl't, hunter cattle, A Guid New-Year 10.	
Drop.	Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash O' half his days;
We part—but by these precious drops, That fill thy lovely eyes! . S. Farewell, dear mistress †	My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants, . What ails ye now †
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear:	Drum. The time may come, with pipe and drum We'll welcome hame fair Albany. S. The bonic Lass of Albany.
S. The Posie. Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between;	S. The bonic Lass of Albany. When the drums do heat,
Why am I loth t	And the cannons rattle, . S. The Captain's Lady.
Drop, to. By cruel hands the sapling drops, . S. Fate gave the word,†	When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
She trusts the ruthless falconer,	The Jolly Beggars. S. I. And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum Ib.
And drops beneath his feet S. How cruel+	I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum 1b.
Till Fate the curtain drops on worlds to be no more. Prologue, sp. by Woods.	when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum Ib.
Dropping.	I could meet a troop of Hell at the sound of a drum Ib.
Dropping dews, and breathing balm To Miss C.	To rattle the thundering drum was his trade; . Ib. S. II. Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes helye
Dropt. I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams, S. My father was a farmer †	Are bent like drums; To a Haggis.
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;	Drumlanrig. How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace?
Drouk [to drench, soak].	On Duke of Queensberry. I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears, The Election Ballads.VI.
And ay she took the tither souk,	To muster o'er each ardent Whig
To drouk the stourie tow S. The weary Pund.	Beneath Drumlanrig's hanners;
Droukit [soaked, drenched]. The last Halloween I was waukin	Drumlie [dark, troubled; muddy; of gloomy aspect; confused, muddy-brained].
My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken; S. Tam Glen.	Trees with aged arms were warring,
Drouth [drought; thirst].	O'er the swelling, drumlie wave S. I dream'd I lay †
Their hydra drouth did sloken, . On dining with Daer. Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,	Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, I've read † Like drumlie winter, dark and drear, S. O Logan! sweetly †
The Author's Cry and Frayer, 4.	Then howses drumlie German-water, . The Twa Dogs. 23.
Pawn'd in a gin-shop, Quenching noly drouth.	Your waters never drumlie!

Pawn'd in a gin-shop, Quenching noly drouth.

The Election Ballads. IV.

Your waters never dramlie!
S. Ye banks, and bracs, and streams †

Drummock (meal and water mixed raw).	Duds, Duddies, Dudies [rags; clothes].
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock, On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	Flaffan wi' duds, and grey wi' beas',
Drumossie (the moor on which Prince Charles fought and lost the battle of Culloden, 1746).	Wi' reeket duds, and reestet gizz,
Drumossie muir, Drumossie day,	And coost her duddies to the wark, Tam o' Shanter. 12. Clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
A waefu' day it was to me; . S. The lovely lass of In.	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Drunk.	To drink their orra dudies The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is: Add. to the Deil. 13. A man may drink and no be drunk; S. Duncan Davison.	They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd their duds, 16. R. VIII.
For ilkn man that's drunk's a lord S. Gane is the day †	The Taylor rase and sheuk his duds, S. The Taylor he cam t
Ve're a' blind drunk, boys, S. Landlady, count †	I has a wife and twa wee laddies, They maun has brose and brats o' duddies; To Dr. Blacklock.
The maister drunk—the horse committed:	Due, adj. To pay your Queen, with due respect,
On B.'s Horse Impound. Partly wi' Love o'ercome sae sair, An' partly she was drunk: The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	My fealty an subjection A Dream, 8
An' partly she was drunk : . The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	And sought a correspondent breast, To give obedience due:
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot, The Rights of Woman.	The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due.
Drunken. And [Death] tips auld drunken Nanse the wink,	The Cotter's Sat. Night, 5.
Adam A-'s Prayer.	And served me with due respect; S. The lass that made the bed.
strumpets, relics of the drunken roar, Ep. fr. Esopus.	Duc, s.
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find. Fragment, inser. to Fox.	Who says, that fool alone is not thy due, Ep. fr. Esopus. Inspires my muse to gie 'm his dues, On W. Chalmers.
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum; Tam o' Shanter. 3.	Duely, Duly, And ev'ry time great care is taen,
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane; Ib. 10.	To see them duely changed: Halloween. 27.
Drunker.	And mind your duty, duely, morn and night! The Cotter's Sat. Night, 6.
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whistle. 4.	An' teut them duely, e'en an' morn. The Death of Mailie.
Drunt [pet, sulks]. An' Mary, noe doubt, took the drunt.	An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly,
Au' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt, To be compar'd to Willie:	I on the questions targe them tightly; The Inventory.
Drury Lane.	But thy utmost duly done, Welcome what thou caust not shun:
Let them [the hizzies] in Drury Lane be lesson'd! Add. of Beclzebub. 4.	Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.
Dry. Till a' the seas gang dry. [re.] . S. A red, red Rose.	The news o' princes, dukes and earls,
on my dry and wholesome banks, As on the banks †	Pimps, sharpers, bawds and opera-girls; Kind Sir, I've read †
Embro' wells are grutten dry. El. on Year 1788.	And the dukes that you dined wi' yestreen, On an empty Fellow.
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry, Ep. to Davie. 6. We're a' dry wi' drinking o't, S. My love she's but t	Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix The Election Ballads. II.
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't, S. My love she's but t But love wi' unreleuting beam	A prince can make a belted knight,
Has scorch'd my fountains dry. S. Now Spring has clad †	A marquis, duke, and a' that; S. The Honest Man.
And answer him fu' dry S. O Tibble!	That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie. S. The Laddies by † Dull.
In bis sly, dry, sententious, proverb way! Prologue, at Th., D That, to a Bard, I should be seen	A set o' dull, conceited Hashes, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 12.
Wi' half my channel dry: . The Petition of Br. Water.	Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
And now my conclusion I'll tell, For faith I'm confoundedly dry: The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	S. Farewell, thou fair day † How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened,
Cast off the wat, put on the dry, S. The Ploughman †	Monody, on a Lady.
(O Ferguson! thy glorious parts,	To wheel the equal, dull routine Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! . To W. Simpson. 4.	Symon Gray You're dull to day Symon Gray. Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them.
Dry, to. Wha wou'd soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e. S. Wae is my heart †	The Brigs of Ayr, 10.
Dry-withering. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water.	Their days, insipid, dull an' tasteless, . The Twa Dogs. 30.
Dryburgh.	Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and deprest, To R. G. of F
While Summer with a matron grace	But tho' dull prose-folk latin splatter In logic tulzie, . To W. Simpson. P.S.
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade, Add. to Shade of Thomson.	Dulness, Dulness, with redoubled sway . Symon Gray.
Drymple v. Dairymple.	Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur To R. G. of F., 3.
Dub [a pond or small pool, a puddle, a gutter].	O Dulness! portion of the truly blest! Ib. 7. Dumb. Sighing, dumb, despairing! S. Blythe ha'e I been!
For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin! A Ded. to G. H. 10. Then tho' I drudge through dub au' mire,	Ve birdies dumb, in with ring bowers,
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. Ist. 13.	Again ye'll charm the vocal air S. The Catrine woods t
Tam skelpit on thro' dub an' mire, Tam o' Shanter. 9.	Speaking silence, dumb confession, To a Kiss.
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle, . The Inventory.	Dumeller. There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller, S. Tam Glen.
Could shake them o'er the burning dub, Or heave them in The Twa Herds. S.	Dumqurier. You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier; [rc.]
Dublin. Is just as true's the Deil's in hell.	Add, to Dumourier.
Or Dublin city: Death and Dr. Hornbook.	Dun. No beels to bear him from the opening dun; To R. G. of F., 3.
"The worm that guaws my bonie trees,	Dun to. They don benevolence with shameless front;
"That Reptile wears a Ducal crown!" As on the banks †	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Ducat-stream. There's men of taste wou'd tak the Ducat- stream. The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
Duck. Ye duck and drake wi' airy wheels Circling the lake: El. on Capt. M. H. S.	The blossom of our gentry! . To Mr. M Adam.
Duckling. Amang the reeds the ducklings cry. S. Again rejoicing Nature	Dunblane. And at Dunblane, in my ain sight They took the brig wi' a' their might, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Duddie [ragged].	Duncan. There's D-n deep, and P[eeble]s, shaul, The Twa Herds. 10.
Lord grant, nae duddie, desperate beggar, Add. of Beelzebub.	The Twa Herds. 10.
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie, The Twa Dogs. 3. A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans,	Her favour Duncan couldna win; . S. Duncan Davison.
Or aiblins some hit duddie boy, On's wylecoat; To a Louse.	But Duncan swoor a haly aith,

In coming by the brig o' Dye, S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.

Weary fa' you Duncan Gray,	To crush the villain in the dust: Lns on Back of Bank Note. Repose us in the silent dust Sketch. New-Yr's Day. To see her sittan on her arse
Gart poor Duncan stand alnegh: S. Duncan Gray † Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd,	Low i' the dust, The Author's Cry and Prayer. Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star,
Duncan sigh'd, baith out and in,	The Election Ballads. VI. Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Duncan was a lad o' grace,	Low i' the dust To a Mountain-Daisy.
Dundas [The Right Hon, H. Dundas, Treasurer of the Navy, and M.P. for Edinburgh].	mouldering now in silent dust. S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams † Dusty. Hey, the dusty miller, And his dusty coat; [re.]
While slee D-nd-s arous'd the class Be-north the Roman wa', man:	S. Hey, the dusty miller †
And ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran, Dundas his name. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Or what the drumlie Dutch were doin; Kind Sir, I've read †
Had I Dundas's whole estate, . S. When first I saw †	Duty. To adore thee is my duty, Goddess o' this soul o' mine! . S. Bonie wee thing \tau
Dundee [name of Psalm-tune].	Goddess of this soul of mine! . S. Entie wee thing t By love, and by beauty, By law, and by duty; S. Epple Adair.
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.	S. Epfic Adair. Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows. Once foully lov'd †
Dundee [Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee]. From great Dundee, who smiling victory led, And fell a martyr in her arms, Fragment of Ode.	And mind your duty, duely, morn and night! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
But I met the Devil and Dundee	Your duty ye wad sae neglekit, The Twa Herds. 4. I hold it, Sir, my bounden duty To warn you
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O S. Killiecrankie. Dundee. Between Saint Johnston and honie Dundee.	To Gavin Hamilton. Dwalling [dwelling].
S. O whare did ye get †	As fast as ony in the dwalling The Inventory.
She swoor she saw some rebels run To Perth and to Dundee, man: The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Dung v. Dang.	Dwalt [dwelt]. And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance That dwalt on me sae kindly!
Dungeon.	S. Ve banks, and bracs, and streams Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed S. Willie Wastle
Think on the dungeon's grim confine, A Winter Night, 9. Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong. S. Farewell, ye dungeons † Dweller in you dungeon dark. Hangman of creation.	Dwell.
S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	"Nae canker worms get leave to dwell. As on the banks t Where infamy with sad repentance dwells; Ep. fr. Esopus.
Dweller in you dungeon dark, Hangman of creation, Ode, Sac. to Mem. of Mrs. —.	O Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave, On seeing seat of Lord G.	Within whase bosom save Despair Within whase bosom save Despair
And bound him in a dungeon fast, The Jolly Beggars, S. IV. Dungeon-clock.	Nae kinder spirits dwell S. Now Spring has clad † On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells;
The drowsy Dungeon-clock had numbered two,	S. On Cessnock banks † Sctt. II.
The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Dunghill.	In his breast no pity dwells, On scaring Water-fowl. In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire, Add. of Beelzebub, 2.	The Belles of Mauchline. Reflected beams dwell in the streams, The Fête Champetre.
Dunse. I gaed up to Dunse, To warp a wah o' plaiden; S. Robin shure in hairst	His talk o' H-ll, whare devils dwell, . The Holy Fair. 21.
Dunt [a blow, a stroke producing a dull sound]. 1'll tak dunts frae nachody	As in the hosom of the stream The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en; S. There was a lass †
Dunted [beat, thumped, palpitated].	An' cozie here, beneath the blast, Thou thought to dwell, To a Mouse.
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted I'd hear't in mind Friend of the Foet †	In equanimity they [the Muses] never dwell. To R. G. of F., S.
Durance.	Mark Scotia's fond returning eye, It dwells upon Glencairn
In durance vile here must I wake and weep, Ep. fr. Esopus. But nought can glad the weary wight That fast in durance lies. Lament of Mary of Scots.	Dweller. Dweller in you dungeon dark, Hangman of creation, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —
Durk [dirk].	Dwelling.
Wi durk, claymore, or rusty trigger, . Add. of Beelzebub. An' durk an' pistol at her belt,	May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark, Howl thro' the dwelling o' the Clerk! A Ded. to G. H. 14.
She'll tak the streets, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17.	Underneath the grass-green sod, Soon maun be my dwelling. S. Blythe ha'e I been †
Durst. They durst nae mair than he allow'd, To W. Creech.	Farewell, thou stream that winding flows Around Eliza's dwelling; . S. Farewell, thou stream †
Dusht [pushed as by a ram or ox], I glowr'd as cerie's I'd been dusht,	The last time I came o'er the moor,
In some wild glen; . The Vision. D. I. S.	And left Maria's dwelling, S. The last time I† Thickest night surround my dwelling! S. Thickest night †
Dusky. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Dust.	Down by her mother's dwelling! S. When wild War's† Dwelling-place.
Their royal Name low in the dust! Add. to Edinburgh. 6. Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust; S. Awa, whigs, awa.	Whose strong right hand has ever heen
And I shall spurn as vilest dust, The warld's wealth and grandeur: S. Come, let me take thee,	Their stay and dwelling-place! . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps. Dwelt.
The want is weatht and grandent. S. come, ter me take thee, the state of the state	And blinkin Bess of Annandale, That dwelt on Solwayside The Election Ballads, 1.
By cruel hands the sapling drops, In dust dishonor'd laid: S. Fate gave the word, †	Dwindled. I'm dwindled down to mere existence, . Ep. to H. Parker.
But thou remembers we are dust, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.	Dy'd v. Died.
When you lay me in the dust, Think, think how you will hear it. S. Husband, husband †	Dy'd. Her lips still as she fragrant breath'd, It richer dy'd the rose. S. On a bank of flowers †
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust. Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.	And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel In sturdy blows; [v. A. 4] . The Vision.
For silent, low, on heds of dust,	Dye, Brig o'.

For silent, low, on heds of dust, Lie a' that would my sorrows share. Lament for Glencairn.

Dye. The lily's hue, the rose's dye, S. My Mary's face† How can ye please, ye flowers, with all your dies?	The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise; The Cotter's Sat. Night, 13.
The lily's hue and rose's dye	My Lord, I know, your noble ear Woe ne'er assails in vain: The Petition of Br. Water.
Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle, S. Twas even—the dewy† A richer dye has graced them; S. Young Peggy†	Nor with unwilling ear attend The moralizing Muse
Dye, to.	And the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in my ear. S. Wae is my heart †
Whose holy priesthood nane can stain, For wha can dye the black? The Election Ballads. V. Dye-varying. A mask that like the gorget show'd,	While men have eyes, or ears, or taste, She'll always find a lover S. When first I sate †
Dye-varying on the pigeon; The Holy Fair. Dying. Mixt with some warbler's dying fall. S. Here is the glent	And viewless Echo's ear, astonished rends, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
And you'd for my love he was dving:	Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, [re.] S. Ye Jacobites †
S. Last May a braze Woodr T	Ear' [early]. I lo'ed ye ear' and late: S. John Anderson + Earl.
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed! On seeing wounded Hare.	The news o' princes, dukes and earls,
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer. Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Pimps, sharpers, hawds and opera-girls; Kind Sir, Tre read t
There, groaning, dying, she did ly, The Death of Mailie. My dying words attentive hear, Ib.	A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son, . On Pining with Daer. Here's a noble Earl's Fame and high renown,
An' now my dying charge I gie him,	The Election Ballads. IV.
While dving raptures in her arms,	Early. A Rose-hud by my early walk, S. A Rosehud† It scents the early morning
I give and take with Anna! . The gowd. locks of A Shed thy dying honours round, To Miss C—.	Sae early in the morning
But, dying, helieve that my Willie's my ain. S. Wandering Willie.	Awake the early morning
Dyke [a wall or fence of turf or stone].	the tender care That tents thy early morning
Aft 'you the dyke she's [Grannie's] heard you bumman,	Was it the bitter eastern blast,
Add. to the Deil. 6. An' sun oursells about the dyke; The Jolly Beggars. S. V.	That scatters blight in early spring? . As on the banks † And sun that shines so early, S. Come boat me o'cr †
He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,	Oh, enviable, early days, Despondency, an Ode. 5.
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke	And late or early never grumbled? . Ep. to H. Parker.
Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,	O Man! while in thy early years, How prodigal of time! . Man was made to Mourn.
Ahout the dykes The Twa Heras.	To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
Your lives, a dyke!	My father bred me early, O; S. My father was a farmer t When purple morning starts the hare,
Dyke-back.	To steal upon her early fare, S. Now rosy May t
Or die a cadger pownie's death, At some dyke-back, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 7.	The waken'd lav'rock warhling springs And climbs the early sky, S. Now Spring has clad†
Dyke-side.	And climbs the early sky, S. Now Spring has clad † A dram o' gude strunt in a morning early, S. O ken ye what Meg †
A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail, And barley-scone shall cheer me. To Mr. M'Adam.	As songsters of the carry year
Dysart. Up wi' the carls of Dysart, . S. Hey ca' thro'.	Are ilka day mair sweet to hear, S. O Phely t Sweet early object of my youthful yows, Once fondly locid t
Dyvor [a bankrupt, a disreputable fellow]. And rot the dyvor's i' the jails! Add of Beeleebub.	Bonje Doon, whare early roaming,
Dyvor, beggar louns to me, . S. Louis what reck I t	First I weav'd the rustic sang S. Scenes of weet
E. Reluctant, E stalked in;	I mind it weel in early date, When I was heardless, young and blate,
Each. Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	The Ans. to the Guidwife. May there my latest hours consume,
Eager. He dips in gall unmixed his cager pen, Ep. fr. Esopus.	Among the friends of early days! S. The Banks of Nith.
As eager runs the market-crowd, When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud; Tam o' Shanter. 17.	By early Poverty to hardship steel'd, . The Brigs of Ayr. An' he paidles late an' early, O! . S. The deuks dang o'er.
Eagle.	And cuddled me late and early, O:
Learning, with his eagle eyes, . Add. to Edinburgh. 2.	The Autumn mourns her ripining corn By early Winter's ravage torn; . S. The gloomy night
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand : S. Caledonia.	Three bizzies, early at the road, The Holy Fair, 2
The eagle's gaze alone surveys The sun's meridian splendor: S. Lovely Davies.	I will mak my Ploughman's hed, And chear him late and early. S. The Ploughman's
The eagle, from the cliffy brow, . On scaring Water-fowl. The black-headed eagle, As keen as a beagle,	This poor man was seen to go early to work,
Eagle-pinioned. The black-headed Eagle.	The Poor Thresher Early next morning the goodwife arose,
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,	The time flew by, wi' tentless heed,
Soar around each cliffy bold, Wr. in Friar's Carse II Ear. But oh, it was a tale of woe,	Till 'tween the late and early; . S. The Kigs o Barkey
As ever met a Briton's ear!	With future hope, I oft would gaze, Fond, on thy little, early ways, The Vision. D. II. 13
When on my ear this plaintive strain, Slow—solemn, stole A Winter's Night. 6.	Cauld blew the bitter-biting North Upon thy early, humble birth; To a Mountain-Daisy
The parasite [Flatt'ry] empoisoning her [Luxury's] ear, Ib. 8.	That lov'st to greet the early morn, S. To Mary in Heat en
But Delia, more delightful still [than lark or rill] Steal thine accents on mine ear Delia. An Ode.	Blooming on thy early May, To Miss C
Could'st thou to malice lend an ear! , S. Fairest Maid †	the bearing of an Where early life I sported :
A boding voice is in mine ear, S. From thee, Eliza, † "Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; Lament for Glencairn.	5. II MEM 10111 IT 107 5
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened.	That danc'd to the lark's early song? S. Where are the joys: That nipt my flower sae early! The and haves and streams
Monody, on a Lady. Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear, On Lincluden Castle.	S. 1 C Danks, that Drain, thin streams
Unbeard unseen, by human ear or eye,	Farn
On Death of K. Dundas,	Blythe [was she] by the banks of Earn, S. Blythe was she,
Nor pour your descant grating on my ear: Sonnet on Death of R.	She tripped by the banks of Earn,

Farm 4:	Ease, to.
Earn, to. When sometimes by my labour	Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us, Add. to Toothache.
I earn a little money, O, . S. My father was a farmer †	If she winna ease the throes,
Earn'd. Go bid him lay his laurels down,	In my bosom swelling; S. Blythe ha'e I been † 'We'll ease our shanks and tak' a seat,
And all his well-earn'd praise disclaim. S. The capt. Ribband.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11 Kind Fortune ease a breaking heart,
Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd, My fate will scarce bestow: S. The sun he is sunk †	My Harry was a gallant †
Earnest.	There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care. S. No Churchman am I †
L-d hear my earnest cry an' pray'r, Holy Willie's Prayer.13.	Eas'd.
With earnest tears I pray, O Thou dread Pow'r†	Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks, S. Duncan Davison.
Earth. Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.	East. There was three kings into the east, John Barleycorn. The paly moon rose in the livid east,
And weep the ae best fellow's fate	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
E'er lay in earth El. on Capt. M. II. 16. Light lay the earth on Billy's breast, Epig. on noted Coxcomb.	The south nor the east give ease to my breast, S. Out over the Forth †
Must earth no rascal, save thyself, endure? . Ep. fr. Esopus.	A winnock-bunker in the east
Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth, Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast; Tam o' Shanter, 11.
But groveling on the earth the carol ends 1b. 5.	I hae been east, I hae been west, . S. The Ploughman † When [the Lark] upward springing, blythe, to greet
Here lies in earth a root of Hell, Ep. on D. C.	The purpling East, To a Mountain-Daisy.
Say, sages, what's the charm on earth,	Ye monarchs, tak the east and west, Frae Indus to Savannah! . S. The gowd, Locks of A
Can turn death's dart aside? Epit. on Miss J. Lewars. Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,	Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west, S. Up in the morning.
S. Farewell, thou fair day t	But gang she east, or gang she west, S. When first I saw †
And my last hald of earth is gane: Lament for Glencairn.	Eastern.
"On earth I am a stranger grown; 1b. Who begs a brother of the earth	Was it the bitter eastern blast, That scatters blight in early spring? As on the banks †
To give him leave to toil; . Man was made to Mourn.	Till painting gay the eastern skies,
Tho' ye bad a' the sun shines on, And the earth conceals sae lowly; S. My Collier Laddic.	The glorious sun began to rise; S. It was the charming † (And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
My pains o' hell on earth are past, S. O ay my wife she dang.	Did nip a fairer flower.) To Chloris.
By heaven and earth I love thee. S. O were I on Parnass.	When o'er the hill the eastern star Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo; S. When o'er the hill †
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest. On seeing wounded Hare.	Eastlin [easterly],
Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.	How do ye this blae eastlin win', Auld Comrade †
The Brigs of Ayr. S.	Easy. a cukoo sang That's unco easy said ay: A Dream, 2.
How He, who bore in heaven the second name, Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head;	The stibble rig is easy plough'd, . S. O can ye labour lea† How easy can the barley-brie
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 15.	Cement the quarrel! . Scotch Drink. 13.
Had I on earth but wishes three, The first should be my Anna S. The gowd, locks of A.	I'll make thy days easy the rest of thy life; The Poor Thresher.
the earth bestowing My simple food; The Hermit.	You'll easy draw a weel-kent face, To a Painter. The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog, To R. G. of F. 7.
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth, May bear the gree, and a' that! S. The Honest Man.	Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,	Lowse h-ll upon me. To Rev. J. M'Math.
The Rights of Woman. Love blinks, Wit slaps, an social Mirth	Eat. Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence, Not to show her respect, but—to save the expence.
Forgets there's care upo' the earth The Twa Dogs. 19.	Epig. on henpecked Squire. Another. That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neigh-
Or when the deep-green-mantl'd Earth, Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth, The Vision, D. II. 14.	bours: Fragment, inser. to Fox.
The trembling earth resounds his tread, . To a Haggis.	I'll eat the apple at the glass,
Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth Thy tender form To a Mountain-Daisy.	May they never eat of her bread!
And resign to Parent Earth	S. Here's a health to them † Some hae meat and canna eat,
The lovliest form she e'er gave birth To Miss C.	And some wad eat that want it, But we hae meat and we can eat, The Selkirk Grace.
Earth-born. At me, thy poor, earth-born companion, An' fellow-mortal! To a Mouse.	Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat
Earthly.	Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; . The Tree of Liberty.
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole, A Bard's Epit.	They drink the sweet and eat the fat, But care or pain; To J. S., 17.
Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers, When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.	Eaten.
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,	And eaten like a wether haggis? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt.G. † Eating. Nae the meat, but appetite
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford. Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene? S. Why am I loth †	Maks our eating a delight: . S. Jockey fou, †
Ease.	Ebb. Ocean's chb, and ocean's flow; S. Let not woman t
Come ease, or come travail, come pleasure or pain;	Ebbing. When ebbing life nae mair shall flow, . A Ded. to G.H. 14.
S. Contented wi' little † Ease fractioil, relief fractar: S. Fracthe friends †	The heaped bapper's ebbing still,
Ease frae toil, relief frae care: S. Frae the friends † There's wealth and ease for gentlemen, S. Gane is the day †	And still the clap plays clatter. Add. to Unco Guid. 1.
Her lovely form, her native ease, . S. On a bank of flowers t	While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands, O, who would not die with the brave!
The south nor the east give ease to my breast, S. Out over the Forth +	S. Farewell, thou fair day †

S. Out over the Forth +

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend, The Cotter's Sat. Night.

With sober selfish ease they sip it up: . To R. G. of F., 7.

I kittle up my rustic reed; It gies me ease. To W. Simpson.

As life itself becomes disease, Seek the chimney-nook of ease. Wr. in Friar's Carsc. H..

Make content and case thy aim. Wr. in Hermitage at F. C..

Now half-extinct your powers of song, Sweet Echo is no more. On death of Lap-dog.

Echo. Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
S. Afton Water.

And ny the wild wood echoes rang, O dearly do I lo'e thee Annie. S. By Allan Stream †

The wild birds sang, the echoes rang, S. Damon and Sylvia.	Sae bonie blue her een, my dearie; S. Brazu lads of G. Water †
Where Echo slumbers El. on Capt. M. H. 3.	S. Braw lads of G. Water †
	Till clay-cauld death sall blin' my e'e, . S. Ca' the Ewes.
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,	Grat his een baith bleer't and blin', S. Duncan Gray t
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar, S. Highland Laddie. The winds, lamenting thro' their caves, To echo bore their notes alang. Lament for Glencairn.	And oh! her cen they spak sic things!
Makes woodland echoes ring; Lament of Mary of Scots.	And frac my een the drapping rains Maun ever flow. El. on Capt. M. H. 11.
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired, Monody, on a Lady.	Maun ever flow. El. on Capt. M. H. 11. Ye bonnie lasses, dight your een, El. on Year 1788.
Till Echo answer frae her cave, . Tam Samson's El., 13.	An' hy her een wha was a dear ane! Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.
And ay the wild-wood echoes rang,	His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e, Extem in Court of Session.
Fareweel the braes of Ballochmyle. S. The Catrine Woods †	I dighted ay her een sae blue, S. Had I the wyte t
And echo cons the doolfu' tale; S. The Contented Cottager.	They steek their een, an' grape an' wale, . Halloween, 4.
An' echoes back return the shouts; . The Holy Fair. 21.	Jean slips in twa [nits], wi' tentie e'e;
Till echoes a' resound again, Her weel-sung praise. To W. Simpson.	A bonie Lass, all will confess,
Except where green-wood echoes rang	Is pleasant to the e'e, S. Handsome Nell. The lass wi'the bonie black e'e S. Her Daddie forbad i
Except where green-wood echoes rang S. Twas even—the devey \tau	I guess by the dear rolling ee; S. Here's a health to ane †
And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.	I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Echo, to. Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's	Twa lovely een of bonic blue. [re.] . S. I gaed a waefu t
And Scotland's wrangs.	Bare her leg and bright her een, S. I met a lass †
Echoed, -'d, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 12.	But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e, S. In simmer when †
A cushat crooded o'er me,	Let love sparkle in her e'e; S. Jockey fou,
That echoed through the braes One night as I†	the day's fair, gladsome e'e, . S. Jockey's ta'en the parting
Ye shades that echo'd to his vows, S. To thee, lov'd Nith †	Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; Lament for Glencairn. Frae woman's pitying e'e. Lament of Mary of Scots.
Echoing. And the distant-echoing glens reply A Vision.	He spak o' the darts o' my bonie black een,
Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong; . On Lincluden.	S. Last May a braze wooer †
The echoing wood, the winding flood, S. The Fête Champetre. Eclips'd.	The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,
like the sun eclips'd at morning tide. El. on Miss Burnet.	Where laughing love sae wanton swims. S. My Lord a-hunting †
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears, To R. G. of F., 9.	The bonie blink o' Mary's ee. [re.] S. Now bank and brae †
Ecliptic. Or loup the ecliptic like a bar; Ep. to H. Parker.	Her een sae honie blue betray,
Ecstasy. Is heaven-ward raised in ecstasy On Lincluden.	How she repays my passion; . S. O poortith cauld t
Eddying. Wild-eddying swirl, A Winter Night. 2.	Kind love is in her e'e. [re.] . S. O this is no my ain t
When, from the eddying deep below,	But gleg as light are lovers' een,
Up rose the Genius of the stream. As on the banks + Eden.	Ye [flowers] catch the glances of ber e'e! S. O wat ye wha's in t
Lang syne in Eden's bonie yard,	S. O wat ye wha's in t Thy tempting lips, thy glancing een, S. O were I on Parnass.
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd, Add. to the Deil. 15.	But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e, . S. O whistle, t
While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood, Unfolds her tender mantle green.	Wa are na fou, we're nae that fou,
Add. to Shade of Thomson.	But just a drappy in our e'e; . S. O Willie brew'd †
Edge. This hour on e'enin's edge I take,	But aye the tear comes in my ee, To think on him that's far awa. S. Oh, how can I be blythet
To own I'm debtor, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 1. But see him on the edge of life, Man was made to Mourn.	The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him.
Auld Sootie then swore by the edge of his knife.	The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him, Wi' tearfu' e'e: On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
S. There liv a ance a carle \(\)	And the glancin' of her sparklin' e'en. S. On Cessnock banks †
Edifice. Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en [rz.] Ib. But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace,
Edina, Edinburgh, Embro', Enbrugh.	An' chiefly in her sparklin' een
Edina! Scotia's darling seat! . Add. to Edinburgh. 1.	An' she has two sparkling rogueish een. [re.] . Ib. Sett. II.
Thy Sons, Edina, social, kind, 16.3.	'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace, An' chiefly in her rogueish een
Embro' wells are grutten dry El. on Year 1788.	And chiefly in her rogueish een
I will awa to Edinburgh and win a pennie fee,	The saut tear blin't his e'e; . S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.
S. There grows a bonie †	Twa laughing een o' bonie blue S. Sae flaxen †
My curse upon your whunstane bearts, Ye Enbrugh Gentry! . To W. Simpson.	And thought his very een enrich'd; . Tam o' Shanter. 16.
Education. My talents they were not the worst.	Her pauky smile, her kittle een, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Nor yet my education, O; . S. My father was a farmer †	Sages their solemn een may steek, The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
O' nice education but sma' is her share:	All also was bush'd as Nature's closed e'e !
S. You wild mossy mountains †	All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e: The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Edward. See approach proud Edward's power, Edward, chains, and slavery! S. Scots, wha hae t	It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e, Ib. 4.
Edwin. 1 send you more than India boasts In Edwin's simple tale. To Miss L., with "Beattie."	But Nature sicken'd on the e'e. S. The Catrine Woods† In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e,
But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
An Edwin still to you	The wily Mother sees the conscious flame Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek
Ee, E'e, Een [eye, eyes].	Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek, Ib. 7. Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's, The Death of Mailie.
Ee, E'e, Een [eye, eyes]. Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing, An' close thy e'e? A Winter Night. 4.	An' clos'd her een amang the dead!
And bear the scott that's it her e.e.	Here's the worth o' Broughton In a needle's e'e:
S. Again rejoicing Nature†	The Election Dallads, It .
Her een sae bright, like stars by night, S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.	O that my een were flowing burns!
And by thy een sae bonie blue, . S. An' I'll kiss thee yet +	Wi' hand on hainch, and upward e'e, The Jolly Beggars, R. V.
To cast my een up like a Pyet [just shot], Auld comrade †	Wi' ghastly e'e poor Tweedledee
I bleer my een wi' greetin S. Ay waukin, O.	
	Upon his hunkers bended, 10. K. 11.
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet, As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e. S. Blythe was she,†	Upon his hunkers bended, Ib. R. I'I. While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e; S. The Lass that made the bed.

Frae e'enin till the cock did craw :

Fu' aft at e'en Wi' dancing keen, .

. S. The lovely lass † The night was still †

S. The tither morn t

And eke the same to bonest Lucky, . To Dr. Blacklock.

Eked. But what his common sense came short,
He eked it out wi' law, Extem. in Court of Session.

And aye the salt tear blinds her ee: S. The lovely lass † And by them lies the dearest lad, That ever blest a woman's ee! Ib.	Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling, At baking, roasting, frying, boiling; The Twa Dogs. 9. As in the bosom of the stream
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear;	The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en: S. There was a lass † In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,
Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e, My tears rin down like rain. The ruined Maid's Lament.	To meet the Warld's worm; To Gav. Hamilton. And lang's the night frae e'en to morn, S. Up in the morning.
It clears the een, it cheers the heart, The Tree of Liberty.	He's always compleenin frae mornin' to e'enin,
Her e'en sae bright, her brow sae white, S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.	S. What can a yng lassie † For aye the brose ye sup at e'en,
And did na joy blink in her e'e; . S. There was a lass †	Ye book them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang t E'er v. Ever.
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e, S. There's and Rob M. †	Eerie (scared; affected with superstitious fear; in-
I backward cast my e'e, On prospects drear! To a Mouse.	spiring fear of the supernatural]. wi' hissing ceric din;
And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e, S. To daunton me.	bumman, Wi' eerie drone ; Add. to the Deil. 6.
An anxions e'e I never throws Behint my lug, or by my nose; To J. S., 25.	Their capon craws and queer ha ha's They made our lugs grow eerie, O. S. Amang the trees †
gi'en the body half an e'e,	O! wben I wake I'm eerie S. Ay waking, O†
Ye turned a neuk—I saw your e'e	When I wauk I'm eerie; S. Ay wankin, O. Nae nightly hogle make it [the bower] eerie;
Not the Poet in the moment Fancy lightens in his e'e, S. Turn again, thou fair †	S. Ey Allan stream † 1 there wi' Something does forgather,
'Twas na ber bonie blue e'e was my ruin ; S. 'Twas na her bonie †	I hat pat me in an eerie swither; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.
A tear may wet thy laughin' e'e, For Scotia's son—ance gay like thee . V.s under Grief.	He was sae fley'd an' eerie:
Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e; S. Wae is my heart †	And now what seas between us roar,
Wha would soon dry the tears frae his Phillis's e'e. Ib. Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e;	How can I be but eerie
S. Wandering Willie,	The silly bogles, Wealth and State,
My een they almost failed me. S. When first I saw † And turned me round to hide the flood	Can never make them eerie. S. O poortith cauld,† Sair I fecht them [Hunger and Want] at the door. But ay I'm eerie they come ben. S. O that I had ne'er †
That in my een was swelling When wild War's †	But ay I'm eerie they come ben. S. O that I had ne'er † I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht, The Vision. D. I. 8.
She has an e'e, she has but ane, The cat has twa, the very colour; . S. Willie Wastle†	Is grown right eerie now she's done it, To Rev. J. M'Math.
They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts. S. You wild mossy mountains †	How can I be but eerie! When I think on t
Kindness, sweet Kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e, . Ib.	At midnight hour, in mirkest glen, I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O, S. When o'er the hills †
He roos'd my een sae honie blue, S. Young Jockey † E'e, to [to eye, watch].	Efface. Eternity cannot efface
Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee, Add. to Illegit, Child.	Those records dear of transports past, To Mary in Heaven. If aught that giver from my mind efface: To R. Graham.
E'e brie [eye-brow].	If anght that giver from my mind efface: To R. Graham. Effected.
My blessins upon thy bonie e'e brie! S. O whare did ye get † Eel. Ye fisher herons, watching eels; El. on Capt. M. H. S.	God knows what may be effected, When by such heads and hearts directed: Add. of Beelzebub.
Eels weel kend for souple tail, . Tam Samson's El., 6.	Effectual Calling (a 'Question' in the Catechism).
Een v. E'e. E'en [even].	He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling, As fast as ony in the dwalling The Inventory.
And I may e'en gae hang S. She's fair and fause t	Effort. Even they [tunefu' powers] mann dare an effort mair, S. Lovely Davies.
E'en let him come out as he dowe. The black-headed Eagle† And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he! The Erigs of Ayr, 4.	Effusion. I will not wind a lang conclusion, With complimentary effusion; A Ded to G. H., 15.
But as to his fine Nabob fortune, We'll e'en let this subject alane. The Election Ballads, III.	Egg. There's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman, S. Ogin ye were dead.
The body, e'en let him escape;	Egyptlan. Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
E'enin, E'en [evening].	Wad scize you quick. Letter to J. Goudie.
O cauld blaws the e'enin blast When bitter bites the frost, . S. Cauld is the e'enin †	In your beretic sins may you live and die, Ye heretic eight and thirty! The Dean of Fac
Sae blythe and merry's we will be, When ye set by the wheel at e'en. S. Duncan Davison.	Eighty-eight.
To lye in kilns and barns at e'en, Ep. to Davie. 3.	O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space What dire events ha'e taken place! . El. on Year 1788.
Paitricks scraichan loud at e'en, . Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 1st. This hour on e'enin's edge 1 take,	Eighty-eight he wish'd you [ministers] weel,
To own I'm dehtor,	In Eighty eight, ye ken, was ta'en What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again
My arms about my Dearie, O; S. Green grow the Rashes.	Eighty-nine. O Eighty-nine, thou's but a bairn, El. on Year 1738.
Beset thy servant e'en and morn, I restless lie frae e'en to morn, S. How long and dreary †	Eild [old age].
As blythe lay down at e'en: . Lament of Mary of Scots,	My trunk of eild, but bass or beild, S. But lately seen, † a dame in wrinkled eild, S. In simmer when †
Her hair is like the curling mist That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock bankt	
An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn, Perfume the plain, Scotch Drink. 3.	wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn The Brigs of Ayr. 7. See, crazy, weary, juyless Eild, Wi' wrinkl'd face, Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field, Wi creeping pace. To J. S., 13.
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!	Eke [also],
S. The Contented Cottager. They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,	And eke a braw new brechan On IV. Chalmers.
S. The Cooper o' cuddy † For e'en and morn she cries, alas! . S. The lovely lass †	But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke, And eke my hangman's knife. The Election Ballads. V.
The society tass T	And eke the same to honest Lucky. To Dr. Blacklock

Elate. Rousing elate in these degenerate times:

In all his pedagogic powers elate, .

The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,

The Rights of Woman.

El. on Miss Eurnet.

S. From thec. Eliza t

On Death of R. Dundas.

. The Vowels.

Fliza

Ve cease to charm: Eliza is no more.

Farewell, thou stream that winding flows

Around Eliza's dwelling ; [re.] S. Farewell, thou stream t

From thee, Eliza, I must go, . In all his pedagogic powers caree, .

Stern Ruin's plough-share drives elate.

Full on thy bloom. To a Mountain-Daisy. How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate, Monody, on a Lady. Check thy climbing step, elate, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Turn again, thou fair Eliza, [re.] S. Turn again, thou fair t Elbow. I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought, Ell [a Scotch ell is thirty-seven inches]. S. Contented wi little. + Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa-Thy auld damned elbow yeaks wi' joy, . . Poem on Life. Death and Dr. Hornbook. . Tam o' Shanter. 5. And at his elbow, Souter Johnny, . An sic a Lord-lang Scotch ells twa, On dining with Daer. Elbuck [elbow]. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; . . Sketch. Lang may your elbnck jink and diddle, Ep. to Maj. Logan, 3. When ilka ell cost me a groat, Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle, Second Ep. to Davic. The taylor staw the lynin o't. S. The cardin o't. . The Ordination, 7. Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep, Eller [an elder of the Church, v. Elder]. Elder. Belyve, the elder bairns come drapping in. And me the Eller's dochter? . . S. Robin shure in hairst. The Cotter's Sat. Night, 1. Elliot [the defender of Gibraltar]. When with an elder Sister's air She did me greet. Yet let my Country need me, with Elliot to head me, The Vision. D. II. I. I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.

The Jolly Beggars. S. I. O thou my elder brother in misfortune, By far my elder brother in the muses, Elm. spreading beach and tapering Elm, As on the banks t Wr. under Port. of Fergusson. Elder [a Church office-bearer whose office is "to rule," and so, called "ruling elder" in distinction from the "teaching elder" or minister]. Eloquence. Nae, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet Till for eloquence you hail him, . The Dean of Fac.. Wha bring thy elders to disgrace, Holy Willie's Prayer. 10. Shaw's and Dalrymple's eloquence, The Twa Herds, 17. The Whistle, 15. A high ruling elder to wallow in wine! . Emblem. Thou [daisy] emblem, said I, o' my Phillis, S. Adown winding Nith + Eldest. And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear: S. The Posie. Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4. Embolden'd. But she wad send the sodger youth nt she wad send the sought your...
To greet his [the king's] eldest son.

The Election Ballads, I. Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear Your humble slave complain. The Petition of Br. Water. Eldritch (weird, unearthly, ghastly, hideous, horrid, wild, frightful]. Embowering. The Petition of Br. Water. The close embowering thorn. Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way, Wi' eldritch croon. Embrace. . Add. to the Deil. 5. frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace. The Brigs of Ayr. 8. . . . 15. 8. wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick, Or clasp me in a close embrace; . S. The capt. Ribband. The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh, And birks extend their fragrant arms Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24. The Fetition of Br. Water. Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower. To screen the dear embrace. The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
In his embraces sunk; The Jolly Beggars. R. VII. In some auld tree, or eldritch tower, El. on Capt. M. II. 10. It's ten to ane yell find him snug in Some eldritch part, On Grose's Peregrinations. In his embraces sunk; I lock'd her in my fond embrace; S. The Rigs o' Barley. To Mary in Heaven. Thy image at our last embrace; Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow. Tam o' Shanter. 17. Enclasped, and grasped, Within thy cold embrace? To Ruin. His eldritch squeel an' gestures, . . The Holy Fair. 13. Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace, S. Ve banks, and bracs, and streams Elect. On this hand sits an Elect swatch. n this hand sits an Elect swatch. Wi'screw'd-np, grace-proud faces; [v. A. 18] The Holy Fair, 10. Embrace, to. I wad turn my back on you and it a', And embrace my Collier laddie. S. My Collier Laddie. . The Ordination. 8. Her robes, light waving in the breeze,

We roder limbs embrace, . . . S. On a bank of flowers t And like a godly, elect bairn, . Election. Wha will buy my troggin Gude election ware; The Election Ballads. IV. Embracing. Elegance. Adown my cheeks the pearls ran, Embracing my John Highlandman. The folly Beggars. S. IV. There Architecture's noble pride Bids elegance and splendor rise; Add, to Edinburgh, 2. Morality himsel, Embracing all opinions; The Ordination. 12. Here History paints, with elegance and force, Prologue, sp. by Woods. Embro'v. Edina. Grace, beanty, and elegance, fetter her lover, Embryo-tuneful. S. True hearted was het 'I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame, The Vision. D. II. 11. Elekit [elected]. Embryotic. But by the brutes themselves elekit, To mark the embryotic trace To be their guide. . . The Two Herds, A. Of rustic Bard: The Vision. D. II. 10. Element. Emperor. That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,

Kind Sir, Tve read t Last, she [Nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles The flashing elements of female souls, Ep. to R. Graham. 2. Empire. The Spanish empire's tint a head, El. on Year 1788. But still the elements o' sang In formless jumble, right an wrang,
Wild floated in my brain; The Ans. to the Guidwife. The tide of Empire's fluctuating course; Prologue, sp. by Woods. Who marked each element's border; S. The Sons of old Killie. The fate of empires and the fall of kings, The Rights of Woman. Adam A-'s Prayer. At whose destruction-breathing word, Elf. though I am an elf o' mettle, . The mightiest empires fall! . To Ruin. Wouldst thou be cur'd thou silly moping elf, Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Empire-giving. O thou, dread Power! whose empire-giving hand Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land! Prologue, sp. by Woods. Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport, Despondency, an Ode. 5. By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12. Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner, Employ. L-d visit them wha did employ him,

Holy Willie's Prayer. 15. Better than ony Tenant-man . . The Twa Dogs, 9. . To Miss Fontenelle. Simple, wild, enchanting elf, . Sketch, New-Yr's Day. Let us th' important now employ, Elgin [name of a minor Psalm-tune]. Employ'd. Or noble Elgin beats the heaven-ward flame, The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13. Your dear remembrance in my breast, My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd. . The Lament.

Employment.	End, to.
I'll fear nae scant. I'll hode nae want	Wha kens, before his life may end,
As lang's I get employment S. Here's to thy health, †	What his share may be o' care, man? A Bottle and Friend.
tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment, . The Twa Dogs. 16.	An' thy auld days may end in starvin', A Guid New-year † 17.
Empoisoning. The parasite empoisoning her [Luxury's] ear,	Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage ends:
A Winter Night. 7.	Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Empress.	But groveling on the earth the carol ends
Mourn, Empress of the silent night: El. on Capt. M. H. 14.	And bid wild war his ravage end, S. How can my poor heart
There I'll despise imperial charms, An Empress or Sultana, S. The gowd. Locks of A.	Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption Death soon will end ber. Letter to J. Goudic.
Fair Empress of the Poet's soul, To a Lady.	wad send relief, An' end the quarrel 16.
Empty. And empty all his barrels: Epit. on G. Richardson.	So how this weighty plea may end,
While empty greatness saves a worthless name!	wad send relief, An' end the quarrel. Ib. So how this weighty plea may end, Nae mortal wight can tell: The Election Ballads. I. And hitber came. with men disgusted.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	And hitber came, with men disgusted, My life to end The Hermit.
Their titles a' are empty show; S. The High. Lassic. Despising worlds with all their wealth	An' monie jobs that day begin.
As empty idle care: The Petition of Br. Water.	May end in Houghmagandie Some ither day.
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,	The Holy Fair. 27. To end the wark here's Whistlebirk, S. The Laddies by
Beam'd keen with Honor. The Vision, D. I, 10. Empurpled.	I think my wife will end her life,
There commix'd with foulest stains	Before she spin her tow S. The weary Pund.
From tyranny's empurpled bands: S. Streams that glide †	gin ye like to end the bother, What ails ye now t
Emulate. To emulate his sire; Nature's Law.	Endear. While conscious virtue all the strain endears, To Miss Graham.
En' [end]. Or whether 'twas a bank-en', Halloween. 12.	Endearing.
Glowrin by the hallan en'; S. O that I had ne'er † Enamour. His honest heart enamours, On IV. Chalmers.	And oft a more endearing band, Ep. to Davie. 10.
Enamour. His honest heart enamours, On IV. Chalmers. Enamour'd.	by sweet endearing stealth, . The Petition of Br. Water.
The flower-enamour'd busy bee Delia. An Ode.	Endeavour,
(Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows,)	But whilst your wishes and endeavours,
The Election Ballads, VI.	Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours, A Ded. to G. H., 15.
enamour'd and fond of my anguish, S. Where are the joys † Enbrugh v. Edina.	Some cause unseen still stept between,
Enchant. 'Tis this enchants my soul, S. Handsome Nell.	To frustrate each endeavour, O: S. My father was a farmer †
Enchanted. This life, sae far's 1 understand,	For our sincere, tho' baply weak endeavours,
Is a' enchanted fairy-land, . To J. S., 12.	Prologue, at Th., D.,
Enchanting.	And do our endeavour to keep us from want. S. The Poor Thresher.
The Queen of love could never move With motion more enchanting S. As I gaed up by †	I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan; S. What can a yng lassie†
To harmony's enchanting notes, S. The Fête Champetre.	S. What can a yng lassie †
Simple, wild, enchanting elf, To Miss Fontenelle.	Ended. With a glorious bottle that ended my cares. S. No Churchman am I†
Encircled. Encircled in her clasping arms, The Lament.	So ran the far-fam'd Roman way,
Enclasped.	So ended in a mire On same Lord G.
Enclasped to my faithful breast, I'll comfort thee, my dearie O. S. Lassie wi the lint white†	He saw her days were near hand ended, The Death of Mailie. He ended; and the kebars sheuk,
Enclasped and grasped, Within thy cold embrace? To Ruin.	Aboon the chorus roar; . The Jolly Beggars. R. II.
Enclose.	An' so the quarrel ended;
Else why within so thick a wall	But, to my comfort he it spoke, Now, now her life is ended. S. The loyful Widower.
Enclose so poor a treasure? On Com. Goldie's Brains.	Now, now her life is ended. S. The Joyful Widower. Endless.
Enclosed. But please transmit the enclosed letter, Ken ye ought of Capt. G. †	Through an endless existence shall charm thee.
Encore. A sweeping, kindling, hauld strathspey— Encore! Bravo! Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.	On Death of fav. Child,
Encore! Bravo! Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.	Endor. A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
He skirl'd out, encore The Jolly Beggars. R. II. Encounter.	On Grose's Peregrinations.
Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue.	O injured God! Thy goodness bas endow'd me
S. Caledonia.	With talents passing most of my compeers, . Tragic Frag.
End. As I gaed up by you gate end, . S. As I gaed up by t	Endurance.
When at the hlythe end of our journey at last.	With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear, To R. G. of F., 7.
Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past. S. Contented wi' little †	Must earth no rescal save threalf and re? Et C. E
Some books are lies frae end to end,	Must earth no rascal, save thyself, endure? Ep. fr. Esopus. Is nought to what poor she endures
Death and Dr. Hornbook, Ev'n when the wished end's deny'd,	That's trusted faithless man, jo S. O Lassie, art thou t
Yet while the husy means are ply'd,	To mourn the woes my country must endure.
They bring their own reward: Despondency, an Ode. 2. nae other end Than just a kind memento;	On Death of R. Dundas. Ob! I pity the pangs that you endure:
Ep. to Young Friend, 1,	S. The Winter it is past †
For care and trouble set your thought.	Enduring.
Ev'n when your end's attained;	Niest day their life is past enduring The Twa Dogs. 32. Enemy. Wi's word in hand, before his band,
They [wha fa'] equally may answer:	Amang his en mies a', man. A Fragment 2
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,	And then his enemies began
The Cotter's Sat. Night. This night his weekly moil is at an end,	To show their deadly rage John Barleycorn.
This night his weekly moil is at an end, Ib. 2. This, all its source and end to draw,	Or in his en'mies hands, man : S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
That to adore. [v.A.4] The Vision.	Energy. They bind the wild, Poetic rage In energy, [v. A. 4] The Vision. D. II.
The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;	Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath,
They raise a din, that, in the end,	To R. G. of F. o
Is like to breed a rupture O' wrath . The Holy Fair, 18.	Enerv'd. sunk enerv'd 'Mang heaps o' clavers; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
	toom on I assorat Poetry,

Eneugh [enough].	A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment The Twa Dogs. 16.
An' ay eneugh o' needfn' clink Auld comrade dear †	And large, before Enjoyment's gale,
Kirk-yards will soon be till'd eneugh, Death and Dr. Hornbook, 24.	Let's tak the tide To J. S., 11. Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe S. Where are the joys †
Yet crooning to a body's sel,	Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.,
Does weel enough Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 8. That would be lear enough for me,	Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
An' tho' fu' foughten sair eneugh,	There solid self-enjoyment lies;
Yet unco proud to learn. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Enlarge. When taxes he enlarges, A Dream, 7. Enlarg'd. Their views enlarg'd, Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
I've wife enough for a' that. The Jolly Beggars, S. VII.	Enlighten'd.
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; . The Twa Dogs. 30. Enfauld [infold]. The darksome night did me enfauld,	Ve favored, enlighten'd Few, . The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
S. The Lass that made the bed.	Enlisted.
Engage. The losses, the crosses, That active man engage; Despondency, an Odc. 5.	That night enlisted in the core, Tam o' Shanter. 15. Enough. That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough;
Common motives lang sinsyne, Never can engage my love;	Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Now hand you there! for faith ye've said enough,
Been there to hear this heavenly band engage, The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	The Brigs of Ayr, 10. Enough of ought ye like but grace; The Inventory.
Engaged. And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray;) Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	I've paid enough for her already,
In the cause of right engaged, S. Thickest night †	The Kirk's Alarm, 17.
Engine. Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang, Like racking engines! . Add. to Toothache.	Is that enough for you to souse Your servant sae? What ails ye now †
England. And England, triumphant, display her proud rose;	Enow [enough].
S. How pleasant the banks †	Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 15.
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty Lord, Scots Prologue.	There's themes enow in Caledonian story, . Scots Prologue.
Syne let us pray, auld England may Sure plant this far-famed tree, man; The Tree of Liberty.	That when noe real ills, perplex them, They mak enow themsels to vex them; The Twa Dogs, 29.
To mark where England's province stands S. The Union.	Enquire. With heart-struck, anxions care enquires his name,
English. But spleeny English, hanging, drowning. Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	Enraptur'd.
Then came the Laird o' Lochinton	Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd, The Lament.
Out frae the English border, . Katharine Jaffray.	Enrich.
The bravest heart on English ground, Had yielded like a coward On Miss J. Scott.	That brilliant gift will so enrich me, Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
His faults they a' in Latin lay,	Enrich'd.
In English nane e'er kent them. On W. Cruickshanks. His English style, and gesture fine,	And thought his very een enrich'd; . Tam o' Shanter. 16.
Are a' clean out o' season The Holy Fair. 15.	Enroll. And in His Book of Life the Inmates poor enroll. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.
The English steel we could disdain, S. The Union.	Enroll'd.
But English gold has been our bane	I've ta'en the gold an been enroll'd The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
We're hought and sold for English gold 1b. Engulph.	Ensanguin'd. Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood;
Now Death and Hell engulph thy foes,	S. Caledonia, 5.
The Election Ballads, VI,	Enslave. But powerful Love enslaves the man; S. A. Masterton's bonic Anne.
Enhusked. The red peat gleams a fiery kernel, Enhusked by a fog infernal: Ep. to H. Parker.	Enslav'd.
Enjoy.	The music of thy voice I heard, Nor wist while it enslav'd me; S. Farewell, thou stream †
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give, Yet baply wanting wherewithal to live; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	Ensnaring.
An' tho' at last they catch them [riches] fast,	with studied, sly, ensnaring art, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O. S. Green grow the Rashes,	Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring; S. True hearted was he t
I'll count my health my greatest wealth, Sae lang as I'll enjoy it: S. Here's to thy health,†	Ensure.
But the present hour was in my powr,	This too, a covert shall ensure, To shield them from the storm; The Petition of Br. Water.
And so I would enjoy it, O. S. My father was a farmer †	Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure; To R. G. of F., 2.
How can your flinty hearts enjoy The widow's tears, the orphan's cry! S. O Logan! sweetly †	Ensur'd. Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors, A' future ages; To J. S., S.
The window's tears, the orphan's cry: 3. O Logan: Sweetly's Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs Poem on Life.	A' future ages; To J. S., 8.
To the shades we'll go,	He rives his father's auld entails; The Twa Dogs. 23.
And in love enjoy it S. The Captain's Lady.	Enter. Syne bauldly in she enters: Halloween. 22.
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight, The Election Ballads. VI. But few enjoy the calm I know in	Within this dear mansion may wayward contention, Or withered envy ne'er enter; S. The Sons of old Killie.
This desert wood The Hermit.	Enter'd. The sober Autumn enter'd mild, John Barleycorn.
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids, Their loves enjoy, . To W. Simpson.	In rueful apprehension enter'd O, The Vowels.
Why, why tell thy lover,	Enterprise. John Barleycorn was a hero hold, Of noble enterprise, John Barleycorn.
Bliss he never must enjoy? S. Why, why tell thy †	Enthral.
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny, Assist me to resign! Winter. Enjoy'd. so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.	It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	S. The Slave's Lament.
Such the pleasures I enjoy'd; S. I dream'd I lay †	Bowers adien! where love decoving.
Enraptur'd more, the more enjoy'd, The Lament.	First enthrall'd this heart o' mine, . S. Scenes of weet
Enjoying. There the saftest sweets enjoying, S. Scenes of woe †	Enthrone. And in her breast enthrone me: . S. Louis what reck I †
Enjoying large each spring and well	Enthron'd. Enthron'd in her eyes he delivers his law :
As Nature gave them me, . The Petition of Br. Water.	S. True hearted was he †
Enjoyment. Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us! . El. on Year 1788.	Enthusiasm. Enthusiasm's past redemption, Letter to J. Goudie.
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure! S. One fond kiss,	Entice. If that wad entice her awa, man. Ronalds of Bonnals.

Entralls. Trenching your gushing entrails bright Equal, to. To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over; To equal young Jessie, you seek it in vain:
S. Truc-hearted was t Like onie ditch; . To a Haggis. Entrance. Equaliv. He circled round the magic ground, For still th' important end of life, But entrance found he nane, man: The Fête Champetre. They equally may answer:. . Et. to Young Friend, s. Entrench'd. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold, Equanimity. The Election Ballads. VI. In equanimity they [the Muses] never dwell, To R.G. of F., 8. Entry. There, racer Jess, an' twathree wh-res,
Are blinkan at the entry. . The Holy Fair. 9. Erect. Preserve the dignity of Man,
With Soul erect: The Vision. D. 11, 22. Entwine Erect, to. By Tweed erects his [Autumn's] aged head,
Add. to Shade of Thomson. And round that neck entwine her! . S. Her flowing locks ! Her dear idea round my heart Like hoary bristles to erect and stare. . . Et. fr. Esobus. Should tenderly entwine. . . S. Tho' cruel fate t May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth Erect your brow undauoting ! . Ep. to Young Friend. 11. Entwining. Or humbler bays entwining. S. When first I sawt Envenomed. Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell. Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head ; . Scotch Drink. 7. To R. G. of F., 2. An' not a muse erect her head Envlable. Oh, enviable, early days, Despondency, an Ode, 5. To cowe the blellums? To Rev. J. M'Math. Erected. O. happy! happy! enviable man!. . Remorse, A Frag., Envious. No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray;

Elest be M'Murdo † Courts for Cowards were erected, The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. Ere lang fere longl. Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow, El. on Miss Burnet. Nor envious death so triumpus

Cease ye prudes your envious railing,

Lus under Piet. of Miss B. Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide;. . S I do confess t Ere while. Ere while thy breast sae warming, S. O wat ye wha that lo'est If envious buckies view wi' sorrow
Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow, To Terraughty. Ergo. Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them always. S. Caledonia Envy, A name not Envy spairges). . A Dream. 7. Ermine. Than ony ermine ever lap, The Ans. to the Guidwife. And never envy blot their name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3. Errand. Hate, envy, oft the Douglas hore; On Duke of Queensberry. Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd, . A Winter Night. 5. A sight pale envy to convulse) . Sketch. New-Yr's Day. A cannie errand to a neehor town : The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4. No nation, no station My envy e'er could raise: To do some erranus, and control.

Not only bring them tidiogs hame.

The Election Ballads, I. The Answ. to the Guidwife. Wi' sma' to sell and less to buy, Aboon distress, below envy. S. The Contented Cottager. And mony a knight and mony a laird. Within this dear mansion may wayward contention S. The Sons of old Killie. That errand fain would gae. [rc.] 14 Or withered envy ne'er enter; May envy wallop in a tether, And he wad do their errands weel, Ih. Black fiend infernal! To W. Simpson, 17. O wha will to Saint Stephen's house. Nor wi' envy troubled be; . S. Will ye go and marry t To do our errands there, man? . The File Chambetre. Err'd. Where with intention I have err'd. From envy and hatred your corps is exempt:

Ye true "Loyal Nat.s" † No other plea I have, But, Thou art good; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death. And fretful envy grins in vain Erring. The poisoned tooth to fasten. . S. Young Feggyt Guilt, erring Man, relenting view! . A Winter Night. 9. Envy, to. I dinna envy him the gains he can win: As guileful Fraud points out the erring way:
On Death of R. Dundas. S. As I was a-wand ring t Et. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 11. Do ve envy the city gent. Error. e sons of Heresy and Error, The Peer I don't envy, I give him his how: S. No Churchman am I† Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror! A Ded. to G. H., 10. Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies, The Author's Cry and Prayer, P. Oh! how must thou lament thy station, And envy mine! The Hermit. Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse, Add, to the Deil. 10. And envy mine! . . . The Hermit.

The gentles ye wad ne'er envy them! The Twa Dogs. 28. Erskine. Erskine, a spunkie norland billie; The Author's Cry and Prayer, 14. Ah, though my looks betray, I envy your success; To Clarinda Erst. thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy polled, . Ep. fr. Esopus. Eolian. The choral hymn that erst so clear, Or tunes Eolian strains between. Add, to Shade of Thomson. Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear, . Epilogue. A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter, Reclined that hanner, erst in fields unfurl'd, Add. by Fontenelle. On Death of Sir J. Blair. Erudition. Epistle. Tak this excuse for nae epistle. Ep. to H. Parker. He need na fear their foul reproach But to conclude my lang epistle, Et. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 22. Nor erudition, The Author's Cry and Prayer. Epocha. But why of that epocha make such a fuss, [v.A.9]

Poet. Add. to Triler, Escape. Till of escape despairing, . . . S. How cruelt Escape, to. Eppie. An' O, my Eppie, My Jewel, my Eppie! [12.] It may escape the courtly sparks, It may escape the learned clerks; S. Eppie Adair. O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab? [re.] S. Eppie M'Nab. S. O this is no my ain t The Election Ballads, III. The hody, e'en let him escape; Eschylus. Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives; His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean, , . Halloween, 16. Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Equal. Esopus. To tell Maria her Esopus' fate. Et. fr. Esopus. And do I hear my Jeanie own, Espy. If thou should kiss me, love. Wha could espy thee? That equal transports move her? S. Come, let me take t S. Jamie, come try met equal to the hustling strife, . . Despondency, an Ode. 2. Esquire. rehearse, in equal verse, . S. Lovely Davies. And there will be Cardoness, Esquire, . Nature's Law. Libra's equal sway, . Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes, The Election Ballads. III. The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong;

On Death of R. Dundas.

Prologue, sp. by Woods.

The Brigs of Agr. 13.

The Tree of Liberty.

Estate.

Equal to judge-you're candid to forgive.

And equal rights and equal laws

Wad gladden every isle, man.

Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,

To wheel the equal, dull routine. . Sketch, New-Yr's Day,

I ken they scorn my low estate, S. Here's to thy health †
Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate.
They waste sae mony a braw estate!
Had I Dundas's whole estate, S. When first I saw †

In many a way, and vain essay, S. My father was a farmer t

Essay, to. I wad in vain essay the strain, S. Lovely Davies.

Esteem. I'll hide the struggle in my heart,	Evening, Ev'ning.
And say it is esteem S. Ah, Chloris † Want only of goodness denied her esteem.	May Health and Peace with mutual rays, Shine on the evining o' his days: A Ded. to G. H. 11.
Monody, on a Lady. Epit My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:	And bless the parent's evening ray
	There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea, S. Afton Water.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. Then take what gold could never buy— An honest Bard's esteem To John M' Murdo. Extern'd.	As I was a-wand ring on a Midsummer evining, S. As I was a-wand ring †
Esteem u.	No envious clouds o'ercast his evening ray : Blest be M'Murdo+
Even Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd, An' winning manner. To Rev. J. M'Math.	The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet, As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e ! . S. Elythe was she†
Esteeming. Esteeming, and deeming.	The ev'ning gilds the Ocean's swell; S. Bonie Bell.
It [Heaven and Hell] a' an idle tale! , Ep. to Davie. 6.	Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood, S. Craigie-burn Wood.
man's true, genuine estimate, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H	Or haply, to his evining thought, Despondency, an Ode. 3. Hark the mavis' evining sang
Etch'd. God's image rudely etch'd on hase alloy! Ep. to R. Graham, 5.	Sounding Clouden's woods amang; S. Hark the mavis' †
Eternal.	And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower. That steals on the evening, each leaf to renew. S. How pleasant the banks †
What ragings must his veins convulse, That still eternal gallop: Add. to Unco Guid. 4.	When the shades of evening creep O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,
O would they stay to calculate Th' eternal consequences;	S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t
But Worth and Truth eternal Youth	One ev'ning as I wand'red forth, Man was made to Mourn. To Cassills' hanks when ev'ning fa's, S. Now bank and brae t
Will give to Polly Stewart. S. Polly Stewart. That on this frail, uncertain state,	But Peggy dear, the evining's clear, S. Now westlin winds† And bonie she, and ab how dear!
Hang matters of eternal weight: Sketch. New-1'r's Day. Or. Moses bade eternal warfare wage, With Amalek's ungracious progeny; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King. 1b. 16.	It shaded frae the evining sun. S. O bonie was you rosy t
With Amalek's ungracious progeny; The Cotter's Sat. Night, 14.	And ev'ning's tears are tears o' joy: S. O Logan! sweetly† When evening shades in silence meet, S. O Phely,†
	The fairest maid's in you town That ev'ning sun is shining on [re.] S. O wat ye wha's in t
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. 16. To right or left eternal swervin, To J. S., 19.	Her voice is like the evining thrush S. On Cessnock banks †
Calm sheltered haven of eternal rest! . To R. G. of F7. Eternity.	When evining Phœbus shines serene, Ib. Sett. II. Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye, Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Eternity cannot efface Those records dear of transports past, To Mary in Heaven.	One evening this nobleman, taking his walk,
Ether.	Did meet the poor Thresher and freely did talk; The Poor Thresher.
On the lofty ether borne, Man with all his powers you scorn; On scaring Water-fowl.	The woodbine I will pu', when the ev'ning star is near, S. The Posie.
Ether-stane [adder-stone]. When Politics came there to mix	I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys. And lonely stalk, . The Vision. D. II. 15.
And make his ether-stane, man! . The Fête Champetre.	As Robie tauld a tale o' love Ae ev'ning on the lily lea? S. There was a lass, and
Ettle (aim, attempt, endeavour). And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle; . Tam o' Shanter. 18.	She's sweet as the evining among the new hay; S. There's auld Rob M. +
Ettrick. But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws, Can match the lads o' Galla water. S. Braw lads on Yar, braes †	Till some evening, soher, calm, Dropping dews and breathing balm To Miss C.
Ettrick banks now roaring red	William I have and control from To Tananahan
While tempests blaw; . To W. Creech.	And sweet is the lily at evening close; S. True hearted was he †
Baptiz'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. The Vowels.	At evening the wild-woods among? S. Where are the joys † As thy shades of evening close,
Euclid. 1'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun: S. Caledonia.	Beck'ning thee to long repose; Wr. in Friar's-Carse. H Her smile is as the evening mild, S. Young Peggy t
Europe. While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things, The Rights of Woman.	Event. What dire events ha'e taken place! El. on Year 1788.
Weel Europe kens the fame o't The Tree of Liberty.	Ever, E'er. And your Petitioner shall ever—
Eurus. Never Eurus' pois'nous breath, To Miss C. Evan. To Evan-banks, with temp'rate ray,	I had amaist said, ever pray, A Ded. to G. H., 13. For ever to release ye Frae Care A Dream. 9.
Home of my youth, he leads the day. S. Slow spreads the gloom t	She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!" S. By Allan stream
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde. [re.]	Her bright course of glory for ever shall run: S. Caledonia.
What secret charm to mem'ry brings	He's gane for ever: El. on Capt. M.H. 7. Alas, alas! O C[ardoness],
All that on Evan's horder springs? 1b. Evanishing.	Then thou hadst slept for ever! Epit. on a Laird. And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.
Or like the rainbow's lovely form Evanishing amid the storm	S. Eppie M'Nab.
Eve. Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly For our grand fa'; Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.	Are spent among the lasses, O. [v.A.24] S. Green grow the Rashes.
Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder; On Grose's Peregrinations.	The wisest man the warl' e'er saw, He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. [v.A.24]
Eve, Even. The dewy star of eve to hail S. Here is the glen †	the dire feeling, O farewell for ever, S. Gloomy December.
The bird of eve flits sullen by On Lincluden.	Ever round your midnight hed Horrid sprites shall haunt you. S. Husband, husband†
musing, wait The soher eve, On seeing wounded Hare. Gi'e me the lonely valley.	My dear little angel, for ever, For ever,—Oh no! let not man be a slave,
The dewy eve, and rising moon; S. Sae flaxen† At even, when beans their fragrance shed, El. on Capt. M. H. 6.	As cauld a wind as ever blew; On Kirk of Lamington.
'Twas even—the dewy fields were green, S. 'Twas even †	As cauld a minister's ever spak; 1b.

Life, thou soul of every blessing, .

Then Burnewin comes on like Death At ev'ry chap .

That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,

But Douglases were heroes every age : .

Three priests' bearts, rotten, black as muck, Lay stinking, vile, in every oeuk. [v. A. 16] .

A Knave an' Fool are plants of ev'ry soil: . Scots Prologue.

But Douglases were heroes every age: 1b.
From ev'ry danger keep him free, . . . S. Somebody.

The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; S. Tam o' Shanter, 3.

Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters, Tam Samson's dead! Tam Samson's El., 9.

Again exalt the brute and sink the man; Exaltation. Exalted. Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames, Example. A guide, a buckler, an' example Keep his goodness still in view, Excel. With heartfelt throes bis grateful bosom swells, Excell'd. That nane excell'd it, few cam near't, Excellence. Exception. Excess. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! . In everlasting sleep: . . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.. Exchange. Evermair, Evermore. An atheist laugh's a poor exchange For Deity offended! With adieu for evermore, My dear, S. It was a' fort Awake, resound thy latest lay, Exchang'd. Then sleep in silence evermair! Lament for Glencairn. How ill exchang'd for riper times, An' they cry crowdie ever mair. . S. O that I had ne'er t We freely wad exchang'd the wife, Every, Ev'ry. And every year come in mair dear . On II'. Chalmers.

. S. Raving winds +

. Scotch Drink, 10.

Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;

The Brigs of Ayr. The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side, . Ib. 2. 13. 12. Harmonious concert rung in every part, Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17. Evil. With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil. Fragment, inser. to Fox. May prudence protect her [liberty] frae evil! S. Here's a health to them t Now Iove for once be mighty civil, Now Jove for once all this evil;
To counterbalance all this evil;
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday. A loss these evil days can ne'er repair! On Death of R. Dundas. Abjuring a' intentions evil, I quat my pen: . Poem on Life. But when to all the evil of misfortune This sting is added—" Blame thy foolish self!" Remorse, A Frag. . Tam o' Shanter. 11. Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil; Unconscions what evils await ; . . The Kirk's Alarm. Thon's met me in an evil hour: To a Mountain-Daisy. Evils lurk in felon wait:. . . Wr. in Friars-Carse H .. Evil doer. To strike evil doers wi' terror; The Kirk's Alarm. Ev'n down [downright]. Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst. . The Twa Dogs. 30. Ewe. Ca' the ewes to the knowes, . S. Hark! the mavis t Exalt. Lament for Glencairn. Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom; Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;
S. Their groves of Why am I loth + That I should get such exaltation, Holy Willie's Prayer. 3. . Add. to Unco Guid. Holy Willie's Prayer, 5. An' get sic fair example straught, . . . To Gav. Hamilton. Thy trust—and thy example too. Wr. in Hermitage at F.C., Our lassies a' she far excels, S. On Cessnock Banks + Sett, II. The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels. . The Brigs of Ayr. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 5. That I for gear and grace may shine, Excell'd by nane, Holy Willie's Prayer. 16. And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth,
And not a muse in honest grief bewail. El. on Miss Burnet. M'[Gi]ll's close nervous excellence, The Twa Herds. 17. Excellent, Hail, Majesty most Excellent! . A Dream. o. There's some exceptions, man an' woman; The Twa Dogs. 34. Et. to Davie. 6. . Ep. to Young Friend. o. Despondency, an Ode. 5. Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Excise. Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise, . Scotch Drink. 20. Exciseman. wby all this sneering 'Gainst poor Excisemen?

Lus on Window, K.'s Arms. What are they [Priests] pray? but spiritual Excisemen. 1b. An' d-mn'd Excise-men in a bussle, Scizan a Stell, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 7. The de'il's awa' wi' th' Exciseman, S. The deil cam fiddlin' †

He's danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman; [re.] .

"But the ae best dance e'er cam' to the Land "Was, the deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman.

Whiles scour'd awa in lang excursion, . The Twa Dogs. 6.

Excursion.

. Ib.

. Ib.

Excuse. Tak this excuse for nae epistle. Ep. to H. Parker.	Experience. But still the hope Experience taught to live,
Her dowf excuses pat me mad; Ep. to J. L-k, .1p, 21st. 4. For using thy name offers fifty excuses.	And sage Experience bids me this declare
Fragment, inser. to Fox.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9 Saws of experience, sage and sound. Wr. in Friars-Carse II.
The good excuse will find Rusticity's ungainty † Excuse, to.	Expert. The Inquisitor of Spain the most expert.
This freedom, in an unknown frien',	Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art :
I pray excuse Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 1.	The Vowels
I pray excuse. Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. Ist. I. A prayer from the muse you well may excuse. The Sons of old Killie.	Expire. Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heaven. Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —
	But all how hope is born but to expire! On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Excus'd. 1 scarce excuse ye To W. Simpson.	And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!
When sic a husband was frae hame,	The Brigs of Ayr. 8
What wife but wad excus'd her? S. Had I the wyte t	And when I die, "Let me in this belief expire,— "To God I fly."
Execrate. And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!) The Brigs of .!pr. 2.	Love grasps its scorpions—stifled they expire; To Clarinda,
Exempt.	Expiring.
From aught that's good exempt On Duke of Queensberry.	When day, expiring in the west, The curtain draws of Nature's rest, . S. Novo rosy May
From aught that's good exempt On Duke of Queensberry. From envy and hatred your corps is exempt; Ye true "Loyal Natives" † Exert. Arouse my boys! exert your mettle	Explain.
Exert. Arouse my boys! exert your mettle, The Author's Cry and Frayer.	Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them,
The Author's Cry and Prayer,	Explore. The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Exhausted. This day, time winds th' exhausted chain, Sketch, New Yr's Day	Now [wrongs, &c.] gay in hope explore the paths of men;
Exile. An exile frae her father's ha', And a' for loving thee; S. O. mirk, mirk;	On Death of K. Dundas.
And a' for loving thee; . S. O mirk, mirk † Exile, to. A' pleasure exile me, . S. Eppic Adair.	Explore at large Man's infant race, The Vision. D. H. 10. Expose.
To realms unknown while fate exiles me.	He [Monroe] hacks to teach, they [Critics] mangle to expose,
Make her bosom still my home S. Highland Mary.	Express.
Exiled, -'d. Lone, from your savage homes exil'd, A Winter Night, 5.	Come, bumpers high, express your joy, . On W. Stewart,
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn.	Expression.
Frae man exil'd. El. on Capt. M. H. 2.	Oh, there, beyond expression blest,
Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd? The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.	I'd feast on beauty a' the night; S. O were my love † An' syne Mess John, beyond expression,
Or hast been exiled from thy nation, The Hermit.	Fell foul o'me What ails ve now t
Existence.	Exquisite. A Brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!
I'm dwindled down to mere existence, Ep. to II. Parker.	Extatie. A Winter Night, 9.
Each prudent cit a warm existence finds. Ep. to R. Graham, 2,	Or love extatic wake his seraph song To Miss Graham.
Our race of existence is run S. Farcwell, thou fair day t	Extend. Peace, thy olive wand extend, S. How can my boor heart +
For ever—Oh no! let not man be a slave,	Peace, thy olive wand extend, S. How can my poor heart † And birks extend their fragrant arms
His hopes from existence to sever. On death of fare. Child. Through an endless existence shall charm thee	To screen the dear embrace. The Petition at Rv. Water
Thou giv'st the word; Thy creature, man,	'Till now, o'er all my wide domains, 'Thy fame extends; The Vision. D. II. 18.
Is to existence brought; The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	The Wintry West extends his blast, Winter.
Exit. Shall venal lays their [princes'] pompous exit hail; El. on Miss Burnet.	Extended.
If sorrow and anguish their exit await, Monody, on a Lady.	Looks o'er proud property extended wide : A Winter Night. 7.
Expanse.	In lines extended lang and large, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanse, Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway! The Lament,	Squadrons extended long and large, The Election Ballads, I'I.
Expect. Expect na, Sir, in this narration,	Extinct.
A fleechan, fleth ran Dedication, A Ded. to G. II.	Here brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct, Epit. on G. Richardson.
I will expect Yon Sang ye'll sen't,	Extremes. No pause the dire extremes between, . The Tears I shed.
Of ane that's avowedly daft? The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	No pause the dire extremes between, . The Tears I shed. Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
When I, what reck, did least expect, S. The tither morn t	Of fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams. To R, G, of F., 7.
But Foordsday, Sir, my promise leal. Expect me o' your party,	Exult. Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded lilies, S. How pleasant the banks †
Expectant.	Exuited.
The expectant wee-things, toddlan, stacher through	Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize, El. on Miss Burnet.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. Expectation. Now a' the congregation o'er	Exulting. While Scotia, with exulting tear, Proclaims that Thomson was her son.
1s silent expectation; The Holy Fair. 12.	Add, to Shade of Thomson,
Expected. Like school-hoys, at th' expected warning, To joy and play. To J. S., 15.	Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,' The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
Expedient. But pennyworths again is fair, When time's expedient: Ep. to J. R. 13.	My secret beart's exulting hoast? The Lament. 4. Eydent [busy, diligent].
Expekit [expected].	And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
O, Sirs! whae'er wad ha'e expekit,	Eye [v. also E'e].
Your duty ye wad sae neglekit, The Twa Herds, 4.	Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, 'Willie, rise! A Fragment. S.
Expel. And He whom ruthless Fates expel His native land. [v. A.4] The Vision.	O free my weary eyes from tears, A Prayer under Anguish.
Expell'd.	By heedless chance I turned mine eyes, A Vision.
An' said my fau't frae bliss expell'd me; What ails ye now † Expence. Or your more dreaded hell to state,	Told him, I came to feast my curious eyes;
D-mnation of expences! Add. to Unco Guid. 5.	Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Still under bleak misfortune's blasting eye;
Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence,	Learning, with his eagle eyes, . Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
Not to show her respect. but—to save the expence. Epig, on Henpecked Squire. Another.	Fair B[urnet] strikes th' adoring eye,

т

The bleezan, curst, mischievous monkies Delude bis eyes, Add. to the Deil. 13.	Nor from the seat of scornful Pride Casts forth bis eyes abroad
Its 6the woodbine's dew-drop o' diamond, her eye.	Thou baply throw'st a scornful eye at
S. Adown winding Nith †	The hermit's ping of
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye. S. Afton Water.	My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye, . The Lament. To mark the mutual-kindling eye
I'll westward turn my wistful eye: S. Behold the hour t	I saw thine eyes, yet nothing feared,
And steal from me Maria's prying eye. Ep. fr. Esopus.	
Her [nature's] eye intent on all the mazy plan, Eh. to R. Graham. 1.	While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things, The Rights of Woman.
Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye! 1b. 5. With grateful lifted eyes, Epit. on Country Laird.	Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space, Beam'd keen with Honor. The Vision. D. I. 10.
A buck a beau, or Dem my eyes! Epit, on Mr. Burton.	Brydons brave Ward I well could spy. Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye; [v. A. 4]
The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes, Exten. in Conrt of Session. We part—but by these precious drops. That fill thy lovely eyes! S. Farewell, dear mistress †	I saw grim Nature's visage hoar, Struck thy young eye
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,	Or point the inconclusive page Full on the eye. [v. A. 4]
Till fears no more had say a me: S. Farewell, thou stream †	Turn away thine eyes of love, Lest I die with pleasure
Till grief my eyes should close, S. Had I a care † Out-rival'd by the radiant eyes	Soon my weary eyes I'll close, never more to waken. S. Thou hast left met
Of youthful, charming Chloe. S. It was the charming †	In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye; . To Clarinda.
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing	I see ye upward cast your eyes— Ye ken the road To J. S., 25.
Tho' the tear were in her eye John Barleycorn. Though oft I turned the wistful eye,	Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.
Nae ray of fame was to be found: Lament for Glencairn.	18 K. G. Of F.,
To thee I turn with swimming eyes; Liberty.	
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,	Enthron'd in her eyes he delivers his law: S. True hearted was he t
Each eye it chears when she appears, . S. Lovely Davies.	Her look was like the morning's eye,
More sweet than the light to my eye. S. My Love's a winsome †	S. Twas even—the dewy t
The kindling lustre of an eye; S. My Mary's face †	And whose that eye of fire? V.s, below Picture. Mark Scotia's fond-returning eye.
Look down with gracious eyes; Nature's Law.	It dwells upon Glencairn
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings In morning's rosy eye; S. Now Spring has clad †	While men have eyes, or ears, or taste, She'll always find a lover S. When first I saw t
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye, . S. O Logan! sweetly †	And eyes again with pleasure beam'd That had been blear'd with mourning; S. When wild War's †
And her two eyes like stars in skies, . S. O Mally's meek.	That had been blear'd with mourning; S. When with Warst If I may dare a lifted eye to thee, S. Why am I loth t
Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye, As is a sight o' Phely	The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Pity's flood there never rose	Her eyes outshine the radiant beams That gild the passing shower, . S. Young Peggy †
Plunderer of Armies, lift thine eyes,	Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
S. On a bank of flowers †	Her winning powers to lessen;
Crowd thick on fancy's wondering eye, On Lincluden.	Eye-brow. Her eye-brows of a darker hue, S. Sae flaxen†
And pensive gaze with wistful eyes,	Eye, to.
Is beaven-ward raised in ecstasy	And eyes the simple, rustic Hind A Winter Night. 7.
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye :	She, who her lovely Offspring eyes
On seeing wounded Hare. Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,	With tender hopes and fears, O Thou dread Pow'rt She eyes her freeborn, martial boys, She eyes her freeborn, martial boys, She with the White The Author's Cry and Prayer P.
On Death of R. Dundas. And throw on poverty bis [Oppression's] cruel eyes; Ib.	Tak aff their Whisky. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. The Parents partial eye their bopeful years;
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.	The Cotter's Sat. Wight. 5.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	And eye the smoking, dewy lawn, The Petition of Br. Water.
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued 1b.	'I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth With boundless love. The Vision. D. II. 14.
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms First blest my wond'ring eyes S. Peggy Chalmers.	We are the rose upon the brier.
Gny the sun's golden eye,	Unmindful that the thorn is near, To J. S., 10.
Peep'd o'er the mountains high; . S. Phillis the Fair.	And hap'ly, eye the barren hut, With high disdain. 1b. 17.
Already in thy fancy's eye, Thy sicker trensure Poem on Life.	His guardian seraph eyes with awe The noble ward he loves
Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye.	Eyed.
Poet. Add. to Tytler. Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye, . Ib.	His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e, And ey'd the gathering storm, Extem. in Conrt of Session
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes	Her doubtful balance eved, and sway'd ber rod;
To scenes beyond the grave Sad thy tale,†	On Death of K. Dundas
With ardent eyes, complexion sallow, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	I sat and ey'd the spewing reek, The Vision. D. I. 3
Rosy morn now lifts bis eye, . S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st +	Eyeing. askance the creature eyeing, Add. sp. by Fontenelle
And long pursued me with her eye. S. Slow spreads the gloom! Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him:	Fa' [fall, lot]. Then M-nt-gue, an' Guildford too, Began to lear a fa', man; A Fragment. 5
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	(Black be your fa'!) Add. to the Deil. 16
Summer, with bis fervid-beaming eye: The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa', S. Contented wi' little
A strappan youth; he takes the Mother's eye; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	
And there will be Cardoness, Esquire,	Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly For our grand fa'; Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9
Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes. The Election Ballads, 111	And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause May never guid luck be their fa'! S. Here's a health to them
With melting heart, and brimful eye, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	May never guid luck be their fa ! S. Here's a health to them
Beneath th' Omniscient Eve above	And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa', S. My Nanie's awa

Farewell then, lang hale then,	For me! before a Monarch's face,
An' plenty be your fa': The Ans. to the Guidwife. And I bae lost my lightsome heart	Ev'n there I winna flatter; A Dream. 3 For which we daurna show our face Adam A—'s Prayer
That little wist a fa' The Ruined Maid's Lament.	D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
My mither, she has ta'en the bed. Wi' thinking on my fa'	Add. sp. by Fontenelle
Fa', to [to fall].	Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch!
But yet, whatreck, he, at Ouebec.	S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne
Montgomery-like did fa', man,	The theo to tall, not heart to true, . To the time you mills
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's	Her bonie face it was as meek, As ony lamb upon the lee! S. Blythe was she,
mishanter fa' me,	In that bonie face of thine; . S. Bonie wee thing
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,	Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go† Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray, S. Duncan Gray.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19 Fair the face of orient day, Delia. An Ode
Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,	Wi' nae kend face but Jenny Geddes Ep. to H. Parker
Their fate we should na censure, Ep. to Young Friend. 4.	Down the zodiac urge the race,
Nae mair then, we'll care then, Nae farther we can fa' Ep. to Davic. 3.	And cast dirt on his godship's face
Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers, When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.	Nor hear your crack. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 20
And fair fa' my Collier laddie. S. My Collier Laddie.	On many a bloody plain I've dar'd his [death's] face, . S. Farewell, ye dungeons
Shame fa' me gin I tell; S. My heart was ance †	Now health forsakes that angel face, Fragmen.
Shame fa' the fun; wi'sword and gun	Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe, Halloween. 3
To slap mankind like lumber! Nature's Law.	Ye little Skelpie-limmer's-face!
To Cassills' banks when ev'ning fa's. S. Now bank and brae † The chrystal waters round us fa', Now rosy May †	G-d confound their stubborn face, Holy Willie's Prayer. 14
The bitter blast that round me blaws	My face was but the keekin' glass And there ye saw your picture. In Defence of a Lady
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's; . S. O Lassie, art thou t	It is na, Jean, thy honie face,
And I mysel' a drap of dew Into her bonic breast to fa'! . S. O were my love †	Nor shape that I admire, S. It is na, Jean, And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',	Lament on leaving Nat. Land
He is the king amang us three. S. O Willie brew'd † I'd take the rascal by the nose.	His face was furrow'd o'er with years, Man was made to Mourn
I'd take the rascal by the nose, Wad say, Shame fa' thee. On Grose's Peregrinations.	And Man, whose heav'n-erected face,
The flower it blaws, it fade's and fa's, S. Polly Stewart. Freeman stand, or freeman fa', S. Scots wha ha'e!	The smiles of love adorn. My Mary's face, my Mary's form,
Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn, S. Sweet fa's the eve †	The frost of hermit age might warm; S. My Mary's face
Ao' when he fa's,	Her face so truly heavenly fair,
His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him In faint huzzas. The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.	He'd [the Deil] look into thy bonie face, And say, "1 canna wrang thee." S. O saw ye bonie Lesley
And mony a bouk did fa', man: S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	I see a form, I see a face, Ye weel may wi' the fairest place: S. O this is no my ain
But wearie fa' the waefu' woodie! The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.	View the wither'd beldam's face . Ode to Mem. of Mrs
The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear, S. The Posie.	The graces of her weel-far'd face, . S. On Cessnock banks
And waly fa' the ley-crap For I maun till'd again. S. There's news, lasses †	But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face To a Haggis.	Your bonie face sae mild and sweet . On W. Chalmers Such was my Chloris' bonie face,
For me, shame fa' me, If neist my heart 1 dinna wear ye To Terraughty.	When first her bonie face I saw ; S. Sae flaxen
Some people tell me gin I fa', Ae way or ither,	Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty, Before his face. The Author's Cry and Prayer
Some people tell me gin I fa', Ae way or ither, The breaking of ae point, the sma', Breaks a' thegither. V.s to J. Ranken.	But oh, alas, for her bonie face,
I maun Gae fa' upo' anither plan, What ails ye now †	They've wranged the Lass of Albany. S. The bonie Lass of Albany
Fa' that [have that fall to one, have that as one's	The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face: The Brigs of Ayr.
lot or fortune].	The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face, They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
Or whom in a' the country roun', The best deserves to fa' that? The Election Ballads. II.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12 O thou, whase lamentable face
Where is the laird or belted knight That best deserves to fa' that?	Appears to mourn my woefu' case! The Death of Mailie
Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix,	Alas! misfortune stares my face, The Farewell
And weel does Selkirk fa' that	Upon a simmer Sunday morn, When Nature's face is fair, The Holy Fair.
Gude faith he maunna fa' that! S. The Honest Man.	"I'm sure I've seen that bonie face, "But yet I canna name ye."
Fable. Tho' in his heart he weel believes, An' thinks it auld wives' fables: The Holy Fair. 17.	Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces;
With the ready trick and fable	The yera sight o' [Moodiel's face.
Round we wander all the day; The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. Fabled.	To's ain het hame had sent him Wi' fright She stares the daddy in her face, The Inventory
Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen; S. On Cessnock banks†	He stoiter'd up an' made a face; The Jolly Beggars. R. III
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame The Lament.	Observ'd ye yon reverend lad
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns; To R. Graham.	Mak faces to tickle the Mob;
Fabric, Fabrick. But of meet, or unmeet, in a fabrick complete,	An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face, Ib. R. I'I
I'll boldly pronounce they [reviewers] are none, Sir.	I look'd her in her bonny face, S. The Lass that made the bea
And here's the grand fabric our free Constitution.	Learning with his Greekish face, The Ordination. 11 That e'er your face I knew. The Ruined Maid's Lament
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.	Alas! that e'er a bonie face
Face. Set up a face, how I stop short, For fear your modesty be hurt A Ded. to G.H., 1.	Should draw a sauty tear!
Wi' weel spread looves, an' lang, wry faces; Ib. 9.	Ay gat him friends in ilka place; The Twa Dogs. 3

A "hare-brain'd sentimental trace"	Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie; S. The Laddies by t
Was strongly marked in her face; The Vision. D. I. 10.	See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes
The justling tears ran down his honest face! The Vowels.	She's swingein thro' the city! . The Ordination. 10.
Fair fa' your honest, sonsy face, To a Haggis.	Dalrymple has been lang our fac, . The Twa Herds. 12.
You'll easy draw a weel-kent face, To a Painter.	Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye, To Terraughty.
Before 1 saw Clarinda's face,	Faem [foam].
My heart was blythe and gay To Clarinda.	Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,
See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild, Wi' wrinkl'd face, To J. S., 13.	In glorious faem, Scotch Drink. 2.
	Faikit [abated, let off, spared].
Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail, Wi' chearin' face, Ib. 24. In your unletter'd nameless faces! Ib. 27.	Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit, Second Ef. to Davie.
	Fail. He does na fail his part in either. A Ded. to G. H. 5.
No fear more, no tear more, To stain my lifeless face,	And never may their [thy Sons'] sonrces fail! Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
Their sighan, cantan, grace-proud faces, To Rev. J. M Math.	The kettle o' the kirk and State,
worthy G[regor]y's latin face, To W. Creech.	Perhaps a clout may fail in't; . S. Does haughty Gault
Let me fair Nature's face descrive, To W. Simpson. 16.	His bending joints and drooping head Show'd be began to fail John Barleycorn.
Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on What ails ye now †	Show'd be began to fail John Barleycorn.
When first I saw fair Jeanie's face,	And may his great posterity No'er fail in old Scotland!
1 couldna tell what ailed me, . S. When first I saw †	In other worlds can Mammon fail, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
And wi' her loof her face a washin; . S. Willie Wastle †	But as I gaze the vision fails,
Her face wad fyle the Logan-water;	Like frost-work touched by soutbern gales; . On Lincluden.
Face, to.	Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail,
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons, Ep. fr. Esopus.	To tell my Master a' my tale; . The Death of Mailie.
While my dear lad maun face his faes, S. O Logan! sweetly †	It never fails, on drinkin deep,
Wi' usquabae, we'll face the devil! Tam o' Shanter. 11.	It never fails, on drinkin deep, To kittle up our notion, By night or day. The Holy Fair. 19.
Fae'd, -'t.	As lang's the Muses dinna fail To say the grace. To J. S., 24.
The steyest brac thou wad hae fac't it; A Guid New-Year † 14.	Faile.
And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar, Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale, The Tarbolton Lasses.
Fact. But Facts are cheels that winna ding, An' downa be disputed: A Dream. 4.	Failed. My een they almost failed me. S. When first I saw t
And Wallace Tow'r had sworn the fact was true:	The Albert of
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	For thrice I drew ane [a Valentine] without failing,
Faction. Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction! The Twa Dogs. 24.	Failing. For thrice I drew ane [a Valentine] without failing, S. Tam Glen.
Factor.	raining, -in, s.
Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,	An' thy poor, wortbless daddy's spirit, Without his failins, Add. to Illegit. Child.
I canna say but they do gailies; . Add. of Beelsebub. 4.	Their failings and mischances Add. to Unco Guid. 2.
Poor tenant bodies, scant o cash,	And then their [the Saunts'] failings, flaws an' wants,
How they mann thole a factor's snash; The Twa Dogs. 13. Faculty [of Advocates].	Are a' seen thro' Ep. to J. R. 2.
Than 'twist Hal and Bob for the famous job	Are a' seen thro' Ep. to J. R. 2. We've faults and failings—granted clearly, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9. For any his failings lean'd to Virtuals side.'
Who should he Faculty's Dean, Sir The Dean of Fac	Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.
So their worships of the Faculty,	
Quite sick of merit's rudeness,	Epit. for Author's Father.
Faculty.	True it is, she had one failing, Lns under Pict. of Miss B. Fain.
For me my faculties are frozen, . Auld Comrade dear †	It pat me fidgean-fain to hear't, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 5.
Faddom't [fathomed]. the Stack he faddom't thrice,	1 fain my griefs would cover; S. Farcwell, thou stream †
	I modestly fu' fain wad hint it, Friend of the poet †
	Meg fain wad to the Barn gaen,
	And tho' you'd fain make me your ain,
They fade and they wither awa, man. Ronalds of Bennals. When yon green leaves fade frae the tree, Around my grave they'll wither. S. Sweet fa's the ever †	In troth I'm fear'd to venture, Sir.
Around my grave they'll wither. S. Sweet fa's the eve t	S. I'm o'er young to marry t
Faded. He faded into age; S. John Barleycorn.	Jockey fou, and Jenny fain, S. Jockey fou t
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,	And I would fain be in, jo S. O Lassie, art thout
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while, S. The Catrine woods †	Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart, S. Sweet fa's the eve t
Fading.	Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain, Tam o' Shanter. 16.
By fits the sun's departing beam	O mony a knight and mony a laird, That errand fain wad gae; [re.] . The Election Ballads. I.
Look'd on the fading yellow woods Lament for Glencairn,	And fools o' change are fain;
Beauty's of a fading nature, . S. Will ye go and marry †	Fain, fain my crime would cover: S. The last time I came t
Fading-green. The sky is blue, the fields in view,	There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
All fading-green and yellow: . S. Now westlin winds †	To see the bit Taylor come skippin again.
Fae [foe]. Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal	S. The Taylor fell t
A towmond's Tooth-Ache! Add. to Toothache.	Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither, . The Twa Dogs. 6.
O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,	My heart has been sae fain to see them,
And Charlie's faces before him! . S. Come, boat me o'er.	That I for joy hae harket wi' them
thou false woman, My sister and my fae, Lament of Mary of Scots.	Wha fain would openly rebel, The Twa Herds. 14. There's Meg wi' the mailin that fain wad a haen him;
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,	S. There's a youth †
And that their faes shall ken. S. O Kenmure's on and awa †	Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain, . To W. Simpson.
But now he [love] is my deadly fae,	My purse is light. I've far to gang.
Unless than It be my ain S. O lay thy loof †	And fain wad be thy lodger; . S. When wild War's t
While my dear lad maun face his faes, S. O Logan! †	Fain would I hide what I fear to discover.
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's casb	S. Where are the joys †
	Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!'
To her warst faes Scotch Drink. 15.	Fain promise never more to disober: Who are I lath +
Your mortal Fae is now awa', . Tam Samson's El. 7.	Fain promise never more to disobey; Why am I loth †
Your mortal Fae is now awa', Tam Samson's El. 7. Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow.	Fain promise never more to disobey; Why am I loth † And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain . S. Young Joekey †
Your mortal Fae is now awa', . Tam Samson's El. 7.	Fain promise never more to disobey; Why am I loth †

Faint.	But O the road was very hard, For that fair maiden's tender feet. S. O Mally's meek.
His latest draught o' breathin' lea'es him In faint huzzas. The Author's Cry and Frayer. F.	Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
In summer he toil'd thro' the faint, sultry heat; The Poor Thresher.	S. O Mary, at the window t
And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan	Thou art n queen, fair Lesley [rc.] S. O saw ye bonie L. † Fair tho' the lassie be: S. O is this no my ain †
A lady fair: To Dr. Blacklock.	O were my love you lilac fair, S. O were my love †
Faint-collected.	I see her sweet and fair; S. Of a the airts t
The ways of men are distant brought, A faint-collected dream: . Despondency, an Ode. 3.	The high-arch'd windows, painted fair, On Lincluden.
Faint-hearted.	In window fair, the painted pane No longer glows with holy stain,
Nae cauld faint-hearted doubtings tease him:	What dost thou in that mansion fair?
S. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	On seeing Seat of Lord G.
Faint, to. Vet they, even they, with all their strength, Began to faint and fail; New Psalmody.	Sae helpless, sweet, and fair. On Birth of Posth. Child. Fair on the summer morn:
Fainting.	Fair on the summer morn:
And now in fainting murmurs die; On Lincluden. Faintly.	On death of Sir J. Blair.
Ye scatter'd hirds that faintly sing Lament for Glencairn.	Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair, On W. Chalmers.
Faintly-marked.	Such thy morn! did I cry, Phillis the fair, [re.] S. Phillis the Fair.
The faintly-marked, distant hill: The Lament.	Ah! Nick, ah Nick it is na fair, Poem on L
Fair. As fair art thou, my bonie lass, So deep in luve am I; S. A red, red Rose.	There's not a flower that blooms in May, That's half so fair as thou art [re.] . S. Polly Stewart.
dear bird, young Jeany fair, S. A Rosebud by t	That's half so fair as thou art [re.] . S. Polly Stewart. Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name;
Fair B[urnet] strikes th' adoring eye, Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	Prologue sp. by Woods.
But cast a moment's fair regard . Add. to Unco Guid. 3.	Her pretty ancle is a spy, Betraying fair proportion
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,	Fair beaming and streaming
How fair and how pure is the lily, But fairer and purer her breast. S. Adown winding Nith t	Her silver light the boughs amang;
Her skin's fair hue is like the swan :	The sun propitious smil'd : Sad thy tale †
S. A. Mastrtn's bonie Anne. Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair, S. Awa, whigs, awa.	Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
Her face is fair, her heart is true. S. Behind you hills †	Ye speak sae fair; Second Ep. to Davie. She's fair and fause that causes my smart.
The primrose banks how fair; . S. Behold, my love †	S. She's fair and fausc †
Lesley is sae fair and coy, S. Blythe ha'e I been †	O woman, lovely woman fair,
Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow, S. Braw lads of G. Water.	Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day, . Sketch. New Yr's Day. A sprig her fair breast to adorn: Sp. Extent. to Yng Lady
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn :	For G-d-sake, Sirs! then speak her fair.
Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae-death,	For G-d-sake, Sirs! then speak her fair, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 18.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.	How can ye blume sae fair! S. The Banks of Doon. The time may come, with pipe and drum
Fair the face of orient day, Fair the tints of op'ning rose; Delia. An Ode.	The time may come, with pipe and drum We'll welcome hame fair Albany. S. The bonic Lass of Albany. Upon a simmer Sunday morn.
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see; . El. on Capt. M. H., 5.	S. The bonic Lass of Albany.
But pennyworths again is fair, Ep. to J. R. 13.	When Nature's face is fair, The Holy Fair.
The ordered system fair before her stood, Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	And kindly she did me invite, To walk into a chamber fair. S. The Lass that made the bed.
As light as the air, and fanse as thou's fair, S. Eppie M'Nab. She, the fair sun of all her sex, S. Farewell, dear mistress †	I how'd fu' low to this fair maid,
Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,	Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see,
S. Farewell, thou fair day t	And they declare Terreagle's fair, S. The noble Maxwells †
He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle; Frag. inscr. to Fox.	Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair; S. The Catrine woods †
And fair without a flaw	And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
Fair and lovely as thou art, S. Hark the Mavis †	in fair virtue's heavenly road,
But far off fowls hae feathers fair, S. Here's to thy health †	For far aff fowls hae feathers fair, The Election Ballads. I.
Tho' they seem fair, still bave a care,	Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair, Shall ever be my muse's care; S. The Highland Lassie.
Fair and faultless as your own, S. Highland Mary.	Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames,
I do confess thou art sae fair, I wad been o'er the lugs in luve; S. I do confess †	The Kirk's Alarm. 6. The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair, S. The Posic.
She [Fortune] promised fair, and performed but ill;	But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
S. I drean'd I lay †	When the linguring moments are number'd wi' care? S. The small birds rejoice †
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair, Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill. S. In simmer when t	Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care, . The Tree of Liberty.
It was a' for our rightfu' king,	By stately tow'r, or palace fair, [v.A.4] The Vision.
We left fair Scotland's strand; S. It was a' for † O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e,	Then howses dramlie German-water, To mak himsel look fair and fatter, . The Twa Dogs. 23.
S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t	Return him safe to fair Strathspey, S. The yng High. Rover.
The meanest hind in fair Scotland, May rove their sweets amang; Lament of Mary of Scots.	There was a lass, and she was fair, S. There was a lass, and t
My stem was fair, my bud was green, S. Luckless Fortune.	O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
To the weavers gin ve go, fair maids,	She promis'd fair and perform'd but ill; S. Tho. fickle Fortune †
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night, S. My heart was ance t	Fair Empress of the Poet's soul, To a Lady.
Her face so truly heavenly fair, S. My Mary's face † My fair, my lovely charmer! S. Now westlin winds †	Thine he the volumes, Jessy fair, To a yng Lady.
I found that old Solomon proved it fair.	'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend, To Chloris. faint heart ne'er wan A lady fair: To Dr. Blacklock.
S. No Churchman am I † That crimson rose how sweet and fair;	You save fair Jessie from the grave! . To Dr. Maxwell.
S. O bonie was you rosy †	An' get sic fair example straught, To Gav. Hamilton.
Mally's rare, Mally's fair, S. O Mally's meek.	Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race, . To J. S., 18.

Fair maid, you need not take the hint, . To Miss Ainslic.	Fair-won. Thy fair-won, rightful spoil-
Let me fair Nature's face descrive To W. Simpson. 10.	Extem, on Commems of I nomson
An' some, their New-light fair avow,	Fairer. But fairer still my Delia dawns, Delia, an Ode Where man and nature fairer in her sight.
Just quite barefac'd	My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.
And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr; S. True hearted was he t	Ep. to K. Graham. 5
Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair Ib.	A fairer than either adorns the green valleys, S. How pleasant the banks
But in the fair presence of lovely young Jessie, Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose	I never saw a fairer, S. My love's a winsome
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose	Still richer breathes and fairer blows, S. O Phely
A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy; S. Twas even—the dewy	A fairer than's in you town,
Fair is the morn in flow'ry May,	His setting beam ne'er shone upon. S. O wat ye wha's in But fairer never touch'd a heart
Fair tho' she he, that was ne'er my undoing; S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e t	Than her's, the Fair sae far awa. S. Sae far awa
	(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
My morning raise sae clear and fair, . 1'.s under Grief.	Did nip a fairer flower.)
1 hae lo'ed the Fair, the Gowden; S. Wantonness for ever 1 made an open fair confession,	Fairest. Fairest maid on Devon hanks! S. Fairest maid Then come, thou fairest of the fair!
When first I saw fair Jeanie's face, S. When first I saw t	But she my fairest faithfu' lass, S. I'll ay ca' in:
And for fair Scotia, hame again, . S. When wild War's †	Ye weel may wi' the fairest place : S. O this is no my ain
And marking sweet flowerets so fair; S. Where are the joys †	The fairest maid's in you town
Jenny, fair Jenny alone	That evining sun is shining on. S. O wat ye wha's in
Again I might desert fair Virtue's way; Why am I loth † To halance fair in ilka quarter; S. Willie Wastle †	For she, as fairest is her form, She has the truest, kindest heart
To halance fair in ilka quarter; S. Willie Wastle † Green he your woods, and fair your flowers,	Fare-thee-well thou first and fairest! . S. One fond kiss
S. Ye banks, and bracs, and streams T	Fairest flow'r! behold the lily,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; S. Ye banks and braes †	Blooming in the sunny ray;
She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair; S. You wild mossy mountus †	Better than e'er the fairest she he meets
Fair, the Fair, Fair one.	S. Sleep'st thou
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,	But still as the fairest she sat in their sight, S. The heather was blooming
Has met wi'tbe queen o'the fair. S. Adown winding Nith †	When a' our fairest maids were met,
I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair. S. Afton Water.	The fairest maid was bonie Jean. S. There was a lass
Vet in thy presence, lovely Fair,	And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
To hope may be forgiven; . S. Anna, thy charms †	She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May, S. There's auld Rob
While my darling fair Is on the couch of anguish? S. Ay waking, O†	That fate may in her fairest page, enroll thy name :
the pleasure The fickle Fair can give thee, Is but a fairy treasure, S. Deluded swain †	She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
Who on my fair one satire's vengeance hurls? Ep. fr. Esopus.	S. I'on wild mossy mountns
The Friend we trust; the Fair we love; Grace after Dinner.	Fairin [a present at a fair, a present, a reward]
Powers celestial whose protection	Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat, He gets his fairin! Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30
Ever guards the virtuous fair, S. Highland Mary. If thou hast met this fair one, S. O wat ye wha that loes t	Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
If every other fair one, But her, thou hast deserted, . 1b.	Fairlee.
Last, the not least in love, ye youthful fair,	She was the flower o' Fairlee lambs,
Prologue, at Th., D	A famous breed : [v. A. 19] Poor Mailie's El.
That form'd this Fair sae far awa, . S. Sae far awa. But fairer never touch'd a heart	Fairly. I'm tauld he offers very fairly
Than her's, the Fair sae far awa	
th' unblushing fair In his embraces sunk;	For one, he said, to labour bred, Was a match for fortune fairly, O. S. My father was a farmer
The Jolly Beggars. R. VII. Great love I bear to all the Fair, Ib. S. VII.	1 tell your Highness fairly,
I view'd the heavenly-seeming Fair; The Vision. D. II. I.	My spavet Pegasus will limp,
Thine am I my faithful fair, S. Thine am I†	Till ance he's fairly het; Ep. to Davie, 11
In plaintive notes my tale rehearses	Tho' three times doubl'd fairly, . S. The Rigs o' Barley
When I the fair have found; To Clarinda. Had at the time some dainty fair one, . To Dr. Blacklock.	I'm sure it's winter fairly, [re.] . S. Up in the morning A mailin plenish'd fairly; . S. When wild War's
While she, my cruel, scornfu' Fair,	Fairy. the pleasure The fickle Fair can give thee,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair! . S. Young Jamie,	Is but a fairy treasure, S. Deluded swain
Fair [market]. An' Stable-meals at Fairs were driegh, A Gude New-Year † S.	Upon that night, when Fairies light, On Cassilis Downans dance, Halloween
For monie a Plack they wheedle frae me.	Fairies dance sae cheery S. Hark! the mavis
At dance or fair: Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 17.	Girvan's fairy haunted stream . S. Now bank and brac
Mauchline Race or Mauchline Fair,	A fairy train appear'd in order bright: The Brigs of Ayr. 11
But thee, what were our fairs and rants? Scotch Drink. S.	A fairy Fiddler frae the neuk, He skirl'd out, encore. The Jolly Beggars. R. II
I'm gaun to [Mauchline] holy fair, The Holy Fair. 5.	Not the little sporting fairy,
Till I met my old boy in a Cunningham fair;	All beneath the summer moon: . S. Turn again, thou
The Jolly Beggars. S. 11.	Fairy-land. This life, sae far's I understand, Is a enchanted fairy-land, . To J. S., 12
Wha us'd to trystes an fairs to driddle, Ib. R. V. At kirk and fair, I'se ay be there S. The tither morn t	Faites.
Fair fa' [good luck befall or betide].	Faites mes baissemains respectueuse, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13
And fair fa' my Collier laddie. S. My Collier Laddie.	Faith. To whom hae much, shall yet be given, Is every great man's faith;
Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face, To a Haggis.	Extent. on Comments of Thomson
Fairplay.	But for to meet the Deil her lane, She pat but little faith in:
l hope to gie the jad's a clearin' In fair play yet Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.	She pat but little faith in:
Fair play, he car'd na deils a hoddle. Tam a' Shanter 11	By the faith you fondly plighted: S Stay and charges

	Taise
For its faith and truth reward it S. Sweetest May †	Are lovers as faithful and maidens as fair.
Hear how he clears the points o' Faith	S. True hearted was he t
Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! The Holy Fair. 13.	Caust thou break his faithfu' heart? S. Turn again, thou fair t
But ne'er a word o' faith in That's right 1b. 15.	Me and my faithfu' doggie; S. What will I do gin † And come, my faithful sodger lad, S. When wild War's †
Wi' faith an' hope, an' love an' drink, They're a' in famous tune For crack	
And by that Stowp! my faith an' houpe,	Faithless. Among them I spied my faithless, fause lover, S. As I was a-wand ring †
	I rather wou'd bear a' the load o' my sorrow
To join faith and sense upon ony pretence, Is heretic, damnable error The Kirk's Alarm.	Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him 1b.
The plighted faith; the mutual flame; The Lament.	Is nought to what poor she endures That's trusted faithless man, jo. S. O Lassie, art thou t
Your faith proved so loyal, in hot bloody trial,	That's trusted faithless man, jo. S. O Lassie, art thou † And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
S. The small birds †	A faithless woman's broken vow The Lament. 10.
I wat they pledged their faith, man. The Tree of Liberty.	While faithless snaws ilk step betray The Vision. D. I. 1.
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice.	Our sex with guile and faithless love.
In Robert Burns. To W. Simpson. Faith! But faith! I muckle doubt, my Sire, A Dream, 5.	Is charged, perhaps too true; To Miss L. with "Beattie."
Faith! But faith! I muckle doubt, my Sire, A Dream. 5. Faith, you and A[pplecros]s were right Add. of Beelzebub.	But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie, S. Wandering Willie.
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame. Add. to the Deil. 3.	That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkan,	That foolish, selfish, faithless ways, Lead to be wretched, vile, and base. Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
For, faith, they'll ablins fin' them fashious :	Falconer.
Auld comrade dear †	She trusts the ruthless falconer And drops beneath his feet S. How cruel t
And faith, he'll waur me Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.	And drops beneath his feet S. How cruel † Fald [fold].
An' faith, we'se be acquainted better Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 10.	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, S. O were my love t
Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing! Ep. to J. R., 6.	Fall. Mixt with some warbler's dying fall. S. Here is the glen
And faith, to me, 'twas really new! Kind Sir, I've read †	And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
"There's just the man I want, in faith." Lns to J. Ranken.	S. How pleasant the banks †
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;	Or like the snow falls in the river, Tam o' Shanter. 7.
S. No Churchman am 1†	The fate of empires and the fall of kings,
And, faith, he'll prent it. On Grose's Peregrinations.	The Rights of Woman.
And faith ye'll no be lost a whit, On W. Chalmers.	Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.	Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? Ep. fr. Esopus.
Tho' faith, that date. I doubt, ye'll never see :	He falls in the blaze of his fame. S. Farewell, thou fair day t
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15. Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see: The Brigs of Ayr. 5.	Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall,
Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough, Ib. 10.	In vain wild Prudence †
Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin! The Holy Fair. 6.	And show'rs began to fall; John Barleycorn. Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
But faith! the birkie wants a Manse, , 1b. 17.	Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
Gude faith he manna fa' that! . S, The Honest Man,	Lament for Glencairn.
Till faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg, . The Inventory. For faith I'm confoundedly dry: The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave, Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
And faith I'm gay and hearty!	My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsing. On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely To a Louse.	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Na faith ye yet! ye'll no be right, Till ye've got on it,	Tyrants fall in every foe: S. Scots wha ha'e t
Till ye've got on it,	While Tories fall, while Tories fly, The Election Ballads, 1'I.
As faith I muckle doubt him, To Gav. Hamilton.	And Hopeton falls, the generous, brave; 16.
An' if a Devil be at a', In faith he's sure to get him	Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate, The Rights of Woman.
down the gate, in faith, they're worse To Mr. J. Kennedy.	At whose destruction-breathing word,
That faith, the youngsters took the sands Wi' nimble shanks, To W. Simpson, P.S.	The mightiest empires fall! To Ruin.
	Fallen. No fallen angel, hurled from upper skies;
Faithful, -fu'.	Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —. My fathers have fallen to right it; Poet. Add. to Tytler.
It brake the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame,	Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
S. By you castle wa't	I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart;
Is this thy faithful swain's reward, An aching broken heart, S. Canst thou leave me thus †	The Henpecked Husband.
Nor use a faithful lover so? S. Fairest Maid †	Falling. Now chrystal clear are the falling waters, . S. Bonie Bell.
So calls the woodlark in the grove,	List'ning to the wild birds singing.
His little faithful mate to chear, . S. Here is the glen †	By a falling chrystal stream; S. I dream'd I lay t
But she my fairest faithfu' lass, S. I'll ay ca' in † Enclasped to my faithful breast,	While falling, recalling,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.	The amorous thrush concludes his sang; . S. Sae flaxen †
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	Fallow. The fallow land is free; . S. O can ye labour lea t
To meet my faithful Davie S. Now rosy May †	Fallow [fellow]. Will's a true guid fallow's get,
Her faithfu' mate will share ber toil, S. O Logan! sweetly †	Wii's a true guid lanow's get,
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh him, Poor Mailie's El.	Adam A-'s Prayer.
"Twas all my faithful love could gain; S. The capt. Ribband. A faithful brother I have left, The Farewell.	A clever, sturdy fallow;
My faithful Highland lassie, O. S. The Highland Lassie.	An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
But he still was faithfu' to his clan, The Jolly Beggars. S. II'.	Wi' hearty crunt; . To W. Simpson, P.S.
Or leaves the faithfu' lass he lo'ed,	False. False flatterer, Hope, away! . Fragment of Ode. thou false woman, My sister and my fae,
To wear a ragged coat. The Ruined Maid's Lament.	Lament of Mary of Scots.
He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke, The Twa Dogs. 5.	But spare and pardon my false Love, . S. O mirk, mirk †
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;	Tho' thou has been false, I'll ever prove true.
Thine am I my faithful fair, S. Thine am I t So prays thy faithful friend, the bard To Chloris.	S. Oh. open the door,† False friends, false love, farewell!
So prays thy faithful friend, the bard. To Chloris. My faithful love disdains, To Clarinda.	If thou hast known false love's vexation. The Hermit.
mry farenturiove disdanis	The first man known made force a resistions . The first min.

'Twas then I prov'd false to my Sodger laddie. The Jolly Beggars, S. II.	Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return? The Election Ballads. III. For building cot-houses sae fam'd,
Alas the day, and wo the day, A false usurper wan the gree, S. The bonie Lass of Albany.	Fareweel even to the Scotish name, Sae fam'd in martial story S. The Union.
To stigmatize false friends of thine Can ne'er defame thee. To Rev. J. M'Math.	Sir, in that circle you are fam'd; To Rev. J. M'Math. Till fam'd Breadalhaine opens on my view.
And should the false one hither stray, No vengeful spirit hid him fear; S. To thee, loo'd Nith †	Wr. in Kenmore Inn. What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, [re.] S. Ye Jacobites †
Falsest.	Family, -'ly.
Falsest of woman-kind, canst thou declare, All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! S. Had I a care t	His worthy fam'ly far and near, God bless them a' wi' grace an' gear Auld comrade †
Falsehood.	May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
That there is falsehood in his looks I must and will deny: That there is falsehood †	A Family in Heaven! O Thou dread Pow'r † Famine. In his flesh there's a famine, Epit. on Walter S
Folter Scoper the sun in his motion would falter.	Famish'd. When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
S. Twas na her bonie blue c'e †	The scented groves, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame; Add. to the Deil. 3.	Famous. As Phœbus and the famous Nine
For their fame it shall last while the world goes round. At Meet. of D. Volunteers.	Were glowran owre my pen. Ep. to Davie, 11. Weel pleased, he [Death] greets a wight sae famous,
Know thou, O stranger to the fame Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name! Epit. for R. A.	Epit. on Tam the Chapman. She was the flower o' Fairlee lamhs,
He falls in the blaze of his fame. S. Farewell, thou fair day †	A famous breed: Poor Maine's Et.
Nae ray of fame was to be found: Lament for Glencairn.	While healths gae round to him wha, tight, Gies famous sport Scotch Drink. 12.
I sing his name and nobler fame, Wha multiplies our number	'Here lies a famous Bullock!'
And B[urn]'s spring, her fame to sing, 16.	Than 'twint Hal and Bob for the famous job The Dean of Fac
They'll live, or die wi' fame, Willie! S. O Kenmure's on and awa †	We will get famous laughin At them this day. The Holy Fair. 5.
And future ages bear his growing fame. On Death of Sir J. Blair.	They're a' in famous tune For crack that day 1b. 26. Sic famous twa should disagreet, The Twa Herds. 9.
I am nae stranger to your fame, On W. Chaimers.	Craigdarroch so famous for wit, worth, and law;
Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives Horatian fame; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	The Whistle. 6. Ramsay an' famous Ferguson To W. Simpson. S.
That dearest meed is granted—honest fame; Prologue sp. by Woods.	Fa'n, Fann [fallen].
Shall no longer appear in the records of Fame; Reproof by himself.	Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust; S. Awa, whigs, awa. And ane wad rather fa'n than fled; On Grose's Peregrinations.
Is there mae Poet, hurning keen for Fame,	An angel form's faun to thy share! S. She's fair and fause t
Will handly try to gie us Plays at hame? Scots Prologue. Will gar Fame hlaw until her trumpet crack, 1b.	Fan. Breathing in the breeze that fans her. Soothe her bosom into rest: . S. Highland Mary.
Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie,	I'd fan it wi' a constant gale, S. O were my love t
I am Samson's Et., Fer. C	Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ; The Vision. D. II. 22. Still fan the sweet connuhial flame
And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany.	Responsive in each hosom,
Should grace the Lass of Albany. S. The bonie Lass of Albany.	Fancy. Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole, A Bard's Epit. Heav'n's heanties on my fancy shine; Add. to Edinburgh. 4.
Fame, honest fame, his great his dear reward. The Brigs of Ayr.	The daisy amus'd my fond fancy, S. Adown winding Nith
And hands the rustic Stranger up to fame, Ib.	I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. As I was a-wand ring t
Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The capt. Ribband. Here's a noble Earl's Fame and high renown,	And drank my fill o' fancy's dream, . As on the banks †
The Election Ballads, IV.	Since she is fitted to her fancy ; Auld comrade †
Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land, Wi' equal right and fame,	Beyond what Fancy e'er refin'd The voice of Nature prizing S. Could aught of song †
Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame; 1b. V1.	For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed?
Weel Europe kens the fame o't The Tree of Liberty. Fareweel to a' our Scotish fame, S. The Union.	Ep. fr. Esopus. Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2.
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,	With passions so notent, and fancies so bright,
To hand him on, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.	Fragment, inser. to Fox. Let my fancy first approve S. Jockey fout
Where once the Campbell's, chiefs of fame, Held ruling pow'r:, Ib. D. II. II.	Fancy only kens nae cheat
Till now o'er all my wide domains, Thy fame extends; Ib. 18.	And courtly grandeur bright
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame, The Whistle. 10.	The flower and fancy o the west: S. Mark youder Pomp the flower and fancy o the west: S. My Lord a-hunting the
With native worth, and spotless fame, . To a yng Lady.	They make your youthful fancies reel O leave novels
Those [Critics] cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame: To R. G. of F., 4.	To thee my fancy took its wing, S. O Mary at the window † For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me, [re.] S. O whistle †
An' shall his fame an' honor bleed By worthless skellnms, To Rev. J. M'Math.	But day and night my fancy's flight
to speel, Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield, The braes o' fame; To W. Simpson.	Is ever wi' my Jean S. Of a' the airts to Crowd thick on fancy's wondering eye, On Lincluden.
Then pride might climb the slipping steep.	Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear, 1b.
Where fame and honours lofty shine; S. Twas even—the dewy †	I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy, S. One fond kiss,† Already in thy fancy's eye, Thy sicker treasure. Poem on Life.
Fame, a restless, airy dream; . Wr. in Hermitage at F. C	Fell Despair my Fancy seizes S. Raving winds †
Famed, -'d. Scotia's kings of other years, Fam'd heroes! Add. to Edinburgh. 6.	Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection, The Brigs of Ayr. S
famed for martial deed and sacred song, Liberty. And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share	But nae ane could their fancy please.
A rival place? . Poem on Pastoral Poetry. But here an ancient nation fam'd afar, Prologue, sp. by Woods.	The scenes where wretched Fancy roves, Phrsuing past, unhappy loves! S. The gloomy night †

Fancy, chief, Reigns, hagard-wild, in sore afright: The Lament.	Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow Talk of him that's far awa. [re.] S. Musing on the rearing †
Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray, . The Vision. D. II. 17. There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy	That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man; S. O bonie was you rosy t
S. There's a youth † My fancy yerket up sublime Wi' hasty summon: To J. S., 4.	Here's him that's far awa, Willie!
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning! Ib. 15.	S. O Kenmure's on and awa t
L-d man there's lasses there wad force A hermit's fancy, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Is o'er the hills and far awa? S. Oh how can I be blythe †
Not the Poet in the moment Fancy lightens in his ee', S. Turn again, thou t	But aye the tear comes in my ee, To think on him that's far awa
I thought mon the witching smile	The bonie lad that's far awa
That caught my youthful fancy: S. When wild War's † O why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers, S. Why, why tell thy †	When he comes hame that's far awa
The leafless trees my fancy please,	Sae far I sprackled up the brae, . On dining with Daer.
Their fate resembles mine!	The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea. S. Out over the Forth †
If she be sby, her sister try, Ye'll maybe fancy Jenny The Tarbolton Lasses.	For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
O can'st thou think to fancy me! . S. There was a lass t	Where the mossy riv'let strays, Far from human haunts and ways; On scaring Water-fowl.
And see an onie lad will fancy me.	Far in their shade my Peggy's charms S. Peggy Chalmers.
He's comin frae the North that's to fancy me, S. There grows a bonie brier †	Far as the rude harbarian marks the bound.
Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove, [v. A. 4] . The Vision.	Frologue, sp. by Woods. Or worser far, the pangs of keen remorse; Remorse. A Frag
Fand, Fan' [found].	But for her sake sae far awa : [re.] . S. Sae far awa.
He gaped for't [his argument], he graped for't,	My native land sae far awa. [re.] 1b.
He fand it was awa, man; . Extem. in Court of Session. An' a' the faut I fan' wi' him,	And nocht can heal my hosom's smart, While, Oh, she is sae far awa. [re.]
He couldna labour lea S. O can ye labour lea †	Nor need he hunt as far as Rome or Greece, Scots Prologue.
This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter, Tam o' Shanter. 2. Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;	For Nannie, far hefore the rest, Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
The Muse nae Poet ever fand her,	Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r: Tam o' Shanter. 16.
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander, . To W. Simpson.	Far from thy bonie banks and braes, S. The Banks of Nith.
Fane. That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane On Lincluden.	Which sweetly winds so far below; S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred Fane,	Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I ween! The Cotter's Sat. Night.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	They tune their hearts, by far the nohlest aim: . Ib. 12.
Fann'd. While larks with little wing, Fann'd the pure air, S. Phillis the Fair.	The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: 1b. But haply, in some cottage far apart, 1b. 17.
Fantastic.	The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind: Ib. 19.
Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves: The Brigs of Ayr. 8. Far. Far be't frae me that I aspire	I'll mind you still, tho' far awa. The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
To blame your Legislation, A Dream. 5.	Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write Those happy scenes when far awa!
till they a' did wanble, Far, far behin'! A Guid New-year 7.	Shall be my Pray'r when far awa
a short-liv'd glow'r, Far south the lift, A Winter Night. 1. Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below! . 1b. 7.	To him, the Bard, that's far awa
Far kend an' noted is thy name; Add. to the Deil. 3.	Far from the bonie banks of Ayr S. The gloomy night t
Thon travels far;	Till Charlie Stewart cam at last, Sae far to set us free; The High. Widow's Lament.
And just as lamely can ye mark, How far perhaps they rue it. Add. to Unco Guid 7.	The chiel that's a fool for himsel, Guid L—d, he's far dafter than i. The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;	But whalpet some place far abroad, . The Twa Dogs. 2.
S. Afton Water. His worthy fam'ly far and near, Auld comrade dear †	when the Day had clos'd his e'e, Far i' the West, The Vision. D. I. 2.
More lovely far her beauty blows Delia, an Ode.	Far wanders nations over S. The yng High. Rover.
Tho' I mann own, as monie still,	Tho' cruel fate should bid us part,
As far abuse me. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 16. Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay, El. on Capt. M. H. 9.	Far as the pole and line; S. Tho' cruel fate † I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able.
Far, far from thee, I wander here;	S. Tho. Jekie Portune
Far, far from thee, the fate severe At which I most repine, Love. S. Forlorn, my Love †	Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters, To J. S., 8. An' far powerthy of thy train, To Rev. J. M'Math.
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong;	When I forget thee! Willie Creech.
Fragment inser. to Fox. But far off fowls hae feathers fair, . S. Here's to thy health, †	Tho' far awa! To W. Creech. As far surpassing other common villains,
Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,	As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more. I ragic Frag.
Are with him that's far away. [re.] S. How can my poor heart †	And winna say owre far for thrice, . 1'.s to J. Kanken.
On stormy seas and far away, [re.] Ib.	De for my older brother in the muses.
My dear lad that's far away, [re.]	Il r. unar Fort. of Fergusson.
S. How pleasant the banks †	Far-aff [far-off]. For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair, The Election Ballads. I.
I think on him that's far awa', The lee-lang night, and weep, S. It was a' for †	For far-aff lowis hae feathers fair, The Election Parisher.
von moors. Ont-spreading far and wide,	Thro' many a far-fam'd sire!
Man was made to Mourn. 3. But far better days I trust will come again; S. Lady Mary Ann.	And with the far-fam'd Grecian share
I haste with the storm to a far distant shore;	Syne let us pray, auld England may
Lament on leaving Nat. Land. But now he's banish'd far away, S. My Harry was a gallant t	Farefetch'd. Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods;
But I gied him a far better thing, , , S. My Sandy gied †	The Vision. D. I. 14.

Far-honor'd. K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name A Ded. to G. H., 14. Farce. Till tird at last wi' mony a farce. They set them down upon their arse, [v.A.1] The Twa Dogs. 6. Farc. When purple morning starts the hare, To steal upon her early fare, . S. Now rasy May to What the control programs of the start of	Farewell, the glen sae bushy, O! Farewell, the plain sae rashy, O! S. The Highland Lassie. Then farewell hopes of Laurel-boughs, Farewell within thy bosom free A sigh may whiles awaken: V.s., under Grief. For there I took the last furewell
And dish them out their bill o' fare, Our humble cot and hamely fare,	of my sweet Highland Meyer. Of my sweet Highland Meyer. Farina. The Farina of beans and pease, He has't in plenty; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.
Ye freely shall partake if, S. When wild War's † Fare, to. And how do ye fare? S. Gudeen to you Kimmer† Tasting the hreathing spring, Forth I did fare; S. Phillis the Fair.	Farl (the fourth or third part of a thin cake made of oat, flour, or other meal). An' farls, bak'd wi' butter, Fu' crump that day. The Holy Fair. 7.
An' O sae nicely's we will fare! . The Jolly Beggars, S. I'. But why should ae man better fare, And a' men brithers! . To Dr. Blacklock.	Farm. O gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms. S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft † A farm of full forty good acres of land S. The Poor Thresher.
A' day they fare but sparely; Fare thee weel, Fare-you-weel. And fare thee weel, my only Law! And fare thee weel, a while! But fare you-weel, and Nickie-ben! Exercise with the second of the sec	And learn to tent the farms wi' me? S. There was a lass t Farmer. Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth. My father was a farmer Upon the Carrick horder, O, S. Aly father was a farmer t
Fare thee weel before I gang, S. Scenes of twoe † Fare-thee-well, Fare ye well. Fare-thee-well, thou first and fairest! Fare-thee-well, thou best and dearest! S. One fond kiss† Now fare ye well, an 'joy be wi' you, Audi contrade dear!	Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain, Delights the weary Farmer; S. Now westlin winds † At Service out, amang the Farmers roun'; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
Fareweel [farewell], My Love and Native Land fareweel, Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie! On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith. The Hoby Fair. 7. Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard, The Twa Dogs. 23. For gold the merchant ploughs the main, The farmer ploughs the manor: S. When wild War's † Farther. Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen,
Fareweel the brase of Ballochmyle. S. The Catrine woods† Fareweel the honie banks of Avr. Fareweel, fareweel! sweet Ballochmyle!	Nae mair then, we'll care then, Nae farther we can fa' Ep. to Davie. 3. Besides, I farther mann allow,
Fareweel to a our Scotish fame, Fareweel our ancient glory; Fareweel even to the Scotish name, Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin; An fareweel chearfit (ankards foamin, An' social noise;	To work him farther woe, John Barleycorn. I make indeed my daily hread, But ne'er can make it farther, O; S. My father was a farmer! The more in this fwealth. Scal you look for hiss.
An' fareweel chearn't tankards foamin. An' social noise; An' fareweel dear, deluding woman, The joy of joys! To J. S., 9. Fareweel, and birkie! Lord be near ye, To Terraughty. Fareweel, 'my rhyme-composing 'brither! To W. Simpson.	The more in this [wealth, &c.] you look for bliss, You leave your view the farther, O: Ib. She's gane, like Alexander, To spread her conquests farther. S. O saw ye bonie L.† What farther clishmaclaver might been said, The Brigs of Ayr. 11. Farthest.
Farewell.	The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
Farewell, dear Friend! may guid luck hit you! A Farewell. E'en here, I took the last farewell: S. Echold the hour! Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear That fickle heart of thine, S. Canst thou leave me! Farewell, dear mistress of my soul, S. Farewell, dear mistress!	Farthest. thro' Albion's farthest kin, The Petition of Br. Water. Farthing,
Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, S. Farewell, thou fair day† Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties! Ib. Farewell, thou stream that winding flows	Fash [trouble, annoyance]. An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter To gie ane fash. Add. to Illegit. Child. The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools, Add. to the Toothache. 4.
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong, S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	Fash, to [to trouble, bother, care for, take pains]. But Davie lad, ne'er fash your head, Tho' we bae little gear, Ep. to Davie, z.
Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,	Ne'er thinkan they wad fash me for't;
But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever, Anguish unming! d and agony pure. S. Gloomy December. Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North, S. My hear's in the Highlands †	The Author's Cry and Prayer. For me, an aim I never fash; I rhyme for fun. To J. S., 5. Fash'd't ftroubled.
False friends, false love, farewell!. S. Oh, ofen the door, † One farewell, alas, for ever! S. One fond kiss, † Farewell, hours that late did measure Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; S. Raving winds †	To tell the truth, they [poverty, &c.] seldom fash't him, El. on Death of K. Ruitseaux. At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly last Holy Willie's Prayer. 6. Trowth, Cosar, whyles their fash't enough:
Farewell then, lang hale then, The Ans. to the Guidwife. Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, The Farewell. Farewell, a mother's blessing dear! Farewell, my Bess! tho' thou'rt bereft	Mark yender pomp of costly fashion, Round the wealthy, titled bride S. Mark yonder Pomp† She talks of rank and fashion. S. O poortith cauld, †
Of my parental care; Ib. And You, Farewell! whose merits claim, Justly that highest badge to wear! The Farewell, To St. I's L.	Who knows how the fashion's may alter, Poet. Add. to Tytler, A man of fashion too, he made his tour, Selech. Was in the fashion shining Fu' gay that day. The Holy Fair. 2. He takes [stipend] but for the fashion: The Ordination, 5.
Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales, S. The gloomy night † Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes! Ib. Farewell, the honie hanks of Ayr! Ib.	To keep that right inviolate's the fashion, The Rights of Woman. As praying's the ton of your fashion; S. The Sons of old Killie.

Fashious [troublesome]. For, faith, they'll ablins fin' them [chiels] fashious:	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.
Auld comrade †	The little fate allows, they share as soon, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Fast. Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule, A Bard's Epit. Or close them fast in death! . A Prayer under Anguish.	Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, S. Fate gave the word
Their Latin names as fast he rattles	Far, far from thee, the fate severe
As A B C. Death and Dr. Hornbook, 20.	At which I most repine, Love. S. Forlorn, my Love,
Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast, Ep. fr. Esopus.	Till the Fates, nae mair severe, Friendship, Love and Peace restore. S. Frae the friends
An' tho' at last they catch them [riches] fast, Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.	Not unrevenged your fate shall be, . Fragment of Ode.
S. Green grow the Kashes.	The cruel fates between us throw
Gar lasses hearts gang startin Whyles fast at night	A boundless ocean's roar; . S. From thee, Eliza, the An monie lads an' lasses fates
'An' her that is to be my lass,	Are there that night decided: Halloween. 7.
	To realms unknown while fate exiles me, Make her bosom still my home S. Highland Mary.
An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour. Fu' fast	Sic fate ere lang shall thee betide; . S. I do confess
But nought can glad the weary wight	nerved with thundering fate, Liberty.
That last in durance hes Lament of Mary of Scots.	A few seem favourites of Fate, Man was made to Mourn.
But late she flourished, rooted fast, On Birth of Posth. Child.	How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate, . Monody, on a Lady.
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely, Tam o' Shanter. 5. Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet; 1b. 9.	With the hand and heart of my wee thing, No more at my fate 1 ll repine. S. My Love's a winsome
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious: 10, 12.	O had my fate been Greenland snows,
And hameward fast did flee, man. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Or Afric's hurning zone, Now Spring has clad
And bound him in a dungeon fast, The Jolly Beggars, S. IV.	Let witless, trusting woman say How aft her fate's the same, jo. S. O Lassie, art thou
The gloomy night is gath'ring fast, S. The gloomy night † An' aff, an' up the Cowgate Fast, fast that day. The Holy Fair, 16.	O why should Fate sic pleasure have, Life's dearest hands untwining? S. O poortith cauld?
The Holy Fair, 16.	How blest the humble cotter's fate,
He il screed you all Effectual Calling,	Then lea'e the lassie till her fate, . S. O steer her up !
And a' like lamb-tails flyin Fu' fast this day!	If angry fate is sworn my foe, S. O wat ye wha's in t
But now his Honor maun detach,	Doomed to share thy fiery fate, . Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —. And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.
Wi' a' his hrimstone squadrons, Fast, fast this day. 16. 10.	On seeing wounded Hare.
The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast, The Vowels.	Relentless fate has laid their guardian low. On Death of Sir J. Blair.
An' weary Winter comin fast, To a Mouse. Fasten. Ye'll fasten to him like a brier, . S. O Tibbie! †	Our Bardie's fate is at a close, Foor Mailie's El
Fasten. Ye'll fasten to him like a brier, S. O Tibbie! † And fretful envy grins in vain	Till Fate the curtain drops on worlds to be no more.
The poisoned tooth to fasten. S. Young Peegy †	Fate oft tears the bosom chords Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Fasteneen [fasterns' or fastens' even, the evening before the first day of the fast of Lent].	
On Fasteneen we had a rockin, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 2.	For sae I sat, and sae I sang, And wist na o' my fate. S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II. impell'd by all-directing Fate. The Bries of Avr. 2
Faster.	
my life's a lease, Nae hargain wearing faster, A Dream. 6.	And share the fate I would impose
And withers the faster, the faster it grows; S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †	On thee, wert thou my captive too. S. The capt. Ribband. The butcher deeds of bloody fate, The Election Ballads. VI.
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster	But fate the word has spoken: 10.
In favor wi' some gentle Master, The Twa Dogs. 21. Fat. a fine, fat, fodgel wight, . On Grose's Peregrinations.	Their waefu' fate what need I tell, S. The High. Widow's Lament.
They drink the sweet and eat the fat, But care or pain;	How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.
While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies: To W. Simpson. 18.	S. The lazy mist †
To W. Simpson. 18.	What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn
Fatal. Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow, S. Fate gave the word †	What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn
It only lags the fatal hour; Fragment of Ode.	respiess, must tail before the blasts of fate 10.
Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow.	Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd, My fate will scarce bestow: S. The sun he is sunk †
On Death of R. Dundas. Nae wonder then they've fatal been	And He whom ruthless Fates expel
To honest Willie Chalmers On W. Chalmers.	His native land. [v. A. 4] The Vision. D. I. 'Nor longer mourn thy fate is bard,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore; . S. The gloomy night † Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night; To Clarinda.	'Thus poorly low! 1b. D. II. 2.
Fate, the Fates.	But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers contend?
In bliss, till Fate some day is sent, For ever to release Ye Frae Care A Dream. 9.	Though Fate said, a hero should perish in light; The Whistle. 16.
For ever to release Ye Frae Care A Dream. 9. Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate,	Tho' cruel fate should hid us part, . S. Tho' cruel fate †
Whom friends and fortune quite disown!	Such is the fate of artless maid, . To a Mountain-Daisy. Such is the fate of simple Bard,
A Winter Night. 9. But fate has will'd, and we must part! . S. Behold the hour †	Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
And weep the ae hest fellow's fate	Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
E'er lay in earth. El. on Capt. M. H. 16	That fate is thine—no distant date;
sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em [poverty, &c.] El. on Death of R. Ruisscaux.	To a yng Lady.
To tell Maria her Esopus' fate Ep. fr. Esopus.	To try my fate in guid, black prent: To J. S., 7. Till fate shall snap the brittle thread:
Though there, his heresies in Church and State Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate: Ib.	Till fate shall snap the brittle thread: Ib. 10. I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe, To R. G. of F., o.
Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife, Their fate we should na censure. Ep. to Young Friend. 4.	Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf,
Their fate we should na censure. Ep. to Young Friend. 4. Fate still has blest me with a friend, . Ep. to Davie. 10.	This natal morn, To Terraughty.
Damnation then would be our fate,	The leafless trees my fancy please, Their fate resembles mine!
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 14.	The grand criterion of his fate, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H

to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. With tears I pity thy unhappy fate! Wr. undr Port. of Fergusson.	Fatter. Then bowses drumlie German-water, To mak himsel look fair and fatter, To mak himsel look fair and fatter, The Twa Dogs. 23.
And leave a man undone To his fate S. Ve Jacobites † Fate, to. tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever, S. Twas na her bonic blue e'c †	Fatt'rels (ribbon-ends, trimmings, folds, puckerings and similar mysteries of female dress). Now hand you there, ye're out o' sight, To a Layer
Fated. But ah! how bootless to admire, When fated to despair! . S. Anna, thy charms †	Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight, To a Louse. Faught [s.] v. Fecht.
Has fated me the russet coat,	Faught (fought).
Father.	I faught at land, I faught at sea,
As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,	At hame I faught my Auntie, O; S. Killiecrankie. Fauld [fold].
He does na fail his part in either A Ded. to G. H., 5. A lovin' father I'll be to thee, Add. to Illegit. Child.	Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
O, may no son the father's honour stain, Blest be M'Murdo t	The Kirk's Alarm.
Our father's blude the kettle bought! S. Does haughty Gaul 7	A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld, The Twa Herds. 10. The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
The tender Father and the gen'rous Friend. Epit. for Author's Father.	S. What will I do gin t
As father Adam first was fool'd, Epit. on Henpecked Squire. O tread ye [bairns] lightly on his grass	Fauld ["firth and fauld," frith and fell, wold and wild, wood and common].
Perhaps he was your father Epit. on Wag.	Now looking over firth and fauld, Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd [v. A. 20] A Vision.
genius, th' illustrious father of fiction, Frag. insc. to Fox.	Faulding [folding; "faulding slap," the gate of the
To shun a tyrant father's hate,	fold].
O father, O father, an ve think it fit,	The Sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap, S. Again rejoicing Nature †
We'll send him a year to the College yet; S. Lady Mary Ann.	Then a faulding let us gang, S. Hark! the mavis †
My father was a farmer Upon the Carrick border, O, S. My father was a farmer	It was a faulding jocteleg, Or lang-kail gullie. On Grose's Peregrinations.
To plough and sow, to reap and mow,	Fault. We've faults and failings-granted clearly,
My father hred me early, O:	Ep. to Maj. Logan, 9.
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad, S. O whistle, †	Whose only fault is loving thee? S. O Mary, at thy window † His faults they a' in Latin lay, On W. Cruickshanks.
My father put me frae his door, S. Oh, how can I be blythe t	The fault wad be mine, if they didna shine,
Old Father Time deputes me here before ye, Frologue, at Th., D	Ronalds of Bennals.
Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare't, Ronalds of Bennals.	Then of its faults my honest thoughts I'll give Symon Gray† But if thou hast good cause to sigh at
A builty - Cabon's shoot had manuful. Tam a Shanter 11	Thy fault or care: The Hermit. Faultless. Let her form so fair and faultless,
Ilk Sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father; Tam Samson's El. 12.	Fair and faultless as your own, S. Highland Mary.
The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due.	faultless symmetry and grace, . Prologue, sp. by Woods.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	Faun v. Fa'n. Fause [false]. Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover,
The Father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye,	S. As I was a wand ring t
The priest-like Father reads the sacred page, . Ib. 14.	As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair, S. Eppie M Nab. She's fair and fause that causes my smart.
The Saint, the Father, and the Husband prays: . Ib. 16.	S. She's fair and fause that causes my smart, S. She's fair and fause t
The promis'd Father's tender name; The Lament. For there 1 lost my father dear,	Thou minds me o' the happy days When my fause love was true S. The Banks of Doon.
	O meikle do I rue, fause love, The Ruined Maid's Lament.
Whene'er my father thinks on me, He stares into the wa'; The Ruined Maid's Lament.	Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue, S. To daunton me.
	But mean revenge, an' malice fause He'll still disdain, . To Rev. J. M'Math.
My heart wad hurst wi' pain;	And my fause lover staw my rose, S. Ye banks and bracs †
A king and a father to place on his throne? S. The small birds †	Fause-house [an empty space in a corn-stack].
She kens her father is a laird, . The Tarbolton Lasses.	When kiutlan in the Fause-house Wi'him that night
Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she, Do what ye can, S. There's news, lasses †	Nell had the Fause-house in her min',
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear! To K. G. of F., q.	Faussont, Fawsont (seemly, orderly).
Fathers.	The hizzies, if they're oughtlins faussont, Add. of Ecclzebub. O' decent, honest, fawsont folk, The Twa Dogs. 21.
Bold following where your Fathers led! Add. to Edinburgh. My fathers, that name have rever'd on a throne;	Faut, Faute [fault].
My fathers have tallen to right it;	Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son, That name should he scoffingly slight it.	Your Neehours' fauts and folly! Add. to Unco Guid. 1. As ill I like my fauts to tell; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 16.
Poet, Add, to W. Tytler.	As ill I like my fauts to tell; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 16. There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me,
And tho' your fathers, prodigal of life A Douglas followed to the martial strife, [v. A. 12]	But we'll ne'er stray for fante o' light, S. Gane is the day t
Scots Prologue.	My ain gudeman, it is nae faute S. John, come kiss.
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop Their honour'd native land! The Petition of Br. Water.	An' a' the faut I fan' wi' him, He couldna labour lea S. O can ye labour lea †
Oft have our fearless fathers strode	O wha will own he did the faut? S. O wha my babic-clouts t
By Wallace' side, To W. Simpson.	He had twa fauts, or maybe three, Yet what remead? Tam Samson's El., 14.
I, fatherly will kiss an' dant thee, Add. to Illegit. Child	But twenty fauts ye may hae waur, S. There was a lad t
Fatigue.	An' said my fau't frae bliss expell'd me; What ails ye now t
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather Wi's ma' fatigue. A Guid New-Year † 18.	'I'd rather suffer for my faut, A hearty flewit,
Fatigu d.	Your fautes I will proclaim S. Ye Jacobites Fautless [fautless].
An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment, A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment The Twa Dogs, 16.	Her fautless form and gracefu' air; . S. Sac flaxen

Fautor [a transgressor].	Conscious, blushing for our race,
Let him be planted in my place,	Soon, too soon, your fears I trace: On scaring Water-fowl.
Syne, say, I was a fautor S. Had I the wyte t	Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear.
And tho' he he the fautor, S. Here's his health in water.	As on this night, I've met these judges here!
Faux pas.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Led him [Fox] a sair faux pas, man: . A Fragment. 7.	And kept the country-side in fear.) . Tam o' Shanter. 15.
Favor, Favour.	My heart for fear gae sough for sough, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Then patronize them wi' your favor, . A Ded. to G.II., 13.	For fear amaist did swarf, man
Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours, 1b. 15.	For fear by foes that they should lose
Like fortune's favors, tint as win	Their cogs o' brose,
Still anxious to secure your partial favor, Add. sp.by Fontenelle.	The half asleep start up wi' fear, The Holy Fair. 22.
Her favour Duncan couldna win; . S. Duncan Davison.	An' then your every care au' fear May whistle owre the lave o't. The Jolly Beggars. S.V.
Thy favors are the silly wind That kisses ilka thing it meets S. I do confess t	No anxious fear their little heart alarms:
That kisses ilka thing it meets S. I do confess † I courted fortune's favour, O; S. My father was a farmer †	No anxious fear their little heart alarms; S. The sun he is sunk †
Who for her favour oft had su'd, . S. On a bank of flowers †	He still was a stranger to fear: S. There was a bonie lass †
Some gapin' glowrin' countra laird,	An' get [wi' you] sic fair example straught, I hae na ony fear To Gav. Hamilton.
May warsle for your favour; On W. Chalmers.	I hae na ony fear To Gav. Hamilton. With all a poet's, hushand's, father's fear! To R. G. of F., 9.
And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd, Mid a' thy favors! Poem on Fastoral Poetry.	No fear more, no tear more,
Mid a' thy favors! Poem on Fastoral Poetry.	To stain my lifeless face,
And in token of favour he gave him a ring. S. The Poor Thresher.	Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e;
With grateful pride we own your many favors:	S. Wandering Willie
Prologue, at Th., D.	Fear, to. Or else, 1 fear, some ill ane skelp him!. A Ded. to G. H., 3.
When here your favour is the actor's lot,	Or faith! I fear that, wi' the geese,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	I shortly boost to pasture I' the craft A Dream, 6.
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious; Tam o' Shanter. 5.	Began to fear a fa', man; A Fragment. 5.
But, under favor o' your langer heard, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster	Your Hand's owre light on them, I fear; Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
In favor wi' some gentle Master, The Twa Dogs. 21.	He learned to fear in his own native wood S. Caledonia.
I hae won their wanton favour S. Wantonness for ever t	What Sorrows yet may pierce me thro', Too justly I may fear! Despondency, an Ode.
But sair I fear some happier swain	And ne'er gude wine did fear, . El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.
Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour: S. When first I saw	Could a country will be market at any
Favor, to. And fortune favor worth and merit, Poem on Life.	Nae mair shall fear him; El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
Favored, Favour'd.	'Mair spier na, nor fear na,' Ep. to Davic. 2.
Ye favored, enlighten'd Few. The Farewell. To St. J.'s. L Inspire the highly favour'd youth	His saul has ta'en some other way, I fear, the left-hand road Epit. on Holy Willie.
The destinies intend her S. Young Peggy	
Favourite, Fav'rite.	'Nae doubt but ye may get a sight! 'Great cause ye hae to fear it;
A few seem favourites of Fate, . Man was made to Mourn.	Gaist nor hogle shalt thou fear, . S. Hark! the mavis †
A prayer from the muse you well may excuse, Tis seldom her favourite passion. S. The sons of old Killie.	I'll fear nae scaut, I'll bode nae want.
Tis seldom her favourite passion. S. The sons of old Killie.	As lang's I get employment. S. Here's to thy health, †
"To muse some favourite Scottish theme, "To sing some favourite Scottish maid. As on the banks †	A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue; S. I gaed a waefu't
But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort, S. Caledonia.	Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear; In vain wld Prudence †
Farewell, dear Friend! may guid luck hit you!	The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow, Man was made to Mourn.
And 'mang her favourites admit you! A Farewell.	But Oh! I fear the kintra soon
Fawsont v. Faussont.	Will ken as weel's mysel! S. My heart was ance t
Fay. Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	The man that fears thy name New Psalmody.
Feal. From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide:	There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	That rides by Kenmure's hand. S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
Fealty. My fealty an' subjection A Dream. S.	'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear.
Fear. For fear your modesty be hurt A Ded. to G. H., I.	In flinders fiee: On Scot. Dara gne to w.i.
O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause Of all my hope and fear! . A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	Thy own reproach alone dost fear, Poet. Inscription.
And with a Mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!	Virtue's blossoms there shall blow, And fear no withering blast; Sad thy tale, †
A Winter Night. 8,	Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.
"Can you-but Miss, I own I have my fears,	Sonnet, wr. on Dirthady.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Wi' tippený, we fear nae evil; Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Ev'ry hope is fled, Ev'ry fear is terror; . S. Ay waking, O t	He need na fear their foul reproach Nor erudition. The Author's Cry and Prayer, 21.
'Kirk-yards will soon be till'd eneugh, 'Tak ye nae fear: Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.	I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain.
The fears all, the tears all,	Nor erudition. The Author's Cry and Prayer, 21. I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Of dim declining Age! Despondency, an Ode. 5.	
The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip, Ep. to Young Friend. S.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6. Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear.
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd, Till fears no more had say'd me:	The Wretched have no more to fear: S. The gloomy night ?
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd, Till fears no more had sav'd me: S. Farewell, thou stream t	I fear I my talent misteuk, The Jolly Beggars, S. III.
For I am Reepit by thy lear	The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear, S. The Stare's Lament.
Free frae them a' [v. A. 11] Holy Willie's Prayer.	While show many stan' mi agreet humble
"Then all hell will fly for fear. S. Husband, husband † And next my heart I'll wear her,	While they mann stan', wi' aspect humble, An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble! . The Twa Dogs. 13.
For fear my jewel tine S. My Love's a winsome †	The vera thought o't need na fear them Ib. 27.
Hope and Fear's alternate billow S. Musing on the roaring t	The faith, I fear ve dine but sparely, To a Louse.
She, who her lovely Offspring eyes	An' forward, the I canna see, I guess an fear! To a Mouse.
With tender hopes and lears, . O I nou aread Powrt	By all the conscious villain fears below: . To Clarinaa.
For fear that she wyle your faucy frae me, [re.] S. O whistle, † On fear inspired wings; S. On a bank of flowers †	Parnassian queens, I fear, 1 fear, Ye'll now disdain me, . To Dr. Blacklock.
On fear inspired wings; , S. On a bank of flowers t	Ten non disagni mer

Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye, To Terraughty. No vengeful spirit bid him fear; . S. To thee, lov d Nith †	The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie, The Brigs of Ayr. 2. Free as the wind or feather'd race To Clarinda.
I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer, . To W. Creech.	Free as the wind or feather'd race To Clarinda. When feather'd tribes are courting, . S. Young Peggy † Feath'ry.
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me; S. Twas na her bonie blue c'e† I fear ye'll bide till break o' day; S. Wha is that at †	Spare my love, thou feath'ry snaw, Drifting o'er the frozen plain. S. Jockey's ta'en the †
Quo' 1, 'I fear unless ye geld me, I'll ne'er be better'. What ails ye now †	Featly [sprucely]. Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd; The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
But sair I fear some happier swain Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour: S. When first I saw †	Feature.
Fain would I hide what I fear to discover, S. Where are the joys† The joyless winter-day, Let others fear, Winter.	It's naething but a milder feature, Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature: A Ded. to G. H., 6. O! art thou not ashamed
Fear not clouds will always lour Wr. in Friars-Carse H., I fear your mind gae wrang, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang.	To dont upon a feature? S. Deluded Swain† But still the preaching cant forbear,
Feared, -'d, -'t. 'Would I hae fear'd them a', man!' . A Fragment. 8.	Ithers seek they kenna what,
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride; Epit. for Author's Father.	Features, carriage, and a' that; S. Jockey fou, † I dote on ev'ry feature Of this dear artless creature, S. My Love's a winsome †
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd, Till fears no more had say'd me: S. Farewell, thou stream	Ilk feature—auld nature Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair! S. Sae flaxen†
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow, S. Fate gave the word † And in the blue-clue throws then, Right fear't that night Halloween. 11.	The twa appear'd like sisters twin, In feature, form and class; The Holy Fair. 3.
There's name ever fear'd that the truth should be heard, But they wham the truth wad indite.	Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare, With feature stern. [v. A. 4] . The Vision. And in her [Nature's] freaks, on ev'ry feature,
S. Here's a health to them † In troth I'm fear'd to venture, Sir. S. I'm o'er young to marry †	She's wrote, the Man
He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd, S. On a bank of flowers t	Fecht, Faught [a fight]. But man is a soldier, and life is a faught:
For a lalland face he feared none, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV. And I was fear'd my heart wou'd tine, S. Where Cart rins t	S. Contented wi' little † Oh! thoughtless lassie, life's a fecht, The canniest gate, the strife is sair; S, In simmer when †
Fearfu' [fearful]. She gat a fearfu' settlin!	Fecht, to [fight].
And them that stay'd gat fearfu' thuds, S. The Taylor†	Sair I fecht them [Want, Hunger] at the door,
Fearless. Or some Montgomery, fearless, lead them; Add. of Beelvebub. 2. Baith careless, and fearless.	S. O that I had ne'er t To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt; The Twa Dogs. 23.
Of either Heaven or Hell; Ep. to Davic. 6. Death comes, wi fearless eye he sees him; The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.	Inform him [death], and storm him, That Saturday ye'll fecht him To a Medical Gent
Oft bave our fearless fathers strode	Fechtan, -in [fighting]. Then up gat fechtan Jamie Fleck,
By Wallace' side, To W. Simpson. 11.	Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce, Add. to the Deil. 19. But ay fu-han't is fechtin best, S. In simmer when the
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st, Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.	Feck [the greater part, the most; value].
Feast. For Solway fish a feast. El. on Peg Nicholson. For few sic feasts you've gotten; For W. Nicol.	Ye [ministers] ken yoursels, for little feck! El. on Year 1788.
O, what a feast her bonie mou! S. Her flowing locks † I've heen at druken writers' feasts, On dining with Dacr.	"Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck "Of a' the ten comman's A screed some day." The Holy Fair. 4.
I find that contentment's an absolute feast, S. The Poor Thresher.	l hae been a de'il now the feck o' my life, S. There liv'd ance a carle
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear they drank. O' sic a feast! The Twa Herds. 5. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; To R.G. of F.,6.	Fecket [a garment with sleeves, worn by working people, in lieu of vest and shirt; an undershirt is also, now-a-days, sometimes called a "fecket"].
Feast, to. Told him I came to feast my curious eyes; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Grim loon! he [Death] gat me by the fecket, Friend of the poet † P.S.
I'd feast on beauty a' the night; S. O were my love † Feasted. O Lord, since we have feasted thus, Which we so little merit, At Globe Tax.	His fecket is white as the new driven snaw; S. There's a youth
Feat [spruce]. The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat, Halloween. Feat.	Feckless [weak, silly, pithless]. An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter To gie ane fash. Add. to Illegit. Child.
Then feats like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em, It is not, outdo him, the task is, out thieve him. Fragment, inser, to Fox.	As feckless as a wither'd rash, To a Haggis. Feckly [mostly]. Three carts, an' twa are feckly new; The Inventory.
And tell future ages the feats of the day; The Whistle. 11. Feather. But now he has gotten a hat and a feather S. Cock up your beaver.	Fed. And sees, with self-approving mind, Each creature on his bounty fed. Add. to Shade of Thomson.
But far off fowls hae feathers fair, . S. Here's to thy health, † Fight haet he had but three	Or I had fed an Athole Gled S. Killicerankie. Well fed on pastures orthodox, The Twa Herds.
Goos feathers and a whittle. S. Robin shure in hairst. For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair, The Election Ballads. I.	Fee. My riches a's my penny-fee, . S. Behind you hills
A feather in his bonnet and a ribbon at his knee, S. There grows α bonie †	So gat the whissle o' my groat, An' pay't the fee Ep. to J. R. 9. How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd, Kind Sir, I've read
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet, S. Wee Willie Gray †	It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee To taste the barrel. Scotch Drink. 13.
Feather'd. The feather'd people, you might see, Perch'd all around on every tree, S. It was the charming t	An' name the airles an' the fee, To Gav. Hamilton. Fee, to. But me he shall not huy nor fee, S. To daunton me.

Fee'd. I fee'd a man at Martinmas,	All hail! ye tender feelings deart Ep. to Davie, 10.
Wi'arle pennies three; . S. O can ye labour lea† Feeble. Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption	But as the clegs o' feeling stang Are wise or fool. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.
Death soon will end her. Letter to J. Goudie. My Muse to dream of such a theme,	But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever, Anguish unmingl'd and agony pure. S. Gloomy December.
Her feeble powers surreader; S. Lovely Davies. Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker	Dearly bought the hidden treasure
I've found her [life] still, . Foem on Life.	E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the view
Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source, The Brigs of Ayr, 7.	The Brigs of Ayr. 6. Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings! Ib. 9.
In vain the laws their feeble force oppose; . To Clarinda. Feebly. Now, feebly bends she, in the blast, On Firth of Fosth. Child.	The native feelings strong, the guileless ways, The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Feebly-bursting. And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry: On Death of R. Dundas,	So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast, Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among: To Miss Graham.
Feed. To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn: S. Caledonia.	In naked feeling, and in aching pride, He hears the unbroken blast from every side: $To \ R. \ G. \ of \ P., 3.$
Ye maggots, feed on Nicol's brain, For few sic feasts you've gotten; For IV. Nicol.	Feet v. Foot.
Busy feed, or wanton lave; . S. On scaring Water-fowl.	Feg [a fig]. Auld age ne'er mind a feg; Ep. to Davic. 2. Fegs [an exclamation equivalent to 'faith!'].
And gie him o'er the flock, to feed, . The Ordination. 5. We labour soon, we labour late,	But fegs, the Session says I mann What ails ye now †
To feed the titled knave, man; . The Tree of Liberty. Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to	Feide [feud, enmity].
feed, S. You wild mossy mountains †	Till coward Death behind him jumpit, Wi' deadly feide; Tam Samson's El., 10.
Feeding on you hill sae high.	Feign. They who but feign a wounded heart,
Feeding on you hill sae bigh, S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. Feel. Feel not a want but what yourselves create.	May teach the lyre to languish; S. Could aught of song +
A Winter Night. 9.	A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns; To R. Graham, Feign'd.
To common sense they [philosophers] now appeal, What wives an' wabsters see an' feel; Auld comrade deart	He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve, The Jolly Beggars R. 17.
To feel the follies, or the crimes, Of others, or my own! Despondency, an Ode. 5.	No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, The Lament. 3. Feint v. Fient,
Alas! I feel I am no actor here! Ep. fr. Esopus.	Feire, Fier [a companion, a brother].
But where ye feel your Honor grip, Let that ay be your border: . Ep. to Young Friend. 8.	And there's a hand, my trusty feire, S. Shld auld acquaintance†
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 4.	But what d'ye think, my trusty fier, . To Dr. Blacklock. Feirrie [fresh, vigorous, active].
Who feel by reason and who give by rule, Ep. to K. Graham. 5. We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good? Ib. 5.	The fient-ma-care, quo the feirrie auld wife,
To feel a fire in every vein, . S. Farewell, thou stream † What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,	S. The deuks dang o'er. O hand your tongue, my feirrie auld wife, 1b.
Lns on Fergusson.	Fell [cruel, savage, fierce, dreadful; keen, biting; nippy, tasty].
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give; Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.	biting Boreas, fell and doure, A Winter Night. 1.
And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll. S. Mark yonder Pomp †	Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance : Add. sp. ly Fentenelle.
A heart that warmly seems to feel; O leave novels †	It blaws nae here sae fierce and fell, . As on the banks t
My honored colonel, deep I feel Your interest in the poet's weal; Poem on Life.	The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north, S. Caledonia, O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody! El. on Capt. M. H., 1.
And howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it, Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it. Prologue, at Th., D.	Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! S. Farcwell, thou fair day t
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime, Remorse. A Frag.	And by fell death was nearly nicket: Friend of the Poet. + P.S.
sore I feel All others' scorn	'Gainst fortune's fell, cruel decree—Jessy! S. Here's a health to ane!
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	But wha can avoid the fell snare? Inscript. on Goblet.
Can they the peace and pleasure feel Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel? S. The Contented Cottager.	Fell source of a' my woe and grief; Lus on Back of Bank Note.
Again I feel, again I burn! The Lament.	Fell Despair my fancy seizes S. Raving winds ! Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash! . Scotch Drink, 15.
To feel a fire in every vein, Yet dare not speak my anguish S. The last time I†	fell remorse, a conscience bleeding The Hermit.
My heart did glowing transport feel, [v.A.4] The Vision.	And that fell cur ca'd common sense, The Twa Herds, 16, Or fell, red smeddum, To a Louse.
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage! To R. G. of F., 5.	tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture, That thy presence gies to me. S. Turn again, thou fair † In solitude—then, then I feel Verses under Grief.	S. 'Twas na her bonie blue † But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
	S. Ye banks and brace and streams † To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
I can feel by its throbbings, will soon be at rest. S. Wae is my heart †	The Cotter's Sat. Night, 11.
For all unfit I feel my powers be, Why am I loth † Feeling. In that soher pensive mood,	Fell [the flesh or cuticle immediately under the outer skin].
Dearest to the feeling soul, S. Streams that glide † O Nature! a' thy shews an' forms	See, how she peels the skin an' fell, As ane were peelin onions! The Ordination, 12,
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms! To W. Simpson, 14.	Fell [high rocky land, a field pretty level on the
That feeling heart but acts a part, O leave novels to The feeling beart's the royal blue, On W. Chalmers.	side of a hill]. The partridge loves the fruitful fells; S. Now westlin winds t
Feeling, s. with a frater-feeling strong, . A Bard's Epit.	Her colours betray'd her on you mossy fells;
Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling, Auld comrade dear † But Och! it hardens a' within,	S. The heather was blooming t By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells, The Twa Herds. 15.
And petrifies the feeling! Ep. to Young Friend. 6.	We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells, . To W. Simpson.

Fell. I to the crambo-jingle fell, Ep. to J. L-k, April 1st. 8.	Felt. And keenly felt the friendly glow, And softer flame; A Bard's Epit.
So fell the pride of all my hopes, S. Fate gave the word, †	She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work
And fell a martyr in her [victory's] arms, Fragment of Ode.	Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift	The pitying Heart that felt for human Woe; Epit, for Author's Father.
When frae my mother's womb I fell,	He felt the powerful, high behest,
Thou might hae plunged me in hell, Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.	Thrill, vital, thro' and thro'; Nature's Law.
The hauld Pitcur fell in a furr, S. Killiecrankie.	Where first I felt their power S. Peggy Chalmers.
But heavens! how he fell a-swearing, S. Last May a braw weeer t	When at his heart he felt the dagger, He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger, Tam Samson's El., 11.
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild. S. Luckless Fortune.	Had felt our weight before The Election Ballads. I'.
The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald beside it,	Content and comfort bless me more in
S. O ken ye what Meg†	This grot, than e'er I felt before in A palace . The Hermit.
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell? Scots Prologue.	Female. Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
She fell—but fell with spirit truly Roman, Ib.	The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
The gndewife's dochter fell in a fever, Scroggam; The priest o' the parish fell in anither S. Scroggam.	The man in arms, 'gainst female charms, S. Lovely Davies.
Some fell for wrang and some for right, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	With manly lore, or female beauty bright, Prologue, sp. by Woods.
	Vain ev'n the omnipotence of Female charms,
How Tories fell and Whigs to h-ll Flew off	'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
The Black-headed Eagle.	Scots Prologue. Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;
They fell upon a scheme, To send a lad to London town The Election Ballads. I.	The Brigs of Ayr, 13.
To send a lad to London town The Election Ballads. I. At strife thir carlines fell; Ib.	A female form, came [Benevolence] from the tow'rs of Stair: Ib.
My Donald and his Country fell.	That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest.
	The Rights of Woman. Though sweetly female every part, Wr. on leaf of "H. More."
Upon Culloden's field. S. The Fign. Widow's Lament. The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a'. S. The Taylor fell t	Fen. Ye heathy wastes immix'd with reedy fens.
The Chief on Sark who glorious fell.	El. on Miss Burnet.
In high command; [v.A.4] . The l ision.	Fen' (a fairly successful struggle, a shift).
What champions ventured, what champions fell; The Whistle.	In poortith I might mak' a fen'; S. Tam Glen.
So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight. Ib. 16.	Fen, Fend, to [keep off; provide for; make shift; fare].
Obliging Vulcan fell to work	And semple-folk maun fecht and fen ; . S. Ganc is the day †
Fell foul o' me What ails ye now t	Till they he fit to fend themsel; . The Death of Mailie.
Feller.	Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs, An' screen our countra Gentry; The Holy Fair, 9.
As soon the rooted oaks would fly Before th' approaching fellers. The Election Ballads. VI.	He met wi' auld Nick, wha said, how do ye fen?
Fellow.	S. There liv'd ance a carle †
And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able, A Ded. to G. II. 14.	Fence. I'll say't, she never hrak a fence, Thro' thievish greed. Poor Mailie's El
At brooses thou had ne'er a fellow, For pith an' speed: A Guid New Year to.	Fenceless. To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
For pith an' speed; A Guid New Year † 9. Go, find an honest fellow; S. Deluded Swain †	To R. G. of F., 3.
The ae best fellow e'er was horn! [re.] El. on Capt. M. H. 2.	Fender. Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender; On Grose's Peregrinations.
As by one drunken fellow his comrades you'll find.	Fenwick. As lately F-nw-ck, sair forfairn, Has proven to its ruin: . The Ordination. 8.
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	
Or why has man the will and pow'r To make his fellow mourn?	
	Ferguson, Fergusson [the Scottish Poet].
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girn an gape,	Ferguson, Fergusson (the Scottish Poet). Of or a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the banld an 'slee, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 14.
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girn an gape, Wi' chokin dread; Poor Mailie's El	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the bauld an' slee, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 1.1. Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lns on Fergusson.
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girn an gape, Wi' chokin dread;	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the bandl an' slee, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st.14. Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lns on Fergusson. Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson.
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girn an gape, Wi chokin dread; Poor Mailie's EL. I see the old, bald-pated fellow, I'm thinking wi's a braw fellow, In poortith I might mak a fen'; S. Tam Glex.	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the banld an'slee, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 1.1. Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lns on Fergusson. Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson. (O Ferguson) the velocius narts.
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girn an gape, Wi chokin dread; Peor Mailie's EL. I see the old, bald-pared fellow. Sketch, New-Yr's Day. I'm thinking wi's ica braw fellow, In poortith I might mak' a fen': S. Tam Glen. Fient hact o' them's ill hearted fellows; The Two Dogs. 26.	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the bauld an slee, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 14. Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lns on Fergusson. Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson. (O Ferguson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! 1b.
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girn an gape, Wi chokin dread; . Poor Mailie's El I see the old, bald-pated fellow, Sketch, New-Yr's Day. I'm thinking wi sic a braw fellow, I sportful h might mak a fen': . S. Tam Glen. Fient haet o' them's ill hearted fellows; The Twa Dogs. 26. A country fellow at the pleugh,	O for a spunk o' Allan's elee, Or Fergusson's, the bauld an 'slee, Ep. to J. L.—k, Alp. 1st. 14. Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lns on Fergusson. Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson. (O Ferguson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! Ramsay an' famous Ferguson Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; 1b.
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girn an gape, Wi chokin dread; . Poor Mailie's El. I see the old, bald-pated fellow, In thinking wi' sic a braw fellow, In poortith I might mak' a fen' S. Tam Glen. Fient haet o' them's ill hearted fellows; The Twa Dogs. 26. A country fellow at the pleugh, His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; Ib. 30. He's needwish, and iealous of a' the young fellows.	O for a spunk o' Allan's elee, Or Fergusson's, the bauld an 'slee, Ep. to J. L.—k, Alp. 1st. 14. Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lns on Fergusson. Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson. (O Ferguson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! Ramsay an' famous Ferguson Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; 1b.
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girn an gape, Wi chokin dread; Poor Mailie's EL. I see the old, bald-pated fellow, I'm thinking wi sie a braw fellow, I no poortith I might mak a fen'; S. Tam Glex. Fient haet o' them's ill hearted fellows; The Twa Dogs. 26. A country fellow at the pleugh, His arce's till'd, he's right eneugh; Ib. 30. He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows, S. What can a yng lassic †	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the bauld an slee, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 14. Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lns on Fergusson. Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson. (O Ferguson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! 1b.
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girn an gape, Wi chokin dread; . Peor Mailie's El. I see the old, bald-pated fellow. Sketch, New-Yr's Day. I'm thinking wi' sie a braw fellow, In poortith I might mak' a fen'; . S. Tann Glex. Fient haet o' them's ill hearted fellows; The Twa Dogs. 26. A country fellow at the pleugh, His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; . Ib. 30. He's peecish, and jealous of a' the young fellows, Fellow-creature.	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the band an' slee, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 1.1. Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lns on Fergusson. Fergusson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson. (O Fergusson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! 1b. Ramsay an' famous Fergusson Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; Ferlintosh (whisky, so called from the village in Ross-shire where it was made; n. Forbesl. Ferly, -ie [a wonder; a term of contempt].
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girn an gape, Wi chokin dread; Poor Mailie's EL. I see the old, bald-pated fellow, I'm thinking wi sie a braw fellow, I no poortith I might mak a fen'; S. Tam Glex. Fient haet o' them's ill hearted fellows; The Twa Dogs. 26. A country fellow at the pleugh, His arce's till'd, he's right eneugh; Ib. 30. He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows, S. What can a yng lassic †	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the bauld an'slee, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap, 1st. 14. Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lnu on Fergusson. Ferguson, the writer-chied, A deathless name. To W. Simpson. O Ferguson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, masty arts! I.k. Ramsay an' famous Ferguson III. Ramsay an' famous Ferguson III. Ferlintosh (whisky, so called from the village in Ross-shire where it was made; n. Forbes! The Ferintosh! O sadylos! Sacth Drink. 19. Ferly, -le [a wonder; a term of contempt]. Na ferlie' its tho' fickle she prove, S. She's fair and fause?
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girn an gape. Wi chokin dread; . Poor Mailie's EL. I see the old, bald-pated fellow, I'm thinking wi sie a braw fellow, I no poortith I might mak a fen'; . S. Tam Glen. Fient haet o' them's ill hearted fellows; The Twa Dogs. zb. A country fellow at the pleugh, His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; . Ib. 30. He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows, What can a yng lassic † Fellow-creature. So ne'er a fellow-creature slight For random fits o' daffin Add. to Unco Guid. Mott, Tell me, fellow-creatures, why	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the bauld an' slee, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 1.1 Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lus on Fergusson. Fergusson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson. (O Fergusson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! 1b. Ramsay an' famous Fergusson Gied Forth an' Tay a lift abon; 1b. Ferlintosh (whisky, so called from the village in Ross-shire where it was made; v. Forbes]. Thee Ferintosh! O sadly lost! Sectch Drink. 10. Ferly, -ie [a wonder; a term of contempt]. Na ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove, S. She's fair and fauset Ha! whare ye gann, ye crowlan ferlie! To a Louse.
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girr an gape, Wi chokin dread; . Poor Mailie's El. I see the old, bald-pated fellow. Sketch, New-Yr's Day. I'm thinking wi' sie a braw fellow, In poortith I might mak' a fen'; . S. Tann Glex. Fient haet o' them's ill hearted fellows; The Twa Dogs. 26. A country fellow at the pleugh, His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; . Ib. 30. He's peechsh, and jealous of a' the young fellows, S. What can a yng lassic't Fellow-creature. So ne'er a fellow-creature slight For random fits o' daffin Add. to Unco Guid. Mott. Tell me, fellow-creatures, why At my presence thus you fly? On scaring Water-fewl.	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the bauld an'slee, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap, 1st. 14. Ill-fated genius! Henven-taught Fergusson! Lnu on Fergusson. Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson. O Ferguson! thy glorious parts, Ill-saited law's dry, musty aris! Ill-saited from the village in Ross-shire where it was made; n. Forbes! The Ferintosh! O sady los! Societh Drink. 10. Ferlly, -le [a wonder; a term of contempt]. Na ferlie' its tho' föck she prove, S. She's pair and fause! Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie! To a Louse. Na ferly tho' ve do desnise
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girn an gape, Wi chokin dread; . Poor Mailie's El. I see the old, bald-pated fellow, I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow, In poortith I might mak' a fen' . S. Tam Glen. Fient hact o' them's ill hearted fellows; The Twoa Dogs. 26. A country fellow at the pleugh, His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; . Ib. 30. He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows, S. What can a yng lassic † Fellow-creature. So ne'er a fellow-creature slight For random first o'dafin. Add. to Unco Guid. Mott. Tell me, fellow-creatures, why At my presence thus you fly? Fellow-mortal.	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the band an' slee, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap', 1st. 1,1 Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lns on Fergusson. Fergusson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson. (O Fergusson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! 1k. Ramsay an' famous Fergusson Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; 1lb. Ferlintosh! of whisky, so called from the village in Ross-shire where it was made; r. Forbesl. Thee Ferintosh! O sadly lost! 2. Scotch Drink. 19. Ferly, - le [a wonder; a term of contempt]. Nae ferlie 'its tho fickle she prove, S. She's fair and fause! Ha! whare ye gann, ye crowlan ferlie! To a Louse. Nae ferly tho' ye do despise The hairum-scrum, ram-stam boys, To J. S., 28. Ferlie, to Ito wonder).
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girr an gape, Wi chokin dread; . Poor Mailie's El. I see the old, bald-pated fellow. Sketch, New-Yr's Day. I'm thinking wi' sie a braw fellow, In poortith I might mak' a fen'; . S. Tann Glex. Fient haet o' them's ill hearted fellows; The Twa Dogs. 26. A country fellow at the pleugh, His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; . Ib. 30. He's peechsh, and jealous of a' the young fellows, S. What can a yng lassic't Fellow-creature. So ne'er a fellow-creature slight For random fits o' daffin Add. to Unco Guid. Mott. Tell me, fellow-creatures, why At my presence thus you fly? On scaring Water-fewl.	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the bauld an'slee, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap', 1st. 14. Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lns on Fergusson. Fergusson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson. (O Fergusson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! . 1b. Ramssy an' famous Fergusson Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; . 1b. Ferlintosh (whisky, so called from the village in Ross-shire where it was made; v. Forbes! Thee Ferintosh! O sadly lost! . Scotch Drink. 10. Ferly, -ie [a wonden; a term of contempt]. Na ferlie it is tho fockle she prove, S. She's fair and fause! Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie! To a Louse. Nac ferly tho'ye do despise The hairum-scatrum, ram-stam boys, . To J. S., 28. Ferlie, to [to wonden]. An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on The Twa Dogs. 18.
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girr an gape, Wi chokin dread; . Poor Mailie's El. I see the old, bald-pated fellow. Sketch, New-Yr's Day. I'm thinking wi's is a Praw fellow, In poortith I might mak a fen; . S. Tenn Glex. Fient hate o' them sill bearted fellows; The Twa Dogs, 26. A country fellow at the pleugh. His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; . Ib, 30. He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows, S. What can a yng lassie't Fellow-creature. So ne'er a fellow-creature slight For random fits o' daffin Add. to Unco Guid. Mott. Tell me, fellow-creatures, why At my presence thus you fly? Fellow-mortal. At me, thy poor, earth-born companion An' fellow-mortal! . To a Mouse. Fellow-worm.	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the band an' slee, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap', 1st. 1.1. Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lns on Fergusson. Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson. (O Fergusson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! 1b. Ramsay an' famous Fergusson Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; Ferlintosh (whisky, so called from the village in Ross-shire where it was made; r. Forbes!. Thee Ferintosh! O sadly lost! Scotch Drink. 10. Ferly, -ie [a wonder; a term of contempt]. Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove, S. She's fair and fausse! Ha! whare ye gann, ye crowlan ferlie! Nae ferly tho' ye do despise The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys, To J. S., 28. Ferlie, to (to wonder). An 'ferlie at the folk in Lon'on. The Twa Dogs. 18. Ferrier, But, gleen the body half an e'e,
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girr an gape, Wi chokin dread; . Poor Mailie's El. I see the old, bald-pated fellow. Sketch, New Yr's Day. I'm thinking wi' sie a braw fellow, In poortilh I might mak a fen': . S. Tam Glon. Fient haet o' them's ill hearted fellows; The Two Dogs. 26. A country fellow at the pleugh, His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; . 1b. 30. He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows, S. What can a yng lassic! Fellow-creature. So ne'er a fellow-creature slight For random fits o' daffin . Add. to Unco Guid. Mott. Tell me, fellow-creatures, why At my presence thus you fly? On scaring Water-fowl. Fellow-mortal. At me, thy poor, earth-born companion An' fellow-mortal! . To a Mouse. Fellow-worm. And see his lordly fellow-worm,	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the band an' slee, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap', 1st. 1.1. Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lns on Fergusson. Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson. (O Fergusson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! . 1b. Ramsay an' famous Fergusson Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; . 1b. Ferlintosh (whisky, so called from the village in Ross-shire where it was made; r. Forbes!. Thee Ferintosh! O sadly lost! . Scotch Drink. 10. Ferly, -ie [a wonder; a term of contempt]. Nae ferlie 'its tho' fickle she prove, S. She's fair and fausse! Ha! whare ye gann, ye crowlan ferlie! . To a Louse. Nae ferly tho' ye do despise The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys, . To J. S., 28. Ferlie, to (to wonder). An 'ferlie at the folk in Lon'on The Twa Dogs. 18. Ferrier. But, gi'en the body half an e'e, Nine Ferriers wad done better! To Miss Ferrier. Ferry.
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girn an gape, Wi chokin dread; . Poor Mailie's El. I see the old, bald-pated fellow. Sketch, New Yr's Day. Im thinking wi' sie a braw fellow, In poortith I might mak a fen'; . S. Tam Glen. Fient haet o' them's ill hearted fellows; The Two Dogs. 20. A country fellow at the pleugh, His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; . Ib. 30. He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows, S. What can a yng lassic! Fellow-creature. So ne'er a fellow-creature slight For random fits o' daffin . Add. to Unco Guid. Mott. Tell me, fellow-creatures, why At my presence thus you fly? On scaring Water-fowl. Fellow-mortal. At me, thy poor, earth-born companion An' fellow-mortal . To a Mouse. Fellow-worm, And see his lordly fellow-worm, The poor pettion spurn. Man was made to Mourn. Fellowship. A night o' guide fellowship southers it a';	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the bauld an'slee, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap, 1st. 14. Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lns on Fergusson. Fergusson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson. OG Fergusson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! Ill-suited Forbian's I law Indianon. Ill-suited Forbian's Ill-suited law's Corbest. The Ferintosh! O sady lost! Schetch Drink. 10. Ferly, - le [a wonder; a term of contempt]. Nas ferlie tis tho fockle she prove, S. She's fair and fause! Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie! To a Louse. Nas ferly tho' ye do despise The halrum-scairum, ram-stam boys, To J. S., 28. Ferlie, to [to wonder]. An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on. The Twa Dogs. 18. Ferrier. But, gi'en the body half an e'e, Nine Ferriers wad done bette! To Miss Ferrier. Ferry. Fe'loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry. S. My bonie Mary.
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girr an gape, Wi chokin dread; . Poor Mailie's El. I see the old, bald-pated fellow. Sketch, New-Yr's Day. I'm thinking wi' sie a braw fellow, In poortiib I might mak' a fen'; . S. Tann Glex. Fient hate o' them sill bearted fellows; The Twa Dogs, 26. A country fellow at the pleugh, His acre's till d, he's right eneugh; . It, 30. He's peectsh, and jealous of a' the young fellows, S. What can a yng lassic't Fellow-creature. So ne'er a fellow-creature slight For random fits o' daffin Add. to Unco Guid. Mott. Tell me, fellow-creatures, why At my presence thus you fly? On scaring Water-fewl. At me, thy poor, earth-born companion An' fellow-mortal . To a Mouse. Fellow-worm. And see his lordly fellow-worm, The poor petition spurn. Man twas made to Mourn. Fellowship. A night o' gude fellowship southers it a'; S. Contented cut ittle!	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the band an' slee, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap', 1st. 1,1 Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lns on Fergusson. Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson. (O Fergusson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! . 1b. Ramsay an' famous Fergusson Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; . 1b. Ferlintosh (hyhisky, so called from the village in Ross-shire where it was made; n. Forbes). Thee Ferintosh! O sadly lost! . Seetch Drink. 10. Ferly, -ie [a wonder; a term of contempt]. Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove, S. She's fair and fause! Ha! whare ye gann, ye crowlan ferlie! To a Louse. Nae ferly tho' ye do despise The hairum-scairum, ram-stam hoys, To J. S., 28. Ferlie, to [to wonder]. An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on. The Twa Dogs. 18. Ferrier. But, gi'en the body half an e'e, Nine Ferriers wad done better! To Miss Ferrier. Ferry. Fe' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry. S. My bonie Mary. Ferry, to. When death's dark stream I ferry o'er.
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girn an gape, Wi chokin dread; . Poor Mailie's El. I see the old, bald-pated fellow. Sketch, New Yr's Day. I'm thinking wi' sie a braw fellow, In poortith I might mak' a fen': . S. Tann Glen. Fient haet o' them's ill hearted fellows; The Twa Dogs. zo. A country fellow at the pleugh, His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; . Ib. zo. He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows, S. What can a yng lassie! Fellow-creature. So nc'er a fellow-creature slight For random fits o' daffin . Add. to Unco Guid. Mott. Tell me, fellow-creatures, why At my presence thus you fly? On scaring Water-fowl. Fellow-mortal. At me, thy poor, earth-born companion An' fellow-mortal . To a Mouse. Fellow-worm, And see his lordly fellow-worm, The poor petition spurn. Man was made to Mourn. Fellowship. A night o' gude fellowship southers it a'; Felly (relentless, bitting).	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the band an' slee, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap', 1st. 1.1. Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lus on Fergusson. Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson. (O Fergusson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! . 1b. Ramsay an' famous Fergusson Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; . 1b. Ferlintosh (whisky, so called from the village in Ross-shire where it was made; n. Forbes]. Thee Ferintosh! O sadly lost! . Seetch Drink. 10. Ferly, -ie [a wonder; a term of contempt]. Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove, S. She's fair and fauset Ha! whare ye gann, ye crowlan ferlie! . To a Louse. Nae ferly tho' ye do despise The hairum-scairum, ram-stam hoys, . To J. S., 28. Ferlie, to [to wonder]. An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on The Twa Dogs. 18. Ferrier. But, gi'en the body half an e'e, Nine Ferriers wad done better! To Miss Ferrier. Ferry. Fe'loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry. S. My benie Mary. Ferry, to. When death's dark stream ferry o'er. Fervent.
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girr an gape, Wi chokin dread; . Poor Mailie's El. I see the old, bald-pated fellow. Sketch, New-Yr's Day. I'm thinking wi's is a Praw fellow, I'n poortith I might mak a fen'; . S. Tann Glex. Fient hate o' them sill bearted fellows; The Twa Dogs, 26. A country fellow at the pleugh, His acre still'd, he's right eneugh; . It 30. He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows, S. What can a yng lassic † Fellow-creature. So ne'er a fellow-creature slight For random fits o' daffin Add. to Unco Guid. Mott. Tell me, fellow-creatures, why At my presence thus you fly? On scaring Water-fowl. Fellow-mortal. At me, thy poor, earth-born companion An' fellow-mortal . To a Mouse. Fellow-worm. And see his lordly fellow-mort The poor petition spurn. Man was made to Mourn. Fellowship. A night o' gude fellowship southers it a'; Felly (relentless, biting). Driv'n by Fortunes felly spite, . S. Frae the friends †	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the bauld an'slee, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap, 1st. 14. Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lns on Fergusson. Fergusson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson. OG Fergusson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! Ill-serious high (whisky, so called from the village in Ross-shire where it was made; n. Forbes! Thee Ferintosh! O sadly lost! Scotch Drink. 10. Ferly, - ie [a wonden; a term of contempt]. Nas ferlie it is tho fockle she prove, S. She's fair and fause! Ha! whare ye gann, ye crowlan ferlie! To a Louse. Nae ferly tho'ye do despise The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys, To J. S., 28. Ferlie, to [to wonden]. An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on. The Twa Dogs. 18. Ferrier. But, gien the body half an e'e, Nine Ferriers wad done bette! To Miss Ferrier. Ferry, Fo' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry. S. My bonie Mary. Ferry, to. When death's dark stream ferry o'er. A V. on being Hosp. Entertained. Fervent. Lam, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent.
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girr an gape, Wi chokin dread; . Poor Mailie's El. I see the old, bald-pated fellow. Sketch, New-Yr's Day. I'm thinking wi's is a hraw fellow, I'n poortith I might mak a fen'; . S. Tam Glen. Fient haet o' them's ill hearted fellows; The Twa Dogs, 26. A country fellow at the pleugh. His acre's till'd, he's right enough; . It's good a country fellow at the pleugh. His acre's till'd, he's right enough; . It's good a country fellow at the pleugh. His acre's till'd, he's right enough; . It's good and a good a country fellow-good and a fellow-creature. So ne'er a fellow-creature slight For random fits o' daffin Add. to Unco Guid. Mott. Tell me, fellow-creatures, why An my presence thas you fly? On scaring Water-fowl. Fellow-mortal To a Mouse. Fellow-morm. An fellow-morm, An fellow-morm, The poor petition spurn. Man was made to Mourn. Fellowship. A night o' gude fellowship southers it a'; I'll fellow fellowship fellowship southers it a'; I'll fellow fellowship fellowship southers it a'; I'll fellow fellowship fellowship southers it a'; I'll fellowship fe	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the band an' slee, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap', 1st. 1.1. Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lus on Fergusson. Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson. (O Fergusson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! . 1b. Ramsay an' famous Fergusson Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; . 1b. Ferlintosh (whisky, so called from the village in Ross-shire where it was made; v. Forbesl. Thee Ferintosh! O sadly lost! . Seatch Drink. 10. Ferly, -ie [a wonden; a term of contempt]. Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove, S. She's fair and fauset Ha! whare ye gann, ye crowlan ferlie! . To a Louse. Nae ferly tho' ye do despise The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys, . To J. S., 28. Ferlie, to [to wonder]. An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on The Twa Dogs. 18. Ferrier. But, gi'en the body half an e'e, Nine Ferriers wad done better! To Miss Ferrier. Ferry, . When death's dark stream! Iferry o'er. Ferry to. When death's dark stream! Iferry o'er. Fervent. I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent, Your much indebted humble servant A Ded. to G. H., 15.
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girr an gape. Wi chokin dread; . Poor Mailie's El. I see the old, bald-pated fellow. Sketch, New-Yr's Day. I'm thinking wi' sie a braw fellow, In poortith I might mak' a fen'; . S. Tann Glen. Fient haet o' them's ill hearted fellows; The Twa Dogs. 26. A country fellow at the pleugh, His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; . Ib. 30. He's peecish, and jealous of a' the young fellows, S. What can a yng lassic't Fellow-creature. So ne'er a fellow-creature slight For random fits o' daffin Add. to Unco Guid. Mott. Tell me, fellow-creatures, why At my presence thus you fly? Fellow-mortal. At me, thy poor, earth-born companion An' fellow-mortal. An' see his lordly fellow-worm, The poor petition spurn Man twas made to Mourn. Fellowship. A night o' gude fellowship southers it a'; Felloy (relentless, bitting). Driv'n by Fortunes felly spite, . S. Frae the friends Felow. Our sinfu' sault to get a claute on Wi' felon ire; . Poen on Life. The pedant swung his felon endgel round, . The Vowets.	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the band an' slee, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap', 1st. 1.1. Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lus on Fergusson. Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson. (O Fergusson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! . 1b. Ramsay an' famous Fergusson Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; . 1b. Ferlintosh (whisky, so called from the village in Ross-shire where it was made; v. Forbesl. Thee Ferintosh! O sadly lost! . Seetch Drink. 10. Ferly, -ie [a wonden; a term of contempt]. Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove, S. She's fair and fauset Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie! . To a Louse. Nae ferly tho' ye do despise The hairum-seairum, ram-stam boys, . To J. S., 28. Ferlie, to [to wonden]. An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on The Twa Dogs. 18. Ferrier. Dat, gi'en the body half an e'e, Nine Ferriers wad done better! To Miss Ferrier. Ferry. Fe'loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry. S. My bonie Mary. Ferry, to. When death's dark stream! Iferry o'er. Fervent. I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent, Your much indebted humble servant. A Ded. to G. H., 15. Thon being, All-seeing, O hear my fervent pray'! . Ep. to Davie, 9.
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girr an gape, Wi chokin dread; . Poor Mailie's El. I see the old, bald-pated fellow. Sketch, New-Yr's Day. I'm thinking wi's is a Praw fellow, I'n poortith I might mak a fen'; . S. Tann Glex. Fient haet o' them sill bearted fellows; The Twa Dogs, 26. A country fellow at the pleugh. His acre's tillid, he's right eneugh; . Ib, 30. He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows, S. What can a yng lassie t Fellow-creature. So ne'er a fellow-creature slight For random fits o' daffin Add. to Unco Guid. Mott. Tell me, fellow-creatures, why At my presence thus you fly? Fellow-mortal. At me, thy poor, earth-born companion An' fellow-mortal! . To a Mouse. Fellow-worm. And see his lordly fellow-worm, The poor petition spurn. Man was made to Mourn. Fellowship. A night o' gude fellowship southers it a'; Felly [relentless, blting]. Driv'n by Fortunes felly spite, . S. Frae the friends! Felon, Our sinfu' saul to get a claute on Wifelon ire; . Poem on Life. The pedan wash fis felon endgel round, . The Vereels. And wakeful caution still ware	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the bauld an'slee, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap', 1st. 14. Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lns on Fergusson. Fergusson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson. OO Fergusson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! Ill-sergison Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; Ill- Ferlintosh (whisky, so called from the village in Ross-shire where it was made; n. Forbes! Thee Ferintosh! O sadly lost! Scotch Drink. 10. Ferly, - ie [a wonden; a term of contempt]. Nas ferlie its tho fockle she prove, S. She's fair and fause! Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie! To a Louse. Nas ferliy tho' ye do despise The hairum-scatrum, ram-stam boys, To J. S., 28. Ferlie, to [to wonden]. An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on. The Twa Dogs. 18. Ferrier. But, gien the body half an e'e, Nine Ferriers wad done bette! To Aliss Ferrier. Ferry, Fo' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry. S. My bonie Mary. Ferry, to. When death's dark stream ferry o'er. A V. on being Hosp. Entertained. Fervent. 1 am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent, Your much indebted humble servant. Tho being, All-seeing, O hear my fervent prayy! Who am most fervent.
It [a rape] maks guid fellows girr an gape, Wi chokin dread; . Poor Mailie's El. I see the old, bald-pated fellow. Sketch, New-Yr's Day. I'm thinking wi's is a hraw fellow, I'n poortith I might mak a fee; . S. Tam Glen. Fient haet o' them's ill hearted fellows; The Twa Dogs, 26. A country fellow at the pleugh. It has the seed of the seed o	O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Fergusson's, the band an' slee, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap', 1st. 1.1. Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lus on Fergusson. Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson. (O Fergusson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! . 1b. Ramsay an' famous Fergusson Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; . 1b. Ferlintosh (whisky, so called from the village in Ross-shire where it was made; v. Forbesl. Thee Ferintosh! O sadly lost! . Seetch Drink. 10. Ferly, -ie [a wonden; a term of contempt]. Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove, S. She's fair and fauset Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie! . To a Louse. Nae ferly tho' ye do despise The hairum-seairum, ram-stam boys, . To J. S., 28. Ferlie, to [to wonden]. An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on The Twa Dogs. 18. Ferrier. Dat, gi'en the body half an e'e, Nine Ferriers wad done better! To Miss Ferrier. Ferry. Fe'loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry. S. My bonie Mary. Ferry, to. When death's dark stream! Iferry o'er. Fervent. I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent, Your much indebted humble servant. A Ded. to G. H., 15. Thon being, All-seeing, O hear my fervent pray'! . Ep. to Davie, 9.

x

	11014
Pervently. We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray, On bended knees most fervently,	Fewer. Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle. The Brigs of Ayr. 5.
Fervid-beaming. S. The bonie Lass of Albany.	Fey [predestined; marked for death]. Till fey men died awa, man. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Summer with his fervid-beaming eye: The Brigs of Ayr. 13. Fervour. An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,	Fickle.
Propriety's cold, cautious rules	Farewell! and ne er such sorrows tear That fickle heart of thine, S. Canst thou leave me t
Warm Fervour may o'erlook: . Kusticity's ungainly t	the pleasure The fickle Fair can give thee. Is but a fairy treasure, S. Deluded Swain†
Festive. And spent the chearful, festive night; The Farewell, To St. J.'s L Wi'humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. S. The Fête Champetre.	Tho' fickle Fortune has deceived me, S. I dream'd I lay † And wha but my fine fickle lover was there, S. Last May a braw wooser †
Fetch. Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine. S. My bonie Mary.	Fickle man is apt to rove: S. Let not woman +
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch. To W. Simpson, P.S. Fetch (to breathe intermittently).	Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove. S. She's fair and fause! But fickle Fortune frowns on me, S. The Highland Lassie.
See how she fetches at the thrapple, Letter to J. Goudie.	And it's O, fickle Fortune, O! S. The sun he is sunk† Though fickle fortune has deceiv'd me, S. Tho. fickle Fortune†
Fetch't [pulled by fits and starts]. Thou never braing't, an' fetch't, an flisket.	Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning? To J. S., 20. wi'coy and fickle nature S. Will ye go and marry t
Fête Champetre.	Fiction, genius, th' illustrious father of fiction,
Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste, He gies a Fête Champetre. [re.] The Fête Champetre.	Fragment inser. to Fox. Dame life, the Fiction out may trick her, Poem on Life.
As theirs alone, the patent-bliss, To hold a Fête Champetre	Fiddle. Hale be your heart! Hale be your fiddle! Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3. O he held to the fair,
The western breeze steals thro' the trees. To view this Fête Champetre	An' for to sell his fiddle [re.] S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.
When angels met, at Adam's yett, To hold their Fête Champetre	O Willie, come sell your fiddle. And buy a pint o' wine; Ib.
Fetter. In vain the Gout his ancles fetters; Tam Samson's El., q.	For mony a rantin day My fiddle and I hae had Ib. Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle; Second Ep. to Davie.
A vow, they [Love, Beauty] seal'd it with a kiss	Who left the all-important cares
Sir Politics to fetter	Of fiddles, wh-res, and hunters: The Election Ballads. VI. A pigmy Scraper wi' his Fiddle, The Jolly Beggars. R. V.
S. There's a youth † Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover, S. True hearted was he †	And bing our fiddles up to sleep, Like baby-clouts a-dryin: The Ordination. 7.
retters.	Fiddler. He fir'd a fiddler in the north That dang them tapsalteerie, S. Amang the trees t
In love's delightful fetters, she chains the willing soul! S. Mark youder Pomp †	The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife, S. My love she's but a lassie †
Save Love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean. S. Their groves of	A fairy Fiddler frac the neuk, He skirled out, encore. The Jolly Beggars. R. II.
Feud. Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction! The Twa Dogs. 24. Feudal. Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 12.	I am a Fiddler to my trade,
1 CVCI.	The Fiddler rak'd her, fore and aft,
When fevers burn, or ague freezes, Add. to Toothache. The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever, S. Scroggam.	Fiddling -in'
Few. Few better were or braver; A Dream. 11. An' few there be that ken me, O;	Though Fortune's road be rough an' hilly To every fiddling, rbyming billie, Ep. to Maj. Logan.
But what care I how few they be. S. Behind you hills to That nane excell'd it, few cam near't	The deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town, S. The Deil cam fiddlin' † Fidge [to fidget].
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 5. Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,	Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back, An' hum an' baw, The Author's Cry and Frayer.
He had few matches 16. 6.	K[ilmarnock] Wabster's, fidge an' claw, The Ordination. 1.
The real friends I b'lieve are few	Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain, . To W. Simpson. Fidg'd [fidgeted].
Are to a few restricked: Ep. to Young Friend. 3. Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd,	Even Satan glowr'd, and fide'd fu' fain, Tam o' Shanter, 16.
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd: Epit. on a Friend. I care na by how few may see, . S. First when Maggy t	Fidgean-fain, Fidgin fain [fidgeting with eagerness or pleasure.]
For few sic feasts you've gotten; For W. Nicol.	It pat me fidgean-fain to hear't, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 5. Wha will mak me fidgin fain? S. O wha my baby-clouts †
A few short months [ye woods], and glad and gay, Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; Lament for Glencairn.	Fie v. Fy.
A few seem favourites of Fate, Man was made to Mourn. A cauld kirk, and in't but few: On Kirk of Lamington.	Fiel (Fell, very; "fiel and warm," very warm]. And haps me fiel and warm at e'en! S. The Contented Cottager.
My sarks they are few, but five o' them new, Ronalds of Bennals.	Field.
A few days may—a few years must Repose us in the silent dust Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	'Mang fields o' flowering claver gay; El. on Caft. M. H. q. In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands, Executed they four days.
Few men o' sense will doubt your claims To rank amang the Nowte The Calf.	S. Farewell, thou fair day† And corn wav'd green in ilka field, S. In simmer when†
Ye favored, enlighten'd Few, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	Through yellow, waving fields we'll stray, S. Lassie we'the lintwhite!
That few for aught but folly lusted; The Hermit. But few enjoy the calm I know in This desert wood Ib.	I murder hate by field or flood, Lns on Windows Gl. Tav
Wheel carriages I ha'e but few, The Inventory.	When chill November's surly blast Made fields and forests bare, Man was made to Mourn.
But such Noblemen there's but few to be found	The sky is blue, the fields in view, All fading-green and yellow: S. Now westlin winds t
The Poor Thresher. There's few sae bonie, nane sae gude, The Tarbotton Lasses.	poor wanderer of the wood and field, On seeing wounded Hare.
Is wrought now by a coward few, S. The Union. To join the friendly few To Chloris.	Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
To join the literary len.	

	1
And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field, The Brigs of Ayr.	Fight. O cam ye here the fight to shun, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs; Ib.	Heroes in Cesarean fight The Election Ballads, VI.
Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The capt. Ribband.	Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
Heroes and heroines commix	And think on former daring: Ib.
All in the field of politics, . The Election Ballads. I'l.	When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Still o'er the field the combat burns,	Turned o'er in one humper a bottle of red, The Whistle. 14.
My Donald and his Country fell,	Fight, to. I will fight France with you, [re.] Add, to Dumourier.
Upon Culloden's field. S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. ripen'd fields, and azure skies, The Vision. D. II. 15.	Then let us fight about, [re.]
ripen'd fields, and azure skies, . The Vision. D. II. 15. "The field thou has won, by you bright god of day!"	A man may fight and no be slain; , S. Duncan Davison.
The Whistle, 18.	For freedom and my King to fight, S. The Highland Laddie.
Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash, O how unfit!	And fight thy chosen's hattle; New Psalmody.
To a Haggis.	No Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,
Adorns the histic stibble-field, Unseen, alane To a Mountain-Daisy.	S. No Churchman am I †
Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast, To a Mouse.	But could I like Montgomeries fight,
And riots wanton in forbidden fields! To Clarinda.	The Author's Cry and Prayer, 10. Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field,	Maist like to fight. To W. Simpson. P.S.
Wi' creeping pace To J. S., 13.	Figure.
"Twas even—the dewy fields were green, S. 'Twas even—the deray †	Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose, S. Caledonia.
And owsen frae the furrowed field	Thy lips are as sweet and thy figure compleat,
Return sae dowf and weary O: . S. Il hen o'er the hill t	S. O when she cam ben †
I left the lines, and tented field, . S. When wild War's +	Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
Field-mates.	The Election Ballads, VI. Ye've the figure, 'tis true, even your faes will allow,
The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie,	And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.
The Brigs of Ayr.	The Kirk's Alarm.
Flend. (A while forbear, ye torturing fiends), Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.	File.
His meddling vanity, a busy fiend, Sketch.	The words come skelpan, rank and file, Ep. to Davie. 11.
May Envy wallop in a tether,	The great Argyle led on his files,
Black fiend, infernal! To W. Simpson, 17.	S. The Fattle of Sherra-Moor,
Fient, Feint [Fiend! a petty oath; "fient haet," a	To hless his little filial flock, O Thou dread Pow'r+
petty oath of negation, nothing]. For fient a wame it had ava, . Death and Dr. Hornbook, 7,	Parent, filial, kindred ties? On scaring Water-fowl.
'Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart	Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
'Of a kail-runt	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
But fient a hair care I	Witness that filial circle round, . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
The feint a pride, nae pride had he, On dining with Daer.	With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!
Fient a heuk had I S. Robin shure in hairst.	To R. G. of F., q. And bless the dear parental name
Fient haet he had but three	With many a filial blossom S. Young Peggy †
Goos feathers and a whittle	Filings.
The fient a tail she had to shake! Tam o' Shanter. 18.	Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
The ficat a pride na pride had he, The Twa Dogs.	Distill'd per se; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.
Fient haet o' them's ill hearted fellows; Ib. 26.	Fill. And drank my fill o' fancy's dream, As on the banks †
When fient a body bade him There cam a piper t	I've play'd mysel a bonie spring, An' danc'd my fill!
Fient-ma-care [fiend! if I care].	1 sit me down and greet my fill, S. My Harry was a gallant t
The fient-ma-care, quo' the feirrie auld wife,	E'en let her flyte her fill, jo S. O steer her up +
S. The denks dang o'er.	Or had o' Helicon my fill, S. O were I on Parnass. +
We're fit to win our daily bread,	But gie them guid cow-milk their fill, The Death of Mailie.
As lang's we're hale and fier: Ep. to Davie. 2.	Fill, to. So, ye may dousely fill a Throne, . A Dream. 11.
Fier v. Feire.	And fill her up wi' brimstone drink, Adam A-'s Prayer.
Fierce.	Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts,
Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce, Add. to the Deil. 19.	An' fill them fou; Ep. to J. R. 2.
It blaws nae here sae fierce and fell, . As on the banks †	Leeze me on the calling Fills the dusty peck. S. Hey, the dusty miller †
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks;	Then may heaven with prosperous gales.
On Death of R. Dundas. Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes To R. G. of F., 7.	Then may heaven with prosperous gales, Fill my sailor's welcome sails, S. How can my foor heart t
To R. G. of F., 7.	And fill it in a silver tassie; S. My bonie Mary.
rici cest,	Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
The langest thong, the fiercest growler Add. of Beelzebub.	S. No Churchman am I †
Fiercely. Nor even Sol too fiercely view	"My patriot son fills an untimely grave!" On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Toy bosom blushing still with dew! To Miss C. Fiery. Some spumy, fiery, ignis fatuus matter;	A race outlandish fills their throne; On Window at Stirling.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	Food fills the wame, an' keeps as livin ; Scotch Drink. 5.
The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel, . Ep. to H. Farker.	Wha can fill a coward's grave? S. Scots, wha ha'e t
Doomed to share thy fiery fate, . Ode, to Mem. of Mrs	But there's a youth, a witless youth,
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet	That fills the place where she should be;
In fiery flame The Twa Herds, 11.	S. The bonie Lass of Albany. Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,
Fife, From the gilded Spontoon to the Fife I was ready, The Jolly Beggars, S. II.	The Halu Fair 18
Fife, County of.	For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
There came a piper out o' Fife Thomas and a till	
Fifty. And then my fifty pounds a year Will little gain me. To Dr. Blacklock.	Fill me with the rosy wine,
Will little gain me To Dr. Blacklock.	Wi' sauce, ragouts, an sic like trashtrie, The Twa Dogs. 9.
Fig.	An' fill anld-age wi' grips an' granes; Ib. 29.
A fig for those by law protected! The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	The groaning trencher there ye fill, To a Haggis.

And fill them high with generous juice, . To a Lady.	Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot, For which they never toil'd nor swat; To J. S., 17.
"To those who love us!"—second fill;	Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe
The eye with wonder and amazement fills; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Ye'll find ane plac'd; To W. Simpson. P.S. While men have eyes, or ears, or taste.
Fill'd'd. To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,	She'll always find a lover S. When first I saw t The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
They filled up a darksome pit	And find thee still true-hearted; S. When wild War's t
With water to the brim John Barleycorn.	As thou thyself must shortly find, Wr. in Friars-Carse H Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds:
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
The anid, clay biggin: . The Vision. D. I. 3. As fill'd his after life wi' grief	Findlay, O wha is it but Findlay: S. Wha is that at † Indeed mann I, quo' Findlay [re.]
An' bloody rants, What ails ye now t	Fine. than Birth-day dresses San fine this day. A Dream. 1.
Fillest. That fillest an untimely tomb, . Lament for Glencairn.	The bloom of a fine summer's day! S. Adown winding Nith! The ready measure rins as fine Et. to Davic. 11.
Filly, -ie.	That nane excell'd it [his ingine], few cam near't,
A filly buirdly, steeve an' swank,	It was sae fine. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 5. For, in spite of his fine theoretic positions, Mankind is a science defies definitions.
Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie, Tam Samson's El., Fer C.	Fragment, inser. to Fox. The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat, Mair braw than when they're fine; Halloween. 3.
My Lan' ahin's a weel gaun fillie, The Inventory.	They hecht him some fine braw ane; Ib. 23.
I play'd my fillie sic a shavie, Fin' [to find], For, faith, they'll ablias fin' them fashious:	Colours mingl'd unco fine S. Jockey fou,† And who but my fine fickle lover was there,
Aud comrade dear T	S. Last May a braw wooer†
Ye'll fin' him just an' hoaest man:	Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine; S. My Sandy gied †
Ye'll fia' anither will, jo S. O steer her up t	It were mair meet, that those fine feet Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon. Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons. O leave novels †
I doubt he's but a grey nick quill, And that ye'll fia'. The Twa Herds, 14.	And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine,
Find. Thou may'st find those will love thee dear But not a love like mine, S. Canst thou leave me thus †	S. O whare did ye get † a fine, fat, fodgel wight On Grose's Peregrinations.
Go, find an honest fellow; S. Deluded stuain ?	O sell your fiddle sae fine : S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
1, listless, yet restless, Find ev ry prospect vain. Despondency, an Odc. 2.	Thou kitchens fine. [v. A. 21] Scotch Drink, 7. And pu'd the gowans fine; S. Shld auld acquaintance \(\)
Like thee, where shall I find another, El. on Capt. M. H. 15. Ye'll find mankind an unco squad. Ep. to Young Friend. 2.	Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine, The Belles of Mauchline.
There's wit there, ye'll get there [in losses, crosses], Ye'll find nae other where. Ep. to Davic. 7. Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,	Fiae architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't! The Brigs of Ayr, 8.
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	But as to his fine Nabob fortune, We'll e'en let this subject alane. The Election Ballads. III.
She [Nature] cast about a standard tree to find; Ib. 4. Never mair mann hope to find	Fine [head] for a sodger A' the wale o' lead
Ease frac toil, relief frac care: S. Frac the friends † As by one dranken fellow his comrades you'll find.	Yon palace and yon gardens fine! S. The Highland Lassie.
Fragment, inser. to Fox.	Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin! The Holy Fair. 6. His English style, and gesture fine,
Aa' ye drink it a', ye'll find him [pleasure] out. S. Gane is the day †	Are a clean out o' season
I do confess thee sweet, but find Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets, . S. I do confess †	Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle, And think it fine! The Twa Herds. 3.
Something in ilka part o' thee To praise, to love, I find, S. It is na, Jean,	He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find, S. Now westlin winds t	Sae fine a Lady! To a Louse.
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel, On Sc. Bard gne to W.I.	But Miss's fine Lunardi, fye!
Flit G[alloway] and find Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave, On seeing Seat of Lord G.	They gied me rings and ribbons fine; S. Where Cart rins t
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in Some eldritch part, On Grose's Peregrinations.	Finer. The courtier tells a finer tale, But is his heart as true? S. Behold my love †
The good excuse will find Rusticity's ungainly †	Dearly hought the hidden treasure
And grateful still, I trust, ye'll ever find us: Scots Prologue. And find at night a sheltering cave, S. Streams that glide †	And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd!
Tried all my skill, but find I'm still	The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
I doubt as, Sir, but then we'll find,	As the finest dame in castle or ha'. S. O when she cam ben t
Ye're still as great a Stirk	Fate oft tears the bosom chords That Nature finest strung: S. Sad thy tale, †
Morality's demure decoys	Finely. Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely, Tam o' Shanter. 5.
Shall here nac mair find quarter: . The Ordination. 13. I find that contentment's an absolute feast.	Finesse.
The Poor Thresher.	The frank address, and politesse. Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel
Where wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none! S. The small birds †	Fingal. Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal, The Whistle.
Or find a sheltering, safe retreat, From prone-descending showers. The Petition of Br. Water.	The weans hand out their fingers laughin.
But if success I must never find, Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome. S. Tho' fickle Fortune †	And pouk my hips Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14. You'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty, Before his face. The Author's Cry and Prayer, 23.
I, sighing, drop the silent tear, But no relief can find	Finger-end. That winks and finger-ends. I dread, Are notice takin! To a Louse.
But no react can mad.	•

163

Fintry.	Fire-side.
Fintry, my stay in worldly strife, The Election Ballads. 17.	I tent less, and want less
F(intry), my other stay, long bless and spare! To R. G. of F. 9.	Their [the Great-folk's] roomy fire-side: . Ep. to Davi
Fir. Let lofty firs, and ashes cool, My lowly banks o'erspread, The Petition of Br. Water.	May fireside discords jar a hase To a' their parts! . Ep. to Maj. Logan. The prattling things are just their pride,
Fire. And in the fire throws the sheath; A Ded. to G. H., 10.	That sweetens a' their fire side The Twa Dogs. 1
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire, To rule this mighty nation; A Dream, 5.	To make a happy fire-side clime
As round the fire the giglets keckle,	To weans and wife, . To Dr. Blacklock Firm. Then, man my soul with firm resolves
To see me loup: Add. to Toothache. If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,	A Prayer under Anguish
And he er girde wine did fear, El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.	Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief, Add. sp. by Fontenell.
Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire, Epit to J. L-k, Ap. Ist. 13.	His royal heart was firm and true, S. Highland Laddie
Here brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct, Epit. on G. Richardson.	Firm may she rise with generous disdain
To feel a fire in evry vein. S. Farewell, thou stream	Lives there a man so firm, who,
Whose soul of fire, lighted at Heaven's high flame, Fragment of Ode.	Can reason down its [his heart's] agonizing throbs;
Because he got the toom dish thrice.	Come Firm Resolve take thou the van, To Dr. Blacklock
He heav'd them on the fire,	The fruitful ton is spread on high
It's plenty beets the lover's fire. S. In simmer when † 'The liquid fire of strong desire . Nature's Law.	And firm the root below The 1st Ps.
The liquid fire of strong desire	Here, firm, 1 rest, they must be best, Because they are Thy Will! Winter
Sing round about the fire wi' a rung she ran,	Firm, s. He lent them his name to the firm.
S. O gin ye were dead.	The Election Ballads. 111 Firmly. Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace?
S. O gin ye were dead. I saw my sons resume their ancient fire; On Death of Sir J. Blair. Of Eye's first five he has a cinder. Of Coste's Proceedings.	Remorse, A Frag
er er met me me mes a cander, on drost s I eregrinations.	First. But first hang out that she'll discern, Your hymeneal Charter,
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cust saut on, He's off like fire Poem on Life,	When first I gaed to woo my Jenny, A Guid New-year † 5
Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire;	When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd, Add. to the Deil. 15
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	May his son be a hangman, and he his first trinl. At Meet. of D. Volunteers
The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire, Ronalds of Bennals.	But first, before you see heaven's glory.
Despising wind, and rain, and fire: . Tam o' Shanter, o.	May ye get mony a merry story, . Auld comrade dear
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.	Wha in a brulzie, will first cry a parley? S. Bannocks o' bear meal:
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle. 16. 20.	When first my hrave Johnie lad came to this town.
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle. Ib. 20, Which shews that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. Thic Dean of Fac	Ye roses on your thorny tree, S. Cock up yr beaver.
I pray with holy fire; . The Election Ballads, VI.	The first o' flowers El. on Capt. M.H., 5.
I pray with holy fire; The Election Ballads, VI. Unknown each guilty worldly fire, The Hermit.	I see her face the first of Ireland's sons, Ep. fr. Esopus.
In comes a gawsie, gash Guidwife,	But first an' foremost, 1 should tell, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 8 When first the human race began,
An' sits down by the fire, The Holy Fair. 24.	Then first she [nature] calls the useful many forth;
First, niest the fire, in nuld, red rags, Ane Sat, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	Eh to P Custom
Had hold his heartie like a riddle,	Would thou hae nobles' patronage, "First learn to live without it!"
An blawn't on fire	Extem. on Comments of Thomson. And cook'ry the first in the nation: Extem. To Mr. S.
Vet dare not speak my anguish S. The last time I †	Thou first of our orutors, first of our wits;
Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallow d fire; To Clarinda.	First when Maggy was my care,
Ve turned a neuk—I saw your e'e— She [my saul] took the wing like fire! To Miss Ferrier.	Heaven, I thought, was in her air; S. First when Maggy
And whose that eye of fire? V.s, below a Picture.	Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail,
And mark that eye of fire,	But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
And look through nature with creative fire; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Let my fancy first approve S. Jockey four
re, to. Anna, thy charms my bosom fire,	when Nature first began To try her canny hand,
S. Anna thy charms † They heat your brains, and fire your veins, S. O leave novels †	S. John Anderson when we were first acquaint,
Hight fire even holy Palmers; Ou W. Chalmers.	ye were my first conceit,
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid, . Scotch Drink, Mott.	Might charm the first of human kind. S. My Mary's face
When lightnings fire the stormy lift, The Election Ballads. I'I.	Where first 1 own'd that virgin love I lang, lang had denied S. O Mirk, mirk;
) how they fire the heart devout, The Holy Fair. 13.	O Willy, ay I hless the grove
Some fire the Sodger on to dare; The Vision. D. II. 4.	O Willy, ay I hless the grove Where first I own'd my maiden love. S. O Phely
He fir'd a fiddler in the north S. Amang the treest	First shore her wi' a kindly kiss, S. O steer her up to Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
low cold is that bosom which folly once fired,	A cuckold coward loun is he!
Monody, on a Lady.	Wha first beside his chair shall fa', He is the king amang us three S. O Willie brew'd†
When gaping they [the Saunts] besiege the tents, Are doubly fir'd	When rising Phoebus first is seen, . S. On Cessnock hands +
Her lost Militia fir'd her bluid ;	Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder; On Grose's Peregrinations.
Are doubly fir'd	Fare-thee-well thou first and fairest! . S. One fond kies +
The Brige of day 12	Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
in d at the simple, artiess rays	Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd.
Of other times The Vision, D. II. 12. re-shool [fire-shovel].	Where first 1 felt their power
	First sheuman us the terreting were
Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender; On Grose's Peregrinations.	First shewing us the tempting ware, Poem on Life. Wae worth that man wha first did shape,

How daur ye set your fit upon her, Sae fine a Lady!

But Willie set your fit to mine, An' cock your crest.

John Barleycorn.

That the first blow is ever half the battle; Prologue, at Th., D.,	Fit. Now 'tis fit that thou shouldst mourn, . Blue Bonnets.
Such was my Chloris' bonie face, When first her bonie face I saw; . S. Sae flaxen t	Less fit to play the part, The lucky moment to improve, . Despondency, an Ode.
Bonie Doon, whare early roaming, First I weav'd the rustic sang S. Scenes of weet	We're fit to win our daily bread Ep. to Davie. 2. And twere more fit that she should sit,
where love decoying, First enthrall'd 1b.	Within you chariot gilt aboon S. O Mally's meek.
How on this spot he first unsheath'd the sword Scots Prologue.	Fit only for a doited Monkish race, The Brigs of Ayr. S.
my honor'd, first of friends, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Till they be fit to fend themsel; . The Death of Mailie.
Till first ae caper, syne anither,	If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit The Kirk's Alarm.
When first among the yellow corn A man I reckon'd was;	(Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love, In musing mood) [v. A. 4] . The Vision.
An' rin her whittle to the hilt,	A gift that e'en for S—e were fit To Mr. Syme. And Calvin's fock, are fit to sell him; To W. Creech,
I' th' first she meets! The Author's Cry and Prayer. How His first followers and servants sped; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	Fit. s.
This trai for genius, wit, and fore,	By fits the sun's departing beam Look'd on the fading yellow woods Lament for Glencairn.
Among the first was number'd; The Dean of Fac The first ane was a belted knight, The Election Ballads. I.	Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme, To f. S., 4. Fit, to, And how her new shoon fit her auld shachi't feet;
Though Nabobs, yet men o' the first; Ib. III.	S. Last May a braw woocr †
O Thou, the first, the greatest friend	Fitted. Since she is fitted to her fancy; Auld comrade dear t
Of all the human race! . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps Had I on earth but wishes three,	If sae be, ye may be Not fitted otherwhere. To Gav. Hamilton.
The first should be my Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A. The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,	Fittie-lan' [the near horse of the hinder pair in the plough, which 'foots' the unploughed 'land' while its neighbour walks in the furrow].
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	while its neighbour walks in the furrow].
Let Majesty your first attention summon, Ah! ça ira! The Majesty of Woman!	Thon was a noble Fittie-lan' As e'er in tug or tow was drawn! . A Guid New-Year † 11.
S. The Rights of Woman.	Five. My sarks they are few, but five o' them new, <i>Ronalds of Bennals</i> .
the gentry first are steghan, The Twa Dogs. 9. And saw gin they were sick or hale	Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;
At the first sight The Twa Herds. 7.	Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted; . Tam o' Shanter. 11, 'L—d, five!' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger;
Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss To a Kiss.	Tam Samson's El., 11.
She's turn'd you off, a human-creature On her first plan,	In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead, The Brigs of Ayr, 4.
Twere drink for first of human kind To Mr. Symc.	There was five carlines in the south, The Election Ballads. I.
And hear him curse the light he first surveyed, To R. G. of F., 1.	Five wighter carlines werna found 1b.
When first I came to Stewart Kyle,	Five and Forty.
My mind it was na steady, S. When first I came † When first I saw fair Jeanie's face.	ye chosen Five and Forty. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 23. For, ance that five an' forty's speel'd,
I couldna tell what ailed me, S. When first I saw† There simmer first unfauld her robes,	See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild, To J. S., 13.
S. Ye banks, and bracs, and streams †	Fix. And ne'er shall glimmering planet fix My worship to its ray. S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Firstling. The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year, S. The Posic.	And fix your claws in Nicol's heart, For deil a bite o't's rotten
Firth [an estuary].	And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.
The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	S. True hearted was het
Firth [wood-sheltered land; v. "fauld"].	Fixed, -'d. Firm as my creed, Sirs, 'tis my fix'd belief, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Now looking over firth and fauld,	Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign. S. Caledonia.
Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd; [v. A. 20] A Vision.	A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n, Ep. to Young Friend. 10.
Fish. And like stock fish come o'er his studdle Wi' thy auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H.	While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things, The Rights of Woman.
For Solway fish a feast El. on Pcg Nicholson. And little fishes' caller rest: . S. The Contented Cottager.	Fizz [to make a slight hissing noise].
That griens for the fishes and loaves. The Election Ballads. 3.	O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath I' the lugget caup! Scotch Drink, 10.
Fish, to. Where sailors gang to fish for Cod. The Twa Dogs.	Flae [a flea].
Fish-creel [fish-basket],	The flaes they flew awa in cluds, . S. The Taylor he cam t
Since dark in Death's fish-creel we wail Tam Samson dead! Tam Samson's El., 6.	ye prick the louse, An' jag the flae What ails ye now † Flaffan [flapping, fluttering].
Fisher. Ye fisher herons, watching eels; El. on Capt. M. H.	Flaffan wi' duds, and grey wi' beas', . Add. of Beelzebub.
At noon the fisher seeks the glen, S. When o'er the hill †	Flag. at all mankind the flag unfurls, . Ep. from Esopus.
Fissle [to make a slight continued rustling noise, to fidget].	The magna charta flag unfurls, The Election Ballads. 17.
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,	Flagrant.
Fist. Ep. to J. $L-k$, Ap. 1st. 22.	And flagrant from the scourge he grunted, ai! The Vowels. Flall. This day M'[Kinlay] taks the flail, The Ordination. 2.
My horny fist assume the plough again; Ep. to R. Graham.	With his flail on his back and his bottle of beer,
He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,	Flainen v. Flannen.
Extem, in Court of Session.	Flaky.
And then [my Pegasus] he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp,	Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky show'r, . A Winter Night. 1.
And rin an unco fit: Ep. to Davic. 11. Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling,	Flame. And keenly felt the friendly glow, And softer flame; . A Bard's Epit.
An' her ain fit, it brunt it;	Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
But mist a fit, an' in the pool, Out owre the lugs she plumpet	Whose soul of fire, lighted at heaven's high flame, Fragment of Ode.

To a Louse.

To IV. Simpson.

They wasted o'er a scorching flame, The marrow of his bones; . . .

In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Even Sappho's flame. Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

S. O gin ye were dead.

The flesh to him the broo to me, .

The wily Mother sees the conscious flame The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.	Flavour. O had the malt thy strength of mind, Or hops the flavour of thy wit; . To Mr. Syme.
Or noble Elgin heets the heaven-ward flame, . 1b. 13	Flaw. And then their [the Saunts] failings, flaws an' wants.
As flames among a hundred woods, The Election Ballads. VI.	Flaw. And then their [the Saunts] failings, flaws an' wants, Are a' seen thro Ep. to J. R. 2.
Whase raging flame, an' scorching heat, Wad melt the hardest whun-stane! . The Holy Fair. 22.	But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan, Fragment, inser. to Fox.
The plighted faith; the mutual flame; The Lament.	Her reputation is complete And fair without a flaw S. Handsome Nell.
Give the poet's darling flame, The Toast. I hope frae heav'n to see them yet	And fair without a flaw S. Handsome Nell. Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch: The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
In fiery flame The Twa Herds. 11.	The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
'1 mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame. The Vision. D. II. 11	Three joyons good fellows with hearts clear of flaw; The Whistle. 6.
'I taught thee how to pour in song, 'To soothe thy flame	Flaxen. The balmy gales awake the flowers, And wave thy flaxen hair S. Echold. my love †
'Thy tuneful flame still careful fan ;	Sae flaxen were her ringlets, S. Sac flaxen †
"By driving winds, the crackling flames are horne!" To Clarinda.	Fleck. Then up gat fechtan Jamie Fleck Hallowcen. 17.
Still fan the sweet connubial flame Responsive in each bosom S. Young Peggy†	Fled. Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled, S. A Rosebud by my †
Flaming.	Ev'ry hope is fled, Ev'ry fear is terror; . S. Ay waking, O+
Kind Nature's care had given his share, Large, of the flaming current;	But now our joys are fled, S. But lately seen,†
Who distant hurns in flaming torrid climes,	The daring invaders they fled or they died. S. Caledonia. And with him all the joys are fled,
Once fondly lov'd †	Life can to me impart S. Fate gave the word,
In flaming summer-pride, The Petition of Br. Water. Life's meridian flaming nigh, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	And hope has left my aged ken, On forward wing for ever fled Lament for Glencairn.
Flang (did fling, did caper).	Where is that soul of freedom fled? Liberty.
And flang them a' [her spinnin-graith] out o'er the burn. S. Duncan Davison.	And ane wad rather fa'n than fled; On Grose's Peregrinations.
To sing how Nannie lap and flang, . Tam o' Shanter. 16.	Where are the Muses fled, that should produce
I flang my arms about her neck. S. The lass that made the bed.	A drama worthy of the name of Bruce 2 Scote Declarus
Flannen, Flainen [flannel].	They fled like frighted dows, man. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Free-will'd I fled from courtly bowers. The Hamile
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen, Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen!	Tree wind I ned from courtry howers ,
You on an auld wife's flainen toy; To a Louse.	Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled; The Rights of Woman.
Flaring.	And like a passing thought, she fled,
Amid their flaring, idle toys, S. The Contented Cottager.	In light away The Vision. D. II. 23. Till fled each hope that once his bosom fired,
Flash.	And fled each Muse that glorious once inspired,
The lightnings flash from pole to pole; Tam o' Shanter. 10, Flashest.	To R. G. of F., 5. (Fled, like the sun eclips'd as poon appears
	To R. G. of F., 5. (Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears, Ib. 9. Flee v . Flee.
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk † Flashing.	(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears, Ib. 9. Flee v. Flie. Flee, to, v. Fly.
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing. Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles.	(Flee, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears, Ib. g. Flee v. Flie, Flee, to, v. Fly. Fleece.
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing. Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles, The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to R. Graham. 2 Flatter. For me! before a Monarch's face,	(Fled, like the sun celips'd as noon appears,
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing. Last, she fnature) sublimes th' Aurora of the poles. The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to K. Graham. 2 Flatter. For me! before a Monarch's face, Evin there! I winna flatter; . A Dream. 3.	(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing. Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles. The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to R. Graham. 2 Flatter. For me! before a Monarch's face, Evin there! wiman flatter; . A Dream. 3. I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. As I was a-wand'ring †	(Fled, like the sun celips'd as noon appears,
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing. Last, she fnature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles. The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to R. Graham. 2 Flatter. For me! before a Monarch's face, Ev'n there I winna flatter; A Dream. 3. I flatter my fancy I may get another. S. 4s I was a-wand' ring† Sae brawly's he could flatter; S. Her's his health in water.	(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing. Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles. The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to R. Graham. 2 Flatter. For me! before a Monarch's face, Evin there! wiman flatter; . A Dream. 3. I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. As I was a-wand'ring †	(Fled, like the sun celips'd as noon appears,
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing. Last, she fnature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles. The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to R. Graham. 2 Flatter. For me! before a Monarch's face, Evin there I winna flatter; A Dream. 3. I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. As I was a-wand' ring † Sae brawly's he could flatter; S. Here's his health in water. Tho' I maun say', I donb ye flatter, Second Ep. to Davie. They flatter, she says, to deceive me, S. Tam Glen. I speak and do not flatter, S. The Joyful Widewer.	(Fleed, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing. Last, she fnature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles. The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to K. Graham. 2 Flatter. For me! before a Monarch's face, Evin there I winna flatter; A Dream. 3. I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. 4s I was a-wand' ring † Sae brawly's he could flatter; S. Here's his health in water, Tho' I manu say't, I don'but ye flatter. Second Ep. to Darie. They flatter, she says, to deceive me, I speak and do not flatter, S. The Joyful Widower. Flatterer, Fabe flatterer, Hope, away! Fragment of Ode.	(Fleed, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing. Last, she fnature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles, The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to K. Graham. 2 Flatter. For me! before a Monarch's face, Evin there! winna flatter; . A Dream. 3. I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. 4s I was a-wand' ring † Sae brawly's he could flatter; S. Here's his health in water, Tho' I manu say't, I doubt ye flatter. Secand Ep. to Darie. They flatter, she says, to deceive me, S. Tum Glen. I speak and do not flatter, Flatterer. Flash flatterer, Hope, away! Fragment of Ode. Flattering, -'ring, Flatterin, -'rin. Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'in,	(Fleet, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing. Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles. The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to R. Graham. 2 Flatter. For me! before a Monarch's face, Evin there I wiman flatter; A Dream. 3. I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. Als I was a wand' ring† Sae brawly's he could flatter; S. Here's his health in water, Tho' I maun say't, I don'n tye flatter. Second Ep. to Davie. They flatter, she says, to deceive me, S. Tam Glen. I speak and do not flatter, S. The Joyful Widower. Flatterer. False flatterer, Hope, away! Fragment of Ode. Flattering, "ring, Flatterin, "rin. Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'in, It's just sie Doet an' sie Patron. A Ded. to G. H., 2.	(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing. Last, she fnature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles, The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to K. Graham. 2 Flatter. For me! before a Monarch's face, Evin there! winna flatter; . A Dream. 3. I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. 4s I was a-wand' ring † Sae brawly's he could flatter; S. Here's his health in water, Tho' I manu say't, I doubt ye flatter. Secand Ep. to Darie. They flatter, she says, to deceive me, S. Tum Glen. I speak and do not flatter, Flatterer. Flash flatterer, Hope, away! Fragment of Ode. Flattering, -'ring, Flatterin, -'rin. Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'in,	(Fleet, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing. Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles. The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to R. Graham. 2 Flatter. For me! before a Monarch's face, Evin there! I winna flatter; . A Dream. 3. I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. As I was a-wand' ring † Sae brawly's he could flatter; S. Here's his health in water. Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter. Second Ep. to Darie. They flatter, she says, to deceive me, I speak and do not flatter, S. The Joyful Widner. Flattering, - Ting, Flatterin, - Tin. Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatting, It's just sie Poet an' sie Patron. May ill befa' the flattering tongue That wad beguile my Namie, O. A flatting ardent kiss he stole; S. On a bank of flowers!	(Fleet, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing. Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles, The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to R. Graham. 2 Flatter. For me! before a Monarch's face, Evin there I winna flatter; A Dream. 3. I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. As I was a wand' ring† Sae brawly's he could flatter; S. Here's his health in water. The' I maun say', I don't ye flatter, Second Ep. to Davie. They flatter, she says, to deceive me, S. Tam Glen. I speak and do not flatter, S. The Joyful Widower. Flatterer. False flatterer, Hope, away! Fragment of Ode. Flattering, "ring, Flatterin, "rin. Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt rin, It's just sie Toet an 'sie Patron. A Ded. to G. H., 2. May ill befa' the flattering tongue That wad begulie my Nanie, O. A flatt'ring ardent kiss he stole; S. On a bank of flowers!	(Fleet, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing. Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles. The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to R. Graham. 2 Flatter. For me! before a Monarch's face, Evin there I wiman flatter; A Dream. 3. I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. As I was a-wand' ring † Sae brawly's he could flatter; S. Here's his health in water, Tho' I maun say't, I donht ye flatter, Second Ep. to Darie. They flatter, she says, to deceive me, S. Tan Glen. I speak and do not flatter, I speak and do not flatter, S. The Joyful Widower, Flattering, "ring, Flatterin, "rin. Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin, It's just sic Poet an' sic Patron. A Ded. to G. H., 2. A flatt'ring ardent kiss he stole; S. On a bank of flowers to Sairly do I rue, That e'er I heard your flattering tongue, The Rained Maid's Lament.	(Fleet, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing. Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles. The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to K. Graham. 2 Flatter. For met before a Monarch's face, Evin there I winna flatter; . A Dream. 3. I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. As I was a-wand' ring † Sae brawly's he could flatter; S. Here's his health in water. Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter. Second Ep. to Darie. They flatter, she says, to deceive me, I speak and do not flatter, S. The Joyful Widner. Flatteren. False flatterer, Hope, away! Fragment of Ode. Flattering, -Ting, Flatterin, It's just sic Poet an 'sic Patron. Ay ill befa' the flattering tongue That wad beguile my Namie, O. A flatt'ing ardent kiss he stole; S. On a bank of flowers to O sairly do I rue, That e'e I heard your flattering tongue, That e'e I heard your flattering tongue, The Rained Maid's Lament. Wi' his fause beart and flatt'ing tongue, S. To dannton me.	(Fleet, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing. Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles. The flashing elements of female souls. Ef. to K. Graham. 2 Flatter. For met before a Monarch's face, Evin there I winna flatter; . A Dream. 3. I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. As I was a-wand' ring † Sae brawly's he could flatter; S. Here's his health in water. Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter. Second Ef. to Darie. They flatter, she says, to deceive me, I speak and do not flatter, S. The Joyful Widner. Flatteren. False flatterer, Hope, away! Fragment of Ode. Flattering, "Ping, Flatterin, Fin. Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flattin, It's just sie Poet an' sie Patron. May ill befa' the flattering tongue That wad beguile my Nanie, O. A flatting ardent kiss he stole; S. On a bank of flowers to O sairly do I rue, That e'e I heard your flattering tongue, That e'e I heard your flattering tongue, That e'e I heard your flattering tongue, That be lieve, my coaxin billie, Your flatterin strain. To W. Simpson.	(Fleet, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing. Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles. The flashing elements of female souls. Ef. to R. Graham. 2 Flatter. For me! before a Monarch's face, Evin there I wiman flatter; A Dream. 3. I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. As I was a-wand' ring† Sae brawly's he could flatter; S. Here's his health in water. Tho' I maun say't, I donbt ye flatter, Second Ef. to Darie. They flatter, she says, to deceive me, S. The Joyful Widower. Flatteren; False flatterer, Hope, away! Fragment of Ode. Flattering, "Ping, Flatterin, "Pin. Sae Ishall say, an' that's nae flatt'nin, It's just sic Doet an' sic Patron. Alay ill bea't the flattering tongue That wad beguile my Nanie, O. S. Behind yon hills† A flatt'ning ardent kiss he stole; S. On a bank of flowers! Wi' his fluse beart and flatt'ning tongue, The A knined Maid's Lament. Wi' his fluse beart and flatt'ning tongue, S. To daunton me. Should I believe, my coaxin billie,	(Fleet, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing. Last, she finature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles. The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to K. Graham. 2 Flatter. For me! before a Monarch's face, Evin there I winna flatter; A Dream. 3. I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. 4s I was a-wand' ring † Sae brawly's he could flatter; S. Here's his health in water, Tho' I manu say't, I donby te flatter. Second Ep. to Darie. They flatter, she says, to deceive me, I speak and do not flatter, S. The Joyful Widower, Flattering, -'pring, Flatterin, -rin. Sae I shall say, an' that's nee flattin, It's just sic Poet an' sic Patron. A Ded. to G. H., 2. May ill befa' the flattering tongue That wad beguile my Nanie, O. S. Eehind you hills† A flatting ardent kiss he stole; S. On a bank of flowers† O sairly do I rue, That e'e' I heard your flattering tongue, That e'e I heard your flattering tongue, That e'e I heard your flattering tongue, The Kained Alaid's Lament. Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue, The Wi' wour flattering tongue, Thou flattering mark of friendship kind. Wi' our flattering tongue, Thou flattering mark of friendship kind. Wi' on Leaf of' 'H. More.' Flattery, -'ry.	(Fleet, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk! Flashing. Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles. The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to R. Graham. 2 Flatter. For me! before a Monarch's face, Evin there I wiman flatter; A Dream. 3. I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. As I was a-wand' ring! Sae brawly's he could flatter; S. Here's his health in water, Tho' I maun say't, I donht ye flatter, They flatter, she says, to deceive me, S. The Joyful Widower, They flatter, she says, to deceive me, S. The Joyful Widower, Flattering, "ring, Flatterin, "rin. Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin, It's just sie Toet an' sie Patron. A Ded. to G. H., 2. May ill befa' the flattering tongue That wad beguile my Nanie, O. S. Behind yon hills! A Ded. to G. H., 2. Should I rue, That e'er I heard your flattering tongue, The Knined Maid's Lament. Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue, Your flatterin strain. To W. Simpson. Thou flattering mark of friendship kind. W'r. en Leaf of "H. More." Flattery, "ru, pamperd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side, A Winter Night, 7.	(Fleel, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk! Flashing. Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles. The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to R. Graham. 2 Flatter. For me! before a Monarch's face, Evin there I wiman flatter; A Dream. 3. I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. As I was a-wand' ring! Sae brawly's he could flatter; S. Here's his health in water, Tho' I maun say't, I donht ye flatter, Second Ep. to Darie. They flatter, she says, to deceive me, S. Tan Glen. I speak and do not flatter, S. The Joyful Widower, Flattering, "ring, Flatterin, "rin. Sae I shall say, au that's na flatt'rin, It's just sie Poet an' sie Patron. A Ded. to G. H., 2. May ill befa' the flattering tongue That wad beguile my Nanie, O. A flatt'ring ardent kiss he stole; S. On a bank of flowers! Osairly do I rue, That e'er I heard your flattering tongue, The Rained Maid's Lament. Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue, S. To daunton me. Should I believe, my coan's billie, Your flatterin strain. To W. Simpson. Thou flattering mark of friendship kind. W'r. en Leaf of "H. More." Flattery, "ry. pamperd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side, A Winter Night, 7, And flatt'ry I detest) How dell is that ear which to flattery so listened.	(Fleed, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing. Last, she finature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles. The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to K. Graham. 2 Flatter. For me! before a Monarch's face, Evin there I winna flatter; A Dream. 3. I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. 4s I was a-wand' ring † Sae brawly's he could flatter; S. Here's his health in water, Tho' I manu say't, I donby te flatter. Second Ep. to Darie. They flatter, she says, to deceive me, I speak and do not flatter, S. The Jorful Widower, Flattering, "Ping, Flatterin, "rin. Sae I shall say, an' that's næ flatt'nin, It's just sie Poet an' sie Patron. A Ded. to G. H., 2. May ill befa' the flattering tongue That wad beguile my Nanie, O. S. Eehind you hills† A flatt'ing ardent kiss he stole; S. On a bank of flowers† O sairly do I rue, That e' a l'heard your flattering tongue, That e' a l'heard your flattering tongue, That e' heard your flattering tongue, That was beart and flatt'ring tongue, That be heart and flatt'ring tongue, The Winter Might, The W. Simpson. Thou flattering mark of friendship kind. Wr. on Leaf of "H. More." Flattery, "ry. pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side, Monody, va Lady. Monody, va Lady. Monody, va Lady. Monody, va Lady.	(Fleet, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing. Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles. The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to K. Graham. 2 Flatter. For me! before a Monarch's face, Evin there! wiman flatter; A Dream. 3. I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. 4s I was a-wand' ring† Sae brawly's he could flatter; S. Here's his health in water. Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter. Secand Ep. to Darie. They flatter, she says, to deceive me, S. Tum Glen. I speak and do not flatter, S. The Josyful Widower, Flattering, -'Pring, Flatterin, -'Pin. Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'ini, It's just sic Poet an' sic Patron. A Ded. to G. H., 2. May ill befat the flattering tongue That wad beguile my Nanie, O. S. Behind yon hills† A flatt'ing ardent kis he stole; S. On a bank of flowers to O sairly do I rue, That e'e' I heard your flattering tongue, The Kained Mlaid's Lament. Wi' his fluse heart and flatt'ring tongue, S. To daunton me. Should I believe, my coasin bille, Wor flatterin strain. To W. Simpson. Thou flattering mark of friendship kind. Wr. on Leaf of "H. More." Flattery, -'ry. pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side, A Winter Night. 7. Ep. to Davie. 8. How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened. Unord, on a Lady. Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some ither, Him it's only justice to praise. The Election Ballads, 111.	(Fleet, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing. Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles. The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to K. Graham. 2 Flatter. For met before a Monarch's face, Evin there I winna flatter; A Dream. 3. I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. As I was a-wand' ring † Sae brawly's he could flatter; S. Here's his health in water. Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter. Second Ep. to Darie. They flatter, she says, to deceive me, I speak and do not flatter; S. The Joyful Widner. Flatteren. False flatterer, Hope, away! Fragment of Ode. Flattering, - Ting, Flatterin, - Tin. Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flattin, It's just sie Poet an' sie Patron. May ill befa' the flattering tongue That wad beguile my Nanie, O. A flatting ardent kiss he stole; S. On a bank of flowers to O sairly do I rue, That e'er I heard your flattering tongue, Thou flattering mark of friendship kind. Wr. on Leaf of "H. More." Flattery, -ry. pamperd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side, A Winter Night, 7, And flat'ry I detest) How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened. Morody, on a Lady. Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some ither, Him it's only justice to praise. The Election Ballads, III. Flatter. I havin ve flautt in summer's pride, ve groves.	(Fleet, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
Flashest. Thou dart of heaven that flashest by, S. O mirk, mirk† Flashing. Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles. The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to K. Graham. 2 Flatter. For me! before a Monarch's face, Evin there! wiman flatter; A Dream. 3. I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. 4s I was a-wand' ring† Sae brawly's he could flatter; S. Here's his health in water. Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter. Secand Ep. to Darie. They flatter, she says, to deceive me, S. Tum Glen. I speak and do not flatter, S. The Josyful Widower, Flattering, -'Pring, Flatterin, -'Pin. Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'ini, It's just sic Poet an' sic Patron. A Ded. to G. H., 2. May ill befat the flattering tongue That wad beguile my Nanie, O. S. Behind yon hills† A flatt'ing ardent kis he stole; S. On a bank of flowers to O sairly do I rue, That e'e' I heard your flattering tongue, The Kained Mlaid's Lament. Wi' his fluse heart and flatt'ring tongue, S. To daunton me. Should I believe, my coasin bille, Wor flatterin strain. To W. Simpson. Thou flattering mark of friendship kind. Wr. on Leaf of "H. More." Flattery, -'ry. pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side, A Winter Night. 7. Ep. to Davie. 8. How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened. Unord, on a Lady. Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some ither, Him it's only justice to praise. The Election Ballads, 111.	(Fleet, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,

Awa, thou flaunting god o' day! . S. The gowd. locks of A.

Fleshly.	And flinty is thy breast: S. O mirk, mirk †
At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.	Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares
Maybe thou lets this fleshly thorn,	The Rights of Woman,
Fleth'ran [flattering].	The flinty heart that canna feel . To Mr. I. Kennede
A fleechan, fleth'ran Dedication A Ded. to G. H.	Flirtation. Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs, 'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares
Flew. Careless ilka thought and free,	Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares The Rights of Woman
As the breeze flew o'er me. S. Elythe ha'e I been t	Flisket [fretted at the yoke].
But souple Donald quicker flew, S. Donald Brodie †	Thou never braing't, an' fetch't, an flisket.
The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	A Gude New Year † 12.
The dancers quick and quicker flew; Tam o' Shanter, 12.	Flit. Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether.
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;	A Guid New-Year † 18. Or lightly flit on wanton wing S. Bonnie Lassie, will ye go †
Whigs to h-ll Flew off in frighted bands,	The birdies flit on wanton wing S. Now bank and brace
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor,	The bird of eve flits sullen by On Lincluden.
O'er hill and dale she [Mirth] flew, man; The Fete Champetre.	Flit G[alloway] and find
The golden hours, on angel wings,	Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave. On seeing Seat of Lord G.
Few o'er me and my dearie: S. Ye banks, and bracs, and streams †	Or like the borealis race,
Flewit [a smart blow].	That flit ere you can point their place; . Tam o' Shanter. 7. Flitting.
"I'd rather suffer for my faut,	
A hearty flewit, What ails ye now †	While flitting sea-fowls round me cry, . S. Behold the hour † Flittering [fluttering, vibrating].
Fley [to frighten, terrify, scare].	And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
Waefu' Want and Hunger fley me, S. O that I had ne'er †	S. Again rejoic, Nature
Fley'd [scared, frighted; put to flight].	Float. When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord.
My name is Death, but he na' fley'd! Death and Dr. Hornbook, q.	An float the jinglan icy boord, . Add. to the Deil, 12.
He was sae fley'd an' eerie;	frow many a robe sae gally floats! The Fite Champetre,
Till fley'd awa' by Phochus' light S. O were my love t	Floated.
Flichterin [fluttering].	Wild floated in my hrain; . The Ans. to the Guidwife. Floating.
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.	
The Cotter's Sat, Night, 3.	But now she's floating down the Nith. El. on Peg Nicholson. Flock. My flocks and my Mary's sweet Cot in my eye.
Flickering, Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker I've found her [life] still, Focus on Life.	S. Afton Water.
Flie, Flee (a fly).	We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.
I dinna care a single flie; . S. In simmer when †	S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
"I care na wealth a single flie; S. O Phely, †	The simmer joys the flocks to follow; S. By Allan stream †
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie: . S. O whistle !	To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn: S. Caledonia.
December 41 - 41 6 11 1 D F 14	
But for how lang the flie may stang. Let Inclination law that. The Jolly Beggars, S. VII. Eathers of a flee year feathers up his honored.	A guide, a buckler, an' example To a' thy flock. Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.
Let Inclination law that The Jolly Beggars, S. I'II.	Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks, S. Lassic wi' the lintwhite †
Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet, S. Wee Willie Gray †	To bless his little filial flock, O Thou dread Pow'r+
Flie, to, v. Fly.	Her teeth are like a flock o' sheep, S. On Cessnock banks †
Flight. Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole, A Bard's Epit.	Lone on the bleaky hills the straying flocks On Death of R. Dundas.
A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand; S. Caledonia,	So, may his flock increase an grow The Death of Mailie.
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,	And gie him o'er the flock, to feed, . The Ordination. 5.
Elegy on Capt. M. H. 14. My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.	O a' ye pious godly flocks,
Et. to R. Graham 5	Well fed on pastures orthodox, The Twa Herds.
Which save the linnet's flight, I wot,	What flock wi' M[ood]y's flock could rank, 1b. 5.
Nae ruder visit knows, S. Now Spring has clad†	O! a' ye flocks, o'er a' the hills,
But day and night my fancy's flight Is ever wi' my Jean,	Nae doubt the auld-light flocks are bleatan; To W. Simpson. P.S
Sic flights are far beyond her [my muse's] pow'r :	To tend the flocks or till the soil. S. Troas even-the deruy †
Sic flights are far beyond her [my muse's] pow'r ; Tam o' Shanter, 16.	And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight.	S. You wild mossy mountains †
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Now wad ye sing this double flight,	Flock, to.
Now wad ye sing this double flight,	When to the loughs the Curlers flock, . Tam Samson's El.
S. The heather was blooming †	Flood.
Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons, To tak a flight, To W. Simpson. P.S.	virgin Spring, by Eden's flood, Add. to Shade of Thomson.
To tak a flight, . To W. Simpson. P.S.	Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood; S. Caledonia.
Welsh, who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground,	The sweeping vales, and foaming floods, Ep. to Davie. 4.
The Election Ballads, VI.	I murder hate by field or flood, Lns. on Window, Gl. Tav.,
Flinders [splinters, shreds].	Farewell to the torrents and lond-pouring floods.
Twill mak her poor auld heart, I fear,	S. My heart's in the Highlands †
In flinders flee: On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Fling. Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling, Halloween, o.	Pity's flood there never rose, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
Fling, to.	And parritch-pats, and auld saut backets, Before the Flood. On Grose's Peregrinations.
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg, The Election Ballads. VI.	The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains;
Or nobly fling the gospel club The Twa Herds. S.	On Death of R. Dundas,
My pen I here fling to the door	Or tumbling in the boiling flood
Flinging [capering].	Wi' kail an' beef; Scotch Drink, 4.
Lowping and flinging on a crummock, Tam o' Shanter. 14.	She [Nature] plants the forest, pours the flood; S. Streams that glide †
Flingin-tree [a flail].	Before him Doon pours all his floods; Tam o' Shanter. 10.
The Thresher's weary flingin-tree, The Vision. D. 1. 2.	This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide; The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Flinty.	The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
How can your flinty hearts enjoy	As headlong foam a hundred floods; The Election Ballads, VI.
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry! S. O Logan! sweetly t	The echoing wood, the winding flood. The Fête Champetre.

As with a flood Thou tak'st them off With overwhelming sweep. The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.,	Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbonr, They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie: S. Adown winding Nith †
Here, Doon pour'd down his far-fetch'd floods:	Amang the trees where humming bees
The Vision. D. I. 14.	At bads and flowers were hinging, S. Amang the trees
'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,	Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows, And wither's the faster, the faster it grows; S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft!
At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood,	Simmer's a pleasant time, Flow'rs of ev'ry colour; S. Ay wankin, O.
But boils up in a spring-tide flood! . To W. Simpson.	Flow'rs of ev'ry colour;
And turn'd me round to hide the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War's †	These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods	That spotless breast o' thine;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Her looks were like a flow'r in May, . S. Blythe was she,
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods; Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers, S. Bonnie Lassie, will ye go t
Floor. They laid him out upon the floor, John Barleycorn.	Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers
The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life. To R. G. of F., 5,	In double pride were gay S. But lately seen,
Flourish.	I see the spreading leaves and flowers, S. Craigie-burn Wood. Slides by a hower where monie a flower
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis	Sheds fragrance on the day, . S. Damon and Sylvia.
Will flourish without a decay. S. Adown winding Nith † But may ye flourish like a lily.	The flower-enamonr'd busy bee Delia. An Ode.
Now bonilie! . On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	Ve roses on your thorny tree, The first o' flowers El. on Capt. M. H. 5.
Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,	O'er the dewy bending flowers . S. Hark! the mavis
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair; S. The Catrine woods † That man shall flourish like the trees	With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming fair;
Which by the streamlets grow; The 1st Psalm.	S. How pleasant the banks
They flourish like the morning flow'r, The 1st b 1'.s of ooth Ps	bonniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon,
It ne'er should flourish to its prime, The Tree of Liberty. if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme, The Whistle. 17.	I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing, Gaily in the sunny beam; S. I dream'd I lay
Flourished, -'d.	Gaily in the sunny beam; S. I dream'd I lay
Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair, S. Awa, whigs, awa.	May When all the flowers were fresh and gay, S. It was the charming
But late she flourished, rooted fast, On Birth of Posth. Child.	The youngest he was the flower amang them a';
Flow. Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow; S. Let not woman t	S. Lady Mary Ann
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow, Warm on the heart. The Vision. D. II. 19.	Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew:
Flow, to.	And the next flowers, that deck the spring,
When ching life nae mair shall flow, A Ded. to G. H., 14. And frae his harp sic strains did flow, A Vision.	Bloom on my peaceful grave. Lament of Mary of Scots.
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows;	the flower which bloomed sweetest in Coila's green vale, Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
Add. to Shade of Thomson.	cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green brace,	When past the show'r, and every flow'r
Flow gently, I sing thee a song in thy praise; [re.] S. Afton Water.	The garden is adorning: S. Lovely Davies. Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is.
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not ber dream. [re.] Ib.	S. Mark yonder Pomp
Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays; Ib. Behind you hills where Stinchar flows, [v. A, 26]	And flowers let us call for Eliza's cold bier. Monody, on a Lady.
S. Behind you hills †	We'll search through the garden for each silly flower, . Ib.
And frae my een the drapping rains Maun ever flow, El. on Capt. M. H. 11.	And gowden flowers sae rare upon't; S. My Lord a-hunting
	The flower and fancy o' the west;
But (your life) "allegretto forte" gay Harmonious flow . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5. The martial phosphorus is taught to flow, Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	In Roslin's fairest bower I'll shelter this sweet flower, . S. My Love's a winsome
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows, Ib. 5.	Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs, Nature's Law.
Farewell, thou stream that winding flows	The flow'r of ancient nations;
Around Eliza's dwelling; S. Farewell, thou stream †	Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers, To deck her gay green spreading bowers; S. Now rosy May
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meand'ring flows. S. How pleasant the banks †	And strew'd the lea wi' flowers: S. Now Spring has clad:
While hid the murmuring streamlets flow;	Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs, S. Now westlin winds
On Cessnock banks,† Sett. II. From that dear stream which flows to Clyde.	S. Now westlin winds
S. Slow spreads the gloom †	But love is far a sweeter flow'r Amid life's thorny path o' care S. O bonie was yon rosy
Where waters flow and wild woods wave, S. Streams that glide t	And here's the flower that I lo'e best—
The Thames flows proudly to the sea, S. The Banks of Nith.	The rose that's like the snaw. S. O Kenmure's on and awa. The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
	Now trodden like the vilest weed, . S. O Lassie, art thou
But sweeter flows the Nith to me,	The bees ham round the breathing flow'rs: S. O Logan! sweetly:
	'Sips nectar in the op'ning flower, S. O Phely,
S. The Slave's Lament.	Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Flow still between us, thon wide roaring main. S. Wandering Willie.	Depend on Fortune's shining? . S. O poortith cauld,
As high in air the hursting torrents flow, Wr. by Fall of Fyers	How blest, ye flowers that round her blaw, S. O wat ye wha's in
Flow'd.	And she, a lovely little flower
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief, The rock with tears had flow'd. Lns on Mrs. Kemble,	I see her in the dewy flowers, S. Of a' the airts
Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen, The Vision. D. I. 11.	There's not a bonie flower that springs, By fountain, shaw, or green;
Flower, Flow'r.	On a bank of flowers one summer's day,
Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air, A Vision. From marking wildly-scatt'red flowers, Add. to Edinburgh.	S. On a bank of flowers
To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;	With flowers so white and leaves so green, S. On Cessnock banks
S. Adown winding Nith †	When flow'r-reviving rains are past;

The flower stem shall bloom like thy sweet Seraph form, On Death of fan. Child.	The shepherd in the flowery glen S. Behold, my tore t
Whose innocence did sweets disclose Beyond that flower's perfume. On Poet's Daughter.	The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer, . S. Bonie Bell. Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes,
There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May, That's half sae welcome's thou art. On W. Stewart.	S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go † Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear, El. on Capt. M. II. 12.
While you wild flowers among, Chance led me there; S. Phillis the Fair.	Thou chrystal streamlet with thy flowery shore, El. on Miss Burnet.
There's not a flower that blooms in May,	Along the flowery banks of Cree S. Here is the glen, †
That's half so fair as thou art. S. Polly Stewart. The flower it blaws, it fades and fa's,	A' my flowery bliss destroy'd S. I dream'd I lay t while rosy pleasure Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath, Innocence t
And Art can ne'er renew it	And o'er the flowery mead she goes, S. It was the charming †
Fairest flow'r! behold the lily,	Now Nature cleeds the flow'ry lea, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
How can ve please, ve flowers, with all your dies?	the flowery snare Of witching love. S. Now Spring has clad †
Sounct, on Death of R I see the flowers and spreading trees, S. Sweet fa's the eve t	But now thy flow'ry banks appear Like drumlie winter, dark and drear, S. O Logan! sweetly †
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed; Tam o' Shanter. 7. Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,	The little swallow's wanton wing, Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring, S. O Phely, †
The Brigs of Ayr.	When flow'ry May adoms the scene, S. On Cessnock banks †
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs; Ib. 2. The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea. S. The Catrine woods †	The pride of all the flowery scene, Ib. Sett. II. Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot, For which they never toil'd nor swat; To J. S., 17.
Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers, Again ye'll flourish fresb and fair;	For which they never toil'd nor swat; To J. S., 17. Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon, . S. The Banks of Doon.
gathering flowers and busking bowers, The Fète Champetre.	Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
They flourish like the morning flow'r, In beauty's pride array'd; . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
Here shall the shepherd make his seat, To weave his crown of flowers; The Petition of Br. Water.	Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
The flowers shall vie in all their charms The bour of heaven to grace,	Fair is the morn in flow'ry May, S. Twas even-the dewy †
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate, The Rights of Woman.	Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird. That wantons thro' the flowery thorn: S. Ye banks and bracs t
There streams for ever flow, and there flowers for ever blow, S. The Slave's Lament.	Flowing.
Nor birds sweetly singing, nor flowers gayly springing,	But a full flowing bowl, Was the saving his soul, . Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. S. The small birds †	Her flowing locks, the raven's wing, S. Her flowing locks † Wi' bumpers flowing o'er, Scotch Drink. Mott
And every flower be springing. S. The young High. Rover. lightly tripping among the wild flowers, S. Their groves of t	All-chearing Plenty, with her flowing horn,
And frost will blight the fairest flowers, S. There was a lass t	The Brigs of Ayr, 13. O that my cen were flowing burns! The Election Ballads, VI.
The flower and pride of a' the glen; 16.	The limpid streamlet yonder flowing
Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r, To a Mountain-Daisy.	Supplying drink, The Hermit.
The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield,	To social-flowing glasses . The Petition of Br. Water. Chrystal streamlets gently flowing, . S. Thickest night †
Did nip a fairer flower.)	Flown.
Never may'st thou, lovely Flower, Chilly shrink in sleety shower! To Miss C.	An' could hae flown out owre a stank, A Guid New-Vear † 3. Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown, S. Gloomy December.
Twice a lily flower will be him sark and cravat;	How have the raptur'd moments flown! . The Lament. And all the gay foppery of summer is flown; S. The lazy mist †
Where Cart rins rowing to the sea,	Fluctuating.
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree, S. Where Cart rins † While bees delight in opening flowers;	The tide of Empire's fluctuating course; Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Peace, the tenderest flower of Spring; Wr. in Hermitage at F.C	Flunky. His flunkies answer at the bell; The Twa Dogs. & Flush. Ve sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit,
Those that would the bloom devour, Crush the locusts, save the flower	Prologue, at 1/1., D.
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers, S. Fe banks, and braes, and streams t	Flush, to. The wily mother sees the conscious flame Sparkle in Jenny's ce, and flush her cheek, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,	Flutter.
That nipt my flower sae early!	The ither flutters o'er the rising piers: The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Flutter'd. His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy,
Floweret, Flow'ret. As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.	The Jolly Biggars, S. II.
S. Afton Water.	Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore ; . Auld Comrade †
The little floweret's peaceful lot S. Now Spring has clad † Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love,	The flutt'ring gory pinion! S. Now westlin winds † Though fluttering ever so braw, man. Ronalds of Bennals.
On Birth of Posth, Child. But here, alas! for me nae mair	My fondly-fluttering heart, he still! . The Lament. 2.
Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile; S. The Catrine woods † Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth, The Vision. D. II. 14.	That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest, The Rights of Woman.
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade! To a Mountain-Daisy.	My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat, S. When first I saw † Fly, Flie, Flee.
And marking sweet flowerets so fair; S. Where are the joys † Flowering, -'ring.	Then catch the moments as they fly, A Bottle and Friend.
'Mang fields o' flowering claver gay; El. on Capt. M. H. 9.	While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him, A Ded. to G. H., 16.
She's spotless as the flow'ring thorn S. On Cessnock banks † Flowery, Flow'ry.	If from the lover thou mann flee, Yet let the friend be dear S. Ah, Chloris, since
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird, Add. to the Deil, 15.	Yet let the friend be dear. S. Ah, Chloris, since † And surly winter grimly flies; S. Bonie Bell. Let Fortune's gifts at random flee, S. Bonie lassie, will ye go †
And thro' the flowery dale; . S. As down the burn t	Let Fortune's girts at random nee, 3. Donne maste, where go i

To you [wastes, cliffs] I fly, ye with my soul accord.	He's on the seas to meet the foe? S. How can my poor heart +
El. on Bitss burnet.	If he's amang his friends or foes ? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
An' riches still may fly them, O: S. Green grow the Rashes.	Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd:
The trembling dove thus flies, S. How cruelt	S. My father was a farmer †
The trembling dove thus flies, S. How cruelt Then all hell will fly for fear, S. Husband, husband t	Wi'man and nature leagu'd my foes, S. Now Spring has clad t
For sweet consolation to church 1 did fly; S. No Churchman am I†	If angry fate is sworn my foe, S. O wat ye wha's in † Man, your proud usurping foe, On scaring Water-fowl.
S. No Churenman am 1	
There with my Mary let me flee, S. Now bank and bract	And the foe you cannot brave, Scorn at least to be his slave
I'll flee to's arms I lo'e the best, S. Now rosy May † Thick flies the skimming Swallow; S. Now westlin winds †	May foes be strang, and friends be slack. On W. Stewart.
As flies the partridge from the brake. S. On a bank of flowers†	To glut that direst foe,—a vengeful woman: Scots Prologue
"Total and her poor sold heart I fear	Tyrants fall in every foe; S. Scots, wha ha'e †
In flinders flee; On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	For Love has been my foe: S. Talk not of Love t
The past returns, the present flies: On Lincluden.	As onen pussie's mortal foes.
Tell me, fellow creatures, why	When, pop! she starts before their nose; Tam o' Shanter. 17.
At my presence thus you fly? On scaring II ater-foul.	Say, such is royal George's will, An' there's the foe, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Sad to your sympathetic scenes 1 fly; On death of R. Dundas.	An there's the toe, The Author's Cry and Frayer. F.
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly, 16.	For fear by foes that they should lose Their cogs o' brose, they scar'd at blows
And flee o'er the hills like a craw, man. Ronalds of Bennals.	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Traitor, coward, turn and flee! S. Scots, wha ha'e †	When the vanquish'd foe
And fly to meet a kinder heart! S. Slow spreads the gloom t	Sues for peace and quiet, S. The Captain's Lady.
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure, Tam o' Shanter. b.	When that grim foe of life below, Comes in between to bid us part; S. The day returns †
And hameward fast did flee, man. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Now Death and Hell engulph thy foes,
	The Election Ballads. VI.
As soon the rooted caks would fly The Election Ballads, VI.	Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes! S. The gloomy night +
While Tories fall, while Tories fly,	Alike a foe to noisy folly,
Across her placid, azure sky, She sees the scowling tempest fly: S. The gloomy night	And brow bent gloomy melancholy, The Hermit.
And when I die. Let me in this belief expire.	It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral, S. The Slave's Lament.
And when I die, Let me in this belief expire, "To God I fly." The Hermit.	S. The Slave's Lament.
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee.	The hirelings ran-her foes gied chase, The Tree of Liberty.
Dark ning the day! . 10 11 . Simpson, 13.	But he ne'er turned his back on his foe—or his friend. The Whistle. q.
I dare not combat—but I turn and fly: To Clarinda.	Chain'd at his feet they groan,
While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love.	Loves vanquish'd foes: To Clarinda.
S. You wild mossy mountus †	Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
They dazzle our een, as they flie to our hearts Ib.	I rhyme away
Plying. Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin, Add. to the Deil. 4.	Who holdly dare thy cause maintain In spite of foes: To Rev. J. M. Math.
So whim! at the summons, old Satan came flying:	
Epig. on Capt. Grose.	And whose that generous princely mien Even rooted foes admire? V.s, below a Picture.
Epig. on Capt. Grose. How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues. S. The lazy mist †	"If that your right hand, leg or toe,
S. The lacy mist †	"Should ever prove your spiritual foe, What ails you now
And a' like lamb-tails flyin Fu' fast . The Ordination. 7.	Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe, Such sweetness would relent her, . S. Young Peggy
Apollo weary flying,	
Flyte [to scold].	Fog. The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel, Enbusked by a fog infernal: Ep. to H. Parker.
E'en let her flyte her fill, jo S. O steer her up † Foal. Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal, Tam o' Shanter. 14.	Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
Foam. Here, tumbling billows mark d the coast,	That melts the fogs in limpid air, Lament for Glencairn,
With surging foam; The Vision. D. I. 13.	A creeping cauld prosaic fog To Miss Ferrier.
Foam, to. As headlong foam a hundred floods;	Foggie. The morning it was foggie; S. What will I do gin t
The Election Ballads, VI.	Foggage. An' naething, now, to big a new ane, O' foggage green! . To a Mouse
As deep recoiling surges foam below, Ur. by Fall of Fyers.	
oam-crested. Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail,	Foiled. Foiled, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife. To R. G. of F., 5.
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.	Folls Ve did present worth smoutie phis
Foaming. The foaming stream deep roaring fa's, S. Bonie lassie, will ye go t	Folk, Ye did present your smoutie phiz, 'Mang better folk, Add. to the Deil. 17
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,	How's a' the folk about Gl-nc-r; . Auta comrade
Frae lin to lin. El. on Capt. M. H. 4.	'Guid-een,' quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin, 'When ither folk are busy sawin?' Death and Dr. Hornbook. &
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods. Eft. to Davie. 4.	
Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks, In twisting strength I rin; . The Petition of Br. Water.	'Folk maun do something for their bread, Ib. 12
In twisting strength I rin : The Tetition of Er. Water,	There's monie godly folks are thinkin, Ep. to J. R. 1
An' chearfu' tankards foamin, An' social noise; To J. S., 14.	Some merry, friendly, countra folks, Halloween. 2
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath; S. You wild mossy mountus †	Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk, Ib. 17
Foamy Dry-withering waste my foamy streams	When day is gane, and night is come, And a' folk bound to sleep, S. It was a for
Foamy. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water.	And a folk bound to sleep, S. It was a for
OCK [IOIK].	Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their best." Scots Prologue
But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave, Letter to J. Goudie.	An' folk begin to tak the gate; Tam o' Shanter
And Calvin's fock, are fit to sell bim; To W. Creech.	And [Bards] ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;
Fodgel [fat, squat and plump].	The Brigs of Ayr. 4
a fine, fat, fodgel wight, On Grosc's Peregrinations.	A' ye douce folk I've borne aboon the broo, Ib. 9
Foe. Ere we permit a foreign foe, On British ground to rally. S. Does haughty Gaul, †	
Our force united on thy foes we'll turn, Ep. fr. Esopus.	But vicious folk aye hate to see The works o' Virtue thrive, man; The Tree of Liberty
But by your leaves, my learned foes,	For some had gentle folks to please, The Election Ballads. I
Ye're maybe wrang. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 10.	There's some great folks set light by me,
Ye're maybe wrang. Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 10. The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe; Epit. for Author's Father Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe	And there will be folk frac St. Mary's, The Election Ballads, III
Epit. for Author's Father	The Election Rallads III
	The last ten court is the first particular to
Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe, S. Farewell, thou fair day †	Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their peghan . The Twa Dogs. 9 An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in,

They gang as saucy by poor folk, The Twa Dogs. 12.	Or my good-natur'd folly, O: S. My father was a farmer t
I see how folk live that hae riches:	In vain I've roam'd for pleasure,
But surely poor-folk mann be wretches!	Through follies without measure: S. My Love's a winsome t
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,	Follies and crimes have stain'd the name On Duke of Queensberry.
Are riven out haith root an branch,	Beyond comparison the worst [ills] are those That to our folly, or our guilt we owe Remorse. A Frag
The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk	That few for aught but folly lusted; The Hermit
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?	Alike a foe to noisy folly.
O ye, douse folk, that live by rule,	And brow bent gloomy melancholy,
ane o' warl's folk, Wha rate the wearer by the cloak,	"I red you, honest man, tak tent! Ye'll shaw your folly To J. S., 7.
To Mr. J. Kennedy. Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk; To W. Simpson. P.S.	Again in folly's path might go astray; . Why am I loth † Fond.
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-au-stowe,	Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe, A Winter Night. S
Follow.	Young-Guidmen, fond, keen, an croose; Add. to the Deil. 11.
Quoth Mary, " Love, I like the burn,	The daisy amus'd my fond fancy, S. Adown winding Nith !
"And ay shall follow you." . S. As down the burn t	Is this thy plighted, fond regard S. Canst thou leave me thus
I'll kilt my coats ahoon my knee.	The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee, El. on Miss Burnet.
And follow my love through the water. S. Braw lads of G. Water.	Death, off I ve fear d thy latal blow,
The simmer joys the flocks to follow; S. By Allan stream ?	Now, fond, I bare my breast, S. Fate gave the word,
Be sure ye follow out the plan Nae wnur than he did, honest man! . El. on Year 1788.	Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, S. Here's a health to ane
And I follow the Collier Inddie. S. My Collier Laddie.	As ye [men o' state] make mony a fond heart mourn,
All you who follow wealth and power	And my fond heart, itsel sae true.
S. My father was a farmer† Wha follows ony saucy quean S. O Tibbie!†	It no er mistrusted thine S. O mirk, mirk t
Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads! [v. A. 12]	Thy soothing fond complaining. S. O stay, sweet warbling
Scots Prologue. So Maggie runs, the witches follow,	Till, thence returned, they softly stray O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay; On Lincluden.
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow. Tam o' Shanter. 17.	While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn, On Death of fav. Child
Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham, The Election Ballads, VI.	Forgive the Bard! my fond regard
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.	For ane that shares my bosom, On W. Chalmers. One fond kiss, and then we sever; S. One fond kiss †
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie, To follow the noble vocation; S. The sons of old Killie.	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.,
An' gar him follow to the kirk To Gav. Hamilton.	No wonder I'm fond of a Sodger laddie. The folly Beggars. S. 11.
I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan;	
S. What can a yng lassie †	I lock'd her in my fond embrace; S. The Rigs of Barley. I oft would gaze, Fond, on thy little, early ways,
Followed, -'d.	Ine 1 2510n. D. 11. 12.
There was a lad that follow'd her, But Willie follow'd as he should, S. On a bank of flowers †	Mark Scotia's fond returning eye, It dwells upon Glencairn V.s below Ficture.
A Douglas followed to the martial strife, [v. A. 12]	enamour'd and fond of my anguish, S. Where are the joys
Scots Prologue.	Fond-plighted.
Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride,	All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! S. Had I a cave
And my son Maitland, wise as brave, My footsteps followed still. The Election Ballads. V.	Fond-sparkling.
My footsteps followed still. The Election Ballads. 1. Follower.	Kindness, sweet Kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e, S. I'on wild mossy mountains
The followers o' the ragged Nine, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 10.	Fondest. So lost to Honor, lost to Truth,
How his first followers and servants sped;	As from the fondest lover part. The Lament. 5
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	Fondling. Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child? The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10
Bold following where your Fathers led! Add. to Edinburgh 7.	Fondly. Within the hush, her covert nest
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,	Or my more dear Immortal part,
S. My heart's in the Highlands † And next the title following close behind, The Vowels.	Is not more fondly dear! Ep. to Davie. 9
Folly. But thoughtless follies laid him low,	Fondly he'll repeat her name; S. Jockey's ta'en the parting
And stain'd his name! A Bard's Epit.	I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly prest, Swear how I love thee dearly: . S. Now westlin winds
But some day ye may gnaw your nails.	Once foudly lovid and still remember'd dear.
An' curse your folly sairly,	Once fondly lov d
Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself: Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	O'er the Past too fondly wandering, . S. Raving winds
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell	The young, the innocent, who fondly loved us, Remorse, A Frag.
Your Neehours' fauts and folly! Add. to Unco Guid. 1.	By the faith you fondly plighted; . S. Stay, my charmer
For glaikit Folly's portals;	His cheek to her's he fondly laid, . S. There was a lass
To feel the follies or the crimes, Of others, or my own! . Despondency, an Ode. 5.	And fondly broods with miser care; S. To Mary in Heaven
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit Ep. fr. Esopus.	O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite!	aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly! S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams
Frag. inser. to Fox.	And fondly sae did I [sing] o' mine. S. Ye banks and braes
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't For ance and ay. Friend of the Poet † P.S.	Fondly-fluttering.
Give me with gay folly to live; Lns on Windows, Gl. Taw.	My fondly-fluttering heart, be still! . The Lament. 2
But folly has raptures to give	Fondly-treasur'd.
Alternate Follies take the sway; Man was made to Mourn.	Your dear remembrance in my breast.
How cold is that hosom which folly once fired,	My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd. The Lament. o
Monody, on a Lady.	Fondly-wand'ring. Observ'd us. fondly-wand'ring, stray! The Lament
But come, all ye offspring of folly so true,	Ohserv'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray! . The Lament

Fondness. No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her,	Foot, Feet. Where once heneath a Monarch's feet
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession, To a Kiss.	Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs! Add. to Edinburgh. 1. How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, S. Afton Water.
Food. To thee shall home, or food or pastime yield. On seeing wounded Hare.	The music of her pretty foot On my heart it did play so, S. As I gaed up by †
In souple scones, the wale o' food! Scotch Drink. 4.	Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet, . S. Ca' the Ewes.
Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin; 1b. 5.	I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine, Extem. Ap. 1782. She trusts the ruthless falconer
The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.	And drops beneath his feet S. How cruel†
the earth hestowing My simple food; The Hermit.	And sleep thegither at the foot, S. John Anderson †
Fool, a whim-inspir'd fool, A Bard's Epit.	And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet; S. Last May a brazu wooer†
Which fools may scoff at; . Add. to Illegit. Child. The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools, . Add. to Toothache.	Take pity on my weary feet, S. O Lassie, art thout
The Rigid Righteous is a fool.	But O the road was very hard,
The Rigid Wise anither: Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.	For that fair maiden's tender feet S. O Mally's meek. It were mair meet, that those fine feet
I was bred up at nae sic school, My Shepherd lad to play the fool, S. Ca' the Ewes †	Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon,
Shall I like a fool, quoth he,	With decency and law beneath his [Riot's] feet; Prologue, sp. by Woods.
For a haughty hizzie die? S. Duncan Gray† Thy fool's head, quoth Satan, that crown shall wear never,	But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Epig. on $-$.	Sin' auld lang syne S. Shld auld acquaintance t
A wit in folly, and a fool in wit	An' no get warmly to your feet, An' gar them hear it, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Who says, that fool alone is not thy due,	The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:
What sairs your Grammars? Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 1st. 11.	The Brigs of Ayr. 11. Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins, The Holy Fair. 10.
But as the clegs o' feeling stang Are wise or fool. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.	My travel a' on foot I'll shank it, The Inventory.
(Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool!)	I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,
Ép. to R. Graham. 5. You have my choicest model ta'en,	To taste sic fruit, I swear, man The Tree of Liberty. At last her feet, I sang to see't,
How shall I make a fool again? Epit. on W.	Gaed foremost o'er the knowe; . S. The weary Pund.
And fool I was I marry'd; . S. O ay my wife she dang.	On foot the way was plying To J. Taylor.
And fools may tyne, and knaves may win; . S. O Phely, † Besides the Stewarts were but fools, On Lord G.	if foot or horse E'er hring you in hy Mauchline Corss, To Mr. J. Kennedy.
Besides the Stewarts were but fools, On Lord G. A Knave an Fool are plants of every soil: Scots Prologue.	I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet, . S. When first I saw †
I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool.	These northern scenes with weary feet I trace; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
S. The auld man† And fools o' change are fain; The Election Ballads. I.	Footed. They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,
For fools will prate o' right and wrang.	The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
While knaves laugh them to scorn;	Foot-path. your poor, narrow foot-path of a street, The Brigs of Ayr. b.
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine, S. The Honest Man.	Footstep.
Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou ; Sir Knave is a fool in a Session,	Where never human footstep trac'd, Despondency, an Ode. 4.
He's there but a prentice, I trow,	My footsteps followed still The Election Ballads. V.
But I am a fool by profession. The Jolly Beggars, S. III. I fear I my talent misteuk,	No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure, S. Where are the joys †
But what will ye hae of a fool?	Foppery. And all the gay foppery of Summer is flown;
The chiel that's a fool for himsel, Guid L—d, he's far dafter than I	S. The lazy mist † For. But for to meet the Deil her lane,
Guid L—d, he's far dafter than I	She pat but little faith in :
For a their colledges an schools, . S. The Twa Dogs. 29.	She pat but little faith in:
But stringing blethers up in rhyme For fools to sing The Vision. D. I. 4.	rot in spice of, notwithstanding; in prevention of:
Compar'd wi' you-O fool! fool! fool! How much unlike!	near, by ; against, in competition with].
To J. S., 26. And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care."	I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep For that, or Simmer. A Guid New-year † 13.
To R. G. of F. 7.	For my last fow, A heapet Stimpart, I'll reserve and
gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools, To W. Creech, O, lassie, ye hae played the fool, S. Ye hae lien wrang.	Laid by for you
Fool'd.	An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner,
As father Adam first was fool'd, Epit. on Henpecked Squire.	The Author's Cry and Prayer, 8.
Foolish. Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine; Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive, . To a Haggis. Forbad, Forbade.
This sting is added—"Blame thy foolish self!"	Her Daddie forbad, her Minnie forbad.
Remorse. A Frag.,	S. Her Daddie forbad †
How foolish, or worse, 'till our summit is gain'd! S. The lacy mist +	And ay the mair he hotch'd an' blew, The mair that she forhade him. There came a piper †
It wad frae monie a blunder free us	Till Lairds forbad, by strict commands.
An' foolish notion: To a Louse. That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,	The mair that she forhade him. There came a piper † Till Lairds forhad, by strict commands. Sic bluidy pranks. To W. Simpson, P.S. Forbear. Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forhear,
Lead to be wretched, vile and hase. Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	S. Afton Water.
Foor [fared, went]. As o'er the moor they lightly foor, S. Duncan Davison.	But still the preaching cant forbear, Ep. to Young Friend. 9. O did not Love exclaim, "Forbear! . S. Fairest maid!
Foord [ford].	O did not Love exclaim, "Forhear! . S. Fairest maid † (A while forhear, ye torturing fiends).
Then, Water-kelpies haunt the foord	Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
By your direction, . Add. to the Deil. 12. Foorsday [Thursday].	Each worldly thought a while forbear, On Lincluden. Forbearing,
But Foorsday, Sir, my promise leal,	That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing.
Expect me o' your party,	You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D.,

Forbears [forefathers].	Forclock. Vet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;
His forbears' virtues all contrasted, On Duke of Queensberry.	Foremost. Prologue, at Th., D
For her forbears were brought in ships, Frae 'yont the Tweed: [v.A.19] Poor Mailie's El.	Thou ance was i' the foremost rank, A Guid New-Year + 3.
So may they, like their great forbears.	But first an' foremost, I should tell, Ep. to J. L-k, April 1st. S.
For monie a year come thro' the sheers: The Death of Mailie.	Then first an' foremost thro' the bail
Forbes [of Culloden, to whom was granted the privi- lege-withdrawn in 1785-of producing, free of	Their stocks maun a' be sought ance; . Halloween. 4.
duty, the famous Ferintosh whisky].	My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow, Scots Prologue. At last her feet, I sang to see't,
For loyal Forbes' Charter'd boast	Gaed foremost o'er the knowe; S. The weary pund.
Is ta'en awa! Scotch Drink, 19.	Forest.
Forbid. Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power, You e'er should be a Stot! The Calf.	O, rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
While she, my cruel, scornfu' Fair,	Oft have ye heard my canty strains: El. on Capt. M. H. II. May in some future carcase howl,
Forbids me e'er to see her mair! S. Young Jamic,	The forest's fright; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 17.
Forbidden.	Wild as the winter now tearing the forest, S. Gloomy December.
Forbidden she wadna be: S. Her Daddie forbad †	As the storms the forest tear, S. How can my poor heart †
And riots wanton in forbidden fields! To Clarinda. Forby, Forbye [besides].	And it will be the hrag o' the forest yet. S. Lady Mary Ann.
Forby sax mae, I've sell't awa, . A Guid New Year † 15.	When chill November's surly blast Made fields and forests hare, Man was made to mourn.
Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,	We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.	Monody, on a Lady.
A' forbye my bonie sel',	Farewell to the forests and wild hanging woods, My heart's in the Highlands †
Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg, On Grose's Peregrinations. Forby turn-conts among oursel, The Twa Herds. 14.	Beneath the blasts the leasless forests groun; On death of R. Dundas.
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump, S. Willie Wastlet	On death of R. Dundas.
Force. Our force united on thy foes we'll turn, Ep. fr. Esopus.	Ve hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves, Ib. Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode.	Spicy forests, ever gay, S. Streams that glide †
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,	She [Nature] plants the forest, pours the flood; 1b.
Man was made to Mourn. Here History paints, with elegance and force,	So when the storm the forest rends, The Election Ballads. VI.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
What force or guile could not subdue, S. The Union.	S. The lazy mist †
In vain the laws their feeble force oppose; . To Clarinda.	But seek the forests round and round, The Tree of Liberty,
Force, to. Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace? Remorse. A Frag	But seek the forests round and round, The Tree of Liberty. Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws His army shade. The Vision. D. II. 20.
L-d man there's lasses there wad force	I he Stave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
A hermit's fancy, . To Mr. J. Kennedy.	S. Their groves of † One shakes the forest, and one spurns the ground:
then the scathe an' banter	To R. G. of F.
We're forced to thole Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2.	Forfairn [distressed, worn-out and jaded].
But alas! when forc'd to sever, Then the stroke, O how severe! S. Scenes of weet	wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn, . The Erigs of Ayr. 7. As lately F-nw-ck, sair forfairn,
Ford. By this time he was cross the ford.	Has proven to its ruin: The Ordination. 8.
Whare, in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd; Tam o' Shanter. 10.	Forgat v. Forgot.
The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,	Forgather [to meet, encounter].
Ronalds of Bennals,	Whene'er I forgather wi' sorrow and care, I gi'e them a skelp as they're creeping alang,
Fore and aft. The Fiddler rak'd her, fore and aft,	S. Contented wi little †
Behint the Chicken cavie: The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	I there wi' Something does forgather, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.
Foreboder.	We'se gie ae night's discharge to care.
O why the deuce should I repine, And be an ill foreboder; Extem. Ap. 1782.	It we forgather, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 18.
Forego.	O, may thou ne'er forgather up, Wi' onie blastet, moorlan toop; . The Death of Mailie.
How can I the thought forego.	When next wi' you lass I forgather, . What ails ye now t
He's on the seas to meet the loe? S. How can my poor heart?	Forgather'd. Wi Death forgather'd by the way,
While ilka thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, . S. Now Spring has clad†	Epit. on Tam the Chapman. Forgather'd ance upon a time. The Twa Dogs.
Forehammer [the sledge-hammer wielded with both	Forgerie.
hands, by an assistant, before the anvil).	Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel, The strong forehammer, . Scotch Drink. 11.	Like a rogue for forgerie John Barleycorn.
Forehead.	Forget.
Her forehead's like the show'ry bow, S. On Cessnock banks t	Oh that happy hour, and shady bow'r, Can I forget it? Never. S. As I gaed up by †
Foreign.	You, bustling and justling,
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels, That dang her tapsalteerie, O . S. Amang the trees †	Forget each grief and pain; Despondency, an Ode. 2. But while we sing, God save the king,
Ere we permit a foreign foe,	W-'ll ne'er forget the People S Docs haughty Gault
On British ground to rally S. Does haughty Gaul† But deil a foreign tinkler loun	Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget; El. on Miss Burnet.
Shall ever ca' a nail in't:	'Twill make a man forget his woe; . John Barleycorn.
Yet here I lie in foreign bands, Lament of Mary of Scots.	The blood-stain'd roost, and sheepcote spoil'd,
The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea. S. Out over the Forth †	My heart forgets, A Winter Night. 5.
	An' by her een wha was a dear ane! I'll ne'er forget; . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.
It sets you ill, Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell, Or foreign gill Scotch Drink. 16.	The bridegroom may forget the bride,
Altho' thro' foreign climes I range, I know her heart will never change, S. The Highl. Lassie.	Was made his wedded wife yestreen; [re.] Lament for Glencairn.
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie. The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	Her smiling, sae wyling,
Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon.	Wou'd make a wretch forget his woe; S. Sae flaxen† Wou'd make a saint forget the sky; Ib.
S. Their groves of t	Wou'd make a saint forget the sky;

. Sad thy tale t

Till he forgets his loves or debts Scotch Drink. Mott And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.	All friendless, forsaken, forlorn! . S. The sun he is sunk† When I forlorn, Aneath an aik sat moaning, S. The tither morn†
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3. And can we forget the auld Major, Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys, The Election Ballads, III. Scenes, if in support I forget.	And [Phochns] vowed that to leave them he was quite forlorn, The Whistle. 13.
Again I feel, again I burn! The Lament.	I had been driven forth like you forlorn Tragic Frag Form. When, lo, in form of minstrel auld,
I'll ne'er forget that happy night. Amang the rigs wi' Annie. S. The Rigs o' Barley. Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth Forgets there's care upo' the earth. The Twa Dogs. 19.	A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd. [v. A. 20] A Vision. Know thy form was once a treasure;
Till ye forget ye're auld an' gutty, Third Ep. to J. Lap And sae may the Heavens forget me.	El. on Miss Burnet. Her form so fair and faultless, S. Highland Mary. And when her levely form I see,
That sacred hour can I forget, Can I forget the hallow'd grove. To Mary in Heaven.	O haith, she's doubly dear again! O haith, she's doubly dear again! S. I'll ay ca' in the still dear as is thy form to me, Still dear is thy mind. S. It is na fean,
When I forget thee! Willie Creech, Tho' far awa! To W. Creech. Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed,	My Mary's face, my Mary's form, The frost of hermit age might warm; S. My Mary's face †
Forget him shall I never: S. When wild War's † And injured Worth forget and pardon man. Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	I see a form, I see a face, Ye weel may wi' the fairest place; S. O this is no my ain † For she, as fairest is her form,
Forgetting. An' no forgetting wabster Charlie, . Auld comrade dear† all-forgetting, all-forgot Despondency, an Odc. 3.	She has the truest, kindest heart. S. O wat ye wha's in † Her lovely form, her native ease, All harmony and grace. S. On a bank of flowers †
Forgie [forgive].	The forms of ages long gone by On Lincluden. As on their slender forms 1 gaze,
I winna lie, come what will o' me). A Ded. to G. H., 4. I like the lasses—Gude forgie me! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 17. The Lord forgie me for lying, [re.]	What are yon forms that meet my sight?
S. Last May a brazu wooer† Forgive. Goodness still Delighteth to forgive. A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	Chill, on thy lovely form; On birth of Posth. Child. The flower stem shall bloom like thy sweet Seraph form, On Death of fav. Child.
But, oh! Eliza, hear one prayer, For pity's sake, forgive me! S. Farewell, thou stream † Yet poortith a' I could forgive,	And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately Form, On Death of Sir J. Blair. Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
An' twere na for my Jeanie. S. O poortith cauld t	Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care! Prologue, at Th., D. Rusticity's ungainly form
Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive. Prologue, sp. by Woods. Tis thine to pity and forgive. Sent to a Gent. Offended.	May cloud the highest mind: S. Rusticity's ungainly † Her fautless form and gracefu' air; S. Sae flaxen †
Forgive! forgive! much-wrong'd Montrose! The Election Ballads. VI. For pity's sake, forgive me? S. The last time I†	An angel form's faun to thy share! S. She's fair and fause † Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!' Why am I loth †	The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream, 1b. 8. Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee.
Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair, To hope may be forgiven; . S. Anna, thy charms † Forgiving.	And still the second dread command be free, Ib. A female form, came [Benevolence] from the tow'rs of Stair: Ib. 13.
He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid Forgiving all and good S. On a bank of flowers †	Is there, in human form, that hears a heart The Cotter's Sat. Night, 10. Gie me within my straining grasp
Forgot, Forgat. I maist forgat my Dedication; 1 Ded. to G. H., 11. She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot,	The melting form of Anna S. The gowd. locks of A. The twa appear'd like sisters twin,
Nor even the man in private life forgot; Prologue, sp. by Woods.	And coward mankin sleep secure, Low in her grassy form: The Petition of Er. Water.
Should auld acquaintance he forgot, [re.] S. Shid auld acquaintance † At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath,	The Rights of Woman. Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
The Brigs of Ayr. 13. And can we forget the anld Major. Wha'll ne'er be forget in the Greys, The Election Ballads, III.	Thy tender form. To a Mountain-Daisy. In legal mode an' form: To Gav. Hamilton. And resign to Parent Earth
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead, Forgot and gone! To J. S., 10.	The lovliest form she e'er gave birth To Miss C. Form, to.
Forgotten. A ne'er to be forgotten day, On dining with Daer. I had amaist forgotten clean To W. Simpson, P.S.	Her Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it) She forms the thing and christens it a poet. Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Forjesket [jaded with fatigue]. Forjesket sair, with weary legs, Epit. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 2.	Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan, Prologue, sp. by Woods. They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; The Cottan's Set Night (2)
Fork, But at New-York, wi' knife an fork, Sir Loin he hacked sma', man. A Fragment. 3. Forlorn. Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn. Frae man exil'd. El. on Capt. M. 11. 2.	Formed. Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me, With Passions wild and strong; A Property of Parth
Forlorn, my Love, no comfort near, S. Forlorn, my Love †	A Prayer in Prosp. of Death. She [Nature] form'd of various parts the various man. Ep. to R. Graham.
All wretched and forlorn, . Man was made to Mourn. Unsheltered and forlorn, . On Birth of Posth. Child.	A being form'd t'amuse his graver friends, 1b. 3. well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit Prologue, sp. by Woods. That form'd this Fair sae far awa S. Sae far awa.
But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn, S. The small birds rejoice †	So Isabella's heart was form'd

But Friendship's pure and lasting joys My heart was form'd to prove: S. Talk not of love†	Fortress. There, watching high the least alarms, Thy rough, rude Fortress gleams afar;
Who formed this frame with beneficent aim, S. The Sons of old Killie.	.1dd. to Edinburgh. 5. Fortune. Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
Former. He sang wi' joy his former day, A Vision.	A Ded. to G H., 15. The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
Scenes that former thoughts renew; [rr.] S. Scenes of wee† Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,	Athort the lift they [Northern lights] start and shift,
And think on former daring: The Election Ballads. VI.	Like Fortune's favors, tint as win
Forming. She rous'd the forming strain. The Ans. to the Guidwije.	By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow?
Before the mountains heav'd their heads	Let Fortune's gifts at random flee, S. Bonnie Lassie, will ye go t
Beneath Thy forming hand, The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps An' forming assignations To meet some day. The Holy Fair. 20.	If thou uncommon merit hast,
The Holy Fair. 20. Formless. In formless jumble, right and wrang,	Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door. El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Vet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife, Their fate we should na censure, Ep. to Young Friend, 4
The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Their fate we should na censure, Ep. to Young Friend, 4 To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime, The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	Assiduous wait upon her;
What tho' they ca' me fornicator, . Add. to Illegit. Child.	[The honest heart] However Fortune kick the ba', Has ay some cause to smile: Eft. to Davic. 3.
A furnicator loun he call'd me What ails ye now †	My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp, Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sbarp;
Forrit [forward]. There's ane; come forrit, honest Allan!	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 8.
Forsake. Now health forsakes that angel face, Fragment.	Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an' warp;
For me your watry haunt forsake?. On scaring Water-fowl.	To every fiddling, rhyming billie, Ep. to Maj. Logan.
My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him, He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten; . S. Tam Glen.	A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife, Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
I'll ne'er forsake till the day I die, The lass that made the bed to me.	Driv'n by Fortunes felly spite, . S. Frae the friends †
S. The lass that made the bed.	'As seek the foul Thief onie place, 'For him to spae your fortune:
Never after to forsake me, S. Will ye go and marry † Forsaken. For oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.	'Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree S. Here's a health to ane †
S. As I was a-wand'ring † Sometimes by friends forsaken, O;	But fortune may betray thee S. Here's to thy health, † Tho' fickle Fortune has deceived me, S. I dream'd I lay †
S. My father was a farmer †	Accept this tribute from the Bard
All friendless, forsaken, forlorn! . S. The sun he is sunk † Thou hast me forsaken, Tam, thou hast me forsaken,	Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom. Lament for Glencairn.
S. Thou hast left me t	My son! my son! may kinder stars Upon thy fortune shine! . Lament of Mary of Scots.
Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken! . V.s, under Grief. Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,	In all the splendour Fortune can bestow! Lns on Fergusson. In politics if thou would'st mix,
S. Wae is my heart † Forsook. The sword I forsook for the sake of the church;	And mean thy fortunes be; Lus on Windows, Cd. Tav
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	O raging fortune's withering blast Has laid my leaf full low, [re] . S. Luckless Fortune.
Forsooth. And she forsooth's a leddy. The Tarbolton Lasses.	But luckless fortune's northern storms Laid a' my blossoms low. [re.]
He [Politics] blush'd for shame, he quat his name,	In many a way, and vain essay, I courted fortune's favour, O; S. My father was a farmer
Forswore it, every letter, The Fête Champetre. Forsworn.	With fortune's vain delusion, O
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	For one, he said, to labour bred, Was a match for fortune fairly, O
Fort [for it].	Tho' fortune's frown still hunts me down, 16.
An's weel pay'd for't; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29. Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye	Kind Fortune case a breaking heart, S. My Harry was a gallant †
For't, in Virginia! Ep. to J. R., 11.	But Mary she is a' my nin, Ah, Fortune canna gie me mair! S. Now bank and brac †
He gaped for t, he graped for t, Extem in Court of Session. She whisper'd Rob to leuk for t: Halloween. 10.	See we wi' enither your fortune mann try.
prie'd her bonie mou, Fu' cozie in the neuk for't, Ib.	S. O meikle thinks my love † Let fortune's wheel at random rin,
Was worth them for't! [v A.25] Scotch Drink. 12.	'And fools may tyne, and knaves may win; . S. O Phely, † Or why sae sweet a flower as love
Forth, adv. Tasting the breathing spring, Forth I did fare; . S. Phillis the Fair.	Depend on Fortune's shining? . S. O poortith canta, 7
Or hounded forth, dishonor arms In hungry droves. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	O Fortune, they have room to grumble! On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
Forth. Here's friends on both sides of the Forth, S. Here's a health to them \(\)	To tremble under Fortune's cummock, On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Or drowned in the river Forth? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.+	I doubt na Fortune may you shore Some mim-mou'd pouthered priestie, . On W. Chalmers.
Out over the Forth I look to the north. S. Out over the Forth †	Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
I saw mysel, they did pursue The horse-men back to Forth, man	While the star of hope she leaves him? S. One fond kiss, † So kind may fortune be, S. Phillis the Fair.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Ramsay an' famous Ferguson,	And fortune favor worth and merit, Foem on Life.
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon: . To W. Simpson.	Fortune, if thou'll but gie me still Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill,
'Twixt Forth and Tweed all over, . S. When first I saw't Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,	An' rowth o' rhyme
S. I on wild mossy mountains \	There's become and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton.
Fortify'd. And had sae fortify'd the part. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 17.	And at its fortune if you stieve
Fortitude.	Retrieve its doom and take its place. S. The capt. Ribband. But as to his fine Nahob fortune,
May Prudence, Fortitude and Truth Erect your brow undaunting! Ep. to Young Friend. 11.	We'll e'en let this subject alane. The Election Ballads, 111.
Fortnight. But what wad ye think? in a fortnight or less, S. Last May a braw wooer†	And there will be wealthy young Richard, Dame fortune should hing by the neck;

Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',

The Farewell. To St. J.'s L...

The Jassie.

But fickle Fortune frowns on me, S. The Highland Lassie.

But fickle Fortune trowns or,
The' Fortune sair upon him laid,
The Jolly Beggars, R. VII.

And it's O, fickle Fortune, O! [re.] S. The sun he is sunk t

There Sophy tight, a lassie bright,
Besides a handsome fortune: . . . The Tarbolton Lasses.

How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms, For her dear sake, and her's alone! . . .

. Blue Bonnets.

Fragment, inser. to Fox.

S. My Love's a winsomet

Found. That we lost, did I say, nay, by heav'n that we found, At Meet. of D. Volunteers.

Have you found this or t'other? there's more in the wind.

Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, thy heart could muve. S. I do confess t

Nae ray of fame was to be found: Lament for Glencairu.

I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
S. No Churchman am I †

Hast thou found that beauty's lillies

But now I've found a treasure

Were not made for aye to last? .

The Lament.

Then chance and fortune are sae guided, The Twa Dogs. 16.	S. No Churchman am I†
For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin;	Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night, Ye wad na found in Christendie. S. O Willie brew'd †
S. There's a youth †	He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Though fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me, S. Tho. fickle Fortune †	Forgiving all and good S. On a bank of flowers t
An' damn'd my fortune to the groat; To J. S., 6.	Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker
With steady aim, Some Fortune chase;	I've found her [life] still, Poem on Life.
Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning? E'en let her gang! 16. 20.	The doctrine, to day, that is loyalty found, To-morrow may bring us a halter. Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Thy sons [Dulness!] ne'er madden in the fierce extremes	as grateful nations oft have found . Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams. To R. G. of F., 7.	Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
And just conclude that "fools are fortune's care." . Ib.	Tam o' Shanter. 3.
couthie fortune, kind and cannie, To Terraughty.	Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
May never wicked fortune touzle him! To IV. Creech.	The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever, S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †	O happy love! where love like this is found! The Cotter's Sat. Night. q.
Did thy fortune ehh or flow? Wr. in Friars-Carse H	Five wighter carlines werna found The Election Ballads. I.
Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,	He circled round the magic ground,
Such sweetness would relent her, . S. Young Peggy †	But entrance found he nane, man: The Fête Champetre.
Forward.	Looks round him an' found them
And hope has left my aged ken,	Impatient for the Chorus The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. The lion and the bull thy care have found. To R. G. of F., 2.
On forward wing for ever fled Lament for Glencairn.	A candid lib'ral band is found
Forward,—let us do or die! S. Scots, wha ha'e † She ventured forward on the light; . Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Of public teachers, To Rev. J. M'Math.
She ventured forward on the light; . Tam o' Shanter, 11. Anticipation forward points the view;	Have I so found it full of pleasing charms? Why am I loth †
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	Found'st.
An' forward tho' I canna see, I guess an' fear! To a Mouse.	Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
Fossils. Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;	That melts the fogs in limpid air, Lament for Glencairn. Founder'd. He founder'd his horse among harlots,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.	But gied his auld naig to the Lord.
Fostering.	The Election Ballads. III.
The friendless Bard and rustic song, Became alike thy fostering care. Lament for Glencairn,	Foundling.
The furrow'd waving corn is seen	motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed? Ep. fr. Esopus.
Rejoice in fostering showers. S. Now Spring has clad t	Fountain.
Fother [fodder].	But love wi' unreleuting beam Has scorch'd my fountains dry. , S. Now Spring has clad+
Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother The Inventory.	The soaring Hern [haunts] the fountains:
Fou v. Fu'.	S. Now westlin winds †
Fought.	There's not a bonie flower that springs,
C-rnw-ll-s fought as langs he dought, . A Fragment. 4.	By tountain, shaw, or green; S. Of a' the airts †
An' wi' the weary warl' fought! . A Guid New-Year † 16. Philosophers have fought an' wrangled, Auld comrade dear †	Now, to the streaming fountain, S. Sleep'st thou, or wale'st †
In either wing two champions fought,	Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
The Election Ballads, VI.	The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains, S. Their groves of t
The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end :	Four-gill. The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
The Whistle. 16.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 19.
Foughten [old # for "fought"; troubled, oppressed].	Fourscore.
An' tho' fu' foughten sair eneugh, Yet unco proud to learn . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Heaven keep you free frae care and strife, Till far ayout fourscore; . V.s to Landlady of Inn.
Are we so foughten and harass'd	Foursome [four together; "foursome reel," a dance
For gear to gang that gate at last! The Twa Dogs. 25.	of four persons).
Foul.	There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers,	S. The deil cam fiddlin' †
When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers, Ep. to Maj. Logan, 10.	Fouth [abundance, fullness]. He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets;
'I daur you try sic sportin, 'As seek the foul thief onie place,	On Grose's Peregrinations.
He needna fear their foul reproach The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Fow v. Fu'.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Fow [a bushel].
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain, S. The gloomy night	For my last fow, A heapet Stimpart, I'll reserve ane
For the foul thief is just at your gate. The Kirk's Alarm. 7.	Laid by for you A Guid New-Year † 17.
He left the foul business to folks less divine. The Whistle. 15. Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race, To J. S., 18.	Fowl. But far off fowls hae feathers fair, And ay until ye try them: S. Here's thy health, †
Tho' hlotch't an' foul wi' mony a stain, To Rev. J. M'Math.	For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair,
An' syne Mess John, heyond expression,	And fools o' change are fain; The Election Ballads. 1.
Fell foul o' me What ails ye now †	Fowler.
Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!'	The bird that charm'd his summer day, Is now the cruel fowler's prey; . S. O Lassic, art thou †
Why am I loth †	Fox. The fox was howling on the hill, A Vision.
There commix'd with foulest stains	Wha now will keep you frae the fox, . The Twa Herds.
From tyranny's empurpled bands: S. Streams that glide †	Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure, . To R. G. of F.
	1

Fox [the Statesman; v. also Charlie].	I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddic, S. O whare did ye get †
An' Charlie F-x threw by the box, An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man	My father put me frae bis door, S. Oh, how can I be blythe t
North and F-x united stocks,	Should shield thee frae the storm. On Birth of Posth. Child.
N-rth, F-x, and Co. Gowff'd Willie like a ba', 1b. 9.	Frae Maidenkirk to Johny Groats! On Grose's Peregrinations.
The toolzie's teugh 'tween Pitt an' Fox, El. on Year 1788.	The Lord preserve us frae the devil! Poem on Life.
Yon ill-tongu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	They carry the gree frae them a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.
How Fox and Sheridan rejoice; The Election Ballads. VI.	Nae bowdie gets a social night Or plack frae them. [v. A. 25] Scotch Drink, 12.
Foxglove.	Scotland lament frae coast to coast! Ib. 19.
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see; . El. on Capt. M. H.5.	Na, even tho' limpan wi' the spavie
Fracas.	Frae door tae door, . Second Ep. to Davie.
Let other Poets raise a fracas	We two ha'e paidlet i' the burn, Frae morning sun 'till dine: S. Shid anid acquaintnee †
'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken Bacchus. Scotch Drink.	When frae my Jeany parted,
Frae [from].	Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted, . S. Sleep'st thou,†
Are frae their nuptial labours risen: A Ded. to G. H., 14. And frae his harp sic strains did flow, A Vision.	A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
But Gude preserve us frae the gallows, Adam A—'s Prayer.	
To shelter frae the stormy weather S. As I came o'er t	For her forbears were brought in ships, Frae 'yont the Tweed: . Poor Mailie's El.,
Tell them frae me, wi' chiels be cautions;	Potatoe-hings are snugged up frae skaith The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
Auld comrade dear †	Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien, S. The Contented Cottager.
Be't to me, he't frae me, e'en let the jade [chance] gae, S. Contented wi' little †	The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.
Some books are lies frae end to end.	
Death and Dr. Hornbook.	The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,
He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn, El. on Capt. M. H. 2. Or foaming, strang, wi' basty stens, Frae lin to lin Ib.	Frae dogs an' tods, an' butchers' knives! The Death of Mailie.
Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower,	Contain the section of the section string !
Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can	But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels, The Election Ballads, 11.
Frae critical dissection ; Ep. to Young Friend. 5.	The Election Ballads, II.
While winds frae off Ben-Lomond blaw, Ep. to Davie. 1.	For roads were clad, frae side to side, . The Holy Fair, 6. Blackguarding frae K[ilmarno]ck For fun
The honest heart that's free frae a' Intended fraud or guile,	An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
'You wha ken hardly yerse frae prose.	Frae side to side they bother,
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 10.	A Fairy Fiddler frac the neuk,
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,	He skirl'd out, encore. The Jolly Beggars. R. II. Or frae pair man a blessin wan, S. The Laddies by
Still persecuted by the limmer [Fortune] Frae year to year; . Ib. Ap. 21st. 10.	Or frae pnir man a blessin wan, . S. The Laddies by † Frae e'enin tiil the cock did craw; The night was still †
Frae ony unregenerate Heathen, Ep. to J. R., 4.	And staw'd u branch, spite o' the deil,
Ease frae toil, relief frae care : S. Frae the friends †	Frae yout the western waves, man. The Tree of Liberty.
When sic a husband was frae hame, . S. Had I the wyte t	I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet, To taste sic fruit, I swear, man
The lasses staw frae 'mang them a',	O would they stay aback frae courts, . The Twa Dogs. 26.
Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk, 16. 17. May prudence protect her [liberty] frae evil!	Wha now will keep you frac the fox, . The Twa Herds. 1.
S. Here's a health to them †	I hope frae Heav'n to see them yet In fiery flame Ib.
When frae my mither's womb I fell, Holy Willie's Prayer.	Tore her laddie frae her arms, S. There was a bonie lass t
For I am keepit by thy fear Free frae them a'. [v. A. 11] Ib.	We'll cry use jads frae heathen hills Third Ep. to J. Lap. It was frae monie a blunder free us To a Louse.
When I am frae my dearie;	It wad frae monie a blunder free us . To a Louse. And the rain rains down frae his red blear'd e'e.
I restless lie frae e'en to morn, S. How lang and dreary t	S. To daunton me.
I gat my death frae twa sweet eeu, [re.] S. I gaed a waefu't	Till icicles hing frae their heards; To J. S., 22.
They tell me, Sir, 'twou'd be a sin, To tak me frae my mammy yet; S. I'm o'er young †	Nae heathen name shall I prefix Frae Pindus or Parnassus; To Miss Ferrier.
Tak' this frae me, my bonie hen S. In simmer when t	Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin To W. Creech.
The soger frae the wars returns,	From less to main it goed to sticks:
The sailor frae the main But I hae parted frae my Love,	Frae words un' aiths to clours an uicks; To W. Simpson. 10. Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west, S. Up in the morning.
Never to meet again, My dear, S. It was a' for t	And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
Out came the Lord of Lauderdale, Out frae the south countrie, O, Katharine Jaffray.	Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,
The wind blew hollow frae the hills, Lament for Glencairn.	1.5 to Landady by Inn.
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe	Wha wou'd soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e. S. Wae is my heart t
Frae woman's pitying e'e Lament of Mary of Scots.	I did no suffer half sae much
And creep in frae the cauld? S. Lass, when yr mither† When our gudewife's frae hame, Ib.	Frae Daddie Aud
Her smile's a gift frae boon the lift, S. Lovely Davies.	An said my fair that bass expend mo
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry, S. My Bonie Mary.	The blitter frae the boggie, . S. What will I do gin t
Thon layrock that starts frac the dews of the lawn.	owsen frae the furrowed field S. if hen o er the hill t
S. My Names awa.	And roars frae bank to brae;
I'll tak Cuckold frae nane, [re.] , S. Naebody. And bonie she, and ah how dear!	Fragment. Here is Murray's fragments O' the ten commands:
It shaded frae the evining sun. S. O bonie was you rosy t	The Election Falland
Far, far frae me and Logan braes. [re.] S. O Logan! sweetlyt	Fragrance.
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread, S. O meikle thinks my love †	Slides by a bower where monie a flower Sheds fragrance on the day, S. Damon and Sylvia.
Ae thought frae ber shall ne'er depart; S. O was ye wha's in †	At even, when beans their fragrance shed, El. on Capt. M. H. 6.
S. O wat ye wha's in t	TVI 'I. France blooms on' Reputy charms!
That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray; S. O were my love †	The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
2,	1

Fragrant.	Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd and free, S. Caledonia.
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird, Add. to the Deil. 15.	This night I'm free to tak my aith, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws, S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †	But, like himsel', a full free agent El. on Year 1788.
butter'd So'ns, wi' fragrant lunt,	Ay free, aff han', your story tell, . Ep. to Young Friend. 4.
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet As is a kiss o' Willy	The honest heart that's free frae a' Intended fraud or guile, Ep. to Davie. 3.
Her lips still as she fragrant breath'd,	Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods,
It richer dy'd the rose S. On a bank of flowers † Her breath is like the fragrant breeze	The sweeping vales and foaming floods. Are free alike to all
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean, S. On Cessnock banks †	Thou'rt ae sae free informing me
Let fragrant hirks, in woodbines drest, My craggy cliffs adorn; . The Petition of Er. Water.	Thou hast nae mind to marry; I'll be as free informing thee,
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar.	Nae time hae I to tarry S. Here's to thy health, †
My craggy cliffs adorn; The Petition of Br. Water. The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar, S. To Mary in Heaven.	For I'm as free as any he,
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean, And bore its fragrant sweets along; S. Twas even—the dewy †	Free frae them a'. [v. A. 11] Holy Willie's Prayer.
S. Twas even—the dewy†	And so Johany Peep gets free Johnny Peep.
As underneath their fragrant shade, I clasp'd her to my bosom!	Deal freedom's sacred treasures free as air, Lns, extem, in Lady's Pocket-bk.
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †	My heart was ance as blythe and free
Frail. But beauty, how frail and how fleeting, S. Adown winding Nith †	As simmer days were lang, S. My heart was ance † I'll be merry and free,
We're frail backsliding mortals merely, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.	The fallow land is free; S. Nacbody. S. Nacbody. S. Nacbody.
That on this frail, uncertain state, Hang matters of eternal weight: . Sketch, New-Yr's Day.	He dealt it [coin] free: On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Frailty. Or frailty stept aside, A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	Nature's gifts to all are free: On scaring Water-fowl.
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,	But they shall be, shall be free! . S. Scots, wha ha'e t
Suppose a change o' cases; Add. to Unco Guid. 6.	From ev'ry danger keep him free, S. Somebody. Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
Frame. Many and sharp the num'rous Ills Inwoven with our frame! Man was made to Mourn.	And still the second dread command be free, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds This universal frame, The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	Till Charlie Stewart cam at last, Sae far to set us free; S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
Who formed this frame with beneficent aim, S. The Sons of old Killic.	He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Fram'd. And fram'd her last, best work, the human-mind,	S. Their groves of t Free as the wind, or feather'd race To Clarinda.
France.	Do what I dought to set her free,
I will fight France with you, [re.] Add. to Dumourier.	My saul lay in the mire; To Miss Ferrier.
The Anglian lion, the terror of France, . S. Caledonia.	Heaven keep you free frae care and strife, V.s to Landlady of Inn.
She may gae to-France for me! S. Duncan Gray †	Farewell! within thy bosom free A sigh may whiles awaken; Verses under Grief.
I was the Queen o' bonie France, Lament of Mary of Scots. Nae cotillion brent new frae France, Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Free, to.
Heard ye o' the tree o' France, . The Tree of Liberty.	O, free my weary eyes from tears, A Frayer under Anguish.
When Superstitions hellish brood	I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay To free the ditches; Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Kept France in leading-strings, man	It wad frae monie a blunder free us
Be [Common sense] hanish'd o'er the sea to France, The Twa Herds. 16.	An foolish notion: To a Louse,
Francis. But when he [Satan] approach'd where poor Francis lay moaning Efig. on Capt. Grose.	Freeborn. She eyes her freeborn, martial boys, Tak aff their Whisky.
lay moaning, Epig. on Capt. Grose. Frank. The frank address, the soft caress, O leave novels †	The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
The frank address, and politesse, Are all finesse Ib.	Freed. While pointers round impatient burn'd, Frae couples freed; Tam Samson's El. S.
thae frank, rantan, ramblan billies, . The Twa Dogs. 26.	Freedom. Adieu, my Liege! may Freedom geck
Franklin.	Beneath your high protection; A Dream. 8. Far less [right] to riches, pow'r or freedom, Add. of Beelsebub.
Some daring Hancocke, or a Franklin, May set their Highland blude a-ranklin; Add. of Beelzebub.	Then let us fight about.
Frankly.	'Till Freedom's spark is out, Add. to Dumourier.
'I'll frankly gi'e her't a' thegither, What ails ye now †	And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch. S. Contented wi' little †
Frantic. In weeds of woe that frantic heat her breast. On Death of Sir J. Blair.	This freedom in an unknown frien',
Fraser. Till Fraser brave did fa', man; A Fragment. 4.	1 pray excuse Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. Here's freedom to him that wad read,
Frater-feeling. But with a frater-feeling strong, Here, heave a sigh. A Bard's Epit.	Here's freedom to him that wad write!
Fraternal. Now let us lay our heads thegither,	S. Here's a health to them † For freedom and my king to fight, S. Highland Laddie.
In love fraternal: To W. Simpson. 17. Fraud. The honest heart that's free frae a'	In love and freedom they rejoice, Lament of Mary of Scots.
Intended fraud or guile, Ep. to Davie. 3.	Where is that soul of freedom fled? Liberty.
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way.	Is this the power in freedom's war That wont to hid the battle rage?
On Death of R. Dundas.	Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
A hard was selected to witness the fray, The Whistle. 11.	Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk. Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Freak. And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him, The Twa Dogs.	Tyrant stern to all beside On scaring water-fowl.
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature, She's wrote, the Man, To J. S. 3.	I saw fair freedom's blossoms richly blow: On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Freath [to froth]. O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath I' the lugget caup! Scotch Drink. 10.	Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name;
Frederick. True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay :	Prologue, sp. by Woods. Freedom's sword will strongly draw? . S. Scots, wha ha'c †
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 14. Free. And here's the grand fabric, our free constitution,	Freedom and Whisky gang thegither, Tak aff your dram! [v. A. 2.]
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Careless ilka thought and free, S. Blythe ha'e I been †	The Ribband shall it's freedom lose, S. The capt. Ribband,

	,
May Freedom, Harmony, and Love	Frien'. For some o' you ha'e tint a frien'; El. on Year 1788.
Unite you in the grand Design, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L. But it sealed freedom's sacred cause The League and Covenant.	There's a' the Pleasures o' the Heart, The Lover and the Frien'; Ep. to Davie. 8. This freedom, in an unknown frien',
For Freedom, standing by the tree, Her sons did loudly ca', man; . The Tree of Liberty.	I pray excuse. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 1. If ye be for Miss Jean, tak this frae a frien',
"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce, The Whistle. 18.	Ronalds of Bennals. I never had frien's, weel stockit in means,
Pardon this freedom I have th'en. To Rev. J. M'Math. Freely. I rendily and freely grant, A Ded. to G. II., 5.	l doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're me sheep-shank, The Brigs of Ayr. 5
We freely wad exchang'd the wife, Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	Adieu too, to you too, My Smith, my bosom frien'; The Farewell.
The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray: S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st † Did meet the poor Thresher and freely did talk;	Friend. Here's a hottle and an honest friend! A Bottle and Friend.
The Poor Thresher. Then thou mayest freely boast	the poor man's friend in need, A Ded. to G. H., 6. Then, Sir, your hand—my Friend and Brother 16. 16.
Thou hast given a peerless toast	Farewell, dear Friend! may guid luck hit you! A Farewell. Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate, Whom friends and fortune quite disown!
Freeman.	Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
Free-will'd. S. Scots, wha ha'e†	Sad sight to see! Add. to Toothache. If from the lover thou maun flee,
Free-will'd I fled from courtly howers; . The Hermit. Freeze.	Yet let the friend he dear S. Ah, Chloris,† But, hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly.
And freeze, thou bitter-biting Frost! . A Winter Night. 7. When fevers hurn, or ngue freezes, . Add. to Toothache.	Auld comrade deart 'Guid-een,' quo' I; 'Friend hae ye been nuwin,
The frost that freezes the life at my hreast, S. Oh, open the door, †	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8. 'Friend, whare ye gaun, Will ye go back?'
Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes, S. Raving winds† The frost may freeze the deepest sea, . S. To daunton me.	'Friend, whare ye gaun, Will ye go back?'
Fremit [strange, foreign; estranged; unrelated]. And mony a friend that kiss't bis caup, Is now a fremit wight: . The Election Ballads. I.	Fate still has blest me with a friend, . Ep. to Davie. 10. Or bright L[aprai]k's, my friend to be. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 14.
French. To kee what French mischief was brewin; Kind Sir, I've read †	Tho' real friends I h'lieve are few,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum. The Jolly Beggars, S.I.	But friends an' folk that wish me well, They sometimes roose me; 1b. 16.
French ragout, Or olio that wad staw a sow, To a Haggis. Frenzied.	Come to my howl, come to my arms, My friends, my brothers! Ib. 21.
Mine was th' insensate frenzied part, Sent to Gent. offended. Frequent.	While I can either sing, or whissle, Your friend and servant Ib. 22.
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan, Yet frequent all unheeded in his own. Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp. Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp; 1b. Ap. 21st. 8. A being form'd t' amuse his graver friends,
That frequent pass donce Wisdom's door Add. to Unco Guid. 2.	Ep. to R. Graham. 3. Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!" . 16. 5.
Fresh. Amang the fresh, green leaves hedew'd, S. A Rosebud by my †	Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes! 1b.
Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair, S. Awa, whigs, awa. Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning.	The tender Father, and the gen rous Friend. Epit. for Author's Father.
When all the flowers were fresh and gay, S. It was the charming t	The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe; The friend of man, the friend of truth; The friend of age, and guide of youth: Epit. on a Friend.
The dew left fresh, the sin rose finite, S. Luckiess Portune.	Frae the friends and Land I love, S. Frae the friends † Mankind are his show box—a friend, would you know him?
And drinks the stream with vigour fresh; So On Cessnock banks † Sett II.	Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will show him. Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May, S. There's and Rob M.† Oh fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning, S. True hearted was he \dagger	Friend of the poet tried and leal. Friend of the poet † The Friend we trust; the Fair we love; And we desire no more. Grace after Dinner.
S. True hearted was he † Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair; S. The Catrine woods †	Here's iriends on both sides of the Forth,
For a' his fresh beef and his sant, S. To daunton me. How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; S. Ye banks and braest	And friends on both sides of the Tweed; S. Here's a health to them †
Fresher.	I ken thy friends try ilka means Frae wedlock to delay thee; . S. Here's to thy health, †
She's fresher than the morning dawn S. On Cessnock banks † Freshest.	If he's amang his friends or foes? S. Ken yeought o' Capt. G. † And thou, my last, best, only friend, Lament for Glencairn.
And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews S. O were my love † Freshly. All freshly steep'd in morning dews.	And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend, Remember him for me! Lament of Mary of Scots.
S. Again rejoic. Nature † Fresh'ning. And cheer each fresh'ning flower S. Young Peggy †	The Friend thou valued'st, 1, the Patron, lov'd; Lns scut Sir J. Whiteford.
Fret. Just frets till Henv'n commission gies him;	O Death! the poor man's dearest friend, Man was made to Mourn. Sometimes by friends forsaken, O;
He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers, S. What can a yng lassic†	S My father mas a farmer t
Fretful. And fretful envy grins in vain S. Young Peggy† Fricassee. Or fricassee wad mak her spew Wi'perfect sconner, To a Haggis.	My friends they hae disown'd me a', S. Oh, how can I be blythe † False friends, false love, farewel! . S. Oh, open the door, † Common friend to you and me
Friday. But, L-d, that Friday I was fow, Holy Willie's Prayer. S.	Common friend to you and me, Nature's gifts to all are free: May He, the friend of woe and want,
Friday first's the day appointed, To a Medical Gent.	On Birth of Posth. Child.

May foes he strang, and friends he slack, On IV. Stewart.	Friendless.
He's lost a friend and neebor dear, Poor Mailie's El	If friendless, low, we meet together, Then, Sir, your hand—my Friend and Brother.
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh him Ib.	A Ded. to G. H., 16.
Friends so near my bosom ever, Ye hae render'd moments dear; . S. Scenes of weet	The friendless Bard and rustic song,
Friends, that parting tear reserve it,	
Tho' 'tis doubly dear to me;	A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh, Poet. Add. to W. Tytler.
Thon, my friend, canst truly tell; S. Sensibility,† The friend whom wild from wisdom's ways,	All friendless, forsaken, forlorn! . S. The sun he is sunk †
The fumes of wine infuriate send; Sent to a Gent. offended.	Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear, S. Wae is my heart
Who but deplores that hapless friend? Ib.	Friendly. And keenly felt the friendly glow, And softer flame: A Bard's Epit.
Deaf as my friend, he sees them press, Sketch. New Yr's Day.	The smile of love, the friendly tear,
my honor'd, first of friends,	The sympathetic glow! Ep. to Davie. 10. In terms sae friendly,
S. Sonnet, on Death of R.	The social, friendly, honest man, Whate'er he he.
Nor cause me from my bosom tear The very friend I sought S. Talk not of Love †	The social, friendly, honest man, Whate'er he be, "Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, And none but he. 16. 15.
May there my latest hours consume,	Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!" Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Among the friends of early days! S. The Banks of Nith.	Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid? 1b. 5.
My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend, The Cotter's Sat. Night.	His social, friendly, honest heart Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise: Ib.	Some merry, friendly, countra folks, Halloween. 2.
How Abram was the Friend of God on high; . Ib. 14.	Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks, 1b. 28. One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more, Once fondly lov'd†
(The Patriot's God, peculiarly thou art, His friend, inspirer, guardian and reward!) . Ib. 21.	For your auld-farrent, frien'ly letter; Second Ep. to Davie.
Wad ne'er desert his friend The Election Ballads. I.	To join the friendly few,
But the sodger's friends hae blawn the hest, Ib.	I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
And mony a friend that kiss't his caup, Is now a fremit wight:	Friendship.
Is now a fremit wight:	If thou at friendship's sacred ca' Wad life itself resign, man; . El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.
Dear to his country by the names, Friend, Patron, Benefactor!	Ev'n love an' friendship should give place To catch-the-plack! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 20.
Friend, Patron, Benefactor!	To catch-the-plack! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. Ist. 20. Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Now, for my friends' and hrethren's sakes	Each passing year! . Ib. Ap. 21st. 18.
Of all the human race! The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!	I crave thy friendship at thy kind command; Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
S. The gloomy night †	Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear, tender ties! S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell; The Henpecked Husband. That he was still deceived who trusted	Till the Fates nae mair severe, Friendship, Love and Peace restore. S. Frae the friends †
To love or friend; The Hermit.	From friendship and dearest affection removed; Monody, on a Lady,
The nearest friend ye hae; The Holy Fair. 5.	Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair. The Kirk's Alarm.	Friendship! 'tis all cold duty now allows **Once fondly lov'd † But friendship's pure and lasting joys My heart was form'd to prove: . S. Talk not of Love †
The day he stude his country's friend, . S. The Laddies by †	
And I think on friends most dear, with the hitter, bitter tear, S. The Slave's Lament.	Your friendship much can make me blest,
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;	In musing mood) [v. A. 4] The Vision. D. I.
S. The small birds † Maks high and low gude friends, man; The Tree of Liberty.	In the hands of old friendship and kindred so set, The Whistle. 12.
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him, The Twa Dogs.	Your friendship, sir, I winna quat it, Third Ep. to J. Lap
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,	'Tis friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend, To Chloris.
Ay gat him friends in ilka place;	Thine friendship's truest heart
And some, the pride of Coila's plains, Become thy friends. The Vision. D. II. 18.	Yet love to friendship shall give way, To Clarinda.
His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew! The Vowels.	Wi' you no friendship I will troke Nor cheap nor dear. To Mr. J. Kennedy.
But he ne'er turned his back on his foe—or his friend, The Whistle. 9.	For pity, hide the cruel sentence
The wide world is all before us,	Under friendship's kind disguise. S. Turn again, thou† Thou flattering mark of friendship kind, Wr. on Leaf of "H. More." Fright. Wi' you, mysel, I got a fright.
But a world without a friend! S. Thickest night † Of mistress, friends, and wealth hereav'd me,	Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."
S. Tho. fickle Fortune †	Fright. Wi' you, mysel, I got a fright, Ayont the lough; Add. to the Deil. 7.
So prays thy faithful friend, the bard To a yng Lady.	Aff she started in a fright, S. Donald Brodie †
'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend, To Chloris. Because thy joy in both would be	May in some future carcase howl, The forest's fright; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 17.
To share them with a friend To John M' Murdo.	For monie a ane has gotten a fright.
Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns, To R. Graham.	'For monie a ane has gotten a fright, 'An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,
But for thy friends, and they are mony, Baith honest men and lasses bonie, . To Terraughty.	To put a young thing in a fright, S. O wat ye what my t
Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye, 1b.	To's ain het hame had sent him Wi' fright The Holy Fair. 12.
See him, the poor man's friend in need, To Rev. J. M'Math.	His talk o' H-ll, whare devils dwell. Our vera "Sauls does harrow" Wi' fright Ib. 21.
To stigmatize false friends of thine Can ne'er defame thee	They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight, The view o't gies them little fright The Tour Days to
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice, In Robert Burns	The view o't gies them little fright, The Twa Dogs. 15. But now they'll busk her like a fright, Willie's awa!
O, but for kind, the 'ill-requited friends,	Fright, to. Ye fright the nightly wand'rers way,
Accept the gift a friend sincere	Wi' eldritch croon. Add, to the Deil. 5.
Wad on thy worth be pressin'; V.s, under Grief.	He was sae sairly frighted That vera night. Halloween. 16.
I'll bless her and wiss her A Friend above the Lift Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."	They fled like frighted dows, man. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Whigs to h-ll Flew off in frighted bands. 1h.

Frighten. Go frighten [king of Terrors!] the coward and slave! S. Farewell, thou fair day!	Frozen. For me my faculties are frozen, Auld comrade deart To what dark cave of frozen night.
Frightin. Frightin awa your deuks and geese Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie; S. Farewell, dear mistress t
Fringed. The lawns wood-fringed in Natures native taste; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Spare my love, thou feath'ry snaw, Drifting o'er the frozen plaio. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting† He's doyl't and he's dozin, his blude it is frozen,
Frippery. And in paste gems and frippery deck her. Poem on Life.	S. What can a yng lassic t
And in paste gems and frippery deck her. Poem on Life. Frisk. We frisk away, Like school-boys, To J. S. 15.	Fructify. May powers aboon unite you soon, And fructify your amours, . On W. Chalmers.
Frisky. blythe an' frisky, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Frugal. Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles,
Frog.	The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog, To R. G. of F. 7. Frolic. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood,	The frugal Wifie, garrulous, will tell, How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell.
Add. to Shade of Thomson.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. For sense they little owe to frugal Heav'n
Or maybe in a frolic daft, To Hague or Calais takes a waft, The Twa Dogs. 22.	The Ordination, Mott.
Front. They dun benevolence with shameless front; Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Or frugal Nature grudge thee one [talent]? Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
See the front of hattle lour; S. Scots, wha hae	Fruit.
The Genius of the Stream in front appears	Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint, . Add. to Illegit. Child.
The Brigs of Ayr. 13. In the front rank he wad shine; The Election Ballads. V.	Sits o'er his newly-gathered fruits, Beside his crystal well! Despondency, an Ode. 3.
Frost. When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,	Alas! sae sweet a tree as love, Sic bitter fruit should bear! The Ruined Maid's Lament.
A Gude New-Year † 13. And freeze, thou bitter-hiting Frost! A Winter Night. 7.	Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit, The Tree of Liberty.
But whigs cam like a frost in June, S. Awa, whigs, awa.	This fruit is worth a Afric's wealth,
When hitter hites the frost, S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †	I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet, To taste sic fruit, I swear, man
The frost of hermit age might warm; S. My Mary's face †	Fruited.
The frost that freezes the life at my breast, S. Oh, open the door, †	The rustling corn, the fruited thorn, S. Now westlin winds
The bitter frost and snaw On Birth of Posth. Child.	Fruitful. 'Be fruitful and increase Nature's Law. The Partridge loves the fruitful fells; S. Now westlin winds
The chilly Frost, beneath the silver beam,	How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales, S. The Banks of Nith.
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream. The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	The fruitful top is spread on high,
And infant Frosts hegin to bite, In hoary cranreuch drest; The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	And firm the root helow. The 1st Ps Frustrate. Some cause unseen still stept between.
All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost, S. The Slave's Lament.	Frustrate. Some cause unseen still stept hetween, To frustrate each endeavour, O: S. My father was a farmer
And frost will blight the fairest flowers, S. There was a lass †	Fry. And ay he [Hornie] catch'd the tither wretch, To fry them in his caudrons; . The Ordination. 10.
The frost may freeze the deepest sea, . S. To daunton me.	
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes Of Fortuoe's polar frost, or torrid beams. To R. G. of F., 7.	Frying. Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling,
Or fortupe's polar frost, or fortid beams. 10 A. G. of P., 7. Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree Are hoary gray; To W. Simpson.	At haking, roasting, frying, boiling; . The Twa Dogs. 9.
To IV. Simpson.	Fu', Fou, Fow [full; tipsy; very, considerably].
But oh! fell death's untimely frost, S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †	The laggen they have clautet Fu' clean
Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw : S. Foung Jockey t	She dirl'd them aff fu' clearly, O . S. Amang the trees
Frost-work.	Her comely face sae fu' o' grace, S. A. Mastrtu's bonie Anne
Like frost-work touched by southern gales; . On Lincluden.	The moon it shines fu' clearly. S. Ca' the Ewes
Frosty. While frosty winds blaw in the drift, Ep. to Davie.	I'se he fou and thou'se he toom, S. Carl, an the King come Cock up your heaver, and cock it fu' sprush,
Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind	S. Cock up yr beaver
S. I'm o'er young to marry t	I was na fou, but just had plenty; Death and Dr. Hornbook On new-year's night, when we were fou, S. Duncan Gray
Old winter with his frosty heard, Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	Maggie coost her heid fu' heigh,
Yet blessings on your frosty pow, . S. John Anderson, t	Yet, if your catalogue [of friends] be fow,
It's no the frosty winter wind, S. Oh, how can I be blythe †	I'se no insist; . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 15 Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts,
Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath; The Brigs of Ayr. 2.	An fill them tou; Lp. to J. K. 2
Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace,	An' here his hody lies fu' low Epit. on Wee Johnie
They bar the door on frosty win's; . The Twa Dogs. 20, Loud hlaw the frosty breezes, S. The yng High. Rover.	I modestly fu' fain wad hint it, Friend of the Poet The better that I'm fou S. Gudeen to you Kimmer
Loud hlaw the frosty breezes, S. The yng High. Rover. Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor.	An' haud their Halloween
To Vulcan then Apollo goes, To get a frosty calker Ib.	Fu' blythe that night Halloween. 2
Frown. Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,	Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Wilt thou lay that frown aside, [re.] Add. sp. by Fontenelle. S. Fairest maid †	An' jump out owre the chimlie Fu' high
The' fortune's frown still hunts me down.	Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,
S. My father was a farmer t	An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour, Fu' fast 1b. 22
Prepared power's proudest frown to brave, Poet. Inscription. The smile or frown of aweful Heaven, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Wore a plaid and was fu' braw, S. Highland Laddie But, L—d, that Friday I was fow, Holy Willie's Prayer. 8
Frown, to.	But, L-d, that Friday I was fow, Holy Willie's Prayer. & Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind . S. I'm o'er young
But fickle Fortune frowns on me, S. The Highland Lassie.	Fu' is his harn, fu' is his byre; . S. In simmer when
Frowning.	Jockey fon, and Jenny fain, S. Jockey fou
Dark as the frowning rock his brow, . As on the banks t	Fu' lightly rase I on the morn, Lament of Mary of Scots
Frowzy.	And I'm but jolly fou S. Landlady, count Wha's fou now?
From those drear solitudes and frowzy cells, . Ep. fr. Esopus.	Wha's fou now?

I spier'd for my consin fu' conthy and sweet, S. Last May a braw wooer †	Full. An', large upon her quarter, Come full that day. A Dream, 13.
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry, S. My bonic Mary.	An' did nne less, in full Congress,
And spen't at night fu' brawlie: . S. My Collier Laddie.	Than quite refuse our law, man A Fragment. 1.
Fu' stately strode he on the plain,	But, like himsel', a full free agent El. on Year 1783.
S. My Harry was a gallant †	But a full flowing howl, Was the saving his soul, . Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.
The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald heside it, S. O ken ye what Meg †	Full well thou know'st I love thee dear; S. Fairest maid †
And answer him fu' dry S. O Tibbie! I hae †	And cudgell'd him full sore; John Barleycorn.
she hohbed fu' law, S. O when she cam ben t	A day to me so full of woe? Lament for Glencairn.
We are no fou, we're not that fou,	O raging fortune's withering blast Has laid my leaf full low, O! . S. Luckless Fortune.
But just a drappy in our e'e; S. O Willie brew'd†	if full of youth and riot,
a dainty chiel, An' fou o' glee : On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	We lived full one-and-twenty years
Nay been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests, On dining with Daer.	A man and wife together; S. The Joyful Widower.
Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg	Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified Sot,
The cut of Adam's philibeg; On Grose's Peregrinations.	The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore, . On W. Chalmers.	At night I do bring my full wages away: The Poor Thresher.
And getting fon and nuco happy, Tam o' Shanter. I.	A farm of full forty acres of land
That every maig was ca'd a shoe on,	Each man of sense has it so full before him,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;	The Rights of Woman. A tight, outlandlish Hizzie, braw,
They had been fou for weeks thegither	Come full in sight The Vision. D. I. 7.
But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie, Ib. 15.	A wildly-witty, rustic grace Shone full upon her; 1b. 10.
Even Satan glowr'd and fidg'd fu' fain,	Or point the inconclusive page
Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw, Tam Samson's El., 7.	Full on the eye. [v. A. 4] Ib. D. II.
An' tho' fu' foughten sair enough,	Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate, Full on thy bloom, . To a Mountain-Daisy.
Yet unco proud to learn The Ans. to the Guidwife.	
And I sae fu' o' care! S. The banks of Doon.	Have I so found it full of pleasing charms? Why am I loth †
Dame Justice fu' hrawly has sped; The Election Ballads. III.	Have I so found it full of pleasing charms? Why am I loth † Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
The lav'rocks they were chantan Fu' sweet The Holy Fair. Was in the fashion shining Fu' gay	Fullarton.
And wi a curchie low did stoop, Fu' kind	Hence, Fullarton, the brave and young; The Vision. D. II. 6.
An' farls, bak'd wi' hutter, Fu' crump	Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete.
A vast unbottom'd, houndless Pit,	Fully. He'll prove you fully, . On Grose's Peregrinations. Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete, Ronalds of Bennals.
Fill'd fou o' lowan brunstane,	Fulsome. Wi monie a fulsome, sintu lie, A Ded. to G. H.
There's some are fou o' love divine;	Fumble. Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
There's some are fou o' braudy; Ib. 27.	On Scot. Bard. gne to W.I.
Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou; The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	How fumbling coofs their dearies slight, Scotch Drink. 12.
Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the Sterlin; Ib. R. IV. I bow'd fu' low to this sam' maid,	Fume.
S. The lass that made the bed.	The fumes of wine infuriate send; Sent to a Gent. offended.
An' toss thy horns fu' canty; The Ordination. 6.	Fun. If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire.
And a' like lamb-tails flyin Fu' fast this day! Ib. 7.	Fun. If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire, And ne'er gude wine did fear, El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.
I never gat my Coggie fou Till I met wi' the Ploughman . S. The Ploughman t	And ne'er gude wine did fear, El. on Capt. M. H. Epit. And there was muckle fun and jokin, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 2. The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin! Eb. to J. R. J.
Till I met wi' the Ploughman . S. The Ploughman t	The wale o' cocks for fun au' drinkin! Ep. to J. R. I.
Fu' aft at e'en Wi' dancing keen, . S. The tither morn †	'Twas ae night lately, in my fun,
Now when ye're nickan down fu' cany The staff o' bread, . Third Ερ. to J. Lap.,	l gaed a rovin wi' the gun,
I am as fu' as Bartie:	Shame fa' the fun; wi' sword and gun
Dance by fu' light,	To slap mankind like lumber! Nature's Law.
I lap and cry'd fu' loud To Mr. M'Adam.	For meikle glee and fun has he, On Grose's Peregrinations.
ye ken fu' well,	The mirth and fun grew fast and furious: Tam o' Shanter. 12. "My name is Fun-your cronie dear, . The Holy Fair. 5.
Auld Coila, now, may fidge fu' fain, . To W. Simpson.	Wabster lads, Blackguarding frae K[ilmarno]ck For fun Ib. o.
Our parting was fu' tender; S. I'e banks, and braes, and streams †	And there was routh o' drink and fun, S. The last braw bridal
And I sae weary fu' of care! S. Ye banks and braes †	For me, an aim I never fash; I rhyme for fun. To J. S. 5.
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;	Funny, -ie.
Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud,	And yet wi' funny, queer Sir John,
Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha S. I'oung Jockey #	He was an unco shaver For monie a day A Dream, 11.
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain	Tho' ye was trickie, slee an' fuunie, Ye ne'er was donsie; A Guid New-Year † 5.
Fu-han't [full-handed, having plenty, rich].	My funny toil is now a' tiut, Add. to Illegit. Child.
But ay fu-han't is fechtin best, . S. In simmer when †	And unco tales, an' funnie jokes,
Fud [the pesteriors; the seut of a rabbit or hare].	Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny . To Terraughty.
Ye Mankins, cock your fud fn' braw, Tam Samson's El., 7.	Fun'ral. When call'd on to order the fun'ral direction,
They scarcely left to coor their fuds, The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.	Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Another.
Fuel. By Heavens, the sacrilegious dog	Fur. Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur. To R. G. of F. 3.
Shall fuel be to hoil it! . S. Does haughty Gaul†	Furder [further, success],
Fuff![puff!]	Weel, my habie, may thon furder: . S. Hee balou, †
Till fuff! he started up the lum, Halloween. 8.	Guid speed an' furder to you, Johny, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Fuff't [did puff].	The mirth and fun grew fast and furious: Tam o' Shanter. 12.
She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,	And flew at Tam wi' furions ettle;
Fulfil. The social, friendly, honest man, Whate'er he be, 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, And none but he.	Like furious devils driving The Election Ballads, VI.
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, And none but he. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 15.	While Tories fall, while Tories fly
Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty Scheme.	And furious Whigs pursuing!
These woes of mine fulfil; Winter.	Those headlong, furious passions to confine; Why am I loth †

Furm [a wooden form or bench].	Fyers. The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups, Amang the furms an' benches; The Holy Fair. 23.	Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Fyfteen. I was na past fyfteen:
Furnicator v. Fornicator.	Fyke [agltation about trifles; restlessness].
Furr [a furrow].	As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke, Tam o' Shanter, 17.
The hauld Pitcur fell in a furr, S. Killiecrankie. The hares were hirplan down the furrs, The Holy Fair.	Fyke [to act in a restless, useless, uncertain kind of way; to fidget, make a fuss about anything].
Furr ahin [the hinder right-hand horse which walks	Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble, On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
in the furr, when ploughing).	ye sud be licket Until ye fyke; . Second Ep. to Davie.
My Furr ahiu's a wordy beast, The Inventory.	Fyle [to defile, to soil].
Furrow. Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,	Her face wad fyle the Logan-water; . S. Willie Wastle † Fyl'd [soiled, dirtied].
Shall be thy doom! To a Mountain-Daisy. Furrowed, -'d.	Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins, . The Holy Fair. 10.
No wrinkle furrow'd by the hand of care, Blest be M'Murdo †	Ga' [gall]. Au' purge the bitter ga's au' cankers, [v.A.13] The Twa Dogs. 23.
His face was furrow'd o'er with years, Nan was made to Mourn.	Gab (the mouth ; tongue].
The furrow'd waving coru . S. Now Spring has clad	Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs, Halloween. 3.
At thy blithe carol clears his furrowed brow.	Set a' their gabs a steerin;
Sonnet wer. on Birthday.	Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape; . Tam o' Shanter. 11.
And owsen frae the furrowed field . S. When o'er the hill t Fury. O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,	While she held up her greedy gab, Just like an aumous dish: The Jelly Beggars, R. I. But steek your gab for ever; The Ordination, 9.
S. Caledonia.	Wi' his teethless gab and his auld beld pow,
'I drew my scythe in sic a fury, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.	S. To daunton me,
And in thy fury hurn the book Even of that man M'Gill New Psalmody.	Gab, to [to talk fluently, to prate].
Or were more in fury seen, Sir, The Dean of Fac.,	Or gab like Boswell, . The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10.
High-way'd his magnum-bonum round With Cyclopean fury The Election Ballads, VI.	Gabble. He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair, El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts, The Twa Dogs. 18.	Gabriel.
In wildest fury hae made bare	Here brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct, Epit. on G. Richardson.
My peace, my hope, for ever! . V.s, under Grief.	Gade v. Gaed.
Fusion. We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin, We'll rin them aff in fusion Like oil, some day.	Gae [gave]. Wha gae the whigs the power o't! S. Awa, whigs, awa.
The Ordination. 14.	Wha gae the whigs the power o't! S. Awa, whigs, awa. We gae the boot and better horse; S. Carl, an the King come.
Fusionless (pithless, sapless).	He by his showther gae a keek,
An' he is but a fusionless carlie, O. S. The deuks dang o'er.	The Deil, or else an outler Quey,
Fuss. But why of that epocha make such a fuss, [v. A. o]	Gatup an' gae a croon:
Poet. add. to Tytler. Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention,	And gae his bridle reins a shake, S. It was a' for† But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,
The Rights of Woman.	S. Last May a braw wooer t
May in some future carcase howl, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 17.	My heart it gae a stoutt S. My heart was ance †
Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.	O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't! S. O whare did ye get † I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, S. The anid man †
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	I gae him some pye, and he lay'd the crust by, 1b.
They persecute you all your future days! Ib. 5.	I gae him a drain o' the brand sae strang,
My age's future shade S. Fate gave the word, †	My heart for fear gae sough for sough,
The past was had, and the future hid; S. My father was a farmer†	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
With future rhymes, an' other times,	Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the smiters; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
To emulate his sire;	Gae [to go]. When they gae to the shore o' Bucky, S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank t
On Death of Sir J. Blair. Thro' future times to make his virtues last Ib.	Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him, S. As I was a-wand ring t
On the hopeless Future pondering, . S. Raving winds †	Po't to me he't froe me e'en let the inde Ichancel one
See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade [chance] gae, S. Contented wi' little† When a' the lave gae to their play, S. Duncan Gray.
That thus they all shall meet in future days: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.	Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray,
Charm or instruct the future age, [v. A. 4] The Vision. D. II.	She may gae to—France for me! S. Duncan Gray †
With future hope, I oft would gaze, Ib. 12.	We'll gae down by Clouden-side, . S. Hark! the mavis' †
With future hope, I oft would gaze, Ib. 12. And tell future ages the feats of the day; The Whistle. 11.	O wae gae by his wanton sides, S. Here's his health in water.
Tend'rest pledge of future bliss, To a Kiss.	Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword That thro' thy soul shall gae: Lament of Mary of Scots.
With every kindliest, best presage, Of future bliss, To Chloris.	The deuce gae wi' him to believe me,
Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors, A' future ages; To J. S., S.	S. Last May a braze woocr† The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her! Ib.
Till Future Life, future no more, To light and joy the good restore, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	When a' the lave gae to their bed
To light and joy the good restore, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. For the future he prepar'd, Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.	S. My Harry was a gallant t Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will, S. My love she's but t
Future-life.	(S. O can ye labour lea t
That future-life in worlds unknown	Ode the gate ye cam again, (S.O Lassie, art thou)
Must take its hue from this alone; Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	The father and mother and a should gae mad, S. O whistle †
Fy, Fye, Fie!	The tappit-hen gae bring her hen, On W. Stewart.
Fy, bring Black-Jock, her state physician, To see her w-t-r; Letter to J. Goudie.	But I look to the West when I gae to rest, S. Out over the Forth †
Fie, fie on silly coward man, That he should be the slave o't S. O poortith cauld †	The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin, Wi' rattlin glee. Scotch Drink. 5.
Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudhright, The Election Ballads. III.	While healths gae round to him wha, tight,
fye! How daur ye do't? To a Louse.	Gies famous sport, [v. A. 25] Ib. 12.

Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrivin', An' fash nae mair Second Ep. to Davie.	Gallies (pretty well).
An' fash nae mair Second Ep. to Davie.	I canna say but they do gailies; Add. of Beelzebub.
And I may e'en gae hang S. She's fair and fause †	Gaily, Gayly.
And mony a knight and mony a laird,	Tho' thou may gayly bloom a while, . S. I do confess t
That errand fain would gae. [re.] The Election Ballads. I.	Gaily in the sunny beam; S. I dream'd I lay †
And he wad gae to London town, Might nae man him withstand	Innocence Looks gaily-smiling on; Innocence.
Ilk star gae hide thy twink'ling ray S. The gowd. Locks of A.	Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom!
	S. The Banks of Nith.
The kirk and state may gae to hell, And I'll gae to my Anna	How many a robe sae gaily floats! The Fête Champetre.
And they'll gae build Terreagle's towers.	Nor hirds sweetly singing, nor flowers gayly springing,
And they'll gae build Terreagle's towers, S. The noble Maxwells †	S. The small birds rejoice † Gain v. Gin.
(ast off the wat, put on the dry,	Calle I dissert the same him the sains he can min.
And gae to bed, my Dearie S. The Ploughman t	Gain. I dinna envy him the gains be can win; S. As I was α-wand ring †
If ye gae up to you hill-tap,	Some soothe the Lah'rer's weary toil
Ye'll there see bonie Peggy; . The Tarbolton Lasses.	For humble gains, . The Vision. D. II. 9.
Gae down by Faile, and taste the ale, 16.	Gain, to. Jenny was nae ill to gain, S. Jockey fou, t
As ye gae up by yon hill-side, Speer in for bonie Bessy;	To him he given to ken the heav'n
Gae spin your tap o' tow! S. The weary pund.	He gains in Polly Stewart! . S. Folly Stewart.
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner, . To a Louse.	'Twas all my faithful love could gain; S. The capt. Ribband.
Gae somewhere eise and seek your dinner, . 10 tt 20ttst.	
But I gae mad at their grimaces, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	And then my fifty pounds a year Will little gain me To Dr. Blacklock.
Then gae your gate ye'se nae he here! S. Wha is that at †	Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse, What ails ye now †	Her winning powers to lessen; . S. Young Peggy †
Gae fa' upo' anither plan,	Gained, -'d.
I fear your mind gae wrang, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang.	How foolish, or worse, 'till our summit is gain'd!
Gaed, Gade [went].	S. The lazy mist t
B-rg—ne gaed up, like spur an' whip, . A Fragment. 4.	Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gained,
When first I gaed to woo my Jenny, A Guid New-Year \$5.	The Whistle. 5. But sair I fear some happier swain
thou pay't them hollow, Whare'er thou gaed Ib. 9.	Has gained sweet Jennie's favour: S. When first I saw t
As I gaed up by you gate end, S. As I gaed up by t	Gainer. Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
As I gaed down the water-side, . S. Ca' the Ewes.	The Rights of Woman.
An' down gaed stumple in the ink :	Gairs [gores].
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. b.	My Lady's gown there's gairs upon't, S. My Lord a-hunting t
in my fun I gaed a rovin wi' the gun, Ep. to J. R. 7.	Gaist v. Ghaist.
Sae danntingly gaed he; S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	Gait. And then there's something in her gait
An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,	Gars ony dress look weel S. Handsome Nell.
I gaed a waefn' gate yestreen, . S. I gaed a waefu' †	What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us, . To a Louse.
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock;	Gale.
S. Last May a brazu zvooer †	The balmy gales awake the flowers, . S. Behold, my love, t
Yestreen, when to the trembling string	At even, when beans their fragrance shed,
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha'.	I' th' rustling gale, El. on Capt. M. H. 6.
S. O Mary, at thy window †	'Tis but the halmy, breathing gale, . S. Here is the glen, t
As she gaed o'er the border? . S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †	Make the gales you waft around her
Ye spak' na, but gaed by like stoure; S. O Tibbie!	Soft and peaceful as her breast, S. Highland Mary.
I gaed up to Dunse, To warp a wab o' plaiden; S. Robin shure in hairst.	Then may heaven with prosperous gales,
	Fill my sailor's welcome sails, S. How can my poor heart † 1'd fan it wi' a constant gale, S. O were my love †
But, Och! he gaed and ne'er return'd! Tam Samson's El. 8.	Now on the rising gale swell high, On Lincluden.
The chase gaed frac the north, man; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	
Our lads gaed a hunting, ae day at the dawn, S. The heather was blooming t	But through the broken space, the gale Blows chilly from the misty vale;
The third, that gaed n wee n-back,	Beneath the milkwhite thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.
Was in the fashion shining The Holy Fair. 2.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time, 1b. 6.	All-hail then, the gale then,
Gaed hoddan by their cotters;	Wafts me from thee, dear shore! The Farewell.
How drink gaed round, in cogs an' caups, 1b. 23.	Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
For my he pree'd the lassie's mon,	And whelm him o'er! To a Mountain Daisy.
As he gaed but and hen, O S. The Taylor †	And large, hefore Enjoyment's gale, Let's tak the tide To J. S. 11.
Awa they gaed wi' mock parade, . The Tree of Liberty.	Gall. He dips in gall unmixed his cager pen, Ep. fr. Esopus.
right pensivelie, I gaed to rest The Vision. D. I. 2.	Gall, to. While scahs an' bothes did him [Job] gall,
And jee! the door gaed to the wa',	Wi' hitter claw, Add. to the Deil. 18,
At last ber feet, I sang to see't,	Galling.
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe; . S. The weary Pund.	O Life! thou art a galling load, . Despondency, an Ode.
Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen, S. There liv'd ance a carle †	Galla water. Can match the lads o' Galla water.
S. There it v a ance a carle t	S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
The carlin gaed thro' them like ony mad hear, 1b.	The honnie lad o' Galla water 1b.
He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste, . S. There was a lass †	We'll tent our flocks by Galla water 1b.
till her last roon Gaed past their viewin, To W. Simpson. P.S.	Braw, braw lads of Galla Water; S. Braw lads of G. Water.
Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks; 1b.	Gallant, adj.
Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,	Four gallant brutes, as e'er did draw; A Guid New-Year † 15.
A mistress still I had aye: S. When first I came †	They hae pierc'd mony a gallant heart;
I'd rove and ne'er he cerie O, If thro' that glen I gaed to thee, . S. When oe'r the hill †	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15.
Gaen v. Gane.	There moulders here a gallant heart; El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.
Gaet v. Gate.	They've lost some cellent centlemen
Gage. Poor Tammy Gage within a cage	Amang the Highland clans, man; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Was kept at Boston-ha', man; A Fragment. 3.	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
	Pold Savingsons follows gollant Croham
Gaiger v. Gauger.	Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham, The Election Ballads. VI.

I have four brutes o' gallant mettle, . The Inventory.	'Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen, Death and Dr. Hornbook, 16.
And I served out my Trade when the gallant game was play'd, The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn, [rz.]
My gallant, braw John Highlandman [re.] 1b. S. IV.	El. on Capt. M. H. 2.
My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;	A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck! . El. on Year 1788.
S. The small birds rejoice † And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.	I'd better gaen an sair't the king, Ep. to J. R. 6. To H-ll, if he's gane thither,
The Whistle. 6.	Satan, gie him thy gear to keep. Epit. on Ruling Elder.
gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,	And mercy's day is gane Epit. on Holy Willie.
The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end; . Ib. 16.	But now its gane, and something mair, . Extem. Ap. 1782.
That gallant badge, the dear cockade, S. When wild War's	Gane is the day and mirk's the night, . S. Gane is the day
He is a gallant sailor. [re.] . S. Where Cart rins	Gane in a galloping consumption, Letter to J. Goudie.
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain, S. l'oung Jamie, †	You sinking sun's gane down upon; S. O wat ye wha's in t
Gallant, s.	Meg fain wad to the Barn gaen,
My Harry was a gallant gay, S. My Harry was a gallant	O'er the mountains be is gane; S. Jockey's ta'en the parting
Ye gallants bright I rede ye right, S. A Mast.'s bonie Anne.	Is he to Abra'm's bosom gane? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.
	The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green,
Galley. A glorious Galley, stem and stern, Weel rigg'd for Venus barter; . A Dream. 13.	S. Lady Mary Ann.
rania.	And my last hald of earth is gane: Lament for Glencairn.
My blessings age attend the chiel, Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man, . The Tree of Liberty.	My Lord a-hunting he is gane, . S. My Lord a-hunting †
	She's gane, like Alexander,
Gallop.	To spread her conquests farther. S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †
What ragings must his veins convulse, That still eternal gallop: . Add. to Unco Guid. 4.	Honest Will's to Heaven gane, On IV. Cruickshanks.
Galloping.	And gane, alas! the sheltering tree, On Birth of Posth. Child. But Garlies was to London gane,
Gane in a galloping consumption, Letter to J. Goudic.	And sae the kye might stray. The Election Ballads. V.
Their galloping thro' public places, . The Twa Dogs. 31.	Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane, The Holy Fair. 27.
Galloway, Gallowa'.	Beauty's of a fading nature,
Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies, . Ep. to H. Parker.	Has a season, and is gane S. Will ye go and marry t
And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord	Gang. The Poets too, a venal gang, A Dream. 2.
That ever Galloway saw. S. O Kenmure's on and awa †	A blessing on the cheery gang Wha dearly like a jig or sang, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.
Flit G— and find Some narrow, dirty, dangeon cave, On seeing Seat of Lord G	Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor,
A 11 I To about 1 house 11	On Grose's Peregrinations.
In Galloway sae wide The Election Ballads, I.	Gang, to [to go, walk].
Through Galloway and a' that;	And now the third part o' the string,
And also the wild Scot o' Galloway Sodgerin guppowder Blair	An' less, will gang about it A Dream. 4.
Dodgerik gampen and and	Till a' the seas gang dry. [re.] . S. A red, red Rose.
Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land,	Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang, To step aside is human:
Spare me thy vengeance, G To Lord G.	Will ye gang down the water-side . S. Ca' the Ewes.
Gallows, Gallows-tree.	If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
But gude preserve us frae the gallows,	I'se gang wi'you, my shepherd lad,
That shamefu' death! Adam A-'s Prayer.	They gang in [to Colledge] Stirks, and come out Asses, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 12.
M'Pherson's time will not be long On yonder gallows-tree. S. Farewell, ye dungeons	But how the subject theme may gang, Let time and chance determine; Ep. to Young Friend.
He played a spring, and dane'd it round,	Let time and chance determine; Ep. to Young Friend. So may the auld year gang out mouning Friend of the poet †
	Gar lasses hearts gang startin
An' plunder'd o' her bindmost groat, By gallows knaves? The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Then a faulding let us gang, S. Hark! the mavis' t
He'd venture the gallows for siller.	Ye shall gang in gay attire, . S. My Collier Laddie.
An 'twere na the cost o' the rape. The Election Ballads. III.	I rede you right, gang ne'er at night, S. My heart was ance t
Galston. The rising sun, our Galston Muirs, Wi' glorious light was glintan; The Holy Fair.	Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie; S. O Whistle †
Gambling.	Wha first shall rise to gang awa, A cuckold coward loun is he! S. O Willie brew'd †
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:. The Twa Dogs. 22.	A cuckold coward loun is he! S. O Willie brew'd † Or how can I gang brisk and hraw; S.Oh,how can I be blythe †
Game.	Soon heels o'er gowdie! in be gangs, Poem on Life.
Then R-ck-ngh-m took up the game; . A Fragment. 6.	The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire,
The pipers and youngsters were making their game,	Ronalds of Bennals.
S. As I was a-wand ring \	Fare thee weel before I gang, S. Scenes of weet
The tane is game, a bluidy devil, El. on Year 1788.	But woman is but warld's gear,
The Game shall Pay, owre moor an' dail, For this, niest year Ep. to J. R. 10.	Sae let the honie lass gang. S. She's fair and fause †
Or how our merry lads at hame,	Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
In Britain's court kept up the game: Aina Sir, I ve reant	Freedom and Whisky gang thegither. [v. A. 2] The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
By Colin's cottage lies his game, . S. My Lord a-hunting † And I served out my Trade when the gallant game was play'd,	And he wad gang to London town.
And I served out my Trade when the gallant game was play'd, The Jolly Beggars. S.I. The Trans I like the	If sae their pleasure was The Election Bullads. 1.
Like beagles bunting game, man, The Tree of Liberty. Sie game is now owre aften play'd; . The Twa Dogs. 21.	Where sailors gang to fish for cod The Twa Dogs. 2.
Die game is non onte in the	They gang as saucy by poor folk, As I wad by a stinkan brock
This Barne tree project	For gear to gang that gate at last! 1b. 25.
Gamesome. My gamesome Billy Will, . The Election Ballads. V.	I winns gang to the dance in Carlyle ha'.
Gamut. He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three, The Jolly Beggars. R. V.	S. 1 neve grows a come
The Jolly Beggars. R. V.	
Gane, Gaen [gone]. Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie A Guid New-year 1 1.	An' I'll no gang to my bed Until I get a nod. S. There's news, lasses t

The hest laid schemes o' Mice an' Men, Gang aft agley, To a Mouse.	Garrulous. The fragal wifie, garrulous, will tell, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
As' gar him follow to the kirk	Gart [made, forced].
Ay when ye gang yourset. To Gav. Hamilton. Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning?	But sax Scotch mile, thon try't their mettle, An' gart them whaizle: A Guid New-Year † 10.
E'en let her gang! To J. S. 20. Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where Ib. 20.	Gart poor Duncan stand ablegh; S. Duncan Gray †
Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where Ib. 20. Content with you to mak a pair, Whare'er I gang Ib.	And gart me weet my waukrife winkers, Wi' girnan spite Ep. to Maj. Logan, 10.
I'll ne'er gang by your door I's to Landlady of Inn.	Has gart me change my sang S. My heart was ance +
But gang she east, or gang she west, S. When first I saw t	Has gart me sigh and sah
My purse is light, I've far to gang, S. When wild War's †	He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl, Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Gangrel [vagrant].	That gart my heart-strings tingle The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Gangrel [vagrant]. a merry core O' randie, gangrel hodies, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	Garten [garter]. The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs.
Gap. Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	Weel knotted on their garten, Halloween. 3
Still through the gap the struggling river toils,	Garter.
Wr. by Pall of Pyers.	after viewing knives and garters, Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
Gape. It [a raep] maks guid fellows girn an' gape, Foor Mailie's El.	[Thieves] From him that wears the star and garter To him that wintles in a halter: . Lns add. to J. Ranken.
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape; Tam o' Shanter. 11.	His manly leg with garter tangle bound. The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
Saned. He ganed for't this argument, he graped for't.	His garters kait below the knee, . S. The Ploughman
Extem. in Court of Session.	A Garter gie to Willie Pitt: To I. S., 23
He gaped wide, but naething spak, The Death of Mailie. Gaping, -ln'.	Gash [sagacious; having the appearance of sagacity joined with that of self-importance].
Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition. Letter to J. Goudie. Some gapin' glowrin' countra laird, On W. Chalmers.	Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith, . The Holy Fair. 7.
Some gapin' glowrin' countra laird, . On W. Chaimers. When gaping they [the saunts] besiege the tents,	In comes a gawsie, gash Guidwife, 1b. 24. He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke, The Twa Dogs. 5.
Are doubly fir'd Scotch Drink. 8.	Gashan [talking freely and fluently].
She won each gaping burgess' heart, The Election Ballads. VI.	She lea'es them gashan at their cracks, Halloween. II.
Gar [to cause, make; force, compel].	Gasp.
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang, A Dream. 2. And gar the tatter'd gypsies pack, Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape; Tam o' Shanter. 11.
That gars the notes of discord squeel, Add. to Toothache.	Gasp, to.
And gar me look like bluntie, S. And O for ane and twenty	See how she fetches at the thrapple, Aa' gasps for breath. Letter to J. Goudie
The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,	Gasping.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 19.	Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore : Auld comrade dear
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,	In gasping death to wallow The Petition of Br. Water
Gars only dress look weel S. Handsome Nell.	Gat [got]. Then up they gat the maskin-pat, A Fragment
Gude ale gars me sell my hose, [re.] S. O Gude Ale comes †	Wi' yon, mysel, I gat a fright, Add. to the Deil. 7 An how ye gat him i' your thrall,
Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie,	An how ye gat him i' your thrall, 16. 18 But bonie Peg-a-Ramsey
Will gar fame blaw until her trumpet crack, Scots Prologue.	Gat grist to her mill S. Cauld is the e'enin blast
Rivan the words tae gar them clink; Second Ep. to Davie.	Gat tippence-worth to mend her head, Death and Dr. Hornbook, 26
Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet, Tam o' Shanter. 4. An' no get warmly to your feet,	Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 7
An' gar them hear it, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Sae I gat paper in a blink,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;	So gat the whissle o' my groat, Ep. to J. R. 9
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5. Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you gar,	I gat some gear wi' meikle care, . Extem. Ap. 1782
The honie lasses lie aspar, S. There was a lad †	Grim loon, he gat me by the fecket, Friend of the poet † P.S
But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her,	Gat ye me, O gat ye me, O gat ye me wi'naething? S. Gat ye me,
S, There's a youth † An' gar him follow to the kirk To Gav. Hamilton.	An' ay a rantan Kirn we gat,
An' gar him follow to the kirk To Gav, Hamilton. We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine	His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean, 16. 16
Up wi' the hest To W. Simpson.	He gat hemp-seed, I mind it weel,
Garden. The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn,	Then up gat fechtan Jamie Fleck,
S. How pleasant the banks † And by you garden green again; S. I'll ay ca in †	She gat a fearfu' settlin!
When past the show'r, and every flow'r	Gat up an' gae a croon ;
The garden is adorning: S. Lovely Davies.	Because he gat the toom dish thrice He heav'd them on the fire,
We'll search through the garden for each silly flower, Monody, on a Lady.	
That roars between her gardens green	I gat my death frae twa sweet een, S. I gaed a waefu An' Clavers gat a clankie, O; S. Killiecranki,
And the bonie lass of Albany. S. The bonie Lass of Albany.	But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave, Letter to J. Gondie
Yon palace and yon gardens fine! S. The Highland Lassie. The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield, To a Mountain-Daisy.	The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald beside it,
When roving through the garden gay,	S. O ken ye what Meg I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie,
The flaanting flow'rs our Gardens yield, To a Mountain-Daisy. When roving through the garden gay, S. Twas erest—the dewy † Garland. And claught th' unfading garland there, Extem. on Commun.s of Thomson.	S. O whare did ye get That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
Garland, to. Then larewel hopes of Laurel-boughs	The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; Tam o' Shanter.
To garland my poetic brows! To J. S., 9.	The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout, S. The deuks dang o'es
But Garlies was to London gane, The Election Ballads. V.	I never gat my Coggie fou Till I met wi' the Ploughman S. The Ploughman
Garment. In this lone cave, in garments lowly, The Hermit.	And them that stay'd gat fearfu' thuds, S. The Taylor
Garpal. Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,	Ay gat him friends in ilka place; The Twa Dogs,
	When up they gat an' shook their lugs, Ib. 35
Garren [making, forcing] The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	got the spring to now For kissin' S Th Mone's Louis Me.
Garren [making, forcing]. The Brigs of Ayr. 7. Than garren lasses cowp the cran	gat the spring to pay For kissin' S. Th. Mens.'s bonie Mary Whae'er she gat hands on, cam' near her nae mair,

I gat year letter, wissome Willie: To 10. Sim/pron. An shortly after she was done. They gat a new ane. The fact. An monie a fallow gat his licks. The the sure with there is gate to cove. The the fact there is a cove. The the fact the gates were shartly and the gate of the fact. The the gates were shartly gate. The fact of the fact is gate gate fact. The fact of the fact is gate gate fact. The fact of the fact is gate gate fact. The fact is gate gate gate fact. The fact is gate gate gate gate gate gate gate gate		
An abortly after she was done They gat a new wane. It Poe gat a new wane. It mours through the gat, gawdy day. May slightly touch the heart. Sate of the war wane gate the lart. Sate of the war is gates the lart. For the fool thief is just at your gate. Sate, Gat (lway, manner, road). As I gaed up by you gate end, This while ye has been mony a gate. Death and Dr. Horsbook. It all divide and State been in the gate. It all kirk and State been in the gate. It all kirk and State been in the gate. Agate. I fan State been in the gate. It all was been mony a gate. Agate. I fan, I'll dearly me; S. I'll a gad a warft' gate yearten. Agate. I fan, I'll dearly me; S. I'll a gad in the gate gain. I'll adder be gus summer. Agate. I fan, I'll dearly me; S. I'll a gad in the gate gain. Agate. I fan Read ye can again, S. O Lausic, art than that Gae back the gate ye can again, S. O Lausic, art than that Gae back the gate ye can again, S. O Lausic, art than that fan the were will the gate ye can again, S. O Lausic, art than that A folk begin to tak the gate; The L-d be thankift that we've lake the gate ye can again, S. What is that at the gate ye can again, S. O Lausic, art than that the gate when the gate they was the gate ye can again, S. What is that at the gate ye can again, S. O Lausic, art than that that we've lake the gate ye can again, S. O Lausic, art than that that we've lake the gate ye can again, S. What is that at that the gate ye can again, S. What is that the gate ye can again, S. What is that at the gate ye can again, S. What is that at the gate ye can again, S. What is that the gate ye can again, S. What hings are the gate ye can again, S. What is that at the gate ye can again, S. What hings are the gate was a game ye may be gate with the gate ye game again in the gate ye game again in the gate ye game again in the gate ye	Sir, o'er a gill I gat your card, To Mr. M'Adam.	A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other, The Inventory.
They gat a new ane. 18. P.S. Till chieleg and up an 'wad conflote it, 18. An monie a fallow gat his licks, 18. Ent un rewlight here's a gazety she his licks, 18. Ent un rewlight here's a gazety of years are considered to the state of the		
The newlight berds gast ise above. Gate. So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends. Et. to R. Graham. 5. The Batt learned to the gate were shat. S. The Battle of Sherra-Boer. For the foul thief is just at your gate. The Krive's Alarm. Gate, Gaet (Way, manner, road). As I gaed up by you gate end, S. As I gaed up by to gate he lark's shrill song ascends. Et. to R. Graham. 11. But thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate well gate bereath of Maintenance of the gate will you meet. S. Gat f was, 15. But thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate well gate bereath of the gate will you meet. S. Gat f was, 15. But thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate will the gate if you meet in gate again. S. Mattle gate will gate will the world the gate will you meet. S. Sat f gate will the gate will you meet. S. Gat f was, 15. In turn'd a gauger—Peace here! To Pro. Blackle faul. Gavin. L—d mind G—n H—n's deserts, Holy Willie's Prayer. There's nane stalk ten, there's nane sall guess. What brings me back the gate again. For the gate well was gate, the satif is vair. Gae hack the gate ye can' again. S. O can pet labour leat Gae had been gate. Will convert the gate ye gate, again. S. O can pet labour leat Gae had been gate. Will convert the gate will be gate will be gate. Will convert the gate will be gate. Will conve	They gat a new ane Ib. P.S.	May slightly touch the heart, S. Handsome Nell.
The newlight berds gast ise above. Gate. So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends. Et. to R. Graham. 5. The Batt learned to the gate were shat. S. The Battle of Sherra-Boer. For the foul thief is just at your gate. The Krive's Alarm. Gate, Gaet (Way, manner, road). As I gaed up by you gate end, S. As I gaed up by to gate he lark's shrill song ascends. Et. to R. Graham. 11. But thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate well gate bereath of Maintenance of the gate will you meet. S. Gat f was, 15. But thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate well gate bereath of the gate will you meet. S. Gat f was, 15. But thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate will the gate if you meet in gate again. S. Mattle gate will gate will the world the gate will you meet. S. Sat f gate will the gate will you meet. S. Gat f was, 15. In turn'd a gauger—Peace here! To Pro. Blackle faul. Gavin. L—d mind G—n H—n's deserts, Holy Willie's Prayer. There's nane stalk ten, there's nane sall guess. What brings me back the gate again. For the gate well was gate, the satif is vair. Gae hack the gate ye can' again. S. O can pet labour leat Gae had been gate. Will convert the gate ye gate, again. S. O can pet labour leat Gae had been gate. Will convert the gate will be gate will be gate. Will convert the gate will be gate. Will conve		I mourn through the gay, gawdy day, S. Here's a health to ane †
Gate. So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends. But, cursed lot ! the gates were shint. Et to K. Grotham. 5. For the fond thief is just at your gate. The Kirk's Alarm. Gate, Gaet [way, manner, road]. As I gaed up by you gate end, Dath and Dr. Hornbook. 11. But thanks to Heavin, that's no the gate. But thanks to Heavin, that's no the gate. But thanks to Heavin, that's no the gate. Had kirk and State been in the gate, I lighted when she hade me. J. S. Gat ye me, Had kirk and State been in the gate, I lighted when she hade me. J. But gaed a waefi's gate yestreen, A gate, I fear, I'll dearly me; There's name sall ken, there's name sall guess. Fill natice be gin somer. J. But thanks to the gate, J. But share gate ye cam' again, S. O Lastic, art thant Gae hach the gate ye cam' again, S. O Lastic, art thant Gae hach the gate ye cam' again, S. O Lastic, art thant Gae hach the gate ye cam' again, S. O Lastic, art thant Gae hach the gate ye cam' again, S. O Lastic, art thant Gae hach the gate ye cam' again, S. O Lastic, art thant Gae hach the gate ye cam' again, S. O Lastic, art thant Gae hach the gate ye cam' again, S. O Lastic, art thant Gae hach the gate ye cam' again, S. O Lastic, art thant Gae hach the gate ye cam' again, S. O Lastic, art thant Gae hach the gate ye cam' again, S. O Lastic, art thant Gae hach the gate ye cam' again, So D Lastic, art thant Gae hach the gate ye cam' again, So D Lastic, art thant Gae hack the gate ye cam' again, So D Lastic, art thant Gae hack the gate ye cam' again, So D Lastic, art thant Gae hack the gate ye cam' again, So D Lastic, art thant The Brigg of Ayr. The L—d be thankit that we've int the gate of the price of the pric		The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art:
Batt, cursed lot 1 the gates were shut. For the foul thief is just at your gate. The Kirl's Alarm. Gate, Gate (Way, manner, road). As I gaed up hy yon gate end, This while ye hae been mony a gate. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11. But thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate We learn our creed. Eft. of Jek. Aft. 21st. 14. I held the gate till you I met. S. Gat ye met. The while ye have been mony a gate. A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue; S. I gaed a wangth't There's name sall guess. What irings me back the gate a gain. I'll audier be gin simmer. S. I'll ay ca' int' But if you come this gate a gain so the simmer when't Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye tabour last Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye tabour last Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye tabour last Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye tabour last Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye tabour last Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye tabour last Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye tabour last Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye tabour last Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye tabour last Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O taste, art thout. The 'I'verowdie unto me, man' S'he Battle go' Sherra-Moor. Wi' you I'll canter ony gate, S. The most of the gate. They waste sae mony a praw estate! The 'Le-d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't! An' may they never learn the gates, O't lifer vile, warnestif Pets! The 'Gate of the gate gain' that I clead ye'll learn the gate again to the gate in faith, they're worse. An' Ploughmen gather w't hief gately. An' may they never learn the gaets, O't lifer vile, warnestif Pets! The start is discussed by the gather and go. Carber. Come weel, come woe, we'll gasher and go. Carber Come weel, come woe, we'll gasher and go. Carber Come weel, come woe, we'll gasher and go. Carber Come weel, come woe, we'll gasher and go. Carber Come weel, come woe, we'll gasher and go. Carber Come weel, come woe, we'll gasher and go. Carber Come weel, come woe, we'll gasher and	Gate. So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,	Weel buskit up sae gandy; S. My Collier Laddie.
For the foul thief is just at your gate. The Kirk's Alarm. Gate, Gaet (way, manner, road. As I gaed up by yon gate end, S. As I gaed up by yon gate end, S. Gate pend, This while ye hae been mony a get. But thanks to Heav'n, that's he he gate and Dr. Hornbook. II. But thanks to Heav'n, that's he he gate and Dr. Hornbook. II. But thanks to Heav'n, that's he he gate and Dr. Hornbook. II. But thanks to Heav'n, that's he he gate and Dr. Hornbook. II. But thanks to Heav'n, that's he he gate and Dr. Hornbook. II. But dear on creen. E. L. de mid and State been in the gate. I lighted when she hade me. I light l	But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,	Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded, Gandy Day to you is dear. S. Musing on the roaring t
Gate, Gaet (way, manner, road). As I gaed up by yon gate end, S. As I gaed up by this while ye hae been mony a gate, Death and Dr. Hornhook. It. But thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate. We learn our creed. Ep. to J—k. Ap. 2141. th. I held the gate till you I met, S. Gat ye me, the work of the state of the gate side. S. Had I the wyfet Had Kirk and State heen in the gate. I lighted when she hade me. Ib. I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen. A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue; S. I gaed a waefu'? There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess. What irrings me back the gate again. S. I'll ay ca' int? But if you come this gate again so. O can ye labour leat Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye labour leat Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O cans ye labour leat Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O cans ye labour leat Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O cans ye labour leat Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O Lastic, art thou; An' folk begin to tak the gate; Tam of Shanter. They sixte Kate cam up the gate W' crowdie unto me, man', S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Sweeps dams, an' mills, and the system. And down the gate, in faith, they we worse. And down the gate, in faith, they we worse. And man unchaney. To Br. Famedy. W' you I'll canter ony gate, To Br. F. Kennedy. W' you I'll canter ony gate, To Br. F. Was Reston. Then gae your gate ye'se nae be here! The Oral was gain; S. Come boat me o're to Charlie. An' Floughmen gather wi' their graith, Scotch Drink, no. To gather matter for a serion spece; Scat Prologue. The stars in sides may disappear, And and your ty empeats gather. The brigg of Ayr. The heart of a serion spece; Scat Prologue. The briggs of Ayr. Gaunted (yawned). Gaunted (yawned		Let others love the city,
This while ye hae been mony a gate. But thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate We learn our creed. Ep. to f—k. Ap. 21st. 14. I held the gate till you I met, S. Gat ye me, 1 I lighted me by the hie-gate-side, I lighted when she bade me. I lighted me hy the hie-gate-side, I lighted when she bade me. I lighted me hy the hie-gate-side, I lighted when she bade me. I lighted me had been in the gate, What I brings me back the gate again I'll audier he gin simmer. S. I gade a waefu' the tree's name sall ken, there's name sall ken, the sall guesses name name sall ken, there's name sall ken, there's name sall ken, the sall guesses name name sall ken, there's name sall ken, the sall guesses name name sall	Gate, Gaet [way, manner, road].	His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy. The July Beggars, S. II.
But thanks to Heavin, that's no the gate We learn our creed. E. to f - k., Af. 21st. 1.4. I held the gate till you I met, S. Gat ye met, Had Kirk and State been in the gate, I lighted when she hade me I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen. A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue; S. I gaed a waefu'? There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess, What hrings me back the gate again, S. I'll aye a' int But if you come this gate again I'll audder be gin simmer. S. I'm o'er young to marry+ life's a fecht, The canniest gate, the strife is sair; S. In simmer when! Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye labour leat An' folk begin to tak the gate; M' crowdle unto me man; S. The Battle of Sharra-Moor. Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate; The L—d be thankit that we've int the gate o'. The L—d be thankit that we've int the gate o'. M' you I'll canter ony gate, M' you gate ye'se nabe be here! M' Poughmen gather with their graith, An' may they never learn the gates Of ither vile, wanrestin' Pets! An' may they never learn the gates Of ither vile, wanrestin' Pets! An' Ploughmen gather with their graith, Tho fields of death to gather fame, S. The beath of Mailie. An' Ploughmen gather with their graith, Sortch Drink. 10. Sorte Proble. 10. Sorte Prob	This while ye hae been mony a gate,	Gauger, Gaiger.
Saus the due by the hie-gate-side, S. Had I the wyste that Kirk and State been in the gate, I lighted when she hade me. I gaed a waeful gate yestreen, A gate, I fear, I'll dearly me; S. I gaed a waeful gate yestreen, A gate, I fear, I'll dearly me; S. I gaed a waeful gate yestreen, A gate, I fear, I'll dearly me; S. I gaed a waeful gate yestreen, A gate, I fear, I'll dearly me; S. I gaed a waeful gate yestreen, A gate, I fear, I'll dearly me; S. I'll ay ca' into But if you come this gate again S. I'll ay ca' into But if you come this gate again S. I'll ay ca' into But if you come this gate again S. I'll ay ca' into But if you come this gate gain S. I'll ay ca' into But if you come this gate again S. O Lassie, art host An 'Golk begin to tak the gate; S. In simmer when the Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O Lassie, art host An 'Golk begin to tak the gate; Tam o' Shanter. 'My sister Kate cam up the gate W' crowdie unto me, man; S. The Battle of Sherra-Hoer. Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' hrigs, a' to the gate; They waste sea mony a braw estate! The Date of Mallier of Sherra-Hoer. Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' hrigs, a' to the gate; They waste sea mony a braw estate! The Twa Dogs. 25. For gear to gang that gate at last! I. And down the gate, in faith, they're worse S. Come boat me e're to Charlier. An' Poughamen gather wi' their graith, Socth Drink. no. To gather matter for a serious piece; Some boat me e're to Charlie. An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith, Socth Drink. no. To gather matter for a serious piece; Some boat me e're to Charlie. An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith, Socth Drink. no. To gather matter for a serious piece; Some boat me e're to Charlie. An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith, Socth Drink. no. To gather matter for a serious piece; Some boat me e're to Charlie. An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith, Socth Drink. no. To gather day some piece; Some boat me e're to Charlie. An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith, Socth Drink. no. To gather day some piece; Some boat me e're to Charlie. An' Plough	But thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate	Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.
Had Kirk and State been in the gate, I ighted when she bade mee. I.b. I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen, A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue; . S. I gaed a waefu'? There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess, What hirings me back the gate again, But if you come this gate again I'll audier be gin simmer. S. I'm e'er young to marry? Iife's a fecht, The canniest gate, the strife is sair; Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O Can ye labour leat Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O Can ye labour leat Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O Cansie, art thou! An' folk begin to tak the gate; Tam o' Shauter. "My sister Kate cam up the gate Wi 'crowdie unto me, man', S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Sweeps dams, an mills, al' hrigs, a' to the gate; The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't. Ib. E. Hech man! dear sirs! lis that the gate, They waste sae mony a braw estate! The Dirigs of Ayr. 7. The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't. Ib. E. Hech man! dear sirs! lis that the gate, They waste sae mony a braw estate! The Dirigs of Ayr. 7. The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't. Ib. E. Hech man! dear sirs! lis that the gate, They gister Kate cam up the gate Wi 'crowdie unto me, man', S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Sweeps dams, an mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate; They waste sae mony a braw estate! The Dirigs of Ayr. 7. The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't. Ib. E. Hech man! dear sirs! lis that the gate, They sister Kate cam up the gate Wi 'crowdie unto me, man', S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Sweeps dams, an mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate; They sate as a much look of the wind the wind the was gaun to [A Guil Nick gan hame, An' folk begin to tak the gate, They sister Kate cam up the gate Wi 'crowdie unto me, man', S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Sweeps dams, an mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate; Wi 'crowdie unto me, man', S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Sweeps dams, an mills, an' brigs, a' dayr. 7. The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate ve was a mony a braw estate! The brigs of Ayr. 10. An' many they ne	I held the gate till you I met, S. Gat ye me, †	
Led mind G—n H—n's deserts, Holy Willie's Prayer. A gate, I fear, I'll dearly me; There's Gane, sall ken, there's nane sall guess, What hings me back the gate again, But if you come this gate again. S. I'll ay ca' int What hings me back the gate again, S. I'll ay ca' int What hings me back the gate again, S. I'll ay ca' int But if you come this gate again. S. I'll ay ca' int Gan laulter be give simmer, S. I'll ay ca' int Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye labour leat He wist an whare he was gaun, O steer her up and haud her gaun, I'm gan to [Mauchline] holy fair, I'm gan to [Mauchline] holy fair, I'm gan to [Mauchline] holy fair, I'm gan to [Mauchlin	Had Kirk and State been in the gate,	Does haughty Gaul invasion threat? S. Does haughty Gaul † Gaun [Gavin].
There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess. What hrings me back the gate again a self fyou come this gate again I'll audier be gin simmer, S. I'm o'er young to marry! life's a fecht, The canniest gate, the strife is sair; S. Ins simmer when! Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye labour leat Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye labour leat An 'folk begin to tak the gate; I man o's Shanter. "My sister Kate cam up the gate W' crowdie unto me, man; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Sweeps dams, an 'mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate; The brigs of Ayr. 7. The L—d he thankit that we've tint the gate o'! Ib. Brigs of Ayr. 7. The L—d he thankit that we've tint the gate o'! Ib. And down the gate; in faith, they're worse. And mair nuchancy. To Mr. J. Kennedy. W' you I'll canter ony gate, To Mr. S. Wha is that at I dread ye'll learn the gate again; No Mr. S. Come boat me o'r to Charlie. An' Ploughmen gather wit their gath, S. Come boat me o'r to Charlie. An' Ploughmen gather wit their gaith, S. Cockeb Drink. 10. To gather matter for a scrious piece; S. Come boat me o'r to Charlie. An' Ploughmen gather wit their graith, Scockeb Drink. 10. To gather matter for a scrious piece; S. Come boat me o'r to Charlie. An' Ploughmen gather wit their graith, Scockeb Drink. 10. To gather matter for a scrious piece; S. Coste Propogue. Tho' stars in skies may disappear, And angry tempests gather, S. The noble Maxwells! Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The noble Maxwells! Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The noble Maxwells! Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The noble Maxwells! Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The noble Maxwells! Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The noble Maxwells! Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The noble Maxwells! Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The noble Maxwells! Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The noble Maxwells! Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The noble Maxwells! Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The noble Maxwells! Thro' fi		L-d mind G-n H-n's deserts, Holy Willie's Prayer. II.
But if you come this gate again I'll aulder be gin simmer, S. I'm e'er young to marry life's a fecht. The canniest gate, the strife is sair; S. In simmer when to Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye labour leat Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye labour leat Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye labour leat Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O Lastic, art thout An' folk begin to tak the gate; Tam o' Shanter. "My sister Kate cam up the gate W' crowdie unto me, man; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' lirigs, a' to the gate; The brigs of Ayr. 7. The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't! Ib. Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate. The years sae mony a braw estate! The Twa Dogs. 25- For gear to gang that gate at last! And down the gate, in faith, they're worse And mar machancy. To Mr. J. Kennedy. Wi' you I'll canter ony gate, To Mr. J. Kennedy. Wi' you I'll canter ony gate, To Mr. J. Kennedy. Wi' you I'll canter ony gate, To Mr. J. Kennedy. Wi' you gate ye's en abe be her! S. Wha is that at 1 I dread ye'll learn the gate again; An' may they never learn the gates, Of ther vile, wanrestful Pets! Gather. Come wee, well gather and go, Tho stars in skies may disappear, And anyel tempests gather, And agay tempests gather, S. The noble Maxwells! Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The noble Maxwells! The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Gathering, -'rin, -'van. As gathering storm, Exten. in Court of Sexion. Whit doubling speel and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. The gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. As Aften Water. And ey'd the gathering storm, Exten. in Court of Sexion. Whit doubling speel and gathering storm, Fame of Shanter. He gathirin votes you were no alack, On Death of R. Dundas. Gathering for brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter. He gave him the rights of it all in his hand. S. The Por Thres! S. The Por Thres!	There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,	To Rev. J. M'Math
I'll aulder be gin stimmer. S. I'm o'er young to marry † life's a fecht. The canniest gate, the strife is sair; Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye labour leat Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O Lassic, art thou † An' folk begin to tak the gate; Tam o' Shauter. "My sister Kate cam up the gate w't crowdie unto me, man; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate; The Brigs of Ayr. 7. The L—d be thankit that we've inint the gate o't! Ib. Electh man! dear sirs! is that the gate. The Twa Dogs. 25. For gear to gang that gate at last! Ib. And down the gate; in faith, they're worse And mair machaney. To Mr. J. Kennedy. W'you I'll canter ony gate, To Mr. Renton. Then gae your gate ye'se nae be here! S. Wha is that at! I dread ye'll learn the gate again; An' may they never learn the gasts, Of ither vile, wanrestful Pets! The Death of Mailie. Gather. Come weel, come wee, well gather and go, S. Come boat me o'er to Charlic. An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith, Scotch Drink to. To gather matter for a scrious piece; Scots Prologue. Tho' stars in skies may disappear, And angry tempests gather, S. The noble Maxwells! Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The capt. Ribband. Gather'd. Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits. Beside his crystal well! Despondency, an Ode. 3. When roving through the gather'd hay, S. O Phety, happy! Or gather'd firl'al views in Bonds and Seisins. The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Gathering, -'rin, -'ran. As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. Me hadering storm, Exten. in Court of Sexion. Whit doubling speel and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains; On Death of R. Dundas. Gatherial, Gathering for brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter. In gath'tin votes you were na slack, S. The Poor Thresh. S. The Poor	What hrings me back the gate again, S. I'll ay ca' in t	But O, to see auld Nick gann hame,
S. In simmer when the Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye labour leat Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O can ye labour leat Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O Lassie, art thout An 'folk begin to tak the gate; Tam ô Shanter. 'My slets Kate cam up the gate W' crowdie unto me, man; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate; The Brigs of Ayr. 7. The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't! Ib. 8. Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate. Ib. 8. Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate. Ib. 8. Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate. Ib. 8. And down the gate, in faith, they're worse. And mar unchancy. To Mr. J. Kennedy. Wi' you I'll canter ony gate, To Mr. Sentout. Then gae your gate ye'se nae be here! S. Wha is that at! I dread ye'll learn the gate again; An' may they never learn the gates, Of ither vile, wanresful 'Pets! The Death of Mailie. Gather. Come weel, come woe, well gather and go, Tho stars in skies may disappear, And angry tempests gather, S. The noble Maxwells! Thro fields of death to gather fame, S. The capt. Ribband. Gather'd. Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits. Beside his crystal well! Despondency, an Ode. 3. When roving through the gather dhay, S. O Phety, happy! Or gather'd flir'al views in Bonds and Seisins. The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Gathering, -'rin, -'ran. As gathering storm, Exten. in Court of Sexion. With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains; On Death of R. Dundas., Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter. In gath'in votes you were no a slack, S. The Por Thresh. St. Th	I'll aulder be gin simmer, . S. I'm o'er young to marry t	And Charlie's faes before him! . S. Come boat me o'er †
Gae back the gate ye cam' again, S. O Lasic, art thout An' folk begin to tak the gate; Tam o' Shanter. "My sister Kate cam up the gate W' crowdie unto me, man; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate; The Brigs of Ayr. 7. The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't! Ib. Elect hand idear sirs! is that the gate o't! Ib. Elect hand idear sirs! is that the gate. The Twa Dogs. 25- For gear to gang that gate at last! Ib. And down the gate, in faith, they're worse. And mair unchancy. To Mr. J. Kennedy. Wi' you I'll canter ony gate, To Mr. Kennedy. Wi' you I'll canter ony gate, To Mr. Senton. Then gae your gate ye'se nae be here! S. Wha is that at't I dread ye'll learn the gate again; An' may they never learn the gates, Of ither vile, wanrestful Pets! The Death of Mailie. Gather. Come week, come woe, well gather and go, Canter of Senton. Thor gather matter for a serious piece; Scots Prologue. Tho stars in skies may disappear, And angry tempests gather, S. The noble Maxwells! Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The capt. Ribband. Gather'd. Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits. Beside his crystal well! Senton and Seisins. The Brigs of Ayr. to. Gathering, -'rin, -'ran. As gathering storm, Exten. in Court of Session. With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. The gathering storm, Exten. in Court of Session. With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains; On Death of R. Dundas. Gathering for brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter. In gath'tin votes you were na slack, S. The Por Thresh. S. The Por Thresh.	life's a fecht, The canniest gate, the strife is sair; S. In simmer when †	
An' folk begin to tak the gate;		O steer her up and haud her gaun,
Wi rowdie unto me, man, is. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate; The L—d he thankit that we've int the gate o't! Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate o't! Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate, They waste sae mony a braw estate! The Twa Dogs, 25- For gear to gang that gate at last! And down the gate, in faith, they're worse And mair unchancy. To Mr. Kennoly. Wi you I'll canter ony gate, To Mr. Kennoly. Wi you I'll canter ony gate, To Mr. Kennoly. Wi you I'll canter ony gate, To Mr. Kennoly. An' may they never learn the gates, Of ther vile, wamestfa' Pets! Gather. Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go, To gather matter for a serious piece; Scome boat me der to Charlic. An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith, Scotch Drink. to. To gather matter for a serious piece; Scote Prologue. Tho' stars in skies may disappear, And angry tempests gather, And any tempests gather, S. The noble Maxwells† Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The noble Maxwells† Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The noble Maxwells† Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The noble Maxwells† Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The noble Maxwells† Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The spits of Ayr. Or gather'd libral views in Bonds and Seisins. The Brigs of Ayr. to. Gathering, -'rin, -'ran. As gathering storm, Exten. in Court of Sexien. With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains; On Death of R. Dundas, Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter. In gath'rin votes you were na slack, S. The Poor Thresh.		He wist na whare he was gaun, O. S. The Cooper o' cuddy t
Sweeps dams, an 'mills, at' brigs, a' to the gate; The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't! Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate, They waste sae mony a braw estate! The Twa Dogs. 25. For gear to gang that gate at last! And down the gate, in faith, they're worse And mair muchancy. To Mr. J. Kennedy. Wi'you I'll canter ony gate, To Mr. J. Kennedy. Wi'you I'll canter ony gate, To Mr. J. Kennedy. The gae your gate ye'se nae be here! I dread ye'll learn the gate again; An' may they never learn the gaets, Of ither vite, warrestfi' Pets! The Death of Mailie. Gather. Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go, S. Come boat me o'er to Charlie. An' Ploughmen gather wit their graith, Scotch Drink. 10. To gather matter for a serions piece; S. Sothe brown. And angry tempests gather, And angry tempests gather, And angry tempests gather, And angry tempests gather, S. The noble Maxwells* Thro fields of death to gather fame, S. The noble Maxwells* Thro fields of death to gather fame, S. The capt. Ribband. Gather'ld. Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits, Beside his crystal well! The fields of death to gather dhay, Or gather'd libral views in Bonds and Seisins. The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Gathering, -'rin, -'ran. As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. And ey'd the gathering storm, Exten. in Court of Session. With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. The gathering doods burst o'er the distant plains; On Death of R. Dundas. Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter. In gath'in votes you were na slack, S. The Poor Thresh. S. The Por Thresh	"My sister Kate cam up the gate Wi' crowdie unto me, man: S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	
The L—d be thankit that we've into the gate o't! Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate, They waste sae mony a braw estate! The Twa Dogs. 25. For gear to gang that gate at last! Ib. And down the gate, in faith, they're worse. And mair unchancy. To Mr. J. Kennedy. Wi' you I'll canter ony gate, To Mr. J. Kennedy. Then gae your gate ye'se nae be here! Then gae your gate ye'se nae be here! Then gae your gate ye'se nae be here! The Death of Mailie. An' may they never lears the gates, Of ther vile, wanrestful Pets! The Death of Mailie. An' Ploughmen gather wit their graith, To gather matter for a serious piece; Scome boat me o'er to Charlie. An' Ploughmen gather wit their graith, Scotch brinhin. To gather matter for a serious piece; Scots Prologue. The 'stain' skeis may disappear, And angry tempests gather, Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits, Beside his crystal well! Despondency, an Ode. 3. When roving through the gather'd hay, S. O Phety, happy! Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins. The Brigs of Ayr. to. Gathering, -'rin, -'Pan. As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. S. Afton Water. His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e, And ey'd the gathering storm, Exten, in Court of Session. With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains; Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter. In gath'in votes you were na slack, S. The Poor Thresh. Shand. S. The Poor Thresh. Say rather gann as Premiers lead him, The Two Dogs. The And when the and Moon's gaun to leak them. The Have had when the and Moon's gaun to leak them. The Hall whare ye gann, ye crowlan ferile! The Land when the and Moon's gaun to leak them. The Hall whare ye gann, ye crowlan ferile! The Land and Moon's gaun to leak them. The Hall whare ye gann, ye condain ferile. The Hall whare ye gann, ye conda	Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;	Worth gaun a mile to see. The Petition of Br. Water.
Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate, They waste sae mony a braw estate! . The Twa Dogs. 25. For gear to gang that gate at last!		
For gear to gang that gate at last! And down the gate, in faith, they're worse And mair unchancy. To Mr. J. Kennedy. Wi'you I'll canter ony gate, I'll gange and be here! I'll gange and gate again; I'll gate again; I'll gange again to leaf them, I'll gather in the gate again; I'll gange again to leaf the mit them in the hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi them. Gaunt. Gaunt. Gaunt. Gaunt. Gaunt. Gaunted lyawned. Gaunted lyawned. This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted, Kind Sir, I've rea Gave. Gave. Gave. Gave. Gave. Gave. Gave. I'll gave gand wall season creating labour o'er. Eye to ke gate when, And age es the word, the arrow sped, S. Fate gave the word. Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, S. Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, S. Fate gave the word again again to leaf them. The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi them. Gaunt. Gaunt. Gaunt. Gaunt. Gaunt. Gaunt. Gaunt. Gaunted lyawned. Gaunt. Gaunted lyawned. Gaunted lyawned. Gaunted lyawned. This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted, Kind Sir, I've rea Gaunted lyawned. Gaunted lyawned. This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted, Kind Sir, I've rea Gaunted lyawned. Gaunted lyawned. Gaunt. Gaun	Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate,	Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him, The Twa Dogs. 22.
And down the gate, in faith, they're worse. Wi'you I'll canter ony gate,	For gear to gang that gate at last! Ib.	
Wi' you I'll canter ony gate,	And down the gate, in faith, they're worse And mair machaney. To Mr. I. Kennedy.	And when the auld Moon's gaun to lea'e them,
I dread ye'll learn the gate again;	Wi' you I'll canter ony gate, To Mr. Renton.	To W. Simpson. P.S.
An' may they never learn the gasts, Of ither vite, warnerstiff 'Pets' . The Death of Mailie. Gather. Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go, S. Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go, S. Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go, S. Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go, S. Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go, S. Come boat me o'er to Charlie. An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith, Scotch Drink. 10. To gather matter for a serious piece; Scots Prologue. The sist is skies may disappear, And angry tempests gather, S. The noble Maxwells' thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The noble Maxwells' thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The capt. Ribband. Gather'd. Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits, Beside his crystal well! Despondency, an Ode. 3. When roving through the gather'd hay, S. O Phelp, Maffy 10 gather'd libral views in Bonds and Seisins. The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Gathering, -'rin, -'ran. As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. S. Afton Water. His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e, And e'y'd the gathering storm, Extem, in Court of Session. With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains; Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter. In gath'tin votes you were na slack, S. The Poor Thresh.		
Gather. Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go, S. Come boat me o'e' to Charlie. An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith, Scotch Drink. 10. To gather matter for a serious piece; Scots Prologue. The state of the st	An' may they never learn the gaets,	Gaunted [yawned].
An' Ploughmen gather wit their graith, Scotch Drink. 10. To gather matter for a scrions piece; Scots Prologue. The 'atsain's akkes may disappear, And angry tempests gather, S. The noble blaxwells thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The tookle blaxwells thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The coble blaxwells. Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits, Beside his crystal well! Despondency, an Ode. 3. When roving through the gather'd hay, S. O Phety, happy to gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins. The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Gathering, -'rin, -'ran. As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. S. Afton Water. His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e, And ey'd the gathering storm, Extem, in Court of Session. With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains; Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter. In gath'tin votes you were na slack, S. The Poor Thresh.	Gather. Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,	This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted, Kind Sir, I've read †
To gather matter for a serious piece; Scots Prologue. The 'Stars in skies may disappear, S. The noble Maxwells' Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The capt. Ribband. Gather'd. Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits, Despondency, an Ode. 3. When roving through the gather'd hay, S. Despondency, an Ode. 3. When roving through the gather'd hay, S. Despondency, an Ode. 3. When roving through the gather'd hay, S. Despondency, an Ode. 3. The Brigs of Ayr. to. Gathering, -'rin, -'ran. As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. S. Afton Water. His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e, Afton Water. His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e, Afton Water. With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains; Chart was the Hanover stem; [v. A. 9] Dread Omnipotence, alone, Can heal the wound He gave; Sad thy ta Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine. S. The day return. Enjoying large each spring and well As Nature gave them me, The Petition of Br. Water in gath'in votes you were na slack, S. The Poor Thresh.	S. Come boat me o'er to Charlie.	
Tho's stars in skies may disappear, And angry tempests gather, And angry tempests gather, S. The noble Maxwells† Thro' fields of death to gather fame, Gather'd. Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits, Beside his crystal well? Beside his crystal well? Despondency, an Ode. 3. When roving through the gather'd hay, S. O Phely, happy† Or gather'd lih'ral views in Bonds and Seisins. The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Gathering, -'rin, -'ran. As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. As pathering sweet flowerets she stems the Clear wave. With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains; On Death of R. Dundas. Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter. In gath'in votes you were na slack, S. The Poor Thresh.	To gather matter for a serious piece; Scots Prologue.	
Thro fields of death to gather fame, S. The capt. Ribband. Gather'd. Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits. Beside his crystal well! When roving through the gather'd hay, S. O Phely, happy! Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins. As gathering, 'rin, -ran. As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e, And ey'd the gathering storm, Extem. in Court of Session. With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. The gathering flows bust o'er the distant plains; On Eath of R. Dundas. Gathering her brows like gathering storm, I gath'fin votes you were na slack, Tam o' Shanter. In gath'fin votes you were na slack, S. The Poor Thresh.	Tho' stars in skies may disappear, And angry tempests gather. S. The noble Maxwells †	And deep, as soughs the boding wind,
Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, S. Fate gave the word, the subject to the specific specified	Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The capt. Ribband.	
Beside his crystal well! Despondency, an Ode. 3. When roving through the gather'd hay. S. O Phely, happy! Or gather'd lih'ral views in Bonds and Seisins. The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Gathering, -'rin, -'ran. As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e, And ey'd the gathering storm, Extem, in Court of Session. With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains; Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter. In gath'rin votes you were na slack, S. The Draw of Stanter. He gave him the rights of it all in his hand. S. The Poor Thresh.		Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, S. Fate gave the word †
Or gather'd lih'ral views in Bonds and Seisins. The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Gathering, -'rin, -'ran. As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. S. Afton Water. His lordship sat wi'r nefu' e'e, And ey'd the gathering storm, Extem, in Court of Session. With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains; Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter. In gath'rin votes you were na slack, S. The Poor Thresh.	Beside his crystal well! . Despondency, an Ode. 3.	Than aught they ever gave us, S. Lovely Davies.
Gathering, -'rin, -'ran. As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. S. Afton Water. His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e, And ey'd the gathering storm, Extem. in Court of Session. With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains; Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter. In gath'in votes you were na slack, S. The Tag ave us the Hanover stem; [v. A. o] Perd. Add. to Tyt. Pread Omnipotence, alone, Can heal the wound He gave; Sad thy ta Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine. S. The day return. Enjoying large each spring and well He gave him the rights of it all in his hand. S. The Poor Thresh.	Or gather'd lih'ral views in Bonds and Seisins.	That gave another B[urns] Nature's Law.
As gathering swect flowerets she stems thy clear wave. As flow Water. His lordship sat wi'r ruefu'e'e, And ey'd the gathering storm, Extem, in Court of Session. With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains; Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter. In gath'in votes you were na slack, S. The Poor Thresh.	Gathering, -'rin, -'ran.	But why of this epocha make such a fuss,
His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e, And eyd'the gathering storm, Extem, in Court of Session. With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains; Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter. In gath'rin votes you were na slack, S. The Poor Thresh	S. Afton Water.	That gave us the Hanover stem; [v. A. 9] Poet, Add. to Tytler.
With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains: Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter. In gath'in votes you were na slack, S. The Poor Thresh	His lordship sat wi' rnefu' e'e.	Dread Omnipotence, alone,
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plaints; Gathering her brows like gathering at Death of R. Dundas. Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter. In gath'rin votes you were na slack, S. The Poor Thresh	With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode.	Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine. S. The day returns †
Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter. In gath'rin votes you were na slack, S. The Poor Thresh.	On Death of R. Dundas.	Enjoying large each spring and well
	Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter. In gath'rin votes you were na slack,	He gave him the rights of it all in his hand. S. The Poor Thresher.
gathering flowers and husking bowers, The Fête Champetre. To Nature's God, and Nature's law They gave their lore, The Vision. D	The Author's Cry and Frayer, O.	To Nature's God, and Nature's law They gave their lore, . The Vision. D. I.
The gloomy night is gath'ring fast, S. The gloomy night † Gavin. The poor man weeps—here G[avi]N sleeps, For G.	The gloomy night is gath'ring fast, S. The gloomy night †	Gavin. The poor man weeps-here G[avi]N sleeps, For G. H.
On ev'ry side they're gath'ran; The Holy Fair. 8. Gawdy v. Gaudy.	On ev'ry side they're gath'ran; The Holy Fair. S.	Gawdy v. Gaudy. Gawky [a staring, awkward, dull-witted person].
Gaud [a goad, a long whip]. The senseless, gawky million; To Mr. M. Ada	Gaud [a goad, a long whip].	The senseless, gawky million; To Mr. M'Adam.
Fu' hlythe he wistled at the gaud, S. Young Jockey gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools, To W. Cree		gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools, To W. Creech.

Gawsie, Gausy [plump, jolly, big and lusty, large]. In comes a gawsie, gash Guidwife, . The Holy Fair. 24.	Gayest. The gowdspink, Music's gayest child, The Petition of Br. Water.
Her strappan limb an' gausy middle, The Jolly Beggars. R. V.	Gayly v. Gaily.
His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl, The Twa Dogs. 5.	Gaze. The eagle's gaze alone surveys
Gawze. I canna say but ye strunt rarely,	The sun's meridian splendor: . S. Lovely Davies.
Owre gawze and lace; To a Louse.	The polish'd jewel's blaze May draw the wond'ring gaze, . S. Mark yonder Pomp!
Gay.	Shrinking from the gaze of day
There's nane that's blest of human kind, But the cheerful and the gay, man. A Bottle and Friend.	Gaze, to.
sweet rose-bud, young and gay, . S. A Rosebud by my t	And, pensive gaze with wistful eyes, On Lincluden.
Gny as the gilded summer sky, . Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	As on their slender forms I gaze, ,
You knot of gay flowers in the arbour,	But as I gaze the vision fails,
S. Adown winding Nith †	'With future hope, I oft would gaze,
The lavrock shuns the palace gay, S. Behold, my love †	'Fond, on thy little, early ways, . The Vision. D. 11. 12.
Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers	Gaz'd. He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd.
In double pride were gay S. But lately seen †	S. On a bank of flowers t
For well I know thy gentle mind	Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me, . S. When wild War's t
Disdains art's gay disguising; S. Could aught of song,	She gaz'd—she redden'd like a rose—
'Mang fields o' flowering claver gay, Elegy on Capt. M. H., 9.	Syne pale like ony lily,
Thy gay, green flowery tresses shear,	Gazer.
But [your life] "allegretto forte" gay Harmonious flow Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.	They charm th' admiring gazer's sight, S. Young Peggy †
Now gay with the broad setting sun!	Gazing.
S. Farewell, thou fair day †	My gazing wonder chiefly drew; . The Vision. D. I. 12.
I mourn through the gay, gawdy day,	Gear [goods, effects, money, riches].
S. Here's a health to ane †	Tho' it was sma' 'twas weel-won gear, A Guid New-Year † 4.
In the gay rosy morn, as it hathes in the dew;	A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear, Was left me by my auntie, S. And O for ane and twenty †
S. How pleasant the banks †	God bless them a' wi' grace nn' gear Auld comrade
Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded lilies,	
When all the flowers were tresh and gay,	An' gied you [ministered n' hoith gear on' meal :
Till painting gay the eastern skies,	But warl's gear ne'er troubles me, . S. Behind you hills † An' gied you [ministers] a' baith gear an' meal; El. on Year 1788.
The glorious sun began to rise;	And gather gear by ev'ry wile,
A few short months, and glad and gay,	That's justify'd by Honor: Ep. to Young Friend. 7.
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; Lament for Glencairu.	But Davie lad, ne'er fash your head, Tho' we hae little gear,
Give me with gay folly to live; Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav	
The gay gandy glare of vanity and art: S. Mark yonder Pomp †	Satan, gie him thy gear to keep, He'll haud it weel thegither Epit. on Ruling Elder.
What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam:	1 gat some gear wi' meikle care, . Extem. Ap. 1782.
Monody on a Lady, Epit	That I for gear and grace may shine,
Ye shall gang in gay attire, S. My Collier Laddie.	Holy Willie's Prayer. 16.
My Harry was a gallant gay, S. My Harry was a gallant †	Ae blink o' him I wadna gie For Buskie-glen and a' his gear. S. In simmer when t
May Has made our hills and valleys gay; S. O Logan! sweetly †	O gear will buy me rigs o' land,
S. O Logan! sweetly †	And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
Now, haply down you gay green shaw, She wanders by you spreading tree; S. O wat ye wha's in t	For lack o' gear ye lightly me, S. O Tibbie!
	But if he hae the name o' gear, Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den, Now gay in hope explore the paths of men:	Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice ;
On Death of R. Dundas,	It's no the loss o' warl's gear,
Gay the sun's golden eye, Peep'd o'er the mountains high; S. Phillis the Fair.	A coof came in wi' rowth o' gear, . S. She's fair and fause t
	But woman is but warld's gear,
Spicy forests, ever gay,	Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d-d new Brigs and
The Election Ballads, III.	Harbours! The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
The gny-green woods, amang, man; The Fête Champetre.	And spend the gear they win S. The Carls of Dysart.
And O! as she wanton'd gay on the wing.	As muckle gear as buy a sheep, . The Death of Mailie.
S. The heather was blooming †	I send you here a faithfu' list,
As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,	O' gudes an' gear, an' n' my graith, The Inventory.
To see a scene sae gay,	I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear; . S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Was in the fashion shining Fu gay that day /b.	He'll apprehend them, poind their gear; The Twa Dogs. 13.
An' liv'd like lords and ladies gay; The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	For gear to gang that gate at last! Ib. 25.
And all the gay foppery of Summer is flown; S. The lacy mist †	His gear may buy him kye and yowes, His gear may buy him glens and knowes, S. To daunton me.
Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er; The Whistle. 13.	And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews, To Mr. J. Kennedy.
Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny vallies, S. Their groves of t	Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love, S. When wild War's
Love's the cloudless summer sun,	
Nature gay adorning S. Thine am I t	Geck [to sport, be playful like happy children; to mock, deride, toss the head with disdain].
thy gay morn of life o'ercast, To Chloris.	Adieu, my Liege! may Freedom geck
Since life's gay scenes must charm no more, Ib.	Beneath your high protection; A Dream. S.
Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay, To Miss C.	Ye geck at me because I'm poor, S. O Tibbie!
Oh fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning, S. True hearted was het	Ged (a pike, a jack).
	And Eels weel kend for souple tail,
ance gay like thee—Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken! V.s, under Grief.	And Geds for greed, Tam Samson's El., 6.
	Geddes.
She's aye, aye sae blythe, sae gay, S. When first I saw † She's aye sae bonie, blythe, and gay,	Wi' nae kend face hut Jenny Geddes Ep. to H. Parker.
the bees, humming round the gay roses, S. Where are the joys †	Ged's-Hole. Waes me for Johnny Ged's-Hole now,
How sweetly bloom'd the gay green hirk	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23. Geese. Or faith! I fear that, wi' the geese,
How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk, S. Ye banks and braes and streams †	I shortly boost to pasture A Dream. 6.
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain, . S. Young Jamie t	Frightin awa your deucks and geese . Add. of Beelzebub.

Geld. 'I fear unless ye geld me, I'll ne'er he hetter.'	The Genins of the Stream in front appears,
What ails ve now t	The Bries of Ayr. 13.
"Geld you!" quo he, "and whatfore no, 16.	This Hal for genius, wit, and lore, Among the first was number'd; The Dean of Fac
Gelding.	'Know, the great Genius of this Land,
'Gelding's nae hetter than 'tis ca't, What ails ye now †	'Has many a light, nerial band, . The Vision. D. II. 3.
Gem.	Gen'ral. I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
Ask why God made the gem so small,	With boundless love. The Vision. D. 11. 14.
An' why so huge the granite '[v. A. 27] Ask why God made †	Gent. Do ye envy the city-gent, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 11.
The contier's gems may witness love But 'tis na love like mine S. Behold, my love, †	Genteel. Both decent and genteel: . S. Handsome Nell.
Her cheeks are like you crimson gent,	Gentle. Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers
The pride of all the flowery scene	In donble pride were gay S. But lately seen †
S. On Cessnock banks Sett. 11.	For well 1 know thy gentle mind Disdains art's gay disguising; . S. Could aught of song †
Blest he thy bloom, thou lovely gem, On Birth of Posth. Child.	Disdains art's gay disguising; . S. Could aught of song †
As one who by some savage stream,	A gaudy dress and gentle air May slightly touch the heart, S. Handsome Nell.
A lonely gem surveys, S. Peggy Chalmers.	And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her [dame life]; Poem on Life.	S. How pleasant the banks †
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,	The gentle look that rage disarms; . S. My Mary's face †
Thou honie gem To a Mountain-Daisy.	The gentle look that rage disarms; S. My Mary's face to Gentle Night, do thou befriend me; S. Musing on the rearing to the beatmen on Nith's gentle stream.
May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,	S. Musing on the roaring †
Richly deck thy native stem; To Miss C.	The boatmen on Title's gentle stream,
The rosy dawn, the springing grass, With early gems adorning S. Young Peggy †	The gentle pride, the lordly state, . On dining with Daer.
With early gems adorning S. Young Peggy † Gemappe.	Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet, . Tam o' Shanter. 4.
But fell in a trap	For some had gentle folks to please, The Election Ballads. I.
On the braes of Gemappe, . The Black-Headed Eagle.	Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair, Shall ever he my mnse's care; . S. The Highland Lassie.
Gender. That which distinguished the gender	I am a Bard of no regard,
O' Balaam's ass; On Grose's Peregrinations.	Wi' gentle folks an 'a' that; The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
General. Their left-hand General had nae skill,	Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	In favor wi' some gentle Master, The Twa Dogs. 21.
Some unforeseen misfortune	But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest, To Miss Graham.
Comes generally upon me, O; S. My father was a farmer	And gentle Peace returning, S. When wild War's †
Generation.	When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart, S. Wilt thou be my t
To cowe the rehel generation, . Add. of Beelzebub. 2.	Gentleman.
What was I or my generation, Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.	The Gentleman in word and deed, . A Ded. to G. H., 6.
And B[nrn]'s spring, her fame to sing,	There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
To endless generations! Nature's Law.	And semple-folk mann fecht and fen; . S. Gane is the day t
Generous, Gen'rous.	She brew'd gude ale for gentlemen . S. Seroggam.
May ne'er his gen'rons, honest heart,	They've lost some gallant gentlemen S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
For that same gen'rous spirit smart! . A Ded. to G. H. 14.	Shew'd him the gentleman an' scholar; . The Twa Dogs.
For that same gen'rous spirit smart! . A Ded. to G. H. 14. What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 181. 4.	But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Astock'd him to the general truly great	Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst 16. 30.
Attach'd him to the generous truly great, Ep. to R. Graham. 4.	The gentleman in word au' deed, . To Rev. J. M'Math.
The tender Father, and the gen rous Friend.	Gentler.
Epit. for Author's Father.	Still gentler [scan] sister Woman; . Add. to Unco Guid. 7.
thou, the noble, generous, great, . Lament for Glencairn.	Gentles (great folks, gentry, aristocrats).
The generous purpose, nobly dear, . S. My Mary's face †	An' German-Gentles are but sma', A Dream, 14.
by a generous Public's kind acclaim, Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head; Scotch Drink. 7.
Firm may she rise with generous disdain Ib.	The gentles ye wad neer envy them! . The Twa Dogs. 28.
As ye have generons done, if a' the land Would take the Mnses' servants by the hand, Scots Prologue.	Gently. Sae gently bent its thorny stalk, S. A Rosebud by my †
73	Then gently scan your brother Man,
For gen'rous patronage, and meikle kindness, Ib.	Still gentler sister Woman; . Add. to Unco Guid. 7.
Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace, The Brigs of Ayr.	Flow gently, sweet Afton, [re.] . S. Afton Water.
And there will be Kenmure sae gen rous:	We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk, S. Now westlin winds †
The Election Ballads. III.	Her breath is like the fragrant breeze That gently stirs the blossom'd bean, S. On Cessnoek banks †
And Hopeton falls, the generous, brave; Ib. VI.	But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
And fill them high with generons juice, As generous as your mind;	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
And pledge me in the generous toast—	Chrystal streamlets gently flowing, . S. Thickest night †
"The whole of human kind!" To a Lady.	Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
Will generous G[raham] list to his Poet's wail? To R. G. of F. 1.	S. Wandering Willie.
	Gently-crusting,
	Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream. The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
	Gentoo [a native of India].
Genius. When, from the eddying deep below,	Ve'll get the best o' moral works.
Up rose the Genius of the stream. As on the banks †	'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks, A Ded. to G. H., 6.
"Man! cruel Man!" the Genius sigh'd, Ib.	Gentry.
genius, th' illustrious father of fiction, Frag. inscr. to Fox.	The Q-, and the rest of the gentry, Poet. add. to Tytler.
Ill-fated genins! Heaven-taught Fergusson!	But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry, The herryment and ruin of the country; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Lus on Fergusson.	Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs,
Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe,	An' screen our countra Gentry; The Holy Fair. 9.
O' stature short but genits bright	
O' stature short, but genius bright, On Grose's Peregrinations.	An' when the gentry's life I saw, What way poor bodies liv'd ava The Twa Dogs. 7.
But here an ancient nation fam'd afar,	
	the gentry first are steghan,
For genius, learning high, as great in war	L-d man, our gentry care as little
For genius, learning high, as great in war Prologue, sp. by Woods.	

But this is gentry's life in common The Twa Dogs. 34. And God bless young Dunaskin's laird, The blossom of our gentry! To Mr. M'Adam.	'Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!
My curse upon your whunstane hearts, Ye Enbrugh Gentry! To W. Simpson.	That I should get such exaltation, Holy Willie's Prayer. 3. wi' warldly trust, Vile self gets in:
Genty [neat, slender and elegantly formed]. Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist S. A. Mastrin's bonie Anne. Sae sweetly move her genty limbs, S. My Lord a-hunting †	At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer. <i>Impromptu</i> . So may ye get in glad possession, - The coins o' Satan's coronation! S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.†
He roos'd my waist sae genty sma'; . S. Young Jockey t	Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion She'll ne'er get better Letter to J. Goudie.
Genuine. man's true, genuine estimate, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd, S. My love she's but t
Genus. And merchandise' whole genus take their birth. Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	We seek but little, L—, from thee; Thou kens we get as little New Psalmody. O whare did ye get that hauver-meal bannock?
Geordie [dim. of George]. For Geordie's jurr we're in disgrace, Adam A—'s Prayer. Auld, grim, black-bearded Geordie's sel, Ib. the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,	S. O whare did ye get to then up he gets, and off he sets, On W. Chabners. Our sinfu' saul to get a claute on Poem on Life. His heart will never get aboon! Poor Mailie' Set.
S. Awa' wi your witchcraft that daft buckie, Geordie W[ale]s, Kind Sir, I've read thous what reck I by thee, Or Geordie on his ocean? S. Louis what reck I the	The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a hoard, If he canna get her at a', man
Teugh Johnie, staunch Geordie and Wattie, The Election Ballads. III.	Nae howdie gets a social night Or plack frae them. [v. A.25]
George. How Royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him! Was managing St. Stephen's quorum; Kind Sir, Fve read†	Scots Prologue. But if its ordain'd I maun tak' him, O wha will I get but Tam Glen? S. Tan Glen.
Still in prayers for K— G— I most heartily join, Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
Say, such is royal George's will, An there's the foe, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. George, Geordie, a [a guinea].	An' no get warmly to your feet, The Author's Cry and Prayer. Arouse my boys I evert your mettle.
An' baith a yellow George to claim, An' thole their blethers; Ep. to J. R. 12.	Arouse my hoys! exert your mettle, To get auld Scotland hack her kettle! lb. 15. An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear, To get remead lb. 18.
whare thro' the steeks The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks. The Twa Dogs. 8. George's Street.	There's heanty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
Down George's Street I stoited; To Miss Ferrier. German.	The Belles of Mauchline. 'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap, The Brigs of Ayr.
An' German gentles are but sma', Tbey're better just than want ay On onie day. A Dream. 14.	An' for thy pains thou'se get my blather. The Death of Mailie. An he get na hell for his haddin,
And Sackville doure, wha stood the stoure, The German Chief to thraw, man: . A Fragment. 5.	The deil gets na justice ava. The Election Ballads. III. Gifted by black Jock To get them aff his hands. Ib. IV.
Then howses drumlie German-water, The Twa Dogs. 23. Gesture. His eldritch squeel an' gestures, The Holy Fair. 13.	"We will get famous laughin At them this day." The Holy Fair. 5.
His English style, and gesture fine,	"I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
(An' Will's a true guid fallow's get, A Dream. 7. She was nae get o' moorlan tips, Poor Mailie's El	An' gin ye tax her or her mither, B' the L-d! ye'se get them a' thegither The Inventory.
She was noe get o' runted rams, [v.A.19] Ib. Get, to.	Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot, The Rights of Woman.
Ye'll get the best o' moral works, 'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks, A Ded. to G. H., 6.	Our Laird gets in his racked rents, . The Twa Dogs. 8. They get the jovial, rantan Kirns, 1b. 19.
Then swith! an' get a wife to hig, A Dream. 12,	There's scarce a new herd that we get, But comes frae 'mang that cursed set, The Twa Herds. 11.
And ony De'il that thinks to get you, Good Lord deceive him A Farewell. And whare will ye get Howes and Clintons	And get the brutes the power themsels, To choose their herds
Add. of Beelzebub. 2. Get out a horsewhip, or a jowler	To choose their herds
As a' the priests had seen me get thee Add. to Illegit. Child. I flatter my fancy I may get another, S. As I a-wand ring †	Until I get a nod. [re.] S. There's news, lasses † To get a blade o' Johnnie's morals, . To a Medical Gent.
I cou'dna get sleeping till dawing, for greeting, 1b. 'Nae canker worms get leave to dwell. As on the banks †	l'Il get a blessin wi' the lave, An' never miss't! To a Mouse.
May ye get mony a merry story, Mony a laugh and mony a drink, . Auld comrade dear†	An' get sic fair example stranght, To Gav. Hamilton. An' if a Devil he at a', In faith he's sure to get him
Rest I canna get For thinking o' my dearie. S. Ay waking, O † Sleep I can get nane, For thinking on my Dearie.	To try to get the twa to gree,
S. Ay waukin, O. But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal, S. Behind you hills †	I get it no ae day in ten
Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet, S. Ca' the Ewes. Ev'n them he canna get attended,	I could wish nae man to get ye, Save it were my very sel. S. Will ye go and marry †
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19. 'Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat, 'He gets his fairin!'	If ye wad a man should get ye, Then I can that want supply:
Thou'se get the saul o' boot Epig. on Henpecked Squire. There's wit there, ye'll get there,	Getting. And getting fou and unco happy, Tam o' Shanter.
Ye'll find one other where	Ghaist, Gaist [ghost]. And, by the moon-beam, shook, to see A stern and stalwart ghaist arise, A Vision.

When, lo, in form of minstrel nuld, A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd [v.A.20] A Vision.	But gie me a canny bour at e'en, My arms about my Dearie, O; S. Green grow the Rashes.
A woe-worn ghaist 1 bameward glide.	She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
S. Again rejoicing Nature † But a royal ghaist who ance was cas'd	But first on Sawnie gies a ca',
A prisoner aughteen year awa S. Amang the trees †	S. Hev the dusty miller †
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes kenn'd ny Frae ghaists an' witches. Death and Dr. Hornbook, 3.	Ae blink o' him 1 wadna gie For Buskie-glen and a' his gear. S. In simmer when †
Gaist nor bogle shalt thou fear, . S. Hark! the mavis †	Gi'e me love at ony price; S. Jockey fou, †
Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,	Gi'e me love in her I court;
On Grose's Peregrinations. Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. Tam o' Shanter. 9.	Haste, gie her name up i' the chappel, Letter to J. Goudie.
1 wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,	Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption Death soon will end her
S. There's auld Rob M.	Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
haist-alluring.	Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me. The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy. S. Montgomerie's Peggy.
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist-alluring edifices, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	I wou'd gie a' Knockhaspie's land, For loyal Harry back again. S. My Harry was a gallant †
Gaunt, ghastly, ghaist alluring edifices, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	I'll gie Cuckold to naebody S. Naebody.
Wi' ghastly e'e poor Tweedledee	Ah, Fortune canoa gie me mair! . S. Now bank and brae !
Upon his hunkers bended, . The Jolly Beggars. R. VI. He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assign'd. The Vowels.	If ye gie a woman a' her will, Gude faith she'll soon o'er-gang ye.
Phost.	S. O ay my wife she dang.
Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame ; The Election Ballads. VI.	O gie my love brose, brose, Gie my love brose and butter; . S. O gie my love brose
"I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More, The Whistle. 8.	But gie me a braw moonlight,
Sibbet. As dangling in the wind he hangs	And me and my love together
A gibbet's tassel Foem on Life.	At least be pity to me shown; S. O Mary, at thy window \$
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns; Tam o' Shanter. 11. iiddy. Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus . To J. Taylor.	Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins O'marrying Bess, to gie her a slave: S. O merry hae I been t
lie, Gi'e, Gi' [to give].	What's a' the joys that gowd can gie? S. O Phely,
Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him; A Ded. to G.H., 10.	1 would na gie ber in ber sark
An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck, And gie her for dissection!	For thee wir a' thy thousand mark; S. O Tibbie!! But gi'e me Lucy in my arms, . S. O wat ye wha's in the sum of the
And gie her for dissection! A Dream. &. Will Ye accept a Compliment,	Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair, S. O wha my babie-clouts
A simple bardie gies Ye?	Gie him the schulin of your weans; . On a Schoolmaster
An' [Heav'n] gie you lads a plenty:	Inspires my muse to gie 'm bis dues, . On W. Chalmers
When Phoebus gies a short-liv'd glow'r, A Winter Night. May Hornie gie her doup a clink	Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start, . S. Sae far awa Gi'e me the lonely valley,
Ahint his yett, Adam A-s Prayer.	The dewy eve, and rising moon; S. Sae flaxen
And gie their hides a noble currie,	Gie him strong Drink until he wink, . Scotch Drink. Mott
Add. of Beelzebub.	When Vulcan gies his bellys breath,
a feckless matter To gie ane fash. Add. to Illegit, Child.	Gies famous sport, [v, A. 25] 1b. 12
An' tak' the counsel I sall gi'e thee,	Fortune, if thou'll but gie me still Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill, An' rowth o' rhyme
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang, Add. to Toothache.	Ib. 21
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal	Will bauldly try to gie us Plays at hame? Scots Prologue Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin': Second Ep. to Davie
A towmond's Tooth-Ache! Ib. Gies now and then a wallop, Add. to Unco Guid. 4.	And gi'es a hand o' thine; . S. Shild auld acquaintance
Before ye gie poor Frailty names,	We auld wives' minions gie our opinions, Symon Gray
Suppose a change o cases;	My daddy says, gin 1'll forsake bim, He'll gie me gude bunder marks ten; S. Tam Glen
O gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms, O gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.	I'll gie you my bonie black hen,
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft † 'Come, gies your hand, an' sae we're gree't;	To gie them music was his charge: Tam o' Shanter. 1.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.	My mither she bade me gie him a stool, [re.] S. The auld man
Come, gies your news!	But gie him't het, my hearty cocks! The Author's Cry and Prayer
We'll over the border and gie them a brush; S. Cock up your beaver.	Wi' bluidy ban' a welcome gies him; Ib. F
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee, To boat me o'er to Charlie. S. Come boat me o'er.	He, down the water, gies him this guid-een The Brigs of Ayr., An' now my dying charge I gie him, The Death of Mailie
What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again. El. on Year 1788.	But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
Or if she [Religion] gie a random-sting, It may be little minded; Ep. to Young Friend. 10.	So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
They [Misfortunes] gie the wit of Age to Youth;	Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine, Another gies them clatter; . The Fête Champetre
Ep. to Davie. 7.	He gies a Fête Champetre,
Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 13.	Gie me within my straining grasp
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith, To hear your crack	The melting form of Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A Gie me my Highland lassie O. S. The Highland Lassin
Mnybe some ither thing they gie me They weel can spare	To gie the jars an barrels A lift The Holy Fair. 1.
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care, Ib. 18.	Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair Than either School or Colledge;
O Thou wha gies us each guid gift!	An' gies them't, like a tether, Fu' lang
I hope to gie the jads a clearin'	Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine, S. The Honest Man
in fair play yet Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.	To which I'm clear to gi'e my aith The Inventor
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep, He'll haud it weel thegither Epit. on Ruling Elder.	An' av he gies the tozie drab
Death takes him hame to gie him quarters.	The tither skelpan kiss, The Jolly Beggars. R.
Epit, on Tam the Chapman.	Poet Willie, gi' the Doctor a volly, The Kirk's Alarm. 1.

O' double verse come gie us four, The Ordination. 3.	'Twon'd been o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair.
	'Twou'd been o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair, I mean an nogel mind S. She's fair and fause †
	I mean an angel mind S. She's fair and fause! I wad hae gi'en them [thir breeks] off my hurdies, For ae blink o' the bonie burdies!
Gie them sufficient threshin,	For ae blink o' the bonie burdies! Tam o' Shanter, 13.
Hear, how he gies the tither yell,	Denth's gien the Lodge an unco devel, Tam Samson's El.,
Between his twa companions!	
They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse, 16. 13.	"Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck Of a' the ten commune's A screed some day."
She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light, The Tarbolton Lasses.	Of a' the ten comman's A screed some day." The Holy Fair. 4.
Gie me the groat again, cany young man, S. The Taylor fell †	
To gie the sweetest blush o' health, The Tree of Liberty.	
I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,	And names, like villain, hypocrite
To taste sic fruit, I swear, man	Ilk ither gi'en, The Twa Herds. 9.
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,	My word of honor I hae gien, To Gav. Hamilton.
The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15.	gi'en the hody half an e'e, To Miss Ferrier.
The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15.	Griefs gien his heart an unco kickin', To IV. Creech.
'But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,	You've gi'en us walth for born and knife, V.s to a Landlady.
S. There liv'd ance a carle † But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,	Gif [if]. But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
Gie her a Haggis! To a Haggis.	I'm on your list. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 15.
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,	An' gif the custock's sweet or sour, Halloween. 5.
Wad dress your droddum! To a Louse.	
O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us	
To see oursels as others see as!	And gif ye canna bite, ye may bark. The Kirk's Alarm. 8.
Dear -, I'll gie ye some advice, To a Painter.	Gif ye hae ony luve for me, S. The lass that made the bed.
	Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
We auld wives minions gie our opinions, Solicited or no:	He's greater than a lord, man, . The Tree of Liberty.
	Gif I rise and let you in, S. Wha is that at my t
Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds, To J. S., 22.	Gift. L-d, we thank an' thee adore
Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards,	For temp'ral gifts we little merit; A Grace.
yill an' whisky gie to Cairds, 16.	Let Fortune's gifts at random flee, S. Bonnie Lassie, will ye go t
A Garter gie to Willie Pitt;	I grudge a wee the Great-folk's gift, Ep. to Davie.
Gie wealth to some be-ledger'd Cit, 1b. 23.	
But gie me just a true good fallow	O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 13.
Wi' right ingine, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	1 trust mean time my boon is in thy gift:
To gie the rascals their deserts, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
to gie their malice skouth On some puir wight, Ib.	For gifts an' grace.
Or lasses gie my heart a screed, To W. Simpson. 5.	A burnin' an' a shinin' light, Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.
I kittle up my rustic reed;	That brilliant gift will so enrich me,
It gies me ease	Improm., on Mrs. —'s Eirthday.
They took one point their speech to believe	Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift, . S. Lovely Davies.
They took nae pains their speech to balance, Or rules to gie,	Nature's gifts to all are free: . On scaring Water-fowl.
Guid observation they will air story	
Guid observation they will gie them;	Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin, When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin; Scotch Drink. 5.
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,	
That thy presence gies to me. S. Turn again, thou fair	He wadna hecht them courtly gifts, The Election Ballads. I.
To murder men, and gie God thanks!	And clear the consequential sorrows,
For shame! gie o'er-proceed no further V. on Nat. Thanks	Love-gifts of Carnival signoras. [v.A.13] The Twa Dogs. 23.
I gi'e their wames a random pouse, . What ails ye now t	Nor thou the gift refuse, To Chloris.
I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts An unco slip yet, . Ib.	And, dearest gift of heaven below,
'I'll frankly gi'e her't a' thegither, An' let her guide it. Ib.	Thine friendship's truest heart
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey, . S. When o'er the hill !	Accept the gift; tho' humble he who gives, To Miss Graham.
My daddie signed my tocher hand,	No gifts have 1 from Indian coasts
To gie the lad that has the land, . S. Where Cart rins +	To Miss L., with " Beattie."
And gie it [my hand] to the sailor	A gift that e'en for S-e were fit To Mr. Syme.
	The gift still dearer, as the giver you To R. Graham.
I wad na gie a button for her S. Willie Wastle t Gied [gave].	Accept the gift a friend sincere
we it a first to the control of the	Wad on thy worth be pressin'; . V.s, under Grief.
He gied me thee, o' tocher clear, . A Guid New-year 4	But kind still, I'll mind still
I gied thy cog a wee-hit heap Aboon the timmer; 1b. 13.	The giver in the gift; Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."
An' gied the infant warld a shog, . Add, to the Deil, 16.	
An' gied you [ministers] n' baith gear an' meal;	Gifted. Lest he owre high and proud shou'd turn, 'Cause he's sae gifted; Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.
El. on Year 1788.	Gifted by black Jock To get them aff his hands.
An' out a handfu' gied him;	The Election Ballads, IV.
My Sandy gied to me a ring S. My Sandy gied t	Giftie [dim. of gift].
But 1 gied him a far better thing,	O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring	To see oursels as others see us! To a Louse.
He took a hauf and gied it to me,	Giga. Set off wi' allegretto glee
	His giga Solo. The Jolly Beggars. R. V.
My heart to my mou' gied a sten;	Giglet (a playful, laughing, thoughtless girl).
But gied his auld naig to the Lord.	As round the fire the giglets keckle
The Election Ballads. III.	To see me loup; Add. to Toothache.
Or gied her faes a claw, Jamie; S. The Laddies by	Gilbertfield. Should I but dare a hope to speel.
The hirelings ran-her foes gied chase, The Tree of Liberty.	Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield.
Ramsay an' famous Fergusson	Gild. The braes o' fame; To W. Simpson.
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; To W. Simpson. 8.	And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; To IV. Simpson. S.	That ne'er wad blink on mine! Lament of Mary of Scots.
They gied me rings and ribbons fine; S. Where Cart rins t	And [Supherms] gild the distant mountain's hyans
And I was fear'd my heart wou'd tine, And I gied it to the sailor.	And [Sunheams] gild the distant mountain's brow; S. On Cessnock banks †
	like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Gien, Gi'en [given].	Thou where bright our new silds were event shirt
And now Ye've gien auld Britain peace, . A Dream. 6.	Thou whose bright sun now gilds you orient skies!
She's [Fortune's] gien me monie a jirt an' fleg, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 9.	Sonnet, wr. on Birthday. And not a Wish to gild the gloom! The Lament.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 9.	Did many talents gild thy span? . Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Justice, alas: has gien him o'er, . Epit, on Holy Willie	Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
He ne'er was gien to great misguidin, On Scot. Bard gne to IV.1.	That gild the passing shower, S. Young Peggy †

Gilded, Gilt.	Your muse is a gipsie, e'en tho' she were tipsie, She cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are. The Kirk's Alarm,
Gay as the gilded summer sky, . Add, to Edinburgh. 4. Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded lilies,	But wad hae spent an hour caressan.
S. How pleasant the banks † And twere more fit that she should sit.	Ev'n wi' a Tinkler-gipsey's messan: . The Twa Dogs. 3. Gipsy-gang. Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glainor,
Within you chariot gilt aboon S. O Mally's meek.	On Grose's Peregrinations.
From the gilded Spontoon to the Fife I was ready, The Jolly Beggars, S. II.	Girdin. Ha, ha the girdin o't, . S. Duncan Gray.
Gilding. Phæbus, gilding the brow of the morning,	And a for the girdin o't
S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st † Gill. A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith To hear your crack. Ep. to J. L-k,'Ap. 1st. 7.	Wae on the had girdin o't
The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,	Girdle (a thin circular plate of iron for baking cakes
And ca' anither gill, jo: S. O. Steer her up t	or scones on the fire]. Wi' jumping, an' thumping,
It sets you ill, Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell, Or foreign gill	The vera girdle rang The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill, An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,	A country girl at her wheel, Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel: . The Twa Dogs. 30.
Clao in his cheek a Highland gill, The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.	Girn [to grin].
And brandy Jean, that took her gill, In Galloway sae wide The Election Ballads, I.	It [a raep] maks guid fellows girn an' gape, "Poor Mailie's El
Here's crying out for bakes an' gills, . The Holy Fair. 18.	Girning, -in', -an [grinning, snarling]. And gart me weet my wankrife winkers,
Be't whisky-gill or penny-wheep,	Wi' girnan spite Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.
Sir, o'er a gill I gat your card, To Mr. M'Adam.	Soor Bigotry, on her last legs. Girnin' looks hack, Letter to J. Goudie.
Gillie [dim. of gill]. I'll toast you in my hindmost gillie, On Scot. Bard gue to W.I.	Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs Poem on Life.
Gilpey [a young frolicsome person].	ev'ry sour-mou'd girnin' blellum, To W. Creech. Mysel, I've ev'n seen them greetan
'I was a gilpey then, I'm sure, 'I was na past fysteen:	Wi girnan spite, To W. Simpson, P.S., Girr [a hoop].
Gimmer [a ewe from one to two years old].	He ca't the girrs out o'er us a'; S. The Cooper o' cuddy †
The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets, Was laird himsel. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.	Girt.
Gin, Gain [if, suppose; against or by].	Girt on her mantle and her hose, S. It was the charming to Girvan. Girvan's fairy haunted stream S. Now bank and bract
Gin I saw ane and twenty. [re.] S. And O for ane and twenty † Gin a body kiss a body	Give. Let William Hislop give the spirit A Grace.
Need a body cry. [re.] S. Comin thro' the rye t	Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast,
Gin a body kiss a hody, need a body tell; [re.] S. Comin thro' the rye. Sett II.	At Meet. of D. Volunteers. The next in succession, I'll give you the King, 1b.
But Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith, [re.] S. Duncan Gray.	Nor ever daughter give the mother pain. Black & 35 Manda 4
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir. S. I'm o'er young to marry t	the pleasure The fickle Fair can give thee, Is but a fairy treasure, S. Deluded Swain †
But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave. Letter to J. Goudie. gin I fa', Ae way or ither, Lns to J. Rankine.	Ev'n love an' friendship should give place To catch-the plack! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 20.
Young man, gin ye should be sae kind,	To eatch-the-plack! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 20. Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give, Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
S. Lass, when yr mither t Gio ye'll leave your Collier laddie. S. My Collier Laddie.	That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough; 16.5.
To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids, S. My heart was ance t	Who feel by reason and who give by rule,
Shame fa' me gin I tell;	Give me Maria's natal day! Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
But gin ye he crafty, I am cunning, S. O meikle thinks my love †	Content am I if Heaven shall give But happiness to thee; S. It is na, Jean †
An' gin she winna tak a man, E'en let her tak her will, jo. [re.] . S. O steer her up †	Nor give [ye winds] the coward secret breath Liberty.
Gin ye crowdie ony mair, Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away S. O that I had ne'er †	To see the miscreants feel the pains they give: Lns extem, in Lady's Pocket-bk.
O gin my love were you red rose, S. O were my love t	give the cause a hearing: Lns on Window, K.'s A., D.,
O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't! S. O whare did ye get † My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,	Give me with gay folly to live; Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav But folly has raptures to give
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten: S. Tam Glen.	Which tenfold force gives Nature's law
Gin ye will advise me to marry The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Gleo	Man was made to Mourn. To give him leave to toil;
But gin ye be a Brig as auld as me, The Brigs of Ayr. 5.	To give him leave to toil; Ib. Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa'. S. My Nanie's awa.
Gin ye'll go there, The Holy Fair. 5.	To give obedience due;
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane, Ib. 27. An' gin ye tax her or her mither,	The Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow; S. No Churchman am I †
B' the L-d! ye'se get them a' thegither The Inventory.	Thou dart of Heav'n that flashest by, O wilt thou give me rest! S. O mirk, mirk †
gio the truth were a' but kent, . The Ruined Maid's L	May He who gives the rain to pour, On Birth of Posth. Child.
I'd see my jo Beside me gain the gloaming. S. The tither morn †	The south nor the east give ease to my breast,
And saw gin they were sick or hale, . The Twa Herds. 7. O gin I were her dearie! S. When first I saw †	But Worth and Truth eternal Youth
'Or gin ye like to end the bother, . What ails ye now t	Will give to Polly Stewart S. Polly Stewart. And offers, bliss to give and to receive. Prologue, at Th., D
What will I do gin my Hoggie die? S. What will I do gin †	What wealth could never give nor take away!
Gin-shop. Pawn'd in a gin-shop	Sonnet wr. on Birthday. Give me the stream that sweetly laves
Quenching holy drouth. The Election Ballads. IV.	The banks by Castle Gordon. [re.] S. Streams that glide †
Gipsy, Gipsey, Gipsie. thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy polled, Ep. fr. Esopus.	Then of its faults my honest thoughts I'll give—and here they go Symon Gray †
And vermined gipsies litter'd heretofore	Talk not of Love, it gives me pain. S. Talk not of Love †
And black Joan, frae Chricton Peel, Of gipsy kith and kin, The Election Ballads. I.	The god-like bliss, to give, alone excels. The Brigs of Ayr. Or nature aught of pleasure give; S. The day returns †
2 P	

The deil ane but honours them highly,	So Clootie was glad to return wi' his pack, S. There livid ance a carle†
The deil and will give them his vote. The Election Ballads. III.	Wad a' be glad to see you; To a Medical Gent
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns; Ib. 17.	You think I'm glad; oh, I pay weel For a' the joy I borrow, V.s, under Grief.
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns: 10.11. While dying raptures in her arms, I give and take with Anna! S. The gorud. Locks of A.	For a' the joy I borrow, V.s, under Grief. Glad, to. Now Pheebus chears the crystal streams,
I give it for ever to thee and thy heirs, S. The Poor Thresher.	And glads the azure skies;
Give the poet's darling flame,	But nought can glad the weary wight Lament of Mary of Scots.
'I come to give thee such reward,	Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!
	On seeing wounded Hare.
'Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, A rustic Bard. Ib. 21. 'To give my counsels all in one Ib. 22.	Gladden. And equal rights and equal laws
Yet love to friendship shall give way, To Clarinda.	Wad gladden every isle, man The Tree of Liberty.
O could I give thee India's wealth, . To J. M'Murdo.	Gladdening. Nature gladdening and adorning;
An' some, by whom your doctrine's blam'd	S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st t
(Which gives you honor) To Rev. J. M'Math. But give me real, sterling Wit, To J. S., 23.	Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade, El. on Capt. M. H. b.
Lask no kindness at thy hand.	Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows,
For thou hast none to give To Lord G.	Adown the glade The Vision. D. 11. 20.
Give me the cot below the pine, To tend the flocks or till the soil, S. Twas even—the dewy†	When musing in a lonely glade, S. 'Twas even—the dewy t
And give a love-lorn maiden rest! S. To thee, lov'd Nith †	Gladly. Who for thy sake would gladly die! S. O Mary, at thy window †
And give all his hopes the lie? . S. Why, why tell thy t	Gladly how would I resign thee [Life], . S. Raving winds †
Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, [re.] S. Ye Jacobites by name t	Wha for thine wou'd gladly die! S. Turn again, thou fair t
Given, Giv'n.	Gladness.
While recollection's pow'r is giv'n, A Ded. to G. H., 16.	"But nocht in all-revolving time "Can gladness bring again to me. Lament for Glencairn.
To whom hae much, shall yet be given,	Gladsome. But lately seen, in gladsome green, The woods rejoic'd the day, S. But lately seen †
Is every great man's faith; Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.	The woods rejoic'd the day, S. But lately seen to O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t
"Strength to hear it will be given, S. Husband, husband †	Come, let us stray our gladsome way, S. Now westlin' winds †
Kind Nature's care had given his share, Large, of the flaming current: Nature's Law.	To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains,
This consolation's given	To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains, S. To thee, lov'd Nith to S. To thee, lov'd Nith to S. To the south loss of th
She's from a world of woe relieved, On the Poet's Daughter.	Glaikit, Glaiket [llght, giddy, foolish, thoughtless, inattentive].
-Man, to whom alone is given A ray direct from pitying Heaven, On scaring Water-fowl.	For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unco Guid. 2.
To him be given to ken the heav'n	Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in; Kind Sir, I've read †
He gains in Polly Stewart! S. Folly Stewart.	But Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit; Second Ep. to Davie. Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies, To Dr. Blacklock.
Thou hast given a peerless toast	Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies, . To Dr. Blacklock. Glaive [a sword].
Hath giv'n them peace and rest, The 1st Psaim.	But Cl-nt-n's glaive frae rust to save
Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n, To a Mountain-Daisy.	He hung it to the wa', man A Fragment. 4.
(The second sight, ye ken, is given To ilka Poet) To Terraughty.	Glaizie [glittering, smooth as glass, glossy]. I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glaizie, A Guid New-Year † 2.
As far surpassing other common villains,	Glamor [magical delusion].
	Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor, On Grose's Peregrinations.
As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more. Tragic Frag. The smile or frown of aweful Heaven, To Virtue or to Vice is given Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Glance.
Giver.	By Adamhill a glance he threw, . Lns add. to J. Ranken.
The gift still dearer, as the giver you To R. Graham.	A scepter'd hand, a king's command, Is in her darting glances: S. Lovely Davies.
If aught that giver from my mind efface; If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace;	There catch her ilka glance of love, [re.]
But kind still. I'll mind still	S. Now bank and brae
The giver in the gift; Wr. on Leaf of "H. More.	Those smiles and glances let me see, S. O Mary, at thy window
Giving. I know my need, I know thy giving hand, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Ye [flowers] catch the glances of here'e ! S. O wat ye wha's in
And giving milk to me The Highl. Widow's Lament.	Oft has thy silent-marking glance
Giv'st. Come thou who giv'st with all a courtier's grace;	
Ep. to R. Graham, 5.	Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs, 'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares The Rights of Woman
Thou giv'st the word; Thy creature, man, Is to existence brought; The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	The Rights of Woman
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell, To R. G. of F.	'Twas the hewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness. S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e
Gizz [a periwig; the face].	And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance
Wi' reeket duds, an' reestet gizz, . Add. to the Deil. 17.	That dwalt on me sae kindly! S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams
Glad. How can my poor heart be glad, S. How can my poor heart †	In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs;
So may ve get in glad possession,	S. You wild mossy mountains
	Glance, to. You wand'ring rill, that marks the hill,
A few short months, and glad and gay, Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; Lament for Glencairn.	And glances o'er the brae, Sir: S. Damon and Sylvia
Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; Lament for Glencaurn. Ob, how can I be blythe and glad, S. Oh, how can I be blythe †	Whene'er my Muse does on me glance.
S. Oh, how can I be blythe † In each hird's careless song,	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 9 What sparkling jewels glance, man! The Fête Champetre
Glad did I share;	Wi' Similth who thro' the heart can glance.
He had no wish but-to be glad, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	The Twa Herds, 17
But now as glad I'm wi' my lad, As shortsyne broken-hearted. S. The tither morn †	Glane'd.
As shortsyne broken-hearted. S. The tither morn † But he wad stan't, as glad to see him, The Twa Dogs.	I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor
Now every thing is glad, while I am very sad,	Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd: The Brigs of Ayr. 11
S. The Winter it is past †	The Brigs of Ayr. 11

Glancing, -in.	Gleesome.
Wi' ruffl'd sark an' glancin cane, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 12.	Come, kittle up your moorlan harp Wi gleesome touch! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 8
Thy tempting lips, thy glancing een, S. O were I on Parnass.	We glesome touch! Ep. to f. L-k, Ap. 21st. 8 When to the loughs the Curlers flock.
And the glancin' of her sparklin' e'en. S. On Cessnock banks † An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en. [re.] 1b.	"I gleesome spied, . I am Samson's El.
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing; Tam o' Shanter. 10.	Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing, The Fête Champetr
And siller buckles glancin; . S. The Ploughman t	Ye glaiket, gleesome, dainty damies, . To Dr. Blacklock
Glare.	Gleg [sharp, keen, quick, acute, clever, adroit]. But gleg as light are lovers' een, . S. O this is no my ain
The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art: S. Mark yonder Pompt	But he was gleg as onie wumble, On Scot. Bard gne to W.
The lamp of day with ill-presaging glare, On Death of Sir J. H. Blair,	Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg The cut of Adam's philibeg; . On Grose's Peregrination.
Glass. Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,	The cut of Adam's philibeg; . On Grose's Peregrination, unskaith'd by Death's gleg guille, Tam Samson's El., Per C
They parted aff careerin Halloween. 28. My face was but the keekin' glass	And there will be gleg Colonel Tam.
And there ye saw your picture. In Defence of a Lady.	The Election Ballads, 11.
Each man a glass in hand : John Barleycorn.	Till faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg The Inventor
For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass. Lus, on Back of Bank Note.	Then back I rattle on the rhyme As gleg's a whittle! There's naethin like
Surrounded thus by bolus pill,	Altho' I say't, he's gleg enough, To Gav. Hamilton
And potion glasses Poem on Life.	Glen.
I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, In glass or jug Scotch Drink.	My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen, Auld Comrade dear
Out owre a glass o' Whisky-punch	But what will I do wi' Tam Glen? [re.] S. Tam Glen Glen. And the distant-echoing glens reply. A Vision
They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat.	And now we're dern'd in glens and bollows.
The Brigs of Ayr, 11. To social-flowing glasses . The Petition of Br. Water.	Glen. And the distant-echoing glens reply A Vision And now we're dern'd in glens and bollows,
whilst with both hands I can bold the glass steady,	In lanely glens ye like to stray; Add. to the Deil. 3 Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
The Jolly Beggars, S. II.	S. Afton Water
As them who like to taste the drappie In glass or horn. There's naething like †	In vain to me, in glen or shaw, The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
Clarinda, take this little boon,	S. Again rejoicing Nature
This humble pair of glasses To a Lady.	The shepherd in the flowery glen, S. Behold, my love,
An honest man may like a glass, . To Rev. J. M'Math. Glaum'd [grasped at].	And blythe in Glenturit glen S. Blythe was she, And in the mirk and dreary drift
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.	The hills and glens are lost. S. Cauld is the eenin blast
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Gin a body meet a body Comin thro' the glen: S. Comin thro' the rye
Gleam.	Comin thro' the glen : S. Comin thro' the rye A burn was clear, a glen was greeo, S. Duncan Davison
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd; Tam o' Shanter. 8. Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms: Why am I loth †	Ye hurnies, wimplin down your glens, El. on Capt. M. H.
Why am I loth †	Ye rugged cliffs o'erhanging dreary glens, El. on Miss Burne
Ambition is a meteor gleam, . Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.	As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Gleam, to. Thy rough, rude Fortress gleams afar; Add. to Edinburgh. 5.	Here is the glen, and here the bower, . S. Here is the glen And down in yonder glen, O; . Katherine Jassray
The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel, . Ep. to H. Parker.	The hawthorn's budding in the glen.
Gleam'd. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar.	And down in yonder glen, O; Katherine Jaffra, The hawthorn's budding in the glen, Lament of Mary of Scot.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen, S. Last May a braw wooer
Gleaming. These, their richly-gleaming waves,	I wander dowie up the glen ; . S. My Harry was a gallant
I leave to tyrants and their slaves; S. Streams that glide †	Convoy'd me through the glen S. My heart was ance
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray, The Lament, 9.	In gowany glens thy burnie strays, Poem on Pastoral Poetry
Glebe [a piece or portion of anything].	Ilk glen and shaw she [Mirth] knew, man: The Fète Champetre
A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear, Was left me by my auntie, S. And O for ane and twenty t	O'er moor's and o'er mosses and monie a glen,
Gled (a hawk, a kite).	S. The heather was blooming
Or I bad fed an Athole Gled, S. Killicerankie.	Within the glen sae bushy, O. S. The Highland Lassic I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht,
Here is Satan's picture, Like a bizzard gled, The Election Ballads. IV.	In some wild glen; The Vision. D. I. i
Glee, See Social life and Glee sit down,	Far dearer to me you lone glen o' green breckan. S. Their groves of
All joyous and unthinking. Add. to Unco Guid. 5.	Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen, S. There liv'd ance a carle
O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 14. With arch-alacrity and conscious glee Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	S. There lived ance a carle The flower and pride of a' the glen; S. There was a lass
Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains	There's and Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
With meikle mirth an' glee;	S. There's auld Rob M.
a dainty chiel, An' fou o' glee: On Scot. Bard gue to W. I.	His gear may buy him glens and knowes, S. To daunton me
Except good-sense and social glee, On dining with Daer. But wad ye see him in his glee,	May sprout like simmer puddock-stools In glen or shaw; To W. Creech
For meikle gice and fun has he, Un Grose's Feregrinations.	In ev'ry glen the mavis sang, S. Twas even-the dewy
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin, Wi' rattlin glee Scotch Drink. 5.	At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, S. When o'er the hill
Except perhaps the Robin's whistling glee, The Brigs of Ayr.	I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O, If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.	At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	At length I reach'd the honny glen, Where early life I sported; S. When wild War's
Set off wi' allegretto glee His giga Solo. The Jolly Beggars. R. V.	Where early life I sported; . S. When wild Wars. The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
courbie fortune, kind and cannie. In social alee.	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Couldn't lottene, which and cannot all booking grown	
couthic fortune, kind and cannie, In social glee, To Terraughty. Gloods in live-goal: a blazel	Or in the glens and rocky caves, His sad complaining dowie raves S. Young Jamie,
Gleede (a live-coal; a blaze). And cheary blinks the ingle-gleede	Or in the giens and rocky caves, His sad complaining dowie raves. S. Young Jamie, † Glenbuck.

Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.

The Brigs of Ayr. 3.

Glencaird.

Giencaira.	The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
For worth and honour pawn their word, Their vote shall be Glencaird's man? The Fête Champetre	Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd; . Ib. 11.
Glencairn.	The village glittering in the mountide beam
Our Patron, honest man! Gl[encairn], The Ordination.	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust; To R. G. of F.,	Gleaming, -in time evening twilights.
Mark Scotia's fond returning eye.	Bonie Doon, sae sweet at gloaming, . S. Scenes of wee 1
It dwells upon Glencairn V.s. below Picture	For now it was the gloamin . S. The Taylor he cam †
Glenconnor.	I'd see my jo Beside me gain the gloaming. S. The 1aylor he cam; S. The tither morn t
How's a' the folks about Gl-nc-r; Auld comrade dear	An' darker gloamin brought the night: The Twa Dogs. 35.
Glengarry.	When once life's day draws near the gloomin To I.S. Lt.
But hear, my Lord! G- bear! . Add. of Beelzebub.	Gi'e me the bour of gloamin grey, S. When o'er the kill t
Glenken.	Gloamin-shote [a twilight interval which workmen
Frae the Glenken came to our aid	
A chief o doughty deed; The Election Ballads.	At gloamin-shote it was, I wat,
Glenriddel. Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. V	I lighted on the Monday; S. Had I the wyte †
And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins; The Whistle.	4 010201
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;	
"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies, . 1b.	
To the board of Glenriddel our beroes repair, . Ib. 1	o. Arose at thy command: . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps
worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,	Gloom. Thy [Winter's] gloom will soothe my chearless soul,
Glenturit.	S. Again rejoicing Nature (
And blythe in Glenturit glen S. Blythe was she	t Thon brought from fortune's mirkest gloom. Lament for Glencairn.
Glib-gabbet [having a glib tongue].	Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires,
An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron.	S. Slow spreads the gloom T
The Laird o' Graham; The Author's Cry and Prayer, I	
Glib-tongu'd. O L-d my G-d, that glib-tongu'd A[ike]n,	That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion:
Holy Willie's Prayer. I	
Glide. Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides, S. Afton Wate	And not a Wish to gild the gloom! The Lament. Gloom, to [look sullen and displeased, to frown].
A wor-worn ghaist I hameward glide.	diodin, is floor suriou and dispersion, is
S. Again rejoic. Natur	Comin thee the mue
And see the waves sae sweetly glide . S. Ca' the Ewo	Does ony great man glunch an' gloom? The Author's Cry and Prayer. 5.
O'er the waves, that sweetly glide To the moon sae clearly S. Hark! the mavi	the Author's Cry and Prayer. 3.
That glides, a silver dart, . S. Now Spring has elas	
O Logan! sweetly didst thou glide,	Gloomy. And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet!
The day I was my Willie's bride; . S. O Logan! sweet!	Ada. sp. by Ponteneue.
Streams that glide in orient plains, S. Streams that glid	
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,	Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line; . To W. Simpso	Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December! [re.] S. Gloomy December.
Glimmer. Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp, The Brigs of Ayr.	The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.
Glimmering. When Death comes in, wi' glimmering blink	Lament on teaving Ivat. Luna.
Adam A—'s Pray	er. Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow, . S. Raving winds †
When glimmering thro' the trees appear'd, You wee white Cot aboon the Mill, . As on the bank	Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair, Wi' gloomy smile Scotch Drink. 6.
And ne'er shall glimmering planet fix	Wi' gloomy smile Scotch Drink. 6.
My worship to its ray S. Farewell, dear mistres	Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky: S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,	The gloomy night is goth ring fact S The gloomy night t
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze; Tam o' Shanter.	Alike a foe to noisy folly,
Glimpse.	And brow bent gloomy melancholy, The Hermit.
Twa sage Philosophers to glimpse on! Auld comrade dea	Glorious. A glorious Galley, stem and stern, A Dream. 13.
Glintan [glancing, gleaming],	His soul was like the glorious sun, . El. on Capt. M. H.
The rising sun, our Galston Muirs, Wi' glorious light was glintan; . The Holy Fa	But for the glorious priviledge ir. Of being independent Ep. to Young Friend. 7.
Glinted (glanced, flashed; peeped out).	Of heing independent Ep. to Young Friend. 7. O Mandate, glorious and divine! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 16.
It was na sae ye [hours] glinted by 1.S. How lang and drear	Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
When I was wi' my dearie. (. When I think o	In glorious light
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth	She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Amid the storm, . To a Mountain-Dan	** Has blest my happy, glorious day:
Glisten Nith's gentle stream, That glistens on the pale moonbeam, On Linclud	S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Glistened.	Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark! S. Farewell, thou fair day
How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened;	Who nobly perished in the glorious cause, Fragment of Ode.
Monody, on a La	dy. Till painting gay the eastern skies.
Glitter. The echoing wood, the winding flood,	The glorious sun began to rise; . S. It is the charming t
Like Paradise did glitter, The Fête Champe. In silks an' scarlets glitter; The Holy Fair	
In silks an' scarlets glitter; The Holy Fair And glitter o'er the crystal streams, . S. Young Pegg	
Glitter'd. Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,	
Wi' bickerin, dancin dazzle; Halloween.	O glorious magnanimity of soul! Remorse. A Frag.
Glittering, -'ring.	Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink, In glorious faem, Scotch Drink. 2.
Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show, A Winter Night	
The glittering spears are ranked ready, S. My bonie Ma	ry. Scots Prologue.
And are they of no more avail, Ten thousand glittering pounds a year?	Welcome to your gory bed, Or to glorious victory S. Scots, wha ha'e
Ten thousand glittering pounds a year? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs.	

Or nobly die, the second glorious part: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21. The glorious Architect Divine I The Farewell. To St. J.'s L. The rising sun, owe Galston Muirs, Wi glorious light was glintan; Wi glorious light was glintan; Wi glorious light was glintan; Wi glorious sight and the second state of the	My heart did glowing transport feel, [v.A.4] The Vision. Glowing dawn of brighter day. To a Kiss. Till too, too soon the glowing west Proclaim of the speed of winged day. Glowr [a broad stare]. S. To Mary in Heaven. Glowr [a broad stare]. When Phochus gies a short-liv'd glowr. Far south the lift, A Winter Night. 1. What time the moon, wi silent glowr, A Winter Night. 1. To show Sir Bardy's willyart glowr, El. on Capt. M. H., 10. To show Sir Bardy's willyart glowr, The Holy Fair. 8. Glowr, 10 [look intensely or watchfully, stare]. Trembling, I dow nought but glowr, S. Blythe hae I been't The rising moon began to glowr The distant Cumnock hills out-ower. Glowr'd [looked, looked earnestly, stared]. I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, [re] S. Last May a braw wooer't As Tammie glow'd, anna'd, and curious, Taw o' Shanter, 12. Even Stan glow'd, anna'd, and curious, Taw o' Shanter, 12. Even Stan glow'd, anna'd, and curious, Taw o' Shanter, 12. Leyen Stan glow'd, anna'd, and curious, Taw o' Shanter, 12. Leyen Stan glow'd, and fidg'd fu' fain, M. 16. As lightsomely I glow'd abroad, The Holy Fair. 2. I glow'd as ecrie's I'd heen dush, The Vision, D. 1. 8. Glowring, -in, -an [looking earnestly, staring].
And Port was celestial glory. Epit. on J. Dore, Innkeeper. But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory At once may illustrate and honour my story. Fragment inser. to Fox. Glory, Honour, now invite, S. Highland Laddie. Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell, A'for thy glory, . Holy Willie's Prayer.	Clowrin a the hills aboon, As Pheebus and the famous Nine Were glowran owe my pen. Ye ugly glowrin spectre? Foo gapin, glowrin Supersition. He mutters, glowring at the bitches, Las add. to J. Kanken.
An' a' the glory shall be thine, Amen, Amen	Waste's Want and Hunger sley me, Glowrin by the hallan en'; . S. O that I had ne'er't Some gapin' glowrin' countra laird, . On W. Chalmers. Whiles glowrin round vi prudent cares. Tam o' Shauter. 9. Wi' glowrin een, an' listed han's, . The Death of Mailie. The lightly-jumping, glowrin trouts. The Loud of Mailie. The Loud of Glower of Glower or prohibition. What twists his gruntle wi' a glunch o' Sour disdain. Scotch Drink. 17. Glunch, to [to look sour, to pout]. Does ony great man glunch an' gloom? The Author's Cry and Prayer. Glut. To glut that direst so—a vengeful woman: Scots Prologue. Gnash. To gnash my gums, to weep and wail, In burnin lake, Holy Willie's Prayer. 4. Gnaw. But some day ye may gnaw your nails, Aboream. 10. Add. 10 Toolshack. As on the banks? The teneth o' time may gnaw Tamallan, Eut thou's for ever. Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Gnawing. And thor' ony lugs gies mony a twang. Will gray and the banks? The teneth o' time may gnaw Tamallan, Eut thou's for ever. Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Gnawing. And thor' ony lugs gies mony a twang. Go. Go on, my Lord! I lang to meet you, Add. of Teckebub. 5. For their fame it shall last while the world goes round. The torthicker will be the world goes round. The trouring, gnawing consciousness of guilt. Scome, boat me e'er. Go, sind an honest fellow; S. Deluded Swain to Friend, whare ye gaun, Will ye go back? Death and Dr. Hornbook. S. Chone, boat me e'er. Go, sind an honest fellow; S. Deluded Swain to Friend, whare ye gaun, Will ye go to Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go [re.] S. Come, boat me e'er. Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great. Et. on Capt. M. H., 16. Exten. Ap. 1782.
Believe our glowing bosoms truly leel II. Prologue, at Th., D Glowing here on golden sands, S. Streams that glide†	Go frighten the coward and slave! Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! S. Farewell, thou fair day †

I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle. Frag. inscr. to Fox. From thee, Eliza, I must go, S. From thee, Eliza†	Till God knows what may be effected, . Add. of Beelzebub. Ask why God made the gem so small,
An' for the kiln she goes then, Halloween. 11.	While huge be made the granite? Because God meant mankind should set
Will ye go wi' me Graunie?	That higher value on it. [v.A.27] Ask why God made † God bless them a' wi' grace an' gear. Auld comrade dear †
And o'er the flowery mead she goes, S. It was the charming t	Who will not sing, God save the king,
Now we mann totter down, John, but hand in band we'll go, S. John Anderson †	Shall hang as high's the steeple; S. Does haughty Gaul † Astonish'd! confounded! cry'd Satan, by G-d,
Will ye go to the Highlands wi' me; S. Leezie Lindsay.	I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d—ble load. Epig. on Capt. Grose.
Round and round the seasons go: . S. Let not woman t We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,	The Lord their God, his Grace. Epig. on being neglected at I. Inn.
Lus sent Sir J. W nitejora.	In planahman phrase 'God send you speed,'
Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine, S. My bonie Mary. That I may drink before I go A service to my bonie lassie	Alas! bow aft, in baughty mood, God's creatures they oppress! Ep. to Davie. 6.
To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids, S. My heart was ance t	God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy! Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go. [re.] S. My heart's in the Highlands †	As e'er God with bis Image blest, Epit. on a Friend.
'Go on, ye human race!	But G-d confound their stubborn face, Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.
O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes, S. O gude ale comes to, there she goes, unpitied and unblest,	Frae G d's ain priests the people's bearts He steals awa'
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest! Ode, to Mem. of Mrs	O L-d my G-d, that glib-tongu'd A[ike]n, Ib. 14.
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heaven 1b.	God keep thee frae thy mother's faes, Lament of Mary of Scots.
Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field, On seeing wounded Hare.	God bless the king And the companie! S. Landlady, count †
Cruel charmer, can you go! [re.] . S. Stay, my charmer †	"By G-d I'll not be seen behint them, . Lns to J. Ranken.
Then of its faults my honest thoughts I'll give—and here they go Symon Gray †	Thou, who thy honour as thy God rever'st, Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie,	Bless him, Thou God of love and truth, O thou dread Pow'r† Justice, the high vicegerent of her God,
1 am Samson's Et., Fer C	On Death of K. Dunaas.
O mount and go, Mount and make you ready; O mount and go, And be the Captain's Lady; S. The Capt.'s Lady.	And Harley rouses all the god in man. Prologue, sp. by Woods. God help us!—we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks!
To the shades we'll go, And in love enjoy it Ib.	God bless your Honors, can ye see't,
Go bid the hero who has run Thro' fields of death to gather fame,	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Go bid him lay his laurels down, S. The capt. Ribband. The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.	For G-d-sake, Sirs! then speak her fair, Ib. 18. God bless your Honors, a' your days, Ib. 24.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2. I for thy sake must go! The Farewell.	For instance, there's yoursel just now,
"Gin ye'll go there, yon runki'd pair "We will get famous laughin The Holy Fair. 5.	God knows, an unco Calf!
Then in we go to see the show,	How Abram was the Friend of God on high; . Ib. 14.
An' go wi' me an' be my dear; . The Jolly Beggars. S. V. Life is all a variorum,	'An bonest man's the noblest work of God:' . Ib. 19. (The Patriot's God, peculiarly thou art, Ib. 21.
We regard not how it goes; 10. S. VIII.	Cod grant the King and ilka man
This poor man was seen to go early to work, The Poor Thresher.	May look weel to themsel The Election Ballads. I. But with humility and awe
And sometimes a hedging and ditching I go; Ib.	Still walks before his God The 1st Psalm. For why? that God the good adore
But then my wife and children dear, O whither would they go? S. The sun he is sunk †	Hatb giv'n them peace and rest,
Where'er he go, where'er he stray, May Heaven be his warden; S. The yng Highl. Rover.	Awa, thou flaunting god o' day! . S. The gowd. locks of A. with thoughts still soaring To God on high, . The Hermit.
May Heaven be his warden: S. The yng Hight. Kover. Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ba', S. There grows a bonie t	And when I die, Let me in this belief expire,— To God I fly Ib.
S. There grows a bonic \(\) O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar? \(\{ r_c. \} \) S. Tibbie Dunbar.	Should Hornie, as in ancient days,
To Vulcan then Apollo goes,	See, up he's got the word o' G-,
To get a frosty calker	"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies, The Whistle. 8.
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down! To R. G. of F., 9.	"The field thou hast won, by you bright god of day! Ib. 18.
Again in Folly's path might go astray; Why am I loth t	And God bless young Dunaskin's laird, To Mr. M'Adam. Then, Sir, God willing, I'll attend ye, To Mr. Renton.
Will ye go and marry Katie? . S. Will ye go and marry † Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide! Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Good Wi' woo' like goats, an' legs like trams; [v.A.10].	"O injured God! Thy goodness has endow'd me
Poor Mailie's El Goavan (looking with roving eyes; staring in a	"With talents passing most of my compeers, Tragic Frag To murder men, and gie God thanks! . V. on Nat. Thanks.
dazed, helpless kind of way].	God won't accept your thanks for murther! 16.
When idly goavan whyles we saunter, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2. When goavan, as if led wi' branks, On dining with Daer.	I tremble to approach an angry God, . Why am I loth t
God "God save the King"'s a cukoo sang	Goddess. To adore thee is my duty,
For me, thank God, my life's a lease, 1b. 6.	Goddess o' this soul o' mine! S. Bonic wee thing † I call no goddess to inspire my strains, To R. Graham.
God bless you n'!	Godhead. And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good.
We bless thee, God of nature wide, A Grace before Dinner. The heart benevolent and kind	S. Caledonia. As by his noblest work the Godhend hest is known.
The most resembles God A Winter Night. 11.	El. on Miss Burnet.

Godlike. But come ye who the godlike pleasure know, Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow! Ep. to R. Graham, 5.	Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare, El. on Peg Nicholson. Nature well pleas'd pronounced it very good; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
The godlike hliss, to give, alone excels, The Brigs of Ayr. Godly.	We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good? Ib. 5. Who in his life did little good, Efit, on Mr. Burton.
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that; A Ded. to G. H., 6. Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames, Ty'd up in godly laces, Add. to Unco Guid. 6.	His heart was warm, benevolent, and good. Extem. on W. Smellie.
Ty'd up in godly laces, Add. to Unco Guid. b. There's monie godly folks are thinkin, Ep. to J. R. 1.	Good L—d, what is man! . Fragment, inser. to Fox. With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil, Ib.
priests? those seeming godly wisemen: Lns on Window, K.s Arms.	At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer. Impromptu.
Nay been bitch-fou 'mang godly priests, On dining with Daer.	All mounted in good order Katharine Jaffray.
Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts, By thee inspir'd,	It's [the future's] good or ill untried, O; S. My father was a farmer †
Ye godly Conncils wha hae blest this town;	And show what good men are, . O Thou dread Pow'r†
Ye godly Brethren o' the sacred gown, The Brigs of Ayr. q. And (what would now be strange) ye godly Writers: . Ib.	He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid Forgiving all and good. S. On a bank of flowers
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs,	Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest, Through an endless existence shall charm thee.
To gie the jars an' barrels A lift The Holy Fair. 14. But the godly old Chaplain left him in the lurch;	On Death of fav. Child. From anght that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensberry.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	Ay wavering like the willow-wicker,
like a godly, elect bairn,	'Tween good and ill Poem on Life. But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard,
God-sake! But, G-d-sake! let nae saving-fit	Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Abridge your bonie Barges An' Boats . A Dream. 7.	I come to wish you all a good new year! Prologue at Th., D But when the heart is nobly warm,
Godshlp. Down the zodiac urge the race,	The good excuse will find. Rusticity's ungainly † But now to-day, good Mr. Gray,
And cast dirt on his godship's face; Ep. to H. Parker. He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea, The Whistle. 4.	I've read it o'er and o'er, Symon Gray t
Goest.	What Whig but wails the good Sir James, The Election Ballads. VI.
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart: S. Behold the hour t	For why? that God the good adore Hath giv'n them peace and rest, The 1st Psalm.
I've ta'en the gold an' been enroll'd	But if thou hast good cause to sigh at Thy fault or care: The Hermit.
In many a noble squadron; The folly Beggars. S. VI. But English gold has been our bane . S. The Union.	By my good luck a lass I met, S. The Lass that made the bed.
We're bought and sold for English gold Ib.	An aged Judge, I saw him rove, Dispensing good. [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
For a' his gold and white monie, S. To daunton me. Then take what gold could never buy	Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king, The Whistle.
An honest Bard's esteem To John M'Murdo.	Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity: Tragic Frag
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep, S. Twas even—the dewy †	To light and joy the good restore, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
For gold the merchant ploughs the main, Ib. Gold-bubbling.	Good bye. I'll desert my sov'reign lord,
The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,	And so good bye, allegiance! S. Husband, husband † Good fallow, Good fellow.
Golden. S. Their groves of t	But a club of good fellows, like those that are there,
Here wealth still swells the golden tide, Add. to Edinburgh. 2. Thou golden time o' youthful prime, S. But lately seen, †	And a bottle like this, are my glory and care. S. No Churchman am I †
Dame Fortune's golden smile, Ep. to young Friend. 7.	Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw; The Whistle. 6.
Gay the sun's golden eye, Peep'd o'er the mountains high; . S. Phillis the Fair.	But gie me just a true good fallow Wi' right ingine, To Mr. J. Kennedy.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright, S. I gaed a waefu' †	Goodman.
Glowing bere on golden sands, . S. Streams that glide † But golden sands did never grace	our ramgunshoch, glum goodman . S. Had I the wyte † Good-morrow.
The Heliconian stream; To J. M'Murdo.	when auld Phœhus bids good-morrow, Ep. to H. Parker.
But, oh! [ye maggots] respect his lordship's taste, And spare his golden bindings. The Book-Worms.	Good-natur'd. Or my good-natur'd folly, O; S. My father was a farmer t
mantling high she fills the golden cup, To R. G. of F., 7. The golden hours, on angel wings,	Goodness.
3. 1 e oanes, ana oraes, ana streams f	We bless thee, God of nature wide, For all thy goodness lent: . A Grace before Dinner.
Gone. Behind the throne then Gr-nv-ll's gone, A Fragment. 8. Till my last hope and last comfort is gone: S. Gloomy December.	Goodness still Delighteth to forgive. A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
We'll mourn till we too go as he bas gone, Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.	Thy goodness constantly we prove, Grace after Dinner.
The forms of ages long gone by On Lincluden.	Want only of goodness denied her esteem. Monody, on a Lady. Epit
My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest, On Death of fav. Child.	Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see, To their gratis grace and goodness. The Dean of Fac
The injured Stuart line is gone, On Window at Stirling.	My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
"Another year is gone for ever." Sketch. New-Yr's Day. And gone I know not whither: S. The Joyful Widower.	To Capt. Riddel. And to his goodness I commend ye To Mr. Renton.
And, must I think it! is she gone, The Lament.	For boons accorded, goodness ever new, To R. Graham.
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead, Forgot and gone! To J. S., 10.	"O injured God! Thy goodness bas endow'd me "With talents passing most of my compeers, Tragic Frag
Good. When Guilford good our Pilot stood, A Fragment.	Keep His Goodness still in view, Thy trust—and thy example too. Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.
No other plea I have, But, Thou art good; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	Good-sense.
And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good. S. Caledonia.	Except good-sense and social glee, On dining with Daer. Good sense and taste are natives here at home:
Good claret set before thee: S. Deluded Swain †	Prologue, at Th., D

Gowd

Goodwife. Early next morning the goodwife arose, S. The Poor Thresher.	If Venus yet had got his nose off; . Kind Sir, I've read
S. The Poor Thresher.	Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in;
I set me down wi' right good will, To sing my Highland lassie O S. The Highl. Lassie.	But now she's got an unco ripple, Letter to J. Goudie. O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten? [re.] S. O ken ye what Meg †
I set her down, wi' right good will, Amang the rigs o' harley: . S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Now I've gotten wife and bairns, . S. O that I had ne'er † My Pegasus I'm got astride, On W. Chalmers.
Goos [goose]. Fient haet he had but three	We've got frae a' professions, sorts, an' ranks: Scots Prologue.
Goos feathers and a whittle. S. Robin shure in hairst.	Tam had got planted unco right; Tam o' Shanter. 5.
Goose, Jamy [Mr. Young, Cumnock]. Jamy Goose, Jamy Goose, ye ha'e made but toom roose, The Kirk's Alarm. 10.	Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess, In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a': The Belles of Mauchline.
Goose-quill.	That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams got; The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness To Capt. Riddel.	And our gudewife has gotten a ca', S. The Cooper o' cuddy † Till our gudeman has gotten the scorn;
Gor-cock [the red game, red-cock, or moor-cock]. Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass, S. My Lord a hunting †	Yet simple Boh the victory got, The Dean of Fac See, up he's got the word o' G, The Holy Fair. 16. The Regiment at large for a husband I got: The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Gordon. There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,	But he has gotten to our grief, Ane to succeed him, The Twa Herds. 13.
Nor yet o' Gordon's Line. S. O Kenmure's on and awa t	But Heaven's curse will blast the man
The banks by Castle Gordon. [re.] S. Streams that glide † And Gordon the battle to win! The Election Ballads. III.	Denies the bairn he got; . The Ruined Maid's Lament.
Gore. 'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel	"I've got a bad wife, Sir, that's a' my complaint, S. There liv'd ance a carle †
In gore a shoe-thick; Add. to Toothache. Flutt'ring an' gasping in her gore: Auld comrade dear †	So Nickie then got the auld wife on his back, Ib.
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore S. Caledonia.	Na faith ye yet! ye'll no be right, Till ye've got on it, To a Louse.
'Mong swelling floods of recking gore, The Vision. D. II. 15. Gory. Or mad Ambition's gory hand, A Winter Night. 7.	She's [Coila's] gotten Bardies o' her ain, To IV. Simpson.
The flutt'ring, gory pinion! . S. Now westlin winds † Welcome to your gory bed,	Goth. The Goth was stalking round with anxious search, The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Gothic. Each Gothic ornament display. On Linctuden.
Or to glorious victory S. Scots, wha ha'e †	The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face: The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Gos [the gos-hawk or falcon]. Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling have:	E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the view Of sic an ugly, Gothic hulk as you
Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled:
Gospel. held up his cheek, Conform to Gospel law, A Fragment. 6.	The Rights of Woman. The cohweb'd gothic dome resounded, Y! . The Vowels.
Till by an' by, if I hand on,	Gotten v. Got.
I'll grunt a real Gospel groan: Auld comrade † And there will be lads o' the gospel, The Election Ballads. 111.	Goud v. Gowd. Goudie. O Goudie! terror of the Whigs, Letter to J. Goudie.
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail Shall fill thy crib in plenty, Ordination. 6.	Gouk, Andro [Dr. Andrew Mitchell, Monkton; v. Gowk].
That e'er ga'e gospel horn a blast, The Twa Herds. 2. Or nobly fling the gospel club,	And the book not the waur let me tell ye; The Kirk's Alarm. 12.
A' ye what ent the gospel fauld,	Gout.
Than under gospel colours hid be Just for a screen To Rev. J. M'Math.	An' Gouts torment him, inch hy inch, . Scotch Drink. 17. In vain the Gout his ancles fetters; Tam Samson's El. 9.
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws, Like some we ken Ib. Gossamour.	Governor. O Thou, Great Governor of all below! . Why am I loth †
While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays. The Brigs of Ayr.	Gowan [the common or mountain-daisy].
Gossip. Thou maks the gossips clatter bright, . Scotch Drink. 12.	The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew, Nac purer is than Nanie, S. Echind yon hills †
The gossip keekit in his loof, . S. There was a lad t	'His hraw calf-ward whare gowans grew, Sae white an' bonie, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.
Got, Gotten. She's got mischief enough already; Adam A—'s Prayer.	And pu'd the gowans fine ; S. Should auld acquaintance ?
Had I no got greeting, my heart wou'd hae broken,	Where the blue-hell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen; S. Their groves of t
S. As I was a-wand'ring † But now he has gotten a hat and a feather S. Cock up your beaver.	Gowany [abounding with wild daisies]. In gowany glens thy burnie strays, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Thou now has got thy Daddy's chair, . El. on Year 1788.	Gowd, Goud [gold]. L-d, I'se hae sportin hy an' by,
The Devil got notice that Grose was a dying, Epig. on Capt. Grose.	For my gowd guinea; El. on J. R. 11. Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a chieftain worth gowd,
Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note, That sic a hen had got a shot;	S. Here's a health to them † But the tender heart o' leesome love,
Your hrunstane devilship I see Has got him there before ye; Epit. on Holy Willie.	The gowd and siller canna buy:. S. In simmer when †
For few sic feasts you've gotten; For W. Nicol.	My Sandy brak a piece o' goud, . S. My Sandy gied to † Whats a' the joys that gowd can gi'e? . S. O Phely, †
But by that health, I've got a share o't, Friend of the poet † P.S.	Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. Ronalds of Bennals.
Twa o' them were gotten When Johny was awa, S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †	And aiblins gowd and honour haith Might be that laddie's share. The Election Ballads. I.
'For monie a ane has gotten a fright, 'An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,	The man's the gowd for a' that S. The Honest Man, Her hair was like the links o' gowd, S. The Lass that made the bed.
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief Wha got my young Highland thief S. Hee balou, †	S. The Lass that made the bed. He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheen, he has kine
Dusty was the kiss That I got frac the miller.	He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine, There's auld Rob M. †
S. Hey, the dusty miller † John Barleycorn got up again, John Barleycorn.	We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd, To W. Creech. Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd, S. When wild War's †
,, o r	

	1
Gowden [golden].	And spak wi' modest grace, The Election Ballads. I.
And gowden flowers sae rare upon't; S. My Lord a-hunting†	Led on the Loves and Graces; 1b. VI.
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	The grace be—"Athole's honest men, And Athole's bonnie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water,
I hae lo'ed the Fair, the Gowden; S. Wantonness for ever	And Athole's bonnie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water. She stares the daddy in her face,
Yestreen law on this breast o' mine	Enough of ought ye like but grace; The Inventory.
The gowden locks of Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A.	An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face, The Jolly Beggars. R. 1'1.
Gowdie, heels o'er [topsy-turvy].	An' runts o' grace the pick an' wale, . The Ordination, 6.
Soon heel's o'er gowdie! in he gangs, Poem on Life.	A wildly-witty, rustic grace
Gowdspink [the goldfinch].	
The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,	To ev'ry nobler virtue hred, And polish'd grace 1b. 15.
The Petition of Br. Water.	And careful note each opining grace, Ih. D. II. 10.
the game of golf).	In arioso trills and graces Ye never stray, . To J. S., 27.
Gowff'd I did strike, as the club strikes the ball in the game of golf], But, word an hlow, N-rth, F-x, and Co.	Loves and graces all rejected, To Miss Fontenelle.
Gowff'd Willie like a ha', man, A Fragment. o.	T[ytle]r's and G[reenfield]'s modest grace; To W. Creech, They talk o' mercy, grace an' truth, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Gowk [a dolt]. Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride! The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	They talk o' mercy, grace an' truth, To Rev. J. M'Math. Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover.
gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools, To W. Creech.	S. True hearted was he
Gowling [howling].	All grace does round her hover, . S. When first I saw t
Misfortune's gowling hark, A Ded. to G.H., 14.	Admiring Nature in her wildest grace, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Gown. Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet, S. Ca' the Ewes.	Grace (prayer before meat).
It's just the Blue-gown badge an' claithing, O' Saunts; Ef. to J. R., 4.	Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces.
	A Ded. to G. H., 9.
Black gowns of each denomination, Lns add. to J. Ranken.	The auld Guidmen, about the grace, Frae side to side they bother, The Holy Fair. 24.
My Lady's gown there's gairs upon't,	
S. My Lord a-hunting † the Bard, what d'ye call him, that were the black gown;	Small need has he to say a grace,
S. No Churchman am I †	As lang's my arm To a Haggis.
Ye godly Brethren o' the sacred gown, The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	As long's the Muses dinne fail To say the guess T. I.C.
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,	Their three-mile prayers, an hauf-mile graces, To Kev. J. M'Math.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4. My musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet	
On gown, an' ban', an' douse hlack bonnet,	Grace [title of king, duke, archbishop].
To Rev. J. M'Math.	Because ye're sirnam'd like His Grace, A Ded. to G. H., I.
Gowrie. Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,	So, nae reflection on Your Grace, A Dream. 3.
S. You wild mossy mountains †	The Lord their God, his Grace. Epig. on being neglected at In. Inn.
Thy mither's person, grace an' merit, Add. to Illegit. Child	How shall I sing Drumlaurig's Grace?
Summer with a matron grace . Add. to Shade of Thomson.	On Duke of Queensberry,
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,	Wad trust his Grace wi'a', Jamie; . S. The Laddies by †
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.	Grace, to.
Youth, grace, and love attendant move, Ib.	
God bless them a' wi' grace an' gear. Auld comrade t	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13.
God bless them a' wi' grace an' gear. Auld comrade t	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood, Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken.
God bless them a' wi' grace an' gear. Auld comrade † Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ae constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing †	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood, Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken.
God bless them a' wi' grace an' gear. Auld comrade † Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ae constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing †	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
God bless them a 'wi grace an gear. Auld comrade t Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ac constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing t Duncan was a lad o' grace, S. Duncan Gray t havins, sense an grace, Ep, to f. L.—k, Ap, 1st. 20.	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
God bless them a' wi' grace an' gear. Auld comrade † Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ae constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing †	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this dam'd infernal clan." Lns add. to f. Ranken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Alhany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fel. The Cotter's Sat. Night, 11.
God bless them a 'wi grace an gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ac constellation shine; . S. Bonie wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, . S. Duncan Gray! havins, sense an grace, . Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 20. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers lika grace, . Pragment. Whae'er shall say! Vanted grace,	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
God bless them a 'w' grace an' gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ac constellation shine; S. Bonic wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, S. Bonic wee thing! havins, sense an' grace. Fp. to f. L—k, Ap. 1st. 20. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; Fp. to R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers like grace, Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawk her. S. Had I the write!	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, The Gowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace. The Petition of Br. Water. To mend the honest Patiot-lore.
God bless them a 'w' grace an' gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ac constellation shine; S. Bonic wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, S. Bonic wee thing! havins, sense an' grace. Fp. to f. L—k, Ap. 1st. 20. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; Fp. to R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers like grace, Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawk her. S. Had I the write!	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace this dam'd infernal clan." Lns add. to f. Ranken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. S. The bonie Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, The Gowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace. The Petition of Br. Water. To mend the honest Patriot-lore. And grace the band. The Vision. D. 11. 5.
God bless them a 'w' grace an gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ac constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, F. to J. L.—k, Af. 1st. 2o. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers like grace, Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wyte't For gift's an' grace, A burnin an' a shinin' light. Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kehbuck, fell. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace. The Petition of Er. Water. To mend the honest Patriot-lore. And grace the band. Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
God bless them a 'w' grace an gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ac constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, F. to J. L.—k, Af. 1st. 2o. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers like grace, Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wyte't For gift's an' grace, A burnin an' a shinin' light. Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this dam'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace. The Petition of Br. Water. To mend the honest Patriot-lore. And grace the band. Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
God bless them a 'w' grace an' gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ae constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, F. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 2o. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers like grace, When I did kiss and dawte her. Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her. S. Had I the wyte! For gifte an' grace, A burnin an' a shinin' light. Holy Willie's Prayer. 2. To show thy grace is great an' ample; Ib. 5. That I for gear and grace may shine, B. 16. Altho' thy beauty and thy trace	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lus add. to J. Kanken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albay. The bonie Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, [el]. The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace. The Petition of Br. Water. To mend the honest Patitot-lore. And grace the band. And grace the band. Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
God bless them a' wi' grace an' gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ac constellation shine; . S. Bonie wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, . S. Duncan Gray! havins, sense an' grace, . Fr, to J. L.—k, Apl, 1st. 20. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; Ep. to R. Graham, 5. Pale sickness withers lika grace, . Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, . S. Had I the wyte For gifts, an' grace, A burnin an' a shinin' light, . Holy Willie's Prayer, 2. To show thy grace is great an' ample; . 1b. 5. That I for gear and grace may shine, . 1b. 16. Altho' thy beauty and thy grace Might weel awauk desire S. It is na, Jean, †	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this dam'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, The Cotter's Sat. Night, 11. The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace. The Petition of Br. Water. To mend the honest Patriot-lore. And grace the band. Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
God bless them a 'w' grace an' gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ac constellation shine; S. Bonic wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, F. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 20. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to I. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 20. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers like grace, Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wyte! For gifts an' grace, Holy Willie's Prayer. 2. To show thy grace is great an' ample; Ib. 5. That I for gear and grace may shine, Ib. 10. 5. That I for gear and grace may shine, B. 10. 5. Altho' thy beauty and thy grace Might weel awauk desire. S. It is na, Jean, † Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you;	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace. The Petition of Br. Water. To mend the honest Patriot-lore. And grace the band. The Vision. D. 11.5. Some grace the maiden's artless smile; 16. 9. But golden sands did never grace The Heliconian stream;
God bless them a 'wi grace an 'gear. Auld comrade't Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ac constellation shine; . S. Bonie wee thing't Duncan was a lad o' grace, . S. Duncan Gray't havins, sense an 'grace, . Fp. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 20. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; Ep. to R. Graham, 5. Pale sickness withers ilka grace, . Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, . S. Had I the wylet For gifts, an' grace, A burnin an' a shinin' light Holy Willie's Prayer, 2. To show thy grace is great an' ample; 1b. 5. That I for gear and grace may shine,	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace, The Petition of Er. Water. To mend the honest Patient-lore. And grace the band. The Vision. D. 11. 5. Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
God bless them a 'w' grace an 'gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ae constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, S. Duncan Gray! havins, sense an' grace. F, to J. L.—k, Ah. 1st. 2o. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; Eh. 1o R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers like grace, Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wyte! For gifts an' grace, A burnin an' a shinn' light. Holy Willie's Prayer. 2. To show thy grace is great an' ample; Jh. 5. That I for gear and grace may shine, Altho' thy beanty and thy grace Might weel awank desire. S. It is na, Jean, t Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Monody, on a Lady, Her native grace so void of art: S. My Mary's Jace!	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kehbuck, fell. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace. The Petition of Er. Water. To mend the honest Patric-lore. And grace the band. Some grace the maiden's artless smile:
God bless them a 'wi grace an 'gear. Auld comrade't Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ac constellation shine; . S. Bonie wee thing't Duncan was a lad o' grace, . S. Duncan Gray't havins, sense an 'grace, . Fp. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 20. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; Ep. to R. Graham, 5. Pale sickness withers ilka grace, . Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, . S. Had I the wylet For gifts, an' grace, A burnin an' a shinin' light Holy Willie's Prayer, 2. To show thy grace is great an' ample; 1b. 5. That I for gear and grace may shine,	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace. The Petition of Br. Water. To mend the honest Patrict-lore. And grace the band. The Vision. D. 11. 5. Some grace the maiden's artless smile; But golden sands did never grace The Heliconian stream; The John M'Murdo. Graced.—d. Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches! Her lips more than the cherries bright, A richer dye has graced them; S. Young Peggy 1 Graceful, -ful. An' sweet an gracefu' she did ride. A Guid New-year to.
God bless them a 'w' grace an' gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty. In ac constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, F. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 2o. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers like grace, When I did kiss and dawte her. Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her. S. Had I the wyte! For gifts and grace, A burnin an' a shinin' light. Holy Willie's Prayer. 2. To show thy grace is great an' ample; J. 1b. 5. That I for gear and grace may shine, H. 10. Altho' thy beauty and thy grace Might weel awauk desire. S. It is na, Jean, Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Monody, on a Lady. Her native grace so void of art: S. My Mary's face! It wants to me the witching grace, S. O this is no my ain't In grace and beauty charming; S. O wat ye wha that loes!	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lus add. to J. Kanken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albay. The bonie Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-haind kebbuck, tell. The Gowers shall vie in all their charter The hour of heaven to grace. The Petition of Br. Water. To mend the honest Patriot-lore. And grace the band. The Vision. D. 11. 5. Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
God bless them a 'w' grace an' gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ae constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, S. Duncan Gray! havins, sense an' grace. F, to J. L.—k, Ah. 1st. 2o. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; Eh. 1o R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers like grace, Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wyte! For gifts an' grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wyte! That I for gear and grace may shine, Altho' thy beanty and thy grace Might weel awank desire. S. It is na, Jean, t Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you! Monody, on a Lady. Her native grace so void of art: S. My Mary's face! It wants to me the witching grace, S. O this is no my ain! In grace and beauty charming; S. O vat ye what that loes! Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace?	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace. The Petition of Br. Water. To mend the honest Patriot-lore. And grace the band. Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
God bless them a 'w' grace an' gear. Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty. In ac constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, S. Duncan Gray! Havins, sense an' grace, S. Fi to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 2o. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; P. It of J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 2o. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; P. It of J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 2o. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; P. It of J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 2o. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, A burnin an' a shrin' light. Holy Willie's Prayer. 2. To show thy grace is great an' ample; J. 1b. 5. That I for gear and grace may shine, Altho' thy beauty and thy grace Might weel awauk desire. Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Monady, on a Lady, Her native grace so void of art: S. My Mary's face t It wants to me the witching grace, S. O this is no my ain't In grace and beauty charming; S. O wat ye wha that loes! Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs.— Her lovely form, her native ease,	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this dam'd infernal clan." Lus add. to J. Kanken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. The bonie Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-haind kebbuck, fell. The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace. The Petition of Br. Water. To mend the honest Patriot-lore. And grace the band. And grace the band. Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
God bless them a 'w' grace an' gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty. In ac constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, F. to J. L.—k, Ah, 1st. 20. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers like grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wyte! For gifts and grace, A burnin an' a shimin' light. Holy Willie's Prayer. 2. To show thy grace is great an' ample; J. 1b. 5. That I for gear and grace may shine, H. 16. 16. Altho' thy beauty and thy grace Might weel awauk desire. S. It is na, Jean, † Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Monady, on a Lady, Her native grace so void of art: S. My Mary's face! It wants to me the witching grace, S. O this is no my ain't In grace and beauty charming; S. O wat ye wha that loes! Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs.—Her lovely form, her native ease,	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Kanken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albay. The bonie Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-haind kebbuck, fell. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace. The Petition of Br. Water. To mend the honest Patriot-lore. And grace the band. And grace the band. The Viction D. 11. 5. Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
God bless them a 'w' grace an gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty. In ac constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, f. to J. L.—k, Ah. 1st. 2o. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to J. L.—k, Ah. 1st. 2o. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers like grace, Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wyte't For gifts an' grace, A burnin an' a shinin' light. Holy Willie's Prayer. 2. To show thy grace is great an' ample; J. 5. 5. That I for gear and grace may shine, Ib. 16. Altho' thy beauty and thy grace. S. It is na, Jean, † Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Monady, on a Lady. Her native grace so void of art: S. My Mary's face! It wants to me the wriching grace, S. O this is no my ain! In grace and beauty charming; S. O wast ye woke that best Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Her lovely form, her native ease, do, to Mem. of Mrs. — Her lovely form, her native ease, All harmony and grace. S. On a bank of flowers! The graces of her weelfar'd face, S. On Cassnock banks!	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, The Course of Major The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace. The Petition of Br. Water. To mend the honest Patrict-lore. And grace the band. Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
God bless them a 'w' grace an' gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ac constellation shine; S. Bonic wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, F. to J. L.—k, Ah. 1st. 20. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to J. L.—k, Ah. 1st. 20. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers like grace, Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wyte! For gifts an' grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wyte! To show thy grace is great an' ample; J. 1b. 5. That I for gear and grace may shine, Allbo' thy beauty and thy grace Might weel awauk desire. S. It is na, Jean, t Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Monody, on a Lady, Her native grace so void of art: S. My Mary's face! It wants to me the witching grace, S. O this is no my aint In grace and beauty charming; S. O wat ye wha that loest Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? When of Mrs.— Her lovely form, her native case. The graces of her weelfar'd face, S. On a bank of flowers! The graces of her weelfar'd face, S. On Cessnock banks! But the mind that shies in evy grace, Ib. in its native air And rural grace: Feem on Pasteral Potry.	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Kanken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace. The Petition of Br. Water. To mend the honest Patrict-lore. And grace the band. Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
God bless them a 'w' grace an' gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ac constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, F. to J. L.—k, Af. 1st. 2o. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to J. L.—k, Af. 1st. 2o. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers like grace, Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wyte't For gifts an' grace, A burnin' an' a shinn' light. Holy Willie's Prayer. 2. To show thy grace is great an' ample; Ib. 5. That I for gear and grace may shine, Ib. 16. Altho' thy beauty and thy grace Might weel awauk desire. S. It is na, Jean, Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Monody, on a Lady. Her native grace so void of art: S. My Mary's face! It wants to me the witching grace, S. O this is no my aint In grace and beauty charming; S. O wat ye woke that bees Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? On a bank of flowers! The graces of her weelfar'd face, S. On a bank of flowers! The graces of her weelfar'd face, S. On cassnock banks! In the mid that shines in ev'ry grace, Ib. in its native air And rural grace; Poem on Pasteral Poetry. (Beauty, where Galleles symmetry and grace,	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. The bonie Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kehbuck, fell. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace. The Petition of Br. Water. To mend the honest Patriot-lore. And grace the band. Some grace the maiden's artless smile:
God bless them a'wi grace an 'gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ac constellation shine; S. Bonic wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, F. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 20. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 20. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers like grace, Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wyte! For gifte an' grace, A burnin' an' a shinin' light. S. Holy Williës Prayer. 2. To show thy grace is great an' ample; I. b. 5. That I for gear and grace may shine, Altho' thy beanty and thy grace Might weel awauk desire. S. It is na, Jean, the Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on yon; Monody, on a Lady. Her native grace so void of art: S. My Mary's face! It wants to me the witching grace, S. O this is no my ain! In grace and beauty charming; S. O wat ye wha that loes! Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Her lovely form, her native case, All harmony and grace. S. On a bank of flowers! The graces of her weelfard face, S. On Cessneck banks! But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace, Ib in its native air And trust grace: Foem on Pasteral Poetry. (Beauty, where fauldless symmetry and grace, Can only charm us in the second place.	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, The Government of the Bound of the Bound of the Rowsen to grace. The Petition of Br. Water. To mend the honest Patriot-lore. And grace the band. Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
God bless them a 'w' grace an gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ac constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, S. Duncan Gray! havins, sense an' grace. F. to J. L.—k, Ah. 1st. 2o. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to J. L.—k, Ah. 1st. 2o. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers like grace, Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wyte't For gifts an' grace, A burnin an' a shinin' light. Holy Willie's Prayer. 2. To show thy grace is great an' ample; J. 5. 5. That I for gear and grace may shine, Ib. 16. Altho' thy beauty and thy grace Might weel awank desire. S. It is na, Jean, † Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Monady, on a Lady. Her native grace so void of art: S. My Mary's face! It wants to me the witching grace, S. O this is no my ain! In grace and beauty charming; S. O wat ye woke that best Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Her lovely form, her native ease, do, to Mem. of Mrs. — Her lovely form, her native ease, All harmony and grace. S. On a bank of flowers! The graces of her weelfar'd face, S. On cassnock banks! But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace, J. hin its native air And rural grace; Poem on Pastoral Poetry. (Beauty, where Galleless symmetry and grace, Can only charm us in the second place) Protogne. 5t. by Woods.	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, The Couter's Sat. Night. II. The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace. The Petition of Br. Water. To mend the honest Patriot-lore. And grace the band. Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
God bless them a 'w' grace an gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty. In ac constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, S. Duncan Gray! havins, sense an' grace. F. to J. L.—k, Ah. 1st. 2o. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to J. L.—k, Ah. 1st. 2o. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers like grace, Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wyte! For gifts an' grace, A burnin an' a shinin' light. Holy Willie's Prayer. 2. To show thy grace is great an' ample; J. 5. 5. That I for gear and grace may shine, Ib. 16. Altho' thy beauty and thy grace Might weel awank desire. S. It is na, Jean, 1 Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, Grace, S. Othis is no my ain the grace so, Loves, Grace, J. Loves, graces, J. Loves, graces, J. Loves, graces, Loves, Loves	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, The Couter's Sat. Night. II. The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace. The Petition of Br. Water. To mend the honest Patriot-lore. And grace the band. Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
God bless them a 'w' grace an gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty. In ac constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, S. Duncan Gray! havins, sense an' grace. F. to J. L.—k, Ah. 1st. 2o. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to J. L.—k, Ah. 1st. 2o. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers like grace, Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wyte! For gifts an' grace, A burnin an' a shinin' light. Holy Willie's Prayer. 2. To show thy grace is great an' ample; J. 5. 5. That I for gear and grace may shine, Ib. 16. Altho' thy beauty and thy grace Might weel awank desire. S. It is na, Jean, 1 Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Loves, graces, and virtues, Grace, S. Othis is no my ain the grace so, Loves, Grace, J. Loves, graces, J. Loves, graces, J. Loves, graces, Loves, Loves	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, The Government of the Bound of the Bound of the Rowsen to grace. The Petition of Br. Water. To mend the honest Patriot-lore. And grace the band. Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
God bless them a 'w' grace an gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ac constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, F. to J. L—k, Af. 1st. 2o. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to J. L—k, Af. 1st. 2o. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers like grace, Frament. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wyte't For gift's an' grace, A burnin' an' a shinn' light. Holy Willie's Prayer. 2. To show thy grace is great an' ample; Ib. 6. Altho' thy beauty and thy grace Might weel awauk desire. S. It is na, Jean, Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Monody, on a Lady. Her native grace so void of art: S. My Mary's face! It wants to me the witching grace, S. O this is no my aint In grace and beauty charming; S. O wast ye wook that bees! Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? On the most of the case. All harmony and grace. S. On a bank of flowers! The graces of her weelfar'd face, S. On cassnock banks! But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace, Ib. in its native air And rural grace; Poem on Pasteral Poetry. (Beauty, where faulless symmetry and grace, Can only charm us in the second place). The Brigs of Ayr. The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace. The Brigs of Ayr. The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace. The Brigs of Ayr. The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace. The Brigs of Ayr. The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace. The Brigs of Ayr.	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this dam'd infernal clan." Lus add. to J. Kanken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albay. The bonie Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-haind kebbuck, fell, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace. The Petition of Br. Water. To mend the honest Patriot-lore. And grace the band. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The flower shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace, The Petition D. 11. 5. Some grace the maiden's artless smile. The Vision. D. 11. 5. But golden sands did never grace The Heliconian stream;
God bless them a 'w' grace an' gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ac constellation shine: S. Bonie wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, S. P. benie wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, F. to J. L.—k, Ah. 1st. 20. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to J. L.—k, Ah. 1st. 20. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers like grace, Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wylet For gifts an' grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wylet For gifts an' grace, A hurnin' an' a shinn' light. Holy Willie's Prayer. 2. To show thy grace is great an' ample; Willie's Prayer. 2. To show thy grace is great an' ample; Is na, Jean, 1h. 5. That I for gear and grace may shine, Allbo's hy beauty and thy grace Might weel awauk desire. S. It is na, Jean, 1 Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Monody, on a Lady. Her native grace so void of art: S. My Mary's fact I it wants to me the witching grace, S. Ot his is no my aint in grace and beauty charming; S. O wat ye wha that loes t Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Her lovely form, her native ease, S. On a bank of flowers the graces of her weelfar'd face, S. On Cessnock banks! But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace, I bin its native air And rural grace; Person on Pasteral Peetry. (Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace, Can only charm us in the second place). Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace: The Brigs of Ayr. The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace. The cotter's Sat. Night. 12. Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart! 16. 17.	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kehbuck, fell. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace. The Petition of Br. Water. To mend the honest Patrio-lore. And grace the band. Some grace the maiden's artless smile:
God bless them a 'w' grace an gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ac constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, F. to J. L.—k. Af. 1st. 20. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers like grace, F. to J. L.—k. Af. 1st. 20. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers like grace, Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wyte't For gifty an' grace, A burnin' an' a shinn' light, Holy Willie's Prayer. 2. To show thy grace is great an' ample; Ib. 6. Altho' thy beauty and thy grace Might weel awalk desire. S. It is na, Jean, Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Monody, on a Lady. Her native grace so void of art: S. My Mary's Jacet It wants to me the witching grace, S. O this is no my aint In grace and beauty charming; S. O was ye woke that bees Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Othis is no my aint In grace and beauty charming; S. O was ye woke that bees Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? S. On a bank of flowers! All harmony and grace. S. On a bank of flowers! Ent the mind that shines in evy grace, Linit sative air And rural grace; Poem on Pastoral Poetry. (Beauty, where faultees symmetry and grace, Can only charm us in the second place.) Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace; The Brigs of Ayr. The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace. The Brigs of Ayr. The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace. The Brigs of Ayr. The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace. The Brigs of Ayr. The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace. The Brigs of Ayr. The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace. The Brigs of Ayr. The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace. The Brigs of Ayr. The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace. The Brigs of Ayr. The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace. The Brigs of Ayr. The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace. The Brigs of Ayr. The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace. The Brigs of Ayr. The Si	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Ins add, to J. Kanken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, The Cotter's Sat. Night, 11. The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace, The Petition of Br. Water. To mend the honest Patriot-lore, And grace the band. Some grace the maiden's artless smile; Ithe Vision, D. 11. 5. Some grace the maiden's artless smile; Ithe Vision, D. 11. 5. Some grace the maiden's artless smile; Ithe Vision, D. 11. 5. Some grace the maiden's artless smile; Ithe Vision, D. 11. 5. Some grace the maiden's artless smile; Ithe Vision, D. 11. 5. Some grace dadden of witches! The Vision, D. 11. 5. Graced'd. Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches! Tam o' Shanter. 15. Her lips more than the cherries bright, A richer dye has graced them; S. 1 oung Peggy the Graceful, -fu'. An's weet an' gracefu's he did ride A Guid New-yeart 6. I see thee gracefu', straight and tall, S. Craigic-burn Wood. But for a modest, graceful mice, Her like I never saw. Her like I never saw. S. Handsome Nell. Her fautless form and gracefu' ar: Green, sleader, leaf-clad Holly-boughs Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows, Gracelus. Look down with gracious eyes; Nature's Law. The Death of Maille. How graceless Ham leugh at his Dad, The Death of Maille. How graceless Ham leugh at his Dad, The Ordination, 4. Grace-proud. Wil screw'd-up, grace-proud faces; The Holy Fair, 10.
God bless them a 'w' grace an' gear. Auld comrade! Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ac constellation shine: S. Bonie wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, S. P. benie wee thing! Duncan was a lad o' grace, F. to J. L.—k, Ah. 1st. 20. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to J. L.—k, Ah. 1st. 20. who giv'st with all a courtier's grace; F. to R. Graham. 5. Pale sickness withers like grace, Fragment. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wylet For gifts an' grace, When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wylet For gifts an' grace, A hurnin' an' a shinn' light. Holy Willie's Prayer. 2. To show thy grace is great an' ample; Willie's Prayer. 2. To show thy grace is great an' ample; Is na, Jean, 1h. 5. That I for gear and grace may shine, Allbo's hy beauty and thy grace Might weel awauk desire. S. It is na, Jean, 1 Loves, graces, and virtues, I call not on you; Monody, on a Lady. Her native grace so void of art: S. My Mary's fact I it wants to me the witching grace, S. Ot his is no my aint in grace and beauty charming; S. O wat ye wha that loes t Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Her lovely form, her native ease, S. On a bank of flowers the graces of her weelfar'd face, S. On Cessnock banks! But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace, I bin its native air And rural grace; Person on Pasteral Peetry. (Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace, Can only charm us in the second place). Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace: The Brigs of Ayr. The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace. The cotter's Sat. Night. 12. Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart! 16. 17.	That sic a couple fate allows ye To grace your blood. Ep. to Major Logan. 13. "To grace this damn'd infernal clan." Lns add. to J. Ranken. And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kehbuck, fell. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of heaven to grace. The Petition of Br. Water. To mend the honest Patrio-lore. And grace the band. Some grace the maiden's artless smile:

Graff [a grave].	Grannie, Graunie [grandmother].
Ev'n as he is, cauld in his graff Epig. on Henpecked Squire. But your green graff, now Luckie Laing,	I've heard my rev'rend Graunie say, . Add. to the Deil. 5 When twilight did my Graunie summon,
Wad airt me to my treasure S. Gat ye me †	To say her pray'rs,
Graham. An' that glib-gabbet Highland Earon,	Wee Jenny to her Grannie says,
The Laird o' Graham; The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie. Halloween. 13 Ah! Company of the Grannie of Shanter. 15
Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham,	My Grannie she bought me a beuk, The Jolly Beggars, S. III
The Election Ballads, VI. Will generous G***** list to his Poets wail? To R. G. of F.,	Grant, I readily and freely grant.
rain. Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,	He downs see a poor man want; A Ded. to G. H., 5 Lord grant, nac duddie, desperate beggar, Add. of Beelzebul
S. Now westlin winds †	Gude grant that thou may av inherit
Leeze me on thee John Barleycorn, Thou king o' grain! . Scotch Drink. 3.	Thy mither's person, grace an merit, Add. to Illegit, Child
When yellow waves the heavy grain, The Vision. D. II. S.	To grant a heart is fairly civil, But to grant a maidenhead's the devil!. Auld comrade
But may the tapmast grain that wags	I grant thou'rt as wicked, but not quite so clever, Epig, on -
Come to the sack Third Ep. to J. Lap., rain'd [groaned]. The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh,	Still grant us with such store :
Death and Dr. Hornbook, 24.	The Friend we trust; the Fair we love; Grace after Dinner Grant me, indulgent heaven, that I may live
This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted,	To see the miscreants feel the pains they give; Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk
Kind Sir, I've read t	Lus extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk
raip [a dung-fork with three or four prongs]. The graip he for a harrow taks,	I grant him [wisdom] his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures Lns on Windows Gl. Tav
raith [accourrements, implements, harness, dress,	Let posts an pensions sink or swoom
iurniturej.	Wi' them wha grant them : The Author's Cry and Prayer
Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith, . A Fragment. 8.	please To grant my highest wishes, The Petition of Br. Water
Then Meg took up her spinnin-graith, And flang them a' out o'er the hurn. S. Duncan Davison.	God grant the King and ilka man
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh an' graith,	May look weel to themsel The Election Ballads. I And your friends they dare grant you nae mair.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 7. An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith, Scotch Drink, 10.	The Kirk's Alarm
An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith, Scotch Drink, 10. Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd, Tam Samson's El. 8.	Grant me but this, I ask no more, Ay routh o' rhymes.
Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith, The Holy Fair. 7.	'Twas noble, Sir: 'twas like yoursel.
I send you here a faithfu' list,	To grant your high protection: . To Mr. M'Adam
O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith, The Inventory.	Your hillet, Sir, I grant receipt; . To Mr. Renton (Oh, do thou grant This one request of mine!) . Winter
If honest Nature made you fools	(Oh, do thou grant This one request of mine!) . Winter Granted.
What sairs your Grammars? Ep. to I. L-k, Ap. 1st. 11.	But whether granted or denied.
deep-read in bell's black grammar, On Grose's Peregrinations. But oh! what signifies to you	Lord bless us with content!. A Grace before Dinner
His lexicons and grammars; On W. Chalmers	We've faults and failings—granted clearly, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9
His lexicons and grammars; On W. Chalmers, He was a dictionar and grammar Amang them a'; To W. Creech.	That dearest meed is granted—honest fame;
In days when mankind were but callans, At Grammar, Logic, an' sic talents, To W. Creech. At Grammar, Logic, an' sic talents, To W. Simpson. P.S rand. And love a kinder—that's your grand specific	Grape [to grope].
At Grammar, Logic, an' sic talents, To W. Simpson. P.S	The second state is
	Graped, Grapet [groped]. Halloween
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution,	He gaped for't [his argument], he graped for't.
alt Meet, of D. Valunteans	Extem. in Court of Session
Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly For our grand fa'; Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.	An darklins grapet for the banks,
May Freedom, Harmony and Love	Auld orthodoxy lang did grapple, Letter to J. Goudie.
Unite you in the grand Design. The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	Grapple-alrn [grappling-iron].
Deep lights and shades, hold-mingling, threw	Then heave aboard your grapple-airn, A Dream. 13.
A lustre grand; The Vision. D. I. 12.	Grasp.
To hold our grand procession: To a Medical Gent. The grand criterion of his fate, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H	Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Lns on Fergusson Gie me within my straining grasp
The grand criterion of his fate, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. randchild. That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow	The melting form of Anna. S. The court 7 and a second
Sketch. New Tr's Day.	Grasp, to. The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms; S. Awa' wi yr witchcraft
randeur. And I shall spurn as vilest dust.	Whose arms of love would grasp the human race:
The warld's wealth and grandeur: S. Conte. let me take t	
And courtly grandeur bright	I'll grasp thy waist, and fondly prest, Swear how I love thee dearly: S. Now westlin winds:
The fancy may delight, S. Mark yonder Pompt	Grasped.
The fancy may delight, S. Mark yonder Pomp† From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19. randison.	Enclasped, and grasped, Within thy cold embrace! To Ruin
Your Fine Tom Jones and Grandisons, O leave novels †	The lav'rock lo'es the grass, . S. O gie my love brose Ye're greener than the grass, lassie; S. Ye hae lien wrang
randsire. Her grandsire, old Odin,	The rosy dawn, the springing grass
rane [groan].	With early genis adorning S. Young Peggy
a squeak, An' then a grane an' gruntle; . Halloween, 19.	Grass-green. Underneath the grass-green sod,
An' fill auld-age wi' grips an' granes; . The Twa Dogs, 29.	Soon mann be my dwelling C PLAL L
rane, to [to groan].	Grassy. And o'er this grassy heap sing dool of Rande Falls
tane, to [to Broam].	
K[ilmarnock] lang may grunt an' grane, Tam Samson's El.	At dawn when every grassy blade
K[ilmarnock] lang may grunt an' grane, Tam Samson's El.	Droops with a diamond at his head, El. on Capt. M. H. 6. Out o'er the grassy lea:
K[ilmarnock] lang may grunt an' grane, Tam Samson's El iranite. Ask why God made the gem so small, An' why so huge the granite? [v.A.27] Ask why God made †	At dawn when every grassy blade

And when ye're numbered wi' the dead, Below a grassy hillock,	For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave. Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
And coward mankin sleen secure.	And blythe he the bird that sings on her grave!
Low in her grassy form: . The Petition of Br. Water. Grat [wept].	S. O merry hat I been † O sweet he thy sleep in the land of the grave,
Grat his een baith bleer't an' blin', S. Duncan Gray †	On Death of fav. Child. "My patriot son fills an natimely grave!"
Last day I grat wi' spite and teen, The Petition of Br. Water.	On Death of Sir I. Blair.
And I, I wat, Wi' fainness grat, S. The tither morn t	Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes To scenes beyond the grave Sad thy tale, †
And grat to see it thrive, man; . The Tree of Liberty Grate. An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us, An' grate our lug, Scotch Drink.	Wha can fill a coward's grave? S. Scots wha ha'c t
An' grate our lug, Scotch Drink.	When you green leaves fade frae the tree,
E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the view The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	Around my grave they'll wither. S. Sweet fa's the eve t And Sportsmen wander by you grave, Tam Samson's El., 13.
Grateful, -fu'. With grateful lifted eyes, Epit. on a Laird.	A handsome grave does hide her; S. The Josful Widower.
Thy goodness constantly we prove,	Their graves are growing green to see; S. The lovely lass t
And grateful would adore	How welcome to me were the grave! S. The sun he is sunk †
And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh.	And a' the comfort we're to get, Is that ayont the grave, man. The Tree of Liberty.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	You save fair Jessie from the grave!
With grateful pride we own your many favours: Prologue, at Th., D	An angel could not die
What breast so dead to heav nly Virtue's glow, But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe.	Grave, to.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Grave these counsels on thy soul. Wr. in Friars-Carse II.
as grateful nations oft have found	Grav'd. And on his bonnet grav'd was plain, The sacred posy Libertie! A Vision.
Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks! Scotch Drink. 1S.	Gravels.
And grateful still, I trust, ye'll ever find us: Scots Prologue. With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells,	May Gravels round his blather wrench, Scotch Drink. 17.
The Brigs of Ayr.	Graver. A being form'd t'amuse his graver friends, Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return? The Election Ballads. III.	Gravissimo. But gravissimo, solemn basses.
A grateful, warm adieu!	Ye hum away. To J. S., 27. Gray, Grey. dappl't, sleek an' glaizie, A bonie gray;
Return you tuneful thanks. The Petition of Br. Water.	A Guid New-year† 2.
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue, The Vision. D. II. 16.	Like some hold Yet'ran, gray in arms, Add. to Edinburgh. 5. Flaffan wi' duds, and grey wi' heas', Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r Gie her a Haggis! To a Haggis.	Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray,
The pray'r still, you share still,	Nod to the moon, Add. to the Deil. 5.
Of grateful Minstrel Burns To Gav. Hamilton. Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind To Miss Graham.	bending down with auld grey hairs, Auld comrade dear† I heard a man sing tho' his head it was grey;
O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer! To R. G. of F., Q.	S. By you castle wa't
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawly; To W. Simpson.	Our Mess John, wi' his auld grey pow, . S. Donald Brodie
Gratefully. And a' my days o' life to come I'll gratefully adore thee. S. Craigie-burn Wood.	The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same; Extem. on W. Smellie.
The marled plaid ye kindly spare, By me should gratefully he ware; The Ans. to the Guidwife.	O! why has Worth so short a date? While villains ripen grey with time! Lament for Glencairn.
By me should gratefully he ware; The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Come Autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey, S. My Nanie's Awa.
And gratefully my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay To Dr. Blacklock.	
Grating.	through your ruins, hear and grey, On Lincluden. Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes,
Nor pour your descant grating on my ear: Sonnet, on Death of R.	Wi' hawthorns gray, Poem on Pastoral Foetry.
	Till hairns' hairns kindly cuddle Your auld, gray hairs. Second Ep. to Davie.
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see, To their gratis grace and goodness. The Dean of Fac	And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen! . S. Tam Glen.
LPALITUDE. The mourning sang I here enclose.	Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg, . Tam o' Shanter. 9.
In gratitude I send you; To Miss Ferrier. Graunie v. Grannie.	The gray hairs yet stack to the heft; 1b. 11.
Grave, adj.	But left behind her ain gray tail:
Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,	Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather, Marks out his head, Tam Samson's El., 12.
Ep. to K. Graham. 2. So shy, grave and distant, ye shed not a tear:	deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill;
Monody, on a Lady.	though his locks be lyart gray, S. The cardin o't.
The sage grave ancient cough'd, and hade me say, Prologue at Th., D	Her ancient weed was russet gray, The Election Ballads. 1.
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	The Murray, on the auld grey yaud, [re.] Ib. I'.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8. And there sae grave, Squire Cardoness	Wear hodden-grey, and a' that; . S. The Honest Man. The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey, S. The Posic
Look'd on till a' was done: The Election Rallade U	S. The Posic
Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace. The Jolly Beggars, R. III.	And misty mountain, gray; The Petition of Br. Water.
First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight, The Vowels.	I doubt he's but a grey nick quill, The Twa Herds, 14. My auld grey head had lien in clay, S. The Union
Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, To J. S., 26.	As plump an' gray as onie grozet: To a Louse.
Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise; Ib. 2S.	Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog, To R. G. of F., 7.	Are hoary gray; To W. Simpson.
Grave, s. thro' the starting tear, Survey this grave. A Bard's Epit.	Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey, . S. When o'er the hill † Gray. Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray, [re.] S. Duncan Gray.
An' views beyond the grave comfort him. Auld comrade	Duncan Gray cam' here to woo, . S. Duncan Gray cam'
That passest by this grave, . El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.	And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray;)
That the worms ev'n d-d him	Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
When laid in his grave Epit. on Walter S—. And the next flowers, that deck the spring,	Symon Gray You're dull to day. [re.] . Symon Gray † Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow,
Bloom on my peaceful grave. Lament of Mary of Scots.	Warm on the heart. The Vision. D. II. 19.

Grav-beard, Grev-beard,

The rev'rend gray-heards rav'd an' storm'd, To W. Simpson. P.S	ļ
To W. Simpson. P.S	
The grey-heard, old wisdom, may boast of his treasures, Lns, on Windows Globe Tav.	
Until you on a crummock driddle A gray hair'd carl. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.	
Great. An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid; A Ded. to G. H. My fealty an' subjection This great Eirth-day. A Dream, & O Thou great Being! what Thou art, Surpasses me to know: A Prayer under Anguish.	
Surpasses me to know: A Prayer under Anguish. Great is thy pow'r, an great thy fame; Add. to the Deil. 3. Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse. Ib. II.	
As built on the base of the great Revolution; At Meet. of D. Volunteers.	
And some great lies were never penn'd: Death and Dr. Hornbook. Great lies and nonsense haith to vend, [v.A.0]	
Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light; El. on Capt. M. H., 14.	
Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great, In a' the tinsel trash o state!	
The great Creator to revere, Must sure become the Creature; Ep. to Young Friend. 9.	
Is, doubtless, great distress!	
And center in the breast, We may be wise, or rich, or great,	(
'On pain o' hell be rich an' great,' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 14.	
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, 1b. 15. When nature her great master-piece designed, Ep. to R. Graham.	
Attach'd him to the generous truly great	
To whom hae much, shall yet be given, ls every great man's taith; Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson. Ye Heavens, how great is my despair, Fragment.	
Ye Heavens, how great is my despair, Fragment. From great Dundee, who smiling victory led. Fragment of Ode. Great cause ye hae to fear it; Halloween. 14.	(
And ev'ry time great care is taen, To see them duely changed:	
Picture o' the great Clanronald; S. Hee balou † To show thy grace is great an' ample; And sincin' there, and dancin' here.	
And singin' there, and dancin' here, Wi' great an' sma'; [v.A.11] Ib. Three kings both great and high, John Barleycorn.	(
And may his great posterity Ne'er lail in old Scotland!	
thou, the noble, generous, great, . Lament for Glencairn. Why then ask of silly Man, To oppose great Nature's plan? S. Let not woman	(
Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion She'll ne'er get beiter. Letter to J. Goudie.	
Yet think not all the Rich and Great, Are likewise truly blest Man was made to mourn.	
The Great, the Wealthy fear thy [Death's] blow, 1b. 11. Tho' to be rich was not my wish, Yet to he great was charming, O: S. My father was a farmer † Great Nature spoke with air benien. Nature's Law.	
And lo! the Bard, a great reward, Has got a double portion!	
That Young Man great in Issachar, New Psalmody. He ne'er was gien to great misguidin,	1
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. Once great in martial story! . On Duke of Queensberry. I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great, On dining with Daer. No song nor dance I bring from yon great city, Prologue at Th., D	(
Frologue at 11t., D For genius, learning high, as great in war Prologue, sp. by Woods.	
Or great M'[Kinlay] thrawn his heel? Tam Samson's El Scotland an' me's in great affliction, S. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	
Does ony great man glunch an' gloom? Speak out an' never tash your thumh, 1b. 5. The great Argyle led on his files, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	
	1

Fame, honest fame, his great his dear reward. The Brigs of Ayr. I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find, . . The Calf. Ye re still as great a Stirk. Oh wha wad leave this humble state
For a 'the pride of a 'the great'

The Contented Cottager. And heard great Bah'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command. The Cotter's Sat. Night. O Thon! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream d thro' great unhappy Wallace' heart; So may they like their great forbears, For monie a year come thro' the sheers: The Death of Mailie. A house of great merit and note; The Election Ballads, III. Great love I bear to all the Fair. The Iolly Bessurs, S. VII. Hard by a poor Thresher whose toil it was great, Inc Poor Thresher. As great an' gracious a' as sisters; . The Twa Dogs. 33. the great genius of this Land, . The Vision. D. 11. 3. Sir Abece the great, The Vowels. The son of great Loda was conqueror still, The Whistle. "I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More, . . . Ib. He'll hae misfortunes great and sma', S. There was a lad † Great Chieftain o' the Puddin-race! . . To a Haggis. By your dear self !- the last great oath I swear. To Clarinda. A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well, . To Mr. M'Adam. Is ay a blest infection. O Thou, Great Governor of all below! . Why am I loth t Great-folk. Maun please the Great-folk for a wamefou; A Ded. to G. H. 2. I grudge a wee the Great-folk's gift, . . Ep. to Davie. Let great folks hear and see. Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav., There's some great folk set light by me, . The Election Ballads. I. I set as light by them; . Sure great-folk's life's a life o' pleasure? The Twa Dogs. 27. Greater. That thou might'st greater glory give Unto thine own anointed. New Psalmady Gif ance the peasant taste a bit, He's greater than a lord, man, The Tree of Liberty. Greatest. I'll count my health my greatest wealth, S. Here's to thy health, † O Thou, the first, the greatest friend The 1st 6 V.s of ooth Ps .. Of all the human race! Greatly. One point must still be greatly dark, The moving Why they do it; Add. to Unco Guid. 7. Greatness. While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine Lns on Fergusson. While empty greatness saves a worthless name ! On Death of Sir J. Blair. O' a' the num'rous human dools, - - -Alas the day, and wo the day,

Grecian. And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share A rival place? Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Gree [the pre-eminence; the reward, prize; "bear the gree," have the victory, carry on the prize]. Thou hear'st the gree. . Add. to Toothache. They carry the gree frae them a', man. Ronalds of Bennals. A false usurper wan the gree, S. The bonie Lass of Albany. That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that!

S. The Honest Man. Aft hure the gree, as story tells, Frae Suthron billies. To W. Simbson.

Gree [to agree]. To try to get the twa to gree, . To Gav. Hamilton. Greece Nor need he hunt as far as Rome or Greece, Scots Prologue.

Greed. Altho' he has left me for greed o' the siller, S. As I was a wand ring she never brak a fence, Thro' thievish greed.

Poor Mailie's El.. Eels weel kend for souple tail, And Geds for greed, Tam Samson's El., 6. Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench, The Twa Dogs. 21.

Whase greed, revenge, an pride disgraces
Waur nor their nonsense. To Rev. J. M'Math. Greedy.

A greedy glowr black-bonnet throws, . The Holy Fair. 8. While she held up her greedy gab,
Just like an aumous dish: . . The Jolly Beggars. R. I. Greek.

An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled. Auld comrade dear t

Their graves are growing green to see;
S. The lovely lass of In. †

And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale. . 1b.

Green, slender, leaf-clad Holly-boughs 16. 9.

S. The small birds rejoice t

. The Vision. D. I.

But I will down you river rove among the wood sae green,

The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning,

And bunger'd Mankin taen ber way To kail-yards green,

. Ib. D. II. 20.

Yet green the juicy Hawtborn grows,

I sit me down and greet my fill, S. My Harry was a gallant † Ah, geotle dames! it gars me greet, . Tam o' Shanter. 4.

The kind, anid, cantie Carlin greet,

The Author's Cry and Prayer.

And bairns greet for them when they're dead.

The Death of Mailie,

That I might greet, that I might cry, The Election Ballads. VI.

Tam Samson's El..

An' sigh an' sob, an' greet her lane,

God bless your Honors can ye see't,

An' syne they think to climb Parnassus	Far dearer to me you lone glen o' green breckan, S. Their groves of t
By dint o' Greek! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 12.	An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
But tell me Whisky's name in Greek, The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.	O'foggage green! To a Mouse. O'erbung with wild woods thickening green,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters, . To J. S., S.	S. To Mary in Heaven.
Greekish. Learning, with his Greekish face, The Ordination, 11.	'Twas even—the dewy fields were green, S. Twas even—the dewy t
Learning, with his Greekish face, The Ordination. 11. Green. Amang the fresh, green leaves bedew'd, S. A Rosebud by my	While corn grows green in summer showers, S. Where Cart rins †
Unfolds her [Spring's] tender mantle green, Add. to Shade of Thomson.	Green be your woods, and fair your flowers, S. Ye banks, and braces, and streams t
Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes, [rz.] S. Afton Water.	How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,
Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear, . Iô.	Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;
How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below 16.	Green, s. S. You wild mossy mountns t
But the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes, S. Awa' wi yr witchcraft †	But Phemie was the blythest lass, That ever trode the dewy green. S. Blythe was she †
Behold, my love, how green the groves, S. Behold, my love t	Now bank and brae are clothed in green,
But lately seen, in gladsome green, The woods rejoic d the day, S. But lately seen t	S. Now bank and brac t Now spring has clad the grove in green,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yard, S. By you castle wa't	S. Now Spring has clad t
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn : Caledonia.	I see thee dancing o'er the green, S. O were I on Parnass. †
A burn was clear, a glen was green, . S. Duncan Davison.	There's not a bonie flower that springs, By fonotain, shaw, or green; S. Of a the airts t
Tby gay, green, flowery tresses shear, El. on Capt. M. H., 12.	We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no he seen,
briers an' woodbines buddiog green, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st.	Green-spreading.
Farewell, thon fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, S. Farewell, thou fair day	Her voice is the song of the morning
But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing,	That wakes through the green-spreading grove, S. Adown winding Nith †
Wad airt one to my treasnre	Green-wood. Except where green-wood echoes rang
An' Stuff was unco green;	S. Twas even—the dewy t
With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming fair; S. How pleasant the banks †	Ye're greener than the grass, lassie; S. Ye hae lien wrang. Greenish.
A fairer than either adorns the green vallies, 16.	Her Mantle large, of greenish hue, The Vision, D. I., 12.
And by you garden green again; S. I'll ay ca' in t	Greenfield.
And corn way'd green in ilka field, S. In simmer when t	T[ytle]r's and G[reenfield]'s modest grace; . To W. Creech.
Now Nature hangs her maotle green On every blooming tree, Lament of Mary of Scots.	Greenland. O had my fate been Greenland snows, S. Now Spring has clad †
the flower which bloomed sweetest in Coila's green vale, Lament on leaving Nat. Land.	Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course,
We'll sew a green ribban round about his bat, S. Lady Mary Ann.	Gree't [agreed]. Come, gies your hand, an sae we're greet;
The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green, . 16. And a green grassy hillock hides his head;	Death and Dr. Hornbook, 11. Greet. And in my House at Hame to greet you!
Lns while on Deathbed.	Add. of Beetzebub. 5.
My stem was fair, my bnd was green, S. Luckless Fortune.	I'll often greet this surging swell; S. Behold the hour †
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below; S. My neart's in the Highl. †	To meet with, and greet with, My Davie or my Jean! Ep. to Davie. 10.
Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays, S. My Nanie's Awa.	Weel pleased, he [Death] greets a wight sae famous, Epst. on Tam the Chapman.
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw; . 1b.	And as a brother kindly greet: S. How can my poor heart †
Now rosy May comes in wi flowers, To deck her gay green spreading bowers; S. Now rosy May †	Nae leaf o' mioe shall greet the spring, Lament for Glencairn. Never perhaps to greet old Scotland more.
A green turf on your head, gudeman, S. O gin ye were dead.	Lns on Back of Bank Note.
How pure, amang the leaves sae green; S. O bonic was you rosy t	Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet, Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. [v.A.10] Sonnet on Death of Riddel.
Now, haply down yon gay green shaw, Sne wanders by yon spreading tree; S. O wat ye wha's in t	But she wad send the sodger youth
With flow'rs so white and leaves so green, S. On Cessnock banks †	To greet his [King George's] eldest son. The Election Ballads. I.
When you green leaves fade frae the tree, Around my grave they'll wither. S. Sweet fa's the eve t	When with an elder Sister's air She did me greet The Vision. D. 11.
That roars between her gardens green And the bonie Lass of Albany. The bonie Lass of Albany.	When upward-springing, blythe, to greet The purpling East. To a Mountain-Daisy.
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thoro bush, The Brigs of Ayr.	That lov'st to greet the early morn, To Mary in Heaven. Greet [to shed tears, weep].
Nae lay'rock sang on hillock green, S. The Catrine woods t	And now I greet round their green beds in the yard,
	S. By you eastle wa't

Greeting, -in, -an [weeping]. I cou dua get sleeping till dawing, for greeting,	Your Honor's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce, The Author's Cry and Prayer
S. As I was a-wand ring † Had I no got greeting, my heart wou'd hae hroken, Ib. I think on my honie lad,	And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet, The Hermit And many griefs attended : S. The Joyful Widower Sore-harass'd out, with care and grief, The Lament
And I bleer my een wi greetin S. Ay waukin, O. Now Robin, greetin', chows the hams O' Mailie dead! [v.A.19] Poor Mailie's El.	The weary night o' care and grief May have a joyful morrow; While here I sit all sore beset
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters, 'Tam Samson's dead!' Tam Samson's El. 9.	With sorrow, grief, and wo; S. The sun he is sunk. But he has gotten to our grief,
Paint Scotland greetan owre her thrissle; The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Ane to succeed him, The Twa Herds, 13
Mysel, I've ev'n seen them greetan Wi' girnan spite, . To IV. Simpson, P.S	An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain, For promis'd joy! To a Mouse
Gregory. worthy G[regor]y's latin face, To IV. Creech.	Thy cruel, woe-delighted train, The ministers of Grief and Pain,
Grenville. Behind the throne then Gr-nv-lle's gone, A Fragment. 8.	Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief: . To Terraughty Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin', . To W. Creech
Grew. The pride of her kindred the heroine grew; S. Caledonia.	but grief and care In wildest fury hae made hare My peace, my hope, for ever! V.s, under Griej
whare gowans grew, Sae white an' bonie, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.	As fill'd his after life wi grief What ails ye now Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Straight the sky grew black and daring; S. I dream'd I lay † And he grew thick and strong, John Barleycorn.	S. Where are the joys My griefs it [the Tempest] seems to join; Winter
When he grew wan and pale;	Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan, Wr. in Kenmore Inn
And the langer it blossom'd the sweeter it grew; S. Lady Mary Ann.	Grief-inspired. To you I sing my grief-inspired strains: On Death of R. Dundas
The landlady and Tam grew gracious, Tam o' Shanter. 5. The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:	Grief-worn. Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins, The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	To scenes beyond the grave Sad thy tale;
But soon grew weary o' the trade, The Tree of Liberty. And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.	Grien [to long for, desire ardently]. That griens for the fishes and loaves. The Election Ballads. III
An' backlins-comin' to the leuk,	Grieve [an overseer]. Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,
She grew mair bright. To W. Simpson, P.S., irey v. Gray. Grey-beard v. Gray-beard. irey-breaking.	I canna say but they do gailies; . Add. of Becleebub. 4 Grieve, to. And muckle they [mankind] may grieve ye: Ep. to Young Friend. 2
The shepherd to warn of the grey-hreaking dawn, S. My Nanie's Awa.	I ken they scorn my low estate, But that does never grieve me; S. Here's to thy health,
ireys, the. And can we forget the auld Major, Who'll ne'er he forgot in the Greys, The Election Ballads, III.	Who shall say that Fortune grieves him, While the star of hope she leaves him? . S. One fond kiss, Well you know how much you grieve me:
Grief. Misery's another word for Grief: . Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	And at its fortune if you grieve— S. Stay, my charmer
Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care, Despondency, an Ode.	Retrieve its doom and take its place. S. The capt. Ribband But tho' his little heart did grieve, The Jolly Beggars. R. VI
You, bustling and justling, Forget each grief and pain;	And the the puny wound appear, Short while it grieves To J. S., 16.
In grief thy sallow mantle tear: . El. on Capt. M. H., 13. I tell nae common tale o' grief, Ib. Epit.	Grieved. To those who for her loss are grieved, This consolation's given On Poet's Daughter Grievin.
And not a muse in honest grief bewail. El. on Miss Burnet. That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care: Ib.	When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin; Scotch Drink. 5.
Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares; . Ep. fr. Esopus. When heart-corroding care and grief	Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin': Second Ep. to Davie Tell ev'ry social, honest hillie To cease his grievin, Tam Samson's El., Per C.
Deprive my soul of rest, Ep. to Davic. q. Wi' a' this care and a' this grief, Ep. to H. Parker.	Grim, Grizel.
Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown, I fain my griefs would cover; S. Farewell, thou stream t	Here lies with death auld Grizel Grim, Epit. on Grizel Grim. Grim. in his [Want's] grim advances, A. Ded. to G. H., th. Think on the dungeon's grim confine, A Winter Night, 9.
Till grief my eyes should close, Ne'er to wake more	Auld, grim, black-bearded Geordie's sel, Adam A—'s Prayer.
Nought but griess with me remain. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †	And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar, Add. to Edinburgh. 7. Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie, Add. to the Deil.
And last, (the sum of a' my griefs!) My noble master lies in clay; Lament for Glencairu.	Warlocks grim, an' wither'd Hags,
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief, The rock with tears had flow'd. Lns on Mrs. Kemble.	Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap, S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Fell source of a' my woe and grief; Lns on Back of Bank Note.	Thou grim king of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe, S. Farewell, thou fair day
Its joys and griefs alike resign S. O bonic was you rosy † The cauldness of thy heart's the cause	Grim loon! he [death] gat me by the fecket, Friend of the poet, † P.S. Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
Of a' my grief and pain, jo S. O Lassic art thou † Of speechless grief, and dark despair:	Lament of Mary of Scots. See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
S. O stay, sweet warbling t	On Death of R. Dundas. The tyrant Death, with grim control, . S. Peggy Chalmers.
Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes, S. Raving winds †	Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar, Prologue, sp. by Woods.
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid, That's prest wi' grief an' care: . Scotch Drink. Mott.	More welcome were to me grim winter's wildest roar. Sonnet, on Death of R
An' minds his griefs no more	A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large, Tam o' Shanter. 11. that grim foe of life below, S. The day returns †
	G. 1/10 total / 12 tot

A carline stoor and grim, The Election Ballads, I. Grim horror grid d; pale terror roard In. 17. grim Nature's visage hoar, The Vision. D. 11. 43. So grim, deform'd. The Viewels, thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhor'd. To R uin. And crim, surly winter is near? S. Where are the joys? Grim-Ising. Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock. Add. to Edinburgh, 5.	Or how the royal Bard did groaning lye. Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire: Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire: The Cotter's Sat. Night, 11. There, groaning, dying, she did ly. The Death of Maille. And knock'd the groaning yowel to the ground! The Vewels. The trees now naked groaning, Shall soon wil leaves be hinging. S. The yng Hight. Rover. The groaning trencher there ye fill, To a Haegis. Groanin maut [groaning malt, ale brewed for the purpose of being drunk after a childbirth.
Grimace. So travell'd monkies their grimace improve, Sketch. Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace. The Jolly Beggars, R. III.	O wha will huy the groanin maut? S. O wha my baby-clouts? Groat [a silver eoin equal to 4d.; a small sum; "get the whistle of one's groat," play a losing game].
But I gae mad at their grimaces, To Rev. J. M'Math. Grin. Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love. Sketch. Grin, to. And fretful envy grins in vain The poisoned tooth to fasten. S. Young Peggy†	'Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat. 'He gets his fairin!' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30. So gat the whissle o' my groat, He will win a shilling, Or he spend a groat.
Grin'd. Grim horror grin'd; pale terror roar'd The Election Ballads, VI.	S. Hey, the dusty miller† An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat, By gallow's knaves? The Author's Cry and Frayer, 9.
Grind. To grind them in the mire! The Election Ballads. I'I. Grip. See stern Oppression's iron grip. A Winter Night, 7. Masons' mystic word an' grip. Add. to the Deil, 14.	When ilka ell cost me a groat, The taylor staw the lynin o't S. The cardin o't.
Now colie-grips. an' harkin hoast, May kill us a';	Gie me the groat again, cany young man, S. The Taylor fell? An' damn'd my fortune to the groat; To J. S., 6. Groom. The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald beside it,
S. The tither morn † An' fill auld-age wi' grips an' granes; The Twa Dogs. 29.	S. O ken ye what, Meg† Grope. And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope. To R. G. of F., 7.
Grip, to. But where ye feel your Honor grip, Let that ay he your horder: Ep. to Young Friend. 8. Grippet He grippet Nelly hard on fast Hallwaren. 6.	Grose. The Devil got notice that Grose was a dying, Epig. on Capt. Grose.
Grippet. He grippet Nelly hard an' fast; . Halloween. 6. Grissle [gristle]. As my auld pen's worn to the grissle;	Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. † Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose! On Grose's Peregrinations. Gross. The caput mortuum of gross desires
Grist. But bonie Peg-a-Ramsey Gat grist to her mill. S. Cauld is the e'enin†	Grot. Or where you grot o'erhangs the tide,
Grit [great]. Yet has sae mony takin' arts,	Content and comfort bless me more in This grot, than e'er I felt before in A palace The Hermit.
Wi' grit an' sma', , Holy Willie's Prayer, 11.	Ground. Ere we permit a foreign foe, On British ground to rally. S. Does haughty Gaul†
Here lies with death auld Grizel Grim, Epit. on Grizel Grim. Grizzie [dim. of Griselda]. Then turn'd, an laid a smack on Grizzie.	Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion She'll ne'er get better. Letter to J. Goudic. The bravest heart on English ground,
The Jolly Beggars, R, III. Grizzly. His uncombed grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd. Extem. on W. Smellie.	Had yielded like a coward On Miss J. Scott. But loyalty truce! we're on dangerous ground, Poet Add. to Tytler.
Groan. Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan, A Ded. to G. H., 9.	Welsh, who ne'er yet flinched his ground, The Election Ballads, VI. He circled round the magic ground,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!	But entrance found he nane, man: The Pete Champetre. But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Ay mocks our groan! . Add. to Toothache.	Shall to the ground be cast,
I'll grunt a real Gospel groan: Auld comrade † Heard'st thou that groan—proceed no further, 'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder. Epig. on E. s Martial.	Grousome, Grusome [horribly grim].
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan, Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak, For some black, grousome Carlin;
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan, Betray the hapless lover: S. Farewell, thou stream? Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. [re.] S. One fond kiss,?	Grouse, Grouss, Grous. Ye grouss that crap the heather bud; El. on Capt. M. H., 7.
Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan, The Kirk's Alarm.	Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep, Wr, in Kenmore Inn. Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to feed,
And does she heedless hear my groan? The Lament. The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh, Betray the guilty lover	Grove. Her voice is the song of the morning. Her voice is the song of the green-spreading grove.
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast? S. To Mary in Heaven. Groan. to. Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan:	Behold, my love, how green the groves, S. Behold, my love †
Groan, to. Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan; On Death of R. Dundas. How would your spirits groan in deep vexation,	Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say, Where now my Nancy's path may be! S. Behold the hour† The winds were whispering thro' the grove,
Till curst with Age, obscure an starvin, The Brigs of Ayr. 9. To J. S., 19.	Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens; El. on Capt. M. H., 4.
Groaning. To see the new [year] come laden, groaning.	In vain ye flaunt in Summer's pride, ye groves; El. on Miss Burnet.
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin To thee and thine; Friend of the poet † The groaning trees untimely shed their locks,	So calls the woodlark in the grove, His little faithful mate to chear, S. Here is the glen †
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees, Wiel Alloway seem'd in a bleeze: Tan o' Shanter, 10.	Now Spring has clad the grove in green. S. Now Spring has clad † Thro' lofty groves, the Cushat roves, S. Now westlin winds †
	I mio torry groves, the Chains force, or all the chains

Thro' lofty groves, the Cushat roves, S. Now westlin winds †

When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees, Kirk Alloway seem'd in a bleeze; . . . Tan o' Shanter. 10. Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove By honie Irvine-side.

"Where first I own'd my maiden love, .

When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,

The scented groves, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr.

She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love.

"O Willy, ay I bless the grove

Give me the groves that lofty brave

The storms, by Castle Gordon.

I pray an' ponder butt the house, .

He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan,

Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.

S. O mirk, mirk t

. S. O Phely. t

S. Saw ye my Phelv.

S. Streams that glide t

That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,

To preach an' read?

Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell,

Guard, wherever thou canst guard, Wr.in Hermitage at F.C.

To R. G. of F ..

Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown.

"On earth I am a stranger grown;

Or R[obinson] again grown weel.

Until wi' daffin weary grown.

Or if he was grown oughtlins douser, Kind Sir, I've read t

Upon a knowe they sat them down. [v.A.1] The Twa Dogs. 6. Is grown right eerie now she's done it, To Rev. I. M'Math.

Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 3.

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.

Lament for Gleneairn.

. Tam Samson's El ..

. Ib. 8. Trifled aff till she's grown auld, S. Will ye go and marry t Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves: . . S. The Catrine Woods t But now, alas! ye're dowie grown, S. Ye hac lien wrang. Thro' faded groves Maria sang, Wh-re- hunting among groves o' myrtles: The Twa Dogs. 23. Grozet [a gooseberry]. Through many a wild, romantic grove, [v.A.4]

The Vision, D. I. As plump an' gray as onie grozet: . Grub. Or darkling grubs this earthly hole, And joy and music pouring forth, In ev'ry grove, Ib. D. II. 14. In low pursuit, . A Bard's Epit. Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon, Grudge. S. Their groves of t I grudge a wee the Great-folk's gift, . Fo to Danie S There was a lass t The birds sang sweet in ilka grove; My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 8. Can I forget the hallow'd grove, To Mary in Heaven. Groveling. Or frugal Nature grudge thee one [talent]? But groveling on the earth the carol ends. Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Wr. in Friars-Carse H .. Grow. Grumble. O Fortune, they has room to grumble! S. Amang the trees t They made our lugs grow eerie; O On Scot, Bard gne to W.I. And withers the faster, the faster it grows:
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft Grumbled. And late or early never gramhled? . Ep. to H. Parker. , S. Blythe was shet By Ochtertyre grows the aik. . S. Ca' the ewes. Grumbling. Ca' them whare the heather grows, In ploughman phrase 'God send you speed,' Shall let the busy, grumbling hive Bum owre their treasure. To W. Simpson. 16. Still daily to grow wiser; . Et. to Young Friend. 11. S. Green grow the rashes. Grumphie [the sow]. Green grow the rashes, O; An' wha was it but Grumphie The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild, And made my branches grow, S. Luckless Fortune. Asteer that night? . Halloween, 20. The little flowerer's peaceful lot Grun [ground]. In yonder cliff that grows, . . S. Now spring has clad t An' brought a Paitrick to the grun', . Es. to I. R. 7. "So in my tender hosom grows,
"The love I hear my Willy. Nae wonder he's as black's the grun, . S. O Phely, t Observe wha's standing wi' him. Epit. on Holy Willie. O gin my love were you red rose. That grows upon the castle wa'! Grunstane [grindstone]. S. O were my love t And hand their [the poor's] noses to the grunstane; There wild-woods grow, and rivers row, S. Of a' the airts t A Ded. to G. H. 8. That grows the cowslip braes between. S. On Cessnock banks t Grunt. Unto these rosy lips to grow: S. Sae flaxen t Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan, . A Ded. to G. H., q. tho' a Minister grow dorty. An' kick your place,

The Author's Cry and Prayer. 23. if I haud on, I'll grunt a real Gospel groun: Auld comrade t K[ilmarnock] lang may grunt an' grane, Tam Samson's El.. The Death of Mailie. So, may his flock increase an' grow That man shall flourish like the trees Which by the streamlets grow; . The 1st Psalm. The Tree of Liberty. Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit, And flagrant from the scourge he grunted, ai! The Vowels. Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows, Gruntle [the snout, visage; a grunting sound]. Adown the glade. . The Vision. D. II. 20. a squeak, An' then a grane an' gruntle; S. The weary Pund. . Halloween. 19. As gude as e'er did grow; Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch O' sour disdain. There grows a bonie brier bash in our kail-yard, Scotch Drink, 17. S. There grows a bonic briert Hey and the rue grows honie wi' thyme,
S. There liv'd ance a earle t Grunzie [the mouth]. She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion; S. Willie Wastle t . . To Mary O sweet grows the lime and the orange, Grushie [thick, of thriving growth]. What ails ye now t at times when I grow crouse, Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives; The Twa Dogs. 17. While corn grows green in summer showers,
S. Where Cart rins † Grusome v. Grousome. Grutten [fast fart. of greet; wept]. As thy day grows warm and high, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Embro' wells are grutten dry. El. on Year 1788. Growing, -in. My bonie laddie's young but he's growin yet.
S. Lady Mary Ann. Guard. But still the Patriot, and the Patriot-Bard, In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Gnard!

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21. And future ages hear his growing fame. On Death of Sir J. Blair. The Holy Fair. 17. . Tam o' Shanter. 5. Wee [Miller] neist, the Gnard relieves, And ay the ale was growing better: Their graves are growing green to see;
S. The lovely lass of In. † And careful note each opining grace, A guide and guard. The Vision. D. II. 10. Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand. Growl. Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,

Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 17. S. There liv'd ance a carle t And Thurlow growl a curse of woe, The Election Ballads. VI. Guard, to. Powers celestial whose protection Growler. Ever guard the virtuous fair, . S. Highland Mary. The langest thong, the fiercest growler Add. of Beelzebub. 4. Protect and guard the mother plant, On Birth of Posth. Child. Grown. To guard, or draw, or wick a hore, Tam Samson's El. 5. Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown I mean your ingleside to guard Ae winter night. Debauchery and Drinking: Add. to Unco Guid. 5. Third Ep. to J. Lap., For now I'm grown sac cursed donse,

Auld comrade dear †

Cuandian	
Guardian.	But, like guid mothers, shore before ye strike; Scots Prologue.
May guardian angels tak a spell,	She brew'd gude ale for gentlemen S. Scroggam.
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell; Auld comrade dear t	And we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught,
Guardian angels! O protect her, . S. Highland Mary.	S. Shld auld acquaintce t
Relentless fate has laid their guardian low.	My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
On Death of Sir I. Blair	He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten: . S. Tam Glen.
(The Potriot's God neguliouls they are	He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten: . S. Tam Glen.
(The Patriot's God, peculiarly thou art, His friend, inspirer, guardian and reward!)	Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet; Tam o' Shanter. 9.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.	That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair, 1b. 13.
	Hale to the sex, ilk guid chiel says, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
These be thy guardian and reward; . To a yng Lady.	(Deil no they never mais doid
His guardian scraph eyes with awe The noble ward he loves V.s below Picture.	(Deil na they never mair do gnid,
The noble ward he loves V.s below Picture.	The Author's Cry and Prayer, 16.
Gude [God].	Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's,
	I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch, 1b. 21.
Gude pity me, hecause I'm little, . Adam A-'s Prayer.	Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
But gude preserve us frae the gallows,	Pancies that our guid brigh denies protection,
Gude grant that thou may ay inherit	The Brigs o' Ayr. 8.
Thy mither's person, grace an' merit, Add. to Illegit, Child.	And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid;
Gude help the day when royal heads	The Cotter's Sat. Night, 11.
Are hunted like a maukin S. Awa, whigs, awa.	An' ay was guid to me un' mine; . The Death of Mailie,
	But gie them guid cow-milk their fill,
I like the lasses-Gude forgie me!	
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 17.	Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true;
Gude keep thee frae a tether string! . Death of Mailie.	The Election Ballads, III.
I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit The Inventory.	And also Barskimmin's gude knight;
	Wha will buy my troggin, Gude election ware; . Ib. IV.
Gude, Guid [good].	
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid, A Ded. to G. H., I.	In guid time comes an antidote The Holy Fair. 16.
The Poet, some guid Angel help him,	My Lan' afore's a gude auld has been, The Inventory.
Transfer of the Sand Linguistics and the sand th	The chiel that's a fool for himsel,
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw, A Dream. 14.	Guid L-d, he's far dafter than I. The Jolly Beggars, S. III.
he thought a sin Guid Christian bluid to draw, A Fragment.	An' guid Claymore down by his side, Ib. S. IV.
To mak it guid in law, man	No decree blother to the city
	My dearest bluid to do them guid, They're welcome till't for a that Ib. S. VII.
A Guid New-year I wish you Maggie! A Gude New-Year t	They're welcome till't for a' that Ib. S. VII.
On guid March-weather,	A gude blue bannet on his head, . S. The Ploughman †
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky;	There's few sae bonie, nane sae gude, The Tarbolton Lasses.
I wish her sale for her gude ale.	Maks high and low gude friends, man; The Tree of Liberty.
S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank t	
Brews gude ale at shore o' Bucky; I wish her sale for her gude ale, S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank † scarce as lang's a guid kail whittle, Adam A—'s Prayer.	For Britain's guid his saul indentin . The Twa Dogs. 21.
31/14/2/	For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it Ib. 22.
O ye wha are sae guid yoursel, . Add. to Unco Guid. 1.	For Britain's guid! for her destruction! 1b. 24.
My heart-warm love to guid auld Glen, Auld comrade dear t	
A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller:	
	Had I to guid advice but harket, The Vision, D. I. 5.
	As gude as e'er did grow; S. The weary pund.
Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scotish sang.	Gude news I've to tell, S. There's news, lasses t
S. Contented wi' little †	I hae as gude a craft rig As made o' yird and stane : . Ib.
for twa guid gimmer-pets . Death and Dr. Hornbook, 27.	a nac as gude a craft rig 113 made o yild and stane; . 10.
S S F F F F F F	
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man :	Guid health, hale han's, an' weather honie;
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.	Third Ep. to J. Lap.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.	Guid health, hale han's, an' weather honie; Third Ep. to J. Lap. His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, To a Haggis.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.	Third Ep. to J. Lap. His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, To a Haggis.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! Ep. to Davie, 6.	Third Ep. to J. Lap. His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, To a Haggis. my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To Dr. Blacklock.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! Ep. to Davie, b. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth,	His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude anld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; To try my fate in guid, black prent; To To Br. Blacklock.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! Ep. to Davie, 6. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. 1b. 7.	His spiadle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To Dr. Blacklock. To I'ry my fate in guid, black prent; To I's., A' gude things may attend you! To Miss Ferrier.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! Ep. to Davie, b. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. O Thou wha gies us each guid gift!	His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude anld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; To try my fate in guid, black prent; To To Br. Blacklock.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! Ep. to Davie, 6. They findstrunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. Ib. 7. O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 13.	His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! I wiss you weel, And gude be wi' you. To Mr. J. Kennedy.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! Ep. to Davie, 6. They findstrunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. Ib. 7. O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 13.	His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude andd cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! To Mis Ferrier, I wiss you weel, And gude he wi' you, to gude, warm kail, To Mr. J. Kennedy, To Mr. A' Adam.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They foir in excess! They flation and the see the naked truth, The real guid and the	His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To n Haggir. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! To Mr. J. Kennedy. to gude, warm kail, Than mony scores as guid's the priest
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! Ep. to Davie, 6. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Guid L—d! but she was quankin! Halloween, 12. And thretty gude shillins and three;	His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude andd cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! To Miss Ferrier. To warm kail, Than mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sae abus't him. The Rev. J. M'Math.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They foir in excess! They flation and the see the naked truth, The real guid and the	His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To a Haggit. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! To Mr. J. Kennedy. To Mr. J. Kennedy. To Mr. M'. Adam. Than mony scores as guid's the priest While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies: To Rev. J. M'Math.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! Ep. to Davie, 6. They [Mistortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 2151. 13. Guid L—d! but she was quaukin! And thretty gude shillins and three; A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's Gether. S. Her Daddie forbad t	His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude andd cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! To Miss Ferrier. I wiss you weel, And gude he wi' you, to gude, warm kail, Than mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sase abus't him. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies: To W. Simpson. 18.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They foir in excess! They flisfortunes make us see the naked truth, The real guid and Ill. O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Guid L—d! but she was quaukin! And thretty gude shillins and three; A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad t It's guid to be merry and wise,	His spiadle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To Haggis. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! To Miss Ferrier. I wiss you weel, And gude be wi' you. To Mis. I'. Kennedy. To Mr. M'Adam. Than mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sae abus't brim. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies: To W. Simpson. 18. Guid observation they will gie them; L. P.S.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They foir in excess! They foir in excess! They foir in excess! They fill guid and ill. Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 215t. 13. Guid L.—d! but she was quaukin! And therety gude shillins and three; A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad t It's guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be honest and true,	His spiadle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To Haggis. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! To Miss Ferrier. I wiss you weel, And gude be wi' you. To Mis. I'. Kennedy. To Mr. M'Adam. Than mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sae abus't brim. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies: To W. Simpson. 18. Guid observation they will gie them; L. P.S.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They for in excess! They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. 1b. 7. O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 21st. 13. Guid L.—d! but she was quaukin! And thretty gude sbillins and three; A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad! It's guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be honest and true. It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,	His spiadle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! I wiss you weel, And gude be wi' you. I wiss you weel, And gude be wi' you. To Mr. M'. Adam. Than mony scores as guid's the priest While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; Guid observation they will gie them; Willie was a wabster gude, S. Willie Wastle †
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They foir in excess! Ep. to Davie. 6. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 215t. 13. Guid L.—d! but she was quaukin! And therety gude shillins and three; A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad to the guid guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be honest and true. It's guid to support Caledonia's cause, S. Here's a health to them t	His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude and cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! I wiss you weel, And gude he wi' you, to gude, warm kail, Than mony scores as guid's the priest Wha saæ abus't him. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; Guid observation they will gie them; Willie was a wabster gude, S. Willie Wastle † Gude day.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They foir in excess! They flisfortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and Ill. O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Guid L—d! but she was quaukin! And thretty gude shillins and three; S. Her Daddie forbad! It's guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be honest and true, Is' guid to support Caledonia's cause, S. Here's a health to them! And no for ony guid or ill	His spiadle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To At laggis, my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To Dr. Blacklock. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! To Mrs. I' To Mrs. Service. I wiss you weel, And gude be wi' you. To Mrs. I' Kennedy. To Mrs. M' Adam. Than mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sae abus t bim. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies: To W. Simpson. 18. Guid observation they will gie them; B. P.S. Willie was a wabster gude, Gude day. "Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; S. Tam Glen.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. The rot law a guid and ill. O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Ep. to f. L—k, Ap. 21st. 13. Guid L—d! but she was quaukin! And therety gude shillins and three; A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad to the guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to support Caledonia's cause, S. Here's a health to them to And no for ony guid or ill They've done afore thee! Holy Willie's Prayer.	His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude and cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! I wiss you weel, And gude be wi you, to gude, warm kail, Than mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sase abus't him. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; Guid observation they will gie them; Willie was a wabster gude, Gude day, Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes hen; S. Tam Glen. And ilka ane at London court
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They for in excess! They for in excess! They for in excess! The real guid and ill. The real guid and ill. The real guid and ill. O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Guid L—d! but she was quankin! Halloween, 12. And thretty gude shillins and three; S. Her Daddie forbad! It's guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be honest and true. It's guid to support Calculonia's cause. S. Here's a health to them! And no for ony guid or ill They've done afore thee! Holy Willie's Prayer. Of gude advisement comes nae ill. S. In simmer when !	His spiadle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To At laggis, my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To Dr. Blacklock. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! To Mrs. I' To Mrs. Service. I wiss you weel, And gude be wi' you. To Mrs. I' Kennedy. To Mrs. M' Adam. Than mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sae abus t bim. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies: To W. Simpson. 18. Guid observation they will gie them; B. P.S. Willie was a wabster gude, Gude day. "Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; S. Tam Glen.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. The rot law a guid and ill. O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Ep. to f. L—k, Ap. 21st. 13. Guid L—d! but she was quaukin! And therety gude shillins and three; A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad to the guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to support Caledonia's cause, S. Here's a health to them to And no for ony guid or ill They've done afore thee! Holy Willie's Prayer.	His spiadle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude anld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To Haggis, my gude anld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To Haggis, To Dr. Blacklock. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! To Mrs. J. Kennedy. To Mrs. J. Kennedy. To Mrs. J. Kennedy. To Mrs. J. Kennedy. To Mrs. J. Mrs. Mr. Mr. Adam. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies: To Rev. J. M'Math. While was a wabster gude, Guid observation they will gie them; Willie was a wabster gude, Gude day. "Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; S. Tam Glen. And lika ane at London court Would bit to him gude day. The Election Ballads. I.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They find in excess! They find guid and ill. The rall guid and ill. Or Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Guid L—d! but she was quankin! And thretty gude shillins and three; Avery gude tocher, a corter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad to the guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to support Calculoria's cause. And no for ony guid or ill They've done afore thee! Holy Willie's Prayer. Of gude advisement comes nae ill. S. In simmer when that she tocher gude I grize, And pray, a' gude things may attend you!	His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude and cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! To Miss Ferrier. I wiss you weel, And gude he wi' you, to gude, warm kail, Than mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sae abus't him. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies: To W. Simpson. 18. Guid observation they will gie them; Willie was a wabster gude, Gude day. Gude day to you," (coof.) he comes ben; S. Tam Gen. And ilka ane at London court Woold bid to bim gude day. The Election Ballads. I. Gudedens, Guid-een [good evening].
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They find in excess! They find guid and ill. The rall guid and ill. Or Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Guid L—d! but she was quankin! And thretty gude shillins and three; Avery gude tocher, a corter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad to the guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to support Calculoria's cause. And no for ony guid or ill They've done afore thee! Holy Willie's Prayer. Of gude advisement comes nae ill. S. In simmer when that she tocher gude I grize, And pray, a' gude things may attend you!	His spiadle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude anld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To A Haggis, my gude things may attend you! I wiss you weel, And gude he wi' you, to gude, warm kail, Than mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sae abus't him. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies: Guid observation they will gie them; Ib. P.S. Willie was a wabster gude, S. Willie Wastle † Gude day. Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; S. Tam Glen. And ilka ane at London court Would hid to him gude day. Gudeen, Guid-een [good evening].
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They rior in excess! Ep. to Davie. 6. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. 1b. 7. O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 21st. 13. Guid L.—d! but she was quaukin! And thretty gude shillins and three; A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad! It's guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be honest and true. Is' guid to be honest and true. And no for ony guid or ill They've done afore thee! Holy Willies Frayer. Of gude advisement comes nae ill. S. In simmer when that's the tocher gude I prize, S. Jeckey fou + And pray, a' gude things may attend you! Kind Sir, I've read +	His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To Dr. Blacklock. To try my fate in guid, black prent; To Dr. Blacklock. To try my fate in guid, black prent; To Miss Ferrier. I wis you weel, And gude he wi'you. To Mr. J. Kennedy, to gude, warm kail, Than mony scores as guid's the priest. Wha sae abus't him. To Rev. J. M'Math. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies: To W. Simpson. 18. Guid observation they will gie them; Ib. P.S. Willie was a wabster gude, S. Willie Wastle † Gude day. "Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes hen; S. Tam Glen. And ilka ane at London court Would hid to him gude day. The Election Ballads, I. Gudeen, Guid-een (good evening). 'Guid-een, 'quo' I; 'Friend! hea ye been mawin, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. Halloween, 12. And threity gude shillins and three; A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter, It's guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be merry and true, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to support Caledonia's cause, S. Here's a health to them t And no for ony guid or ill They've done afore thee! Holy Willie's Prayer. Of gude advisement comes nae ill. S. In simmer when t That's the tocher gude I prize, And pray, a' gude things may attend you! Kind Sir, I've read t her tenpund lands o' tocher gude S. My Lord a-hunting t	His spiadle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude anld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; To Dr. Blacklock. To try my fate in guid, black prent; To Miss Ferrier. I wiss you weel, And gude he wi' you, to gude, warm kail, Than mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sase abus't him. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies: Guid observation they will gie them; Willie was a wabster gude, Gude day. Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; S. Willie Wastle † Gude day. Gudeen, Guid-een [good evening]. Guid-een, quo' I; 'Friend' hae ye been mawin, Death and Dr. Hornbook. & Gudeen to you Kimmer, S. Gudeen to you Kimmer, S. Gudeen to you Kimmer,
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They foir in excess! They fill for each guid and ill. Or thou wha gies us each guid gift! Guid L—d! but she was quaukin! And thretty gude shillins and three; A very gude tocher, a corter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad! It's guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be bonest and true. It's guid to support Caledonia's cause, S. Here's a health to them! And no for ony guid or ill They've done afore thee! Holy Willie's Prayer. Of gude advisement comes nae ill. S. In simmer when it That's the tocher gude I prize, And pray, a' gude things may attend you! Kind Sir, I've read ther tenpund lands o' tocher gude S. My Lord a hunting it hae gude braid sword, S. Natebody.	His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude and cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! I wiss you weel, And gude he wi' you, to gude, warm kail, Than mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sae abus't him. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; Guid observation they will gie them; Willie was a wabster gude, Gude day. Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes hen; S. Willie Wastle† Gudeen, Guid-een [good evening]. Guid-een, Guid-een [good evening]. Gudeen to you Kimmer, S. Gudeen to you Kimmer.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 21st. 13. Guid L.—d! but she was quaukin! And thretty gude shillins and three ochter, A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's Ochter, It's guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to be shore and true, It's guid to support Caledonia's cause, S. Here's a health to them t And no for ony guid or ill They've done afore thee! Holy Willie's Prayer. Of gude advisement comes nae ill. S. In simmer when t That's the tocher gude I prize, And pray, a' gude things may attend you! Kind Sir, I've read t her tenpund lands o' tocher gude S. Naebody. O gude ale braid sword, S. Naebody. O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes,	His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude and cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! I wiss you weel, And gude he wi' you, to gude, warm kail, Than mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sae abus't him. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; Guid observation they will gie them; Willie was a wabster gude, Gude day. Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes hen; S. Willie Wastle† Gudeen, Guid-een [good evening]. Guid-een, Guid-een [good evening]. Gudeen to you Kimmer, S. Gudeen to you Kimmer.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They foir in excess! The real guid and ill. B. f. to J. L.—k, Ap. 21st. 13. Guid L.—d! but she was quankin! Halloween, 12. And thretty gude shillins and three; S. Her Daddie forbad † It's guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to support Calcdonia's cause, It's guid to support Calcdonia's Cause, It's guid to support Calcdonia's Cause, Of gude advisement comes nae ill. S. In simmer when the That's the tocher gude I prize, And pray, a' gude things may attend you! Kind Sir, I've read the renpund lands o' tocher gude S. My Lord a hunting the land goes, Ogude ale comes, and gude ale goes, Gude ale comes, and gude ale goes, Gude ale cames, and gude ale goes, Gude ale cames sell my hose, S. Ogude ale comes	His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude and cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! I wiss you weel, And gude he wi' you, to gude, warm kail, Than mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sae abus't him. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; Guid observation they will gie them; Willie was a wabster gude, Gude day. Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes hen; S. Willie Wastle† Gudeen, Guid-een [good evening]. Guid-een, Guid-een [good evening]. Gudeen to you Kimmer, S. Gudeen to you Kimmer.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. The real guid and ill. O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 21st. 13. Guid L.—d! but she was quankin! And thretty gude shillins and three; Arety gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter, It's guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to be benost and true, It's guid to support Caledonia's cause, S. Here's a health to them 't And no for ony guid or ill They've done afore thee! Holy Willie's Prayer. Of gude advisement comes nae ill. S. In simmer when 't That's the tocher gude I prize, And pray, a' gude things may attend you! Kind Sir, I've read t her tenpund lands o' tocher gude S. Ny Lord a hunting 't I hae a gude braid sword, S. Naebody. O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes, Gude ale gars me sell my hose, S. O gude ale comes 't Ad ram o' gude struct in a monting early.	His spiadle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! I wiss you weel, And gude be wi' you. I wiss you weel, And gude be wi' you. To Mr. J. Kennedy. To Mr. J. Kennedy. To Mr. M. Adam. What moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies: To Rev. J. M'Math. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies: To W. Simpson. 18. Guid observation they will gie them; I b. P.S. Willie was a wabster gude, Gude day. "Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; S. Tam Glen. And lika ane at London court Would bid to him gude day. The Election Ballads. I. Gudeen, Guid-een [good evening]. Guid-een, 'quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8. Gudeen to you Kimmer, And hade gudeen to me, jo. S. O wat ye what my! He, down the water, gies him this guid-een. The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 21st. 13. Guid L.—d! but she was quaukin! And thretty gude shillins and three ochter, A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's Ochter, It's guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to be shore and true, It's guid to support Caledonia's cause, S. Here's a health to them t And no for ony guid or ill They've done afore thee! Holy Willie's Prayer. Of gude advisement comes nae ill. S. In simmer when t That's the tocher gude I prize, And pray, a' gude things may attend you! Kind Sir, I've read t her tenpund lands o' tocher gude S. Naebody. O gude ale braid sword, S. Naebody. O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes,	His spiadle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude and cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! To Mrs. Ferrier. I wiss you weel, And gude be wi you. I wiss you weel, And gude be wi you. I wiss you weel, And gude be wi you. I warm kail, Than mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sase abus't him. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; To W. Simpson. 18. Guid observation they will gie them; Willie was a wabster gude, S. Willie Wastlet Gude day. "Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; S. Tam Glen. And ilka ane at London court Would bid to bim gude day. "Gudeen, 'quo' I; 'Friend!' hae ye been mawin, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8. Gudeen to you Kimmer, And hade gudeen to me, jo. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! And hade gudeen to me, jo. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! And hade gudeen to me, jo. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Gude faith, Guid faith [verily, Iruly].
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid. They rior in excess! They for in excess! They for in excess! They for in excess! They for in excess! The real guid and ill. It. O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Guid L—d! but she was quankin! And thretty gude shillins and three; Avery gude tocher, a corter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad to the guide for bad to the guide for bad to the guide to be honest and true, It's guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to support Calculoria's cause, Of gude advisement comes nae ill. S. In simmer when the thought of the theory, a' gude things may attend you! Kind Sir, I've read the ten tenpund lands o' tocher gude S. My Lord a hunting thae gude logue agude ale gores, O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes, Gude ale gars me sell my hose, S. O gude ale comes to the gears S. O gude ale comes to guide ale goes, Gude ale gars me sell my hose, S. O gude ale comes to the gardy.	His spiadle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude anld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To A laggis, my gude anld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To the guide hings may attend you! To Warm kail, To Har, I. Kennedy. To Mr. J. Kennedy. To Mr. J. Kennedy. To Mr. J. Kennedy. To Mr. J. Kennedy. To Mr. M. Adam. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies: To Rev. J. M'Math. While was a wabster gude, Guid observation they will gie them; Willie was a wabster gude, Gude day. "Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; S. Tam Glen. And lika ane at London court Would hid to him gude day. The Election Ballads, I. Gudeen, Guid-een, quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin, Death and Dr. Hornbook, S. Gudeen to you Kimmer, And hade gudeen to me, jo. S. O wat ye what my t He, down the water, gies him this guid-een The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Gude faith, Guid faith [verily, truly].
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 13. Guid L—d! but she was quaukin! Halloween, 12. And thretty gude shillins and three; A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad't It's guid to be merty and wise, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to support Caledonia's cause, S. Here's a health to them t And no for ony guid or ill They've done afore thee! Holy Willie's Prayer. Of gude advisement comes nae ill. S. In simmer when t That's the tocher gude I prize, And pray, a' gude things may attend you! Kind Sir, I've read t her tenpund lands o' tocher gude S. My Lord a-hunting t I hae a gude braid sword. S. Naebody, O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes, Gude ale gars me sell my hose, S. O gude ale comes	His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude and cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! To Mr. J. Kennedy. To Mr. M. Adam. Wha is a abus't him. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; Guid observation they will gie them; Willie was a wabster gude, Gude day. Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; S. Willie Wastle † Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes hen; S. Tam Glen. And ilka ane at London court Would bid to bim gude day. The Election Ballads. I. Gudeen, Guid-een [good evening]. Guid-een, Gud's !: 'Friend' hae ye been mawin, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8. Gudeen to you Kimmer, S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! And hade gudeen to me, jo. S. O wat ye what my! He, down the water, gies him this guid-een The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Gude faith, Guid faith [verily, truly] Quoth I, 'Gnid faith, 'Ye're maybe come to ston my breath;
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid. They rior in excess! They for in excess! They for in excess! They for in excess! The ry finifortunes make us see the naked truth, It's. O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Guid L—d! but she was quankin! Halloween, tz. And thretty gude shillins and three; A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad † It's guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to support Calculor man's dochter, And no for ony guid or ill They've done afore thee! Holy Willie's Prayer. Of gude advisement comes nae ill. S. In simmer when the theology of the theory, a' gude things may attend you! Kind Sir, I've read the ten tenpund lands o' tocher gude S. My Lord a hunting thae gude ale goes, Gude ale comes, and gude ale goes, Gude ale comes, and gude ale goes, Gude ale gars me sell my hose, S. O gude ale comes to the support was the gude with the gude thing early, A dram o' gude struit in a morning early, May a' that's gude watch o'er them: S. O May thy morn the was the support the support to the support the gude watch o'er them: S. O May thy morn the support the support the support that the support to the support the support the support that the gude watch o'er them: S. O May thy morn the support the support the support the support the support that the support the support the support the support the support the support that the support the sup	His spiadle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! I wiss you weel, And gude be wi' you, to gude, warm kail, Than mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sae abus't him. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies: Guid observation they will gie them; Willie was a wabster gude, Gude day. "Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; Gude day. "Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; Wolld bid to him gude day. The Election Ballads, I. Gudeen, Guid-een (good evening]. Guid-een, quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin, Death and Dr. Hornbook, g. Gude faith, Guid faith, 'Ye're maybe come to stap my breath; Death and Dr. Hornbook, g. Path and Dr. Hornbook, g.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; Els on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. O Thon wha gies us each guid gift! Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 13. Guid L—d! but she was quankin! And therty gude shillins and three; A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad! It's guid to be merty and wise, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to the honest and true, It's guid to the content of the state of the stat	His spiadle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude anld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To At algagis, my gude anld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! I wiss you weel, And gude be wi' you. I wiss you weel, And gude be wi' you. To Mr. J'. Konxedy. To Mr. J'. Konxedy. To Mr. J'. Konxedy. To Mr. J'. Konxedy. To Mr. J'. Math. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies: To W. Simpton. 18. Guid observation they will gie them; Willie was a wabster gude, Gude day. Gude day to you," (coof.) he comes ben; S. Willie Wastle † Gude day. Gudeen, Guid-een (good evening). Gudeen, Guid-een (good evening). Gudeen to you Kimmer, And hade gudeen to me, jo. S. O wat ye what my † He, down the water, gies him this guid-een The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Gude faith, Guid faith [verily, truly]. Quoth 1, 'Guid faith, 'Ye're maybe come to stap my breath; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They fini fortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. The roll guid and ill. Or thou wha gies us each guid gift! Guid L—d! but she was quankin! And thretty gude shillins and three; A very gude tocher, a corter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad to the guide things may attend you! Kind Sir, I've read the tengund lands o' tocher guide S. My Lord a hunting the guide things may attend you! S. Naebody. Ogude ale comes, and guide ale goes, Guide ale gars me sell my hose, S. Ogude ale comes to the guide things may then so guide shape to the guide things may the gard with the guide things the guide things may the gard with the guide things may attend you! Kind Sir, I've read the tengund lands o' tocher guide ale goes, Guide ale gars me sell my hose, S. Ogude ale comes, and guide ale goes, Guide ale gars me sell my hose, S. O guide ale comes to the guide t	His spiadle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude anld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To At algagis, my gude anld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! I wiss you weel, And gude be wi' you. I wiss you weel, And gude be wi' you. To Mr. J'. Konxedy. To Mr. J'. Konxedy. To Mr. J'. Konxedy. To Mr. J'. Konxedy. To Mr. J'. Math. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies: To W. Simpton. 18. Guid observation they will gie them; Willie was a wabster gude, Gude day. Gude day to you," (coof.) he comes ben; S. Willie Wastle † Gude day. Gudeen, Guid-een (good evening). Gudeen, Guid-een (good evening). Gudeen to you Kimmer, And hade gudeen to me, jo. S. O wat ye what my † He, down the water, gies him this guid-een The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Gude faith, Guid faith [verily, truly]. Quoth 1, 'Guid faith, 'Ye're maybe come to stap my breath; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. O Thon wha gies us each guid gift! Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 13. Guid L—d! but she was quankin! And therety gude shillins and three; A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad! It's guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to the honest and true, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to support Caledonia's cause, S. Here's a health to them the had to hone true, It's guid to support Caledonia's cause, S. Jockey fout And pray, a' guide things may attend you! Kind Sir, I've read the true had true, I've read the true had true had true, I'v	His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude and cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! I wiss you weel, And gude be wi' you, to gude, warm kail, Than mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sae abus's thim. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; Guid observation they will gie them; Willie was a wabster gude, Gude day. Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; S. Willie Wastle † Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes hen; S. Tam Glen. And ilka ane at London court Would bid to bim gude day. Gude-en, Gudd-een [good evening]. Guid-een, Gud'-een [good evening]. Gudeen to you Kimmer, And hade gudeen to me, jo. S. O wat ye what my! He, down the water, gies him this guid-een The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Gude faith, Guid faith, 'Ye're maybe come to stap my breath; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9. If ye gie a woman a' ber will. Gude faith she'll soon o'er gan ye. S. O ay my wife she dang.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. The roll guid and ill. Or Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Guid L—d! but she was quankin! And thretty gude shillins and three; A very gude tocher, a corter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad to the guide the guide to the guide the guide to the guide things may attend you! Kind Sir, I've read the tengund lands o' tocher guide S. My Lord a hunting t I hae a guide braid sword, O guide alle comes, and guide ale goes, Guide alle gars me sell my hose, S. O guide ale comes to the guide things may the guide things may the gardy a' that's guide watch o'er them: S. O ken ye what Meg t May a' that's guide watch o'er them: S. O May thy morn that guide things may guide things the guide son, and guide companie; A towmont guide; S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. But for sense and guide tasse she'll vie w't the hest	His spiadle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To Dr. Blacklock. To try my fate in guid, black prent; To Dr. Blacklock. To try my fate in guid, black prent; To Dr. Blacklock. To try my fate in guid, black prent; To Dr. Blacklock. To Jr. My fate in guid, so the star wide in the star w
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 13. Guid L—d! but she was quaukin! And therety gude shillins and three; A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad! It's guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to the honest and true, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to support Caledonia's cause, S. Here's a health to them! And no for ony guid or ill Kind Sir, I've read! Her tenpund lands o' tocher guid S. My Lord a-hunting' the honest and support to the support of the support o	His spiadle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude auld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! I wiss you weel, And gude be wi you. I wiss you weel, And gude be wi you. I wiss you weel, And gude be wi you. I wiss you weel, And gude be wi you. To Mr. J. Kennedy. To Mr. J. Kennedy. To Mr. M. Adam. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies: To Rev. J. M'Math. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies: To Rev. J. M'Math. While was a wabster gude, Guid observation they will gie them; Willie was a wabster gude, Gude day. "Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; S. Willie Wastle t Gude day. "Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; S. Tam Glen. And lika ane at London court Would bid to him gude day. The Election Ballads, I. Gudeen, Guid-een, 'quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin, Death and Dr. Hornbook, S. Gudeen to you Kimmert And hade gudeen to me, jo. S. O wat ye what my t He, down the water, gies him this guid-een The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Gude faith, Guid faith, 'Ye're maybe come to stap my breath; Death and Dr. Hornbook, Q. If ye gie a woman a' ber will, Gude faith she'll soon o'er gang ye. S. O ay my wife she dang. But aa honest man's aboon his might,
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; Els on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 13. Guid L—d! but she was quankin! And therety gude shillins and three; A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad † It's guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to support Caledonia's cause. S. Here's a health to them the hand for hone of the standard true, It's guid to support Caledonia's cause. S. Jokety, fout And pray, a' guide things may attend you! May a' that's guide watch o'er them: S. O May thy morn the was a morning early, And amang guid companie; S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie, But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wit the best Konalds of Bennals.	His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude and cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! To Mr. J. Kennedy. To Mr. M. Adam. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; Willie was a wabster guid, Guid observation they will gie them; Willie was a wabster guide, Guid observation they will gie them; Jo Rev. J. M'Math. Willie was a wabster guide, Guid day. Guid day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; S. Willie Wastle † Guide day. Guid-een, quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8. Guide-en, quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin. Guid-een, quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been to you Kimmer! And hade guideen to me, jo. S. Guideen to you Kimmer! And hade guideen to me, jo. S. O wat ye what my! He, down the water, gies him this guid-een The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Guide faith, Guid faith [verily, truly] Quoth I, 'Gnid faith, 'Ye're maybe come to stap my breath; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9. If ye gie a woman a' ber will. Guide faith she'll soon o'er gan ye. S. O ay my wife she dang. But an honest man's aboon his might, Guide faith he mannan faithat! S. The Homest Man.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, The rail guid and ill. O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Guid L—d! but she was quankin! And threity gude shillins and three; Arery gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter, S: Her Daddie forbad to the guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be honest and true. And no for ony guid or ill They've done afore thee! Holy Willie's Prayer. Of gude advisement comes nae ill. S. In simmer when the tocher gude of the tenpund lands o' tocher gude Her tenpund lands o' tocher gude A dram o' gude strunt in a morning early May a' that's gude watch o'er them: S. O keny ewhat Meg 1 May a' that's gude watch o'er them: S. O May thy morn the wat wond man guid companie; S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Sitting at yon boord-en; And amang guid companie; S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the hest Konailis of Bennals. O' pairs o' guid breeks I ha'e twa, man, O' pairs o' guid breeks I ha'e twa, man, Ib.	His spiadle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude anld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To At Aggis, my gude anld cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! I wiss you weel, And gude be wi you. I wiss you weel, And gude be wi you. I wiss you weel, And gude be wi you. To Mr. J. Konsedy. To Mr. J. Math. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies: To W. Simpson. 18. Guid observation they will gie them; Willie was a wabster gude, Gude day. Gude day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; S. Willie Wastle † Gude day. Gudeen, Guid-een (good evening). Guid-een, quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8. Gudeen to you Kimmer, And hade gudeen to me, jo. S. O wat ye what my † He, down the water, gies him this guid-een, Ye're maybe come to stap my breath; Ye're maybe come to stap my breath; Bude faith full faith [verily, truly]. S. O ay my wife she dang. But an honest man's aboon his might, Gude faith he manna fa that! So The Honest Man. FOr Britain's guid ! guid faith! I doubt it The Twa Dogs. 22.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man; Els on Capt. M. H., Epit. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid, They riot in excess! They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, The real guid and ill. O Thou wha gies us each guid gift! Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 13. Guid L—d! but she was quankin! And therety gude shillins and three; A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad † It's guid to be merry and wise, It's guid to be honest and true, It's guid to support Caledonia's cause. S. Here's a health to them the hand for hone of the standard true, It's guid to support Caledonia's cause. S. Jokety, fout And pray, a' guide things may attend you! May a' that's guide watch o'er them: S. O May thy morn the was a morning early, And amang guid companie; S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie, But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wit the best Konalds of Bennals.	His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, my gude and cockie, I'm yours for ay. To try my fate in guid, black prent; A' gude things may attend you! To Mr. J. Kennedy. To Mr. M. Adam. While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; Willie was a wabster guid, Guid observation they will gie them; Willie was a wabster guide, Guid observation they will gie them; Jo Rev. J. M'Math. Willie was a wabster guide, Guid day. Guid day to you," (coof,) he comes ben; S. Willie Wastle † Guide day. Guid-een, quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8. Guide-en, quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin. Guid-een, quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been to you Kimmer! And hade guideen to me, jo. S. Guideen to you Kimmer! And hade guideen to me, jo. S. O wat ye what my! He, down the water, gies him this guid-een The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Guide faith, Guid faith [verily, truly] Quoth I, 'Gnid faith, 'Ye're maybe come to stap my breath; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9. If ye gie a woman a' ber will. Guide faith she'll soon o'er gan ye. S. O ay my wife she dang. But an honest man's aboon his might, Guide faith he mannan faithat! S. The Homest Man.

Gude fellow, Guid fallow, Guid fellow.	There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess, S. Ill ay ca' in †
Will's a true guid fallow's get, A Dream. 7.	Guess ye how the jad! I could hear her, [re.] S. Last May a braw wooer†
Then set him down, and two or three Gude fellows wi' him; On Grose's Peregrinations.	Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
It maks guid fellows girn an' gape, . Poor Mailie's El.	In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a :
Use the bing of gude fellows and wale of auld men:	The Belles of Mauchline.
Gude humour.	Would I could guess, I do profess, S. The Joyful Widower. An' forward, tho' I canna see, I guess an' fear! To a Mouse.
Mrs roigh and gude humour are coin in my pouch.	Guessed. How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted?
S. Contented wi little,	Kind Sir, I ve read t
Gude fellowship. A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a'; S. Contented wi' little,†	Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste, The Fête Champetre.
Gude luck, Guid luck.	Guest. No more of your guests, be they titled or not, Extem., to Mr. S.
Farewell, dear Friend! may guid luck hit you! A Farewell.	Guid v. Gude.
But by gude luck I lap a wicket, And turn'd a neuk. Friend of the poet,† P.S.	Guide. And if it please thee, heavenly guide,
And who winns wish guid luck to our cause.	May never worse be sent: A Grace before Dinner. The friend of age, and guide of youth: Epit. on a Friend.
May never guid luck be their fa? S. Here's a health to them?	A guide, a buckler, an' example . Holy Willie's Prayer, 5.
Gudeman, Guidman [the master of a house, a husband].	But by the brutes themselves elekit,
Young-Guidmen, fond, keen, an' croose; Add. to the Deil. 11.	To be their guide The Twa Herds. 4.
Our auld Guidman delights to view	And careful note each op'ning grace, A guide and guard. The Vision, D. II. 10.
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, . S. Behind you hills †	Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide! Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
'Gudeman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.	Guide, to.
The auld guidman raught down the pock, Halloween. 17.	I mann guide it [my penny-fee] cannie, S. Behind yon hills
But I will mak o' my gudeman,	No other light shall guide my steps S. Farewell, dear mistress S. The whole the standard Regide The stand
My ain gudeman, it is nae faute. S. John, come kiss. O an ye were dead, gudeman,	Guide Thou their steps alway O Thou dread Pow'r
A green turf on your head, gudeman, [re.]	We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like Scots Prologue.
S. O gin ye were aeaa.	'I'll frankly gie her't a' thegither,
An' the horns hecome your brow, gudeman	An' let her guide it What ails ye now f
	Then chance and fortune are sae guided, The Twa Dogs. 16.
And our gudewife has gotten a ca', That anger'd the silly gudeman, O. S. The Cooper o' cuddy †	Guidin.
Till our gudeman has gotten the scorn; Ib.	The Johnstone's hae the guidin o't, S. The Laddies by
For the auld gudeman o' London court She didna care a pin; The Election Ballads. I.	Guid-een v. Gudeen. Guid faith v. Gude faith,
The auld gudeman, or the young gudeman,	Guld fallow, Guid fellow v. Gude fellow.
For me may sink or swim;	Guidfather [father-ln-law].
His back's been at the wa;	Sin' thon was my Guidfather's Meere; A Guid New-year † 4
The auld Guidmen, about the grace, Frae side to side they bother, The Holy Fair. 24.	Guld luck 7. Gude luck.
Then auld guidman, maist like to rive,	Guidman v. Gudeman. Guid-mornin [good morning].
Bethankit nums	Guid-mornin to your Majesty! A Dream.
Gude night. Gude night and joy he wi' thee: S. Here's to thy health t	Guidness [goodness].
And mony bade the warld gude night;	Till aft his guidness is abus'd; A Ded. to G. H. 5.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Bloor.	Guid speed [God-speed]. Guid speed an' furder to you Johnnie, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
1 said 'Gude night,' and cam awa', What ails ye now t	Guidwife v. Gudewife.
Gudes [goods, merchandise]. 1t's thought the gudes were stown. The Election Ballads. IV.	Guid will v. Gude will.
I send you here a faithfu' list,	Guilford. When Guilford good our Pilot stood, A Fragment.
O' gudes an' gear, an' a' my graith, The Inventory.	Then M-nt-gue, an' Guilford too, Began to fear a fa', man;
Gude-sake [God-sake]. He begged for gude-sake! I wad be his wife,	Guile. The honest heart that's free frae a'
S. Last May a braw wooer†	Intended fraud or guile, Ep. to Davie. 3
Gudewife, Guidwife [the mistress of a house; a landlady].	What force or guile could not subdue, S. The Union. Our sex with guile and faithless love,
An' our gudewife's wee hirdy cocks; . El. on Year 1788.	Is charged perhaps too true; To Miss L., with "Beattie."
Then guidwife count the lawin, . S. Gane is the day †	Guileful. As guileful Fraud points out the erring way : On Death of R. Dundas
The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet nits Halloween. 7.	Guileless. The native feelings strong, the guileless ways, The Cotter's Sat, Night
When our gudewife's frae hame, S. Lass, when yr mither †	The Cotter's Sat. Night
The gudewife's dochter fell in a fever,	By Love's simplicity betray'd, And guileless trust, To a Mountain-daisy
In comes a gawsie, gash Guidwife, . The Holy Fair. 24.	Guilt. Where guilt and poor misfortune pine! Guilt, erring Man, relenting view! A Winter Night. 9
Gude will, Guid will.	To Care, to Guilt unknown! . Despondency, an Ode. 5
Wi' as gude will	Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell, Ep. fr. Esopus
As a' the priests had seen me get thee Add. to Illegit. Child. The Angus lads had nae gude will,	Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
The Angus lads had nae gude will, That day their neebour's blude to spill; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all?
3. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	That to our folly, or our guilt we owe. Remorse. A Frag.
The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill, Are handed round wi' right guid will; The Twa Dogs. 20.	The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt-
Guess.	Of guilt, perhaps where we've involved others;
No guess could tell what instrument appear'd, But all the soul of Music's self was heard; <i>The Brigs of Ayr.12</i>	Shall to the ground he cast, The 1st Psalm
Guess, to.	No thought of guilt my bosom sours; The Hermit
I mess by the dear angel smile,	Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,
I guess by the dear rolling ee; S. Here's a health to ane	For guilt for guilt, my terrors are in arms; Why am I loth

Guilt-bespotted.	Gushing.
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad; Lns add. to J. Ranken. Guiltless.	through the tender-gushing tear, . A Ded. to G. H., 16. Trenching your gushing entrails bright To a Haggis.
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport, Despondency, an Ode. 5.	Gust.
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	Elow, blow, ye Winds, with heavier gust! A Winter Night. 7. The gust o' joy, the balm of woe, The Answ. to the Guidwife.
Guilty. Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land! Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Gainst mighty England and her guilty Lord, Scots Prologue.	Gusty. Or winter howls in gusty storms, The lang, dark night! To W. Simpson. 14.
Shall he [the Bard] be guilty of their hireling crimes, The Brigs of Ayr.	Gusty [tasteful, savoury]. An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in, An' gusty sucker! Scotch Drink. q.
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	Gutcher (gudsher, gud-schir, gud-syr, Gude-syre, i.e., a grandfather).
Nor learns their guilty lore!	Bye attour, my Gutcher has A hich house and a laigh ane; S. Gat ye me, t
The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh, Betray the guilty lover	Gutty [fat, paunchy]. Till ye forget ye're auld an' gutty, Third Ep. to J. Lap
Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight. To Clarinda. Twas guilty sinners that he meant—	Guts. Or some curmurring in his guts. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.
'Twas guilty sinners that he meant— Not angels such as you To Miss Ainslie. Guinea. Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive—	Gutscraper [a fiddler].
To make three guineas do the work of five: Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird, As weel as poor Gutscraper; The Jolly Beggars. R. VI. Gutters.
The nice yellow guineas for me. S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft L-d, I'se hae sportin by an' by,	There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith, Are springan owre the gutters The Holy Fair. 7.
For my gowd guinea; . Ep. to J. R. 11. Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. Ronalds of Bennals.	Guzzling.
The rank is but the guinea's stamp, S. The Honest Man.	Sat guzzling wi' a Tinkler-hizzie; The Jolly Beggars. R. III. Gypsy [v. also, Gipsy].
Gulse. They chant their artless notes in simple guise: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13. Thou lifts thy unassuming head	And gar the tatter'd gypsies pack, Add. of Beelzebub. 4. Ha' [hall]. Was kept at Boston ha', man; A Fragment. 3.
In humble guise; . To a Mountain-Daisy.	Let minstrels sweep the skilful string, In lordly, lighted ha': S. Behold, my love,
To thrum guittars an fecht wi nowt; . The Twa Dogs. 23.	Yestreen, when to the trembling string
Gules. The magna charta flag unfurls,	The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha', S. O Mary, at the window †
All deadly gules its bearing The Election Ballads. VI.	An exile frae her father's ha', S. O mirk, mirk † As the finest dame in castle or ha', S. O when she cam ben †
Gulravage [a noisy good-humoured frolic, a tumult, great disorder].	llk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer, On Grose's Peregrinations.
Or in gulravage rinuin scow'r To pass the time, . To Rev. J. M. Math.	And the dames danced in the ha'; S. The last braw bridal t
Gully, -ie [a large knife].	Will ye go to the dancin in Carlyle's ha', S. There grows a bonie †
'I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith, 'See, there's a gully!' Death and Dr. Hornbook, 9. Or lang-kail gullie. On Grose's Peregrinations.	I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle ha' Ib.
unskaith'd by Death's gleg gullie, Tam Samson's El., Per C.	S. I nere's a youth I
Gum. That shoots my tortur'd gums alaug; Add. to Tooth-ache.	Fu' lightly dauc'd he in the ha' S. Young Jockey tha'-Bible (the large family Bible which lay in the
To gaash my gums, to weep and wail, In burnin' lake, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.	hall or common room). The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride:
Gumlie [muddy].	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin! A Ded. to G. H., 10. And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.	Ha' folk [the folk of the hall, kitchen, or common room; the servants].
The Brigs of Ayr. 7. Gumption [common-sense; understanding, talent].	Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their peghau Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie, The Twa Dogs. 9.
Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption, Will ever mend her, Letter to J. Goudie.	Hack.
Gun. Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin Guid Christian bluid to draw, man; A Fragment. 3.	He [Monroe] hacks to teach, they [Critics] mangle to expose. To R. G. of F., 4. Hacked, -'d. Sir Loin he hacked sma', A Fragment. 3.
To cast my eeu up like a Pyet, When by the guu she tumbles o'er, Auld comrade †	They hack'd and hash'd while braid swords clash'd, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
I gaed a-rovin wi' the gun, Eft. to J. R. 7.	Ha'd % Haud.
But by my gun, o' guns the wale,	Haddin [holding, inheritance]
Shame fa' the fun; wi' sword and gun	An he get na hell for his haddin, The deil gets na justice ava. The Election Ballads. III.
Now westlin winds and slaught ring guns	Hae [impera., have, take, here!]. Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie: A Guid New-Year t
Bring autumn's pleasant weather; Their gun's a burden on their shouther; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Hae there's my haun', I wiss you weel. To Mr. J. Kennedy.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side, The Brigs of Ayr.	Hae, to [to have]. For prayin I hae little skill o't; . A Ded. to G. II., 13.
Calain's sons Calvin's sons seize vont spiritual guns.	An' I hae seen their coggie fou, That yet hae tarrow't at it,
Gunnowder.	'Would I hae fear'd them a', man!' . A Fragment. S.
Sodgerin gunpowder Blair, The Election Ballads. III.	But thy auld tail thou wad hae whisket, Ib. 12.
Gurgling. Lioyless view thy trembling horn,	The steyest hrae thou wad hae fac't it;
	Ve aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore, S. To Mary in Heaven.	Still hae a stake

The cleanest corn that e'er was dight May hae some pyles o' caff in; Add. to the Unco Guid.	Or lasses that hae naething! The Holy Fair. 25
May hae some pyles o' caff in; Add. to the Unco Guid.	Wheel carriages I ha'e but few, The Inventory
They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof, Tho' I mysel' ha'e plenty; S. And O for ane and twenty †	I ha'e nae wife; and that my bliss is,
The language we had show the main they're covert	But what will ye hae of a fool? The Jolly Beggars, S. III
The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're carest. S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †	And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value.
Blythe ha'e I been on you hill, . S. Elythe ha'e I been t	The Kirk's Alarm, 12
And every man shall hae his ain, S. Carl, an the king come.	Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense, . Ib. 13
But pleasure they hae nane for me S. Craigie-burn Wood.	The Johnstones hae the guidin o't, S. The Laddies by I hae heen east, I hae been west,
A' kinds o' boxes, mngs, an' bottles, He's sure to hae; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.	I hae been at St. Johnston. S. The Ploughman
	I hae been hlythe wi' Comrades dear; I hae been merry drinking; I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;
What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again El. on Year 1788.	I hae been merry drinking;
Wha hae nae check but human law, Ep. to Young Friend, 3.	I hae been happy thinking: . S. The Rigs o' Barley
A man may hae an honest heart, Tho' Poortith hourly stare him;	Some hae meat and canna eat,
ne'er fash your head, Tho' we hae little gear, Ep. to Davie, 2.	And some wad eat that want it,
If Happiness hae not her seat	But we hae meat and we can eat, The Selkirk Grace
And center in the breast,	I see how folk live that hae riches; The Twa Dogs. 14
Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part, And I my darling Jean!	An ay the less they hae to start them, In like proportion, less will hart them,
And I my darling Jean! Ep. to Davie, S.	He'll hae misfortunes great and sma', . There was a lad
An' hae to Learning nae pretence, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 9. Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,	But twenty fauts ye may hae waur,
Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,	I hae as gude a craft rig
Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants, Ep. to J. R., 2.	As made o' yird and stane; S. There's news, lasses
Sae when ye hae an hour to spare,	But say thou wilt hae me for better for wanr, S. Tibbie Dunbar
Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing! 1b. 6.	I hae a wife and twa wee laddies, They mann hae brose and brats o' duddies; To Dr. Blacklock
L-d. I'se hae snortin by an' by.	
L-d, I'se hae sportin by an' by, For my gowd guinea;	I hae na ony fear
Would thou hae nobles' patronage, "First learn to live without it!"	Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
" First learn to live without it!" Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.	I have been in for't ance or twice,
To whom hae much, shall yet be given,	Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch, What ails ye now
How mony bairns hae ye?	This ae thing I hae to tell, . S. Will ye go and marry
Quo' Kimmer, I hae five S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †	Ye hae lien wrang, lassie . S. Ye hae lien wrang
Great cause ye hae to fear it;	O, lassie, ye hae played the fool,
Nae time hae I to tarry S. Here's to thy health †	Haen [had].
But far off fowls hae feathers fair,	There's Meg wi' the mailin that fain wad a haen him;
Hey ca' thro' ca' thro',	S. There's a youth
For we hae mickle ado, S. Hey ca' thro'. We hae tales to tell,	Haerse [hoarse].
And we hae sangs to sing ;	An' cry till ye be haerse an' rupit; . El. on Year 1788 Alas! my roupet Muse is haerse!
We have pennics to spend.	The Author's Cry and Prayer
And we hae pints to bring	Haet [the least thing].
And wilfu' folk mann ha'e their will;	D-n'd haet they'll kill! . Death and Dr. Hornbook
Content and love bring peace and joy,	Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart Of a kail-runt
What mair hae queens upon a throne? Ib.	Of a kail-runt
Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae, S. It is na. Jean †	Goos fenthers and a whittle. S. Robin shure in hairst
So may ye hae auld stanes in store, Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †	The devil haet, that I sud ban,
Where happy I hae been; . Lament of Mary of Scots.	
But thought I might hae waur offers, S. Last May a braw t	Fient haet o' them's ill-henrted fellows; The Twa Dogs. 26
I hae a wife o' my ain, S. Naebody.	Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy; 1b. 30.
I hae a penny to spend,	Ha'f v. Hauf.
I hae naething to lend,	Haffet [the side of the head, the temple].
I hae a gude braid sword,	Her haffet locks as brown's a berry, S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run, S. O Logan! sweetly †	His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller, He canna ha'e love to spare for me.	Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle; . To a Louse,
S. O mcikle thinks my love †	Hafflins, Hafflins-wise [partly, nearly half].
That we may brag we hae a lass,	While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak:
There's nane again sae bonie. S. O saw ye bonie L. † Because ye hne the name o' clink, S. O Tibbie! †	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
Because ye hae the name o' clink, S. O Tibbie! † But if he hae the name o' gear,	Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes him At times The Holy Fair. 17.
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,	Haff-shackl'd. Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzl'd, haff-shackl'd Regent El. on Year 1788
But I hae ane will take my part, S. Oh, how can I be blythe †	Hag. Warlocks grim, and wither'd Hags, Add. to the Deil. 9.
O Fortune, they hae room to grumble!	Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal, Tam o' Shanter. 14.
On Scot. Eard one to W.I.	Hag, Hagg [a scar or gulf in mosses or moors].
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel The steep Parnassus, Poem on Life.	Owre mony a weary hag he limpit, Tam Samson's El. 10.
For mony a rantin day	Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs
My fiddle and I hae had S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.	Like drivin' wrack; Third Ep. to J. Lap Haggard-wild.
Nor ha'e't in her power to say na, man, Ronalds of Bennals.	
O' pairs o' guid breeks I ha'e twa, man,	Fancy, chief, Reigns, haggard wild, in sore affright: The Lament.
We twn ha'e run about the braes, [re.] S. Shld auld acquaintnce †	Haggis [a dish made of sheep's heart, liver, and
Ha, ha, ha, hut I'll no hae him; [re.] . S. The auld man †	Haggis [a dish made of sheep's heart, liver, and lungs minced with suet, onions, oatmeal, &c., and boiled and served in a sheep's stomach].
Wi' deil hae her! and deil hae him! S The Cooper o' cuddy	and boiled and served in a sneep's stomach].
For far-aff fowls hae feathers fair, The Election Ballads, I.	And eaten like a wether haggis? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.
But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels, Ib. II.	But, if ye wish her gratefu pray'r, Gie her a Haggis! To a Haggis
"The nearest friend ye hae; The Holy Fair. 5.	But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed,

Hague. To Hague or Calais takes a wast, The Twa Dogs. 22. Ha ha.	Her hair is like the curling mist That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks † Sett. II,
Their capon craws and queer ha ha's, S. Amang the trees that ha the girdin o't; [re.] S. Duncan Gray.	For de'il a hair I roose him On W. Chalmers. Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
Ha, ha, the wooing o't; [re.] . S. Duncan Gray t	Your auld gray hairs. Second Ep. to Davie.
Hall, adj., v. Hale. Hall. The tears trickl'd down like the hail and the rain: S. As I was a-wand ring t	The gray hairs yet stack to the heft; Tam o' Shanter. 11. That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair, Ib. 13.
An' by my pouther an' my bail, Ep. to J. R., 10.	An' straik her cannie wi' the hair, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail, Extem. in Court of Session. Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail, Tam Samson's El., 6.	Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair! The Death of Mailie.
And hail and rain does blaw; Winter.	while I kittle hair on thairms The Jolly Beggars, S. V. Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Hail! Hale! Hail, Majesty most Excellent! A Dream. 9. All hail thy palaces and tow'rs, Add. to Edinburgh.	S. The Lass that made the bed. His hair, bis size, bis mouth, bis lugs, The Twa Dogs. 2.
Hail, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie! Ep. to Maj. Logan.	And his hair has a natural buckle and a'. S. There's a youth t
Hail, Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd! Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Hairst, Har'st [harvest]. 1'Il har'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools, Add. to Toothache.
Hail, Caledonia, name for ever dear! Prologue, sp.by Woods.	Ae Hairst afore the Sherra-moor, Halloween. 15.
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow, S. Raving Winds † All hail! inexorable lord!	Robin shure in hairst, I shure wi'him; S. Robin shure in hairst.
All hail! inexorable lord!	Till on that hairst 1 said before, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Hale to the sex, ilk guid chiel says, The Ans. to the Guidwife. Hall, to.	Hairum-scairum [hair-brained, unsteady]. The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,
With open arms the Stranger hail; Add. to Edinburgh. 3. You distant isle will often hail; S. Behold the hour t	Hairy. Wi' tauted ket, an' bairy hips; . Poor Mailie's El.
Ance mair I bail thee, thou gloomy December!	Haith [a petty oath, faith!] And when her lovely form I see,
Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care; [re.] S. Gloony December.	O haith, she's doubly dear again! S. I'll ay ca' in † Haith lad ye little ken about it; The Twa Dogs. 22.
The dewy star of eve to hail S. Here is the glen, †	Haivers [idle talk, nonsense]. With clavers and haivers
In notes of sweetest melody They hail the charming Chloe: S. It was the charming t	Wearing the time awa'; . The Ans. to the Guidwife.
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa', S. My Nanie's awa.	Hal. Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job The Dean of Fac
or hail the chearful dawn, . On seeing wounded Hare.	This Hal for genius, wit, and lore, Among the first was number'd;
Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet Till for eloquence you hail him, The Dean of Fac.	Squire Hal besides had in this case Pretensions rather brassy,
Hail'd. And bail'd the morning with a cheer, A Winter Night. 10.	Hal', Hald [an abiding place, hold, possession].
Hailing. Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush,	An' brak him out o' house an' hal', Add. to the Deil. 18. But either house or hal'?
Hailstanes [hail-stones].	And my last hald of earth is gane : Lament for Glencairn.
When bailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble, But house or hald, To a Mouse.
Hain [to spare, save]. Chiels wha their chanters winna hain, . To W. Simpson.	Hale! v. Hail! Hale, Hail, Heal [whole, entire, uninjured, sound,
Hainch [haunch].	vigorous, healthyl. Meg grew sick,—as he grew heal, S. Duncan Gray †
Wi' hand on hainch, and upward e'e, The Jolly Beggars. R. V. Hain'd, -'t [spared, saved].	We're fit to win our daily bread,
I'll flit thy tether To some hain'd rig, A Guid New-Year † 18.	As lang's we're hale and fier: Ep. to Davie. z. Somebody tells the bolocher Court,
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit, Be hain't wha like Second Ep. to Davie.	The hale affair. Ep. to J. R., 8. Hale be your heart! Hale be your fiddle! Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d new Brigs and Harbours!	Domestic peace and comforts crowning
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.	My hale and weel I'll take a care o't
Hair. Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake, Add. to the Deil. 8.	A tentier way:
Her nut-brown hair, beyond compare, Was on her bosom straw'd so, S. As I gaed up by †	Ae spring brought off her master hale, Tam o' Shanter. 18.
Bending down with anld grey hairs, . Auld comrade† The balmy gales awake the flowers,	Farewell then, lang hale then, The Ans. to the Guidwife. Sae hale and hearty every shank, The Twa Herds. 5.
And wave thy flaxen hair S. Behold, my love t	And saw gin they were sick or bale At the first sight
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair! Blest be M'Murdo† Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,	Guid health, bale han's an' weather bonie; Third Ep. to J. Lap
S. Braw lads of G. Water. Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair, El. on Capt. M. H., 13.	And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie? To Dr. Blacklock.
Will make thy hair [erect], tho' erst from gipsy polled, Epofr. Esopus.	Just now we're living sound an' hale; To J. S., 11.
Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't For ance and ay Friend of the poet. † P.S.	Hale-breeks [breeches without holes].
Altho' his hair began to arch, He was sae fley'd an' cerie:	Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill,
And hoary was his hair Man was made to Mourn.	An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will, . Scotch Drink. 21. Halesome, Healsome [wholesome].
And faith 1 agree with th' old prig to a hair; S. No Churchman am I	Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; . The Tree of Liberty.
Her yellow hair, beyond compare, S. O Mally's meek. But fient a hair care I S. O Tibbie †	The healsome Purritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
Her hair is like the curling mist	Half. Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more. Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks †	Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid, Ib. 5.

Half-wauken'd wi' the din, . Extem. in Court of Session.	Halt.
With passions so potent, and fancies so bright,	Or if the Swede, before he halt,
No man with the half of them e'er went quite right, Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	Would play anither Charles the twalt: Kind Sir, Ive read † At slaps the billies halt a blink,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet S. My love she's but †	Till lasses strip their shoon: The Holy Fair. 26.
So Nelly startling half awake,	Halter.
Away affrighted springs S. On a bank of flowers t	To him that wintles in a halter: . Lns add. to J. Ranken.
And mutter forth a half-heard prayer On Lincluden.	The doctrine, to day, that is loyalty found, To-morrow may bring us a halter. Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Now half your dia of tuneless sound, With Echo silent lies On Death of Lap-dog.	To-morrow may bring us a halter. Poet. Add. to Tytler. Haly [holy].
Now half-extinct your powers of song, Ib.	His haly lips wad licket at her S. Donald Brodie †
That's half sae welcome's thou art On W. Stewart.	But Duncan swoor a haly aith, . S. Duncan Davison.
There's not a flower that blooms in May, That's half so fair as thou art S. Polly Stewart.	My coggie is a haly pool, That heals the wounds o' care and dool; S. Gane is the day t
That the first blow is ever half the battle;	To note upon the haly table,
Prologue at Th., D	But the Doctor's your mark, for the L-d's haly ark,
Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash O' half his days;	He has cooper d and cawd a wrang pin in t.
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet. S. The day returns †	Ham.
The half asleep start up wi' fear, The Holy Fair. 22.	How graceless Ham leugh at his Dad, The Ordination. 4.
Wi' half my channel dry: . The Petition of Br. Water.	Ham. Now Robio, greetin', chows the hams
A hizzie's the half of my Craft: The Jolly Beggars, S. III.	O' Mailie dead! [v.A.19] Poor Mailie's El
While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarket, Is a' th' amount The Vision. D. I. 5.	Hame [home]. When ye bure hame my bonie Bride: A Guid New-year to.
The infant aith, half-form'd was crush't;	And in my House at Hame to greet you! Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
Till half a leg was scrimply seen; Ib. 11.	An' tho' yon lowan heugh's thy hame,
Nor life nor soul was ever half so dear! . To Clarinda.	Thou travels far ; Add. to the Deil. 3.
gi'en the body half an e'e, To Miss Ferrier.	There will never be peace till Jamie comes hame. [re.] S. By yon castle wa'†
And half an idiot too, more helpless still. To R. G. of F., 3. I see thy life is stuff o' prief	But O, to see auld Nick gaun hame,
Scarce quite half worn. To Kev. J. M'Math.	And Charlie's faes before him! . S. Come boat me o'er.
to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Horn sent her aff to her lang hame, To hide it there. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.
Half-a-crown.	The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Half-a-crown a piece Will pay for their fleece, Johnny Peep.	Haurl thee hame to his black smiddle, . El. on Capt. M. H.
Half-hour.	Death takes him hame to gie him quarters. Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
When in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.	She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab. S. Eppie M'Nab.
Half-lang [half grown, short].	Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree :	Bring our Banish'd hame again; S. Frae the friends †
The Brigs of Ayr.	We're a' noddin at our house at hame.
The Brigs of Ayr.	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Poor Mailie's El	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer† When sic a husband was frae hame,
The Brigs of Ayr. Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Poor Mailie's El Half-starved. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies.	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer† When sic a husband was frae hame, What wife but wad excus'd her? S. Had I the wyte†
The Brigs of Ayr. Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailie's El Half-starved. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast;	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer† When sic a husband was frae hame, What wife but wad excus'd her? And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hee balou,† Syne to the Highlands hame to me. 1b.
The Brigs of Ayr. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailie's El Half-starved. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; To R. G. of F., 6.	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! When sic a husband was frae hame. What wife but wad excus'd her? And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hee balou,† Syne to the Highlands hame to me. 1b. For whare or he distant roves,
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailie's El Half-starved. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; To R. G. of F., b. Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. When sic a husband was frae hame, What wife but wad excus 'd her? . S. Had I the wyte! And bring hame a Carlisle cow S. Hee balou,! Syne to the Highlands hame to me. For whare'er he distant roves, lockey's heart is still at hame.
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailie's EL. Half-starved. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Anthor's Cry and Frayer, P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; To R. G. of F. 6. Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride The arch-fineds dearest, darkest powers, In state preside The Hermit.	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! When sic a husband was frae hame. What wife but wad excus'd her? And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hee balou,† Syne to the Highlands hame to me. For whare 'er he distant roves, Jockey's heart is still at hame. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting † At hame I faught my Auntie, O; S. Killiterankie.
The Brigs of Ayr. A lang half-mile half-starvid slaves in warmer skies, Half-starved. half-starvid slaves in warmer skies, The Anthor's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; To R. G. of F., b. Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers, In state preside The Hermit. Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! When sic a husband was frae hame. What wife but wad excus'd her? And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hee balou,† Syne to the Highlands hame to me. For whare or he distant roves, Jockey's heart is still at hame. At hame I faught my Auntie, O; S. Killiecrankie.
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailie's EL. Half-starved. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Atlator's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; TOR, G. of F., 6. Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers, I hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door].	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! When sic a husband was frae hame. What wife but wad excus'd her? And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hee balou,† Syne to the Highlands hame to me. For whare or he distant roves, Jockey's heart is still at hame. At hame I faught my Auntie, O; S. Killiecrankie.
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailiés El. Half-starved. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; To R. G. of F., 0. Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That hus and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkes powers, In state preside. The Hermit. Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door]. Waefo' want and hunger fley me,	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! When sic a husband was frae hame, What wife but wad excus'd her? And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hee balou,† Syne to the Highlands hame to me. For whare'er he distant roves, Jockey's heart is still at hame. S. Jackey's ta'en the parting † At hame I faught my Auntie, O; S. Killicerankie. our merry lads at hame, When our gudewife's frae hame, [re.] S. Lass, when yr mither† In wars at hame I'll spend my blood,
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailiés El. Half-starved. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; To R. G. of F., 0. Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That hus and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkes powers, In state preside. The Hermit. Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door]. Waefo' want and hunger fley me,	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! When sic a husband was fire hame, What wife but wad excus'd her? And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hael I the wyle! And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hee balou,! For whare'er he distant roves, Jockey's heart is still at hame S. Jockey's ta'en the parting! At hame I faught my Auntie, O; S. Killiteranhie, our merry lads at hame, When our gudewife's frac hame, S. Lass, when yr mither! In wars at hame I'll spend my blood, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailie's El Half-starved. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Anthor's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; To R. G. of F., 6. Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers, In state preside The Hermit. Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door]. Waefa want and hunger fley me, Glowrin by the hallan en'; . S. O That I had ne'er't Thou need na jouk behint the hallan, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! When sic a husband was fire hame, What wife but wad excus'd her? And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hael I the wyte! And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hee balou,! Syne to the Highlands hame to me. Ib. For whare'er he distant roves, Jockey's heart is still at hame. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting! At hame I faught my Auntie, O; S. Killiteranhie, our merry lads at hame, Kind Sir, Fre read! When our gudewife's frac hame, [re.] S. Lass, when yr mither! In wars at hame I'l spend my blood, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav By Colin's cottage lies his game, I Colin's Jeany be at hame. S. My Lord a-hunting!
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailie's El Half-starved. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Anthor's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; To R. G. of F., b. Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers, In state preside. The Hermit. Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door]. Waefai want and hunger fley me, Glowrin by the hallan en', S. O That I had ne'er' Thou need na jouk behint the hallan, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. May losses and crosses, Ne'er at your hallan ca'. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! When sic a husband was frae hame, What wife but wad exous' ther? And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hee balou,† Syne to the Highlands hame to me. For whare'er he distant roves, Jockey's heart is still at hame. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting † At hame I faught my Auntie, O; S. Killiterankit. our merry lads at hame, Kind Sir, Fve read † When our gudewife's frae hame, [re.] S. Lass, when yr mither! In wars at hame I'll spend my blood, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav. By Colin's cottage lies his game, If Colin's Jeany be at hame. S. My Lord a-hunting † But soon wis ounding victorie
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailiés El. Half-starved. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; To R. G. of F. O. Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers, In state preside. Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door!. Waefo' want and hanger fley me, Glowrin by the hallan en'; . S. O That I had ne' er' thou need na jouk behint the hallan, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. May losses and crosses Ne' er at your hallan ca' The Ans. to the Guidwife. That 'you' the hallan angly chows her cood;	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! When sic a husband was fire hame, What wife but wad excus'd her? And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Haet balout, Syne to the Highlands hame to me. Ib. For whare'er he distant roves, Jockey's beart is still at hame. S. Jockey's ta'en the parling! At hame I faught my Auntie, O: S. Killitecrankie. our merry lads at hame, Kind Sir, Pee read! When our gudewife's frae hame, [re.] S. Lass, when yr mither! In wars at hame I'll spend my blood, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav. By Colin's cottage lies his game, If Colin's Jeany be at hame. S. My Lord a-hunting! But soon wi' sounding victorie May Kenmure's Lord come hame.
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailié's El Half-starved, half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Anthor's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; To R. G. of F. o. Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers, In state preside. The Hermit. Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door]. Waefo' want and hunger fley me, Glowrin by the hallan en'; . S. O That I had ne' er' Thou need na jouk behint the hallan, Yoem on Pastoral Poetry. May losses and crosses Ne rat your hallan ca'. The Ans. to the Guidwife. That 'yout the hallan sougly chows her cood; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! When sic a husband was fire hame, What wife but wad excus'd her? And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Haet balout, Syne to the Highlands hame to me. Ib. For whare'er he distant roves, Jockey's beart is still at hame. S. Jockey's ta'en the parling! At hame I faught my Auntie, O: S. Killitecrankie. our merry lads at hame, Kind Sir, Pee read! When our gudewife's frae hame, [re.] S. Lass, when yr mither! In wars at hame I'll spend my blood, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav. By Colin's cottage lies his game, If Colin's Jeany be at hame. S. My Lord a-hunting! But soon wi' sounding victorie May Kenmure's Lord come hame.
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailiés El. Half-starved. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; To R. G. of F. O. Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers, In state preside. Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door!. Waefo' want and hanger fley me, Glowrin by the hallan en'; . S. O That I had ne' er' thou need na jouk behint the hallan, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. May losses and crosses Ne' er at your hallan ca' The Ans. to the Guidwife. That 'you' the hallan angly chows her cood;	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! When sic a husband was frae hame, What wife but wad excus'd her? And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hae balou,† Syne to the Highlands hame to me. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting † At hame I faught my Auntie, O; S. Killiterankie, our merry lads at hame, I when our gudewife's frae hame, [re.] S. Last, when yr mither! In wars at hame I'll spend my blood, Eno on Windows, Gl. Tav. By Colin's cottage lies his game, If Colin's Jeany be at hame. S. O My Lord a-hunting † But soon wi's ounding victorie May Kenmure's Lord come hame. But soon may peace bring happy days, And Willie hame to Logan brass! S. O Logan! sweetly!
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailiés El. Half-starved. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; The The Half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; The The Half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; The The will I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers, That lust and pride The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door; Waefa want and hanger fley me, Glowrin by the hallan en'; S. O That I had ne'er't Thou need an jouk behint the hallan. Poem on Pastoral Poetry. May losses and crosses, Ne'er at your hallan ca'. The Ans. to the Guidwife. That 'you the hallan saugly chows her cood; The Cotter's Sal. Night. 11. Hallion [a clown, a worthless fellow].	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! When sic a husband was fire hame, What wife but wad excus'd her? And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Haed I the wyte! And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hee balout, Syne to the Highlands hame to me. For whare'er he distant roves, Jockey's heart is still at hame. At hame I faught my Auntie, O; S. Killiteerankie. our merry lads at hame, When our gudewife's frac hame, [pr.] S. Lass, when yr mither! In wars at hame I'll spend my blood, By Colin's octtage lies his game. H' Colin's Jeany be at hame. S. O Killiterankie. S. Wy Lord a-hunting! But soon wi' sounding victorie May Kemmure's Lord come hame. S. O Kemmure's on and awa! But soon may peace bring happy days, And Wille hame to Logau braes! S. O Logan! sweetly! By night, by day, a field, at hame, S. O were I on Parmass.
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailiés El. Half-starved, half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers. The Rus and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers, The Hermit. Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door!. Waefu' want and hanger fley me, Glowrin by the hallan en'; . S. O That I had né er t Thou need an jouk behint the hallan, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. May losses and crosses Ne'er at your hallan ca' The Ans. to the Guidwife. That yout the hallan saugly chows her cood; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. Hallion [a clown, a worthless fellow]. And tirl the hallions to the hirses: . Add. of Beetzebub. Hallowed, -'d. Beneast that hallowed turf where Wallace lies! Liberty.	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. When sic a husband was frae hame, What wife but wad excus'd her? And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Haed I the wyte! And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hee balout, Syne to the Highlands hame to me. For whare'er he distant roves, Jockey's heart is still at hame. At hame I faught my Auntie, O; S. Killicerankie. our merry lads at hame, When our gudewife's frae hame, [pr.] S. Lass, when yr mither! In wars at hame I'll spend my blood, By Colin's cottage lies his game. H' Colin's Jeany be at hame. S. Othar da-hunting! But soon wi's ounding victorie May Kenmure's Lord come hame. S. O Kenmure's on and awa? But soon may peace bring happy days, And Wille hame to Logau braes! S. O Logan! sweetly! By night, by day, a field, at hame, S. O ware I on Parnass. And send him safe hame to his babie and me. S. O wakare did ye get!
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailie's El Half-starved. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Anthor's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; To R. G. of F., b. Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers, In state preside The Hermit. Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door]. Waefo' want and hanger fley me, Clowrin by the hallan en'; S. O That I had ne'er' Thou need na jouls behin the hallan, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. May losses and crosses No'er at your hallan ca' The Ans. to the Guidwife. That 'you the hallan saugly chows her cood; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. Hallion [a clown, a worthless fellow]. And tirl the hallions to the hirsies: . Add. of Beelzebub. Hallowed, '-d. Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies! Liberty. Or musid where limited streams once hallow'd, well.	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! When sic a husband was fire hame, What wife but wad excus'd her! And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hee balous, Syne to the Highlands hame to me. If For whare'er he distant roves, Jockey's heart is still at hame. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting! At hame I faught my Auntie, O; S. Killiterankie. our merry lads at hame, Kind Sir, Fre read! When our godewife's frac hame, Fre.] S. Lass, when yr mither! In wars at hame I'l spend my blood, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav By Colin's cottage lies his game, If Colin's Jeany be at hame. S. My Lord a-hunting! But soon wi' sounding victorie May Kenmure's Lord come hame. S. O Kenmure's on and awa! But soon may peace bring happy days, And Willie hame to Logau braes! S. O Logau! sweetly! By night, by day, a field, at hame, S. O were I on Parnass.t And send him safe hame to his babie and me. S. O ware did ye get! She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame, S. O Werlie brew'd!
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailiés El. Half-starved, half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. Hall. For well I saw in hals and towers That lust and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers, In state preside. Hallan (a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door). Waefu' want and hanger fley me, Glowrin by the halian en'; . S. O That I had ne' er' thou need an jouk behint the hallan, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. May losses and crosses, Ne'er at your hallan ca'. The Ans. to the Guidwife. That yout the hallan sougly chows her cood; That Yout the hallan sougly chows her cood; That Yout the hallans to the hirses: Add. of Beetzebub. Hallowed, -'d. Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies! Liberty. Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well, On Dath of Sirf. Blair.	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. When sic a husband was frae hame, What wife but wad excus'd her? And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Haed I the wyte! And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hee balout, Syne to the Highlands hame to me. For whare'er he distant roves, Jockey's heart is still at hame. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting? At hame I faught my Auntie, O; S. Killicerankie. Our merry lads at hame, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting? At hame I faught my Auntie, O; S. Killicerankie. Our merry lads at hame, S. Lass, when yr mither? In wars at hame I'll spend my blood, By Colin's cottage lies his game. FI Colin's cottage lies his game. S. O' Windows, Gl. Tav. By Colin's cottage lies his game. S. O' Kenmure's On and awa? But soon may peace bring happy days, And Wille hame to Logan braes! S. O' Logan! sweetly! By night, by day, a field, at hame, S. O were I on Parnass.! And send him safe hame to his habie and me. She shines sae bright, to wyle us, bame, S. O Willie brew'd! And a' my tears be tears of joy,
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailie's El Half-starved. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Anthor's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; To R. G. of F., b. Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers, In state preside The Hermit. Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door]. Waefo' want and hanger fley me, Clowrin by the hallan en'; S. O That I had ne'er' Thou need na jouls behin the hallan, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. May losses and crosses No'er at your hallan ca' The Ans. to the Guidwife. That 'you the hallan saugly chows her cood; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. Hallion [a clown, a worthless fellow]. And tirl the hallions to the hirsies: . Add. of Beelzebub. Hallowed, '-d. Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies! Liberty. Or musid where limited streams once hallow'd, well.	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. When sic a husband was fire hame, What wife but wad excus d her? And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hee balout, Syne to the Highlands hame to me. For whare'er he distant rowes, Jockey's heart is still at hame. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t At hame I faught my Auntie, O; S. Killiterankit. Our merry lads at hame, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t At hame I faught my Auntie, O; S. Killiterankit. Our merry lads at hame, S. Lass, when yr mither t In wars at hame I'll spend my blood, By Colin's octuage lies his game. Fire of lin's octuage lies his game. S. O' Menmure's on and awa t But soon wi's ounding victorie May Kenmure's Lord come hame. S. O' Kenmure's on and awa t But soon may peace bring happy days, And Wille hame to Logau brase's. S. O' Logan! sweetly t By night, by day, a field, at hame, S. O were I on Parnasz. And send him safe hame to his babie and me. She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame, S. O' Willie brew'd t And a' my tears be tears of joy, When he comes hame that s'ar awa. S. Oh, how can I be blythe t
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailiés El. Half-starved. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; To R. G. of F., o. Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers, In state preside. The Hermit. Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door]. Waefu' want and hunger fley me, Glowrin by the hallan en'; S. O That I had ne' er' Thou need na jouk behint the hallan, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. May losses and crosses Ne'er at your hallan ca'; The Ans. to the Guidwife. That 'yont the hallan saugly chows her cood; The Cotter's Sat. Night. II. Hallion fa clown, a worthless fellow]. And tirl the hallions to the birsies: Add. of Beelzebub. Hallowed, 'd. Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies! Liberty. Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well, O'm Death of Sir J. Slair. Can I forget that hallow'd grove, S. To Mary in Itaace. Halloween [All Hallows' or Saints' Eve, 31st Oct.]. To burn their nits. an' pout their stocks.	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! When sic a husband was fire hame, What wife but wad excus'd her? And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hael I the wyte! And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hee balout, Syne to the Highlands hame to me. For whare'er he distant roves, Jockey's beart is still at hame. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting! At hame I faught my Auntie, O: S. Killitecrankie. our merry lads at hame, Kind Sir, Fee read! When our gudewife's frac hame, S. Lass, when yr mither! In wars at hame I'll spend my blood, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav By Colin's cottage lies his game, If Colin's Jeany be at hame. S. Oly Lord a-hunting! But soon wi's ounding victorie May Kenmure's Lord come hame. S. O Kenmure's on and awa? But soon may peace bring happy days, And Willie hame to Logan braes! S. O were I on Parnass.! And send him safe hame to his babie and me. S. O whare did ye get! She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame, S. O whare did ye get! She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame, S. O what if the world had a' my tears be tears of joy, When he comes hame that's far awa. S. Oi, how can I be blythe t
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailiés El. Half-starved. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; The Rowell I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers, That lust and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers, That lust and pride The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door]. Waefa want and hanger fley me, Glowrin by the hallan en'; S. O That I had ne'er't Thou need na jouk behint the hallan. Poem on Pastoral Poetry. May losses and crosses, Ne'er at your hallan ca'. The Ans. to the Guidwife. That 'you the hallan saugly chows her cood; That 'you the hallan saugly chows her cood; That 'you the hallow a worthless fellow]. And tirl the hallions to the hirsies: Add. of Beetzebub. Halloweed, 'd. Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies! Liberty. Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallowd, well, Can I forget that hallow'd groven. Death of Sir J. Elair. Can I forget that hallow's or Saints' Eve, 31st Oct.]. To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks, An' haud their Halloween Halloween. 2.	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. When sic a husband was free hame, What wife but wad excus'd her? And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Haed I the wyte! And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hee balout, Syne to the Highlands hame to me. For whare'er he distant roves, Jockey's heart is still at hame. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting? At hame I faught my Auntie, O: S. Killiterankie. our merry lads at hame, When our gudewife's frae hame, [re.] In wars at hame I'll spend my blood, By Colin's cottage lies his game, I'Colin's Jenny be at hame. S. My Lord a-hunting? But soon wi' sounding victorie May Kenmure's Lord come hame. S. O Kenmure's on and awa? But soon may peace bring happy days, And Willie hame to Logau brees! S. O Wene I on Parnass.! And send him safe hame to his babie and me. S. O where I on Parnass.! Shines sae bright, to wyle us hame, S. O where did ye get! She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame, S. O where I on by the Ve're welcone hame to me S. O. Willie brew'd And a' my tears be tears of joy, When he comes hame that s'ar awa. S. O, how can I be blythe! Ve're welcone hame to me! S. S. Kattlin, Roarin Willie. She winna come hame to her Willy. S. Sany e my Phely.
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailiés El. Half-starved. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; The Read of the sainty feast; The Read of the sainty feast; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers, That lust and pride Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door]. Warfo want and hanger fley me, Glowrin by the hallan en'; S. O That I had ne'er't Thou need na jouk behin the hallan. Poem on Pastoral Poetry. May losses and crosses, Ne'er at your hallan ca'. The Ans. to the Guidwife. That 'you the hallan saugly chows her cood; That 'you the hallan saugly chows her cood; That 'you the hallow as one hallow'd. Halloween, 'd. Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies! Liberty. Or mus'd where limit'd streams once hallow'd, well, Can I forget that hallow'd groven. Death of Sir J. Elair. Can I forget that hallow'd groven. Death of Sir J. Elair. Can I forget that hallow's or Saints' Eve, 31st Oct.]. To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks, An' hand their Halloween. 'It (the Kirn] fell that night. Ib. 15.	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! When sic a husband was fire hame, What wife but wad excus'd her? And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hael I the wyte! And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hee balout, Syne to the Highlands hame to me. It. For whare'er he distant roves, Jockey's beart is still at hame. At hame I faught my Auntie, O: S. Killiteerankie. S. Hilliterankie. S. Killiteerankie. When our gudewife's frac hame, [re.] S. Lass, when yr mither! In wars at hame I'll spend my blood, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav. By Colin's cottage lies his game, If Colin's Jeany be at hame. S. Ny Lord a-hunting! But soon wi's sounding victorie May Kemmure's Lord come hame. S. O Kenmure's on and awa! But soon may peace bring happy days, And Willie hame to Logan braes! S. O were I on Parnass.! And send him safe hame to his babie and me. S. O whare did ye get! She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame, S. O Willie brew'd! And a' my tears be tears of joy, When he comes hame that's far awa. S. On, how can I be blythe! Ve're welcone hame to me! S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. She winan come hame to me! S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. She winan come hame to her Willy. S. Saw ye my Phylly. Will baulidy try to gie us Plays at hame? S. Sats Prologue.
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailiés El. Half-starved. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feasts of Fo. R. G. of F., O. Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers, In state preside. The Hermit. Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door]. Waefu' want and hunger fley me, Glowrin by the hallan en'; S. O That I had ne' er' thou need na jouk behint the hallan, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. May losses and crosses Ne' er at your hallan ca'. The Ans. to the Guidwife. That 'yout the hallan saugly chows her cood; That 'you the hallan saugly chows her cood; The Cotter's Sat. Night. II. Hallion [a clown, a worthless fellow]. And tirl the hallions to the hirsies: Add. of Beetzebub. Hallowed, 'd. Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies! Liberty. Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well, On Datah of Sir J. Blair. Can I forget that hallow'd grove, S. To Mary in Heaven. Halloween [All Hallower]. Halloween. An' haud their Halloween. It [the Kirn] fell that night. Ib. 15. The last Halloween I was walkin	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! When sic a husband was fire hame, What wife but wad excus'd her? And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hael I the wyte! And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hee balout, Syne to the Highlands hame to me. Ib. For whare'er he distant roves, Jockey's beart is still at hame. At hame I faught my Auntie, O; S. Killieerankie. S. Hillieerankie. S. Killieerankie. Our merry lads at hame, Kind Sir, Yee read! When our gudewife's frac hame, [re.] S. Lass, when yr mither! In wars at hame I'll spend my blood, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav. By Colin's cottage lies his game, If Colin's Jeany be at hame. S. Out Long and Hunting! But soon mis ounding victorie May Kenmure's Lord come hame. S. O. Kenmure's on and awa! But soon may peace bring happy days, And Willie hame to Logan braes! S. O. Vere I on Parnass.! And send him safe hame to his babie and me. Sho was a bring happy days, And will be hame to his babie and me. Sho was a bring happy days, And send him safe hame to his babie and me. Sho was a bring happy days, And will be hame to his babie and me. Sho when he comes hame that s'ar awa. Sho was a bring happy days, When he comes hame that s'ar awa. Show was a bring happy days, When he comes hame that s'ar awa. Show was a bring happy days. When he comes hame to me! S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. She winna come hame to me! S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. She winna come hame to her Willy. She soon and peter will be bythe to Davie. The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles. The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles.
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailiés El. Half-starved, half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Anthor's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; To R. G. of F., 6. Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest Dowers, In state preside. The Hermit. Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door]. Waefa' want and hanger fley me, Glowrin by the hallan en'; S. O That I had ne' er' Thou need na jouk behint the hallan, May losses and crosses Ne'er at your hallan ca'. The Ans. to the Guidwife. That you the hallan sougly chows her cood; The Cotter's Sat. Night. II. Hallion [a clown, a worthless fellow]. And tirl the hallions to the birsies: Add. of Beetzebub. Hallowed, 'd. Deneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies! Liberty. Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well, On Daath of Sir J. Blair. Can I forget that hallow'd grove, S. T. Mary in Heaven. Halloween [All Hallows' or Saints' Eve, 31st Oct.]. To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks, An' hand their Halloween, Halloween. All loween. 2. 'At just on Halloween. Blast Halloween. S. Halloween. 2. 'It [the Kirn] fell that night. Ib. 15. The last Halloween I was waukin My drookit sark sleeve, as ye ken; S. Tam Glen.	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! When sic a husband was fire hame, What wife but wad excus'd her! And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hee balout, Syne to the Highlands hame to me. For whare'er he distant roves, Jockey's heart is still at hame. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting! At hame I faught my Auntie, O; S. Killiteranhie. our merry lads at hame, Kind Sir, Pre read! When our gudewife's frac hame, Fre.] S. Lass, when yr mither! In wars at hame I'll spend my blood, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav. By Colia's cottage lies his game, If Colia's Jeany be at hame. S. O Windows, Gl. Tav. But soon wi' sounding victorie May Kenmure's Lord come hame. S. O Kenmure's on and awa? But soon may peace bring happy days, And Willie hame to Logan braes! S. O were I on Parnass. And send him safe hame to his babie and me. S. O whare did ye get! She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame, S. O Willie brew'd And a' my tears be tears of joy, When he comes hame that's far awa. S. On, how can I be biythe t Ve're welcoine hame to me! S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. She winna come hame to her Willy. S. Saw ye my Phely. Will baultyl try to gie us Plays at hame; S. Second Ep. to Davie. The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles, That le between us and our hame, Tam o' Shanter.
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailiés El. Half-starved, half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers, The Hermit. Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door!. Waefa' want and hanger fley me, Glowrin by the hallan en'; . S. O That I had ne' er't Thou need na jouk behint the hallan, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. May losses and crosses, Ne'er at your hallan ca'. The Ans. to the Guidwife. That 'yout the hallan saugly chows her cood; That 'yout the hallan sught hows her cood; That 'yout the hallan sught hows her cood; That 'you the hallows. 'Add. of Beetzebub. Hallowed, 'd. Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies! Liberty. Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well, Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well, Can I forget that hallow'd grown. Death of sirf. Blair. Can I forget that hallow'd or Saints' Eve, 31st Oct.]. To burn their nits. an' pou their stocks, An' hand their Halloween. 'I [the Kim] fell that night. Ib. 15. The last Halloween a wawakin My drowkit saft sleeve, as ye ker; S. Tam Glen. Hallowens (All Saints' Day, 1st Nov.).	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! When sic a husband was fire hame, What wife but wad excus'd her! And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hee balout, Syne to the Highlands hame to me. For whare'er he distant roves, Jockey's heart is still at hame. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting! At hame I faught my Auntie, O; S. Killiteranhie. our merry lads at hame, Kind Sir, Pre read! When our gudewife's frac hame, Fre.] S. Lass, when yr mither! In wars at hame I'll spend my blood, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav. By Colia's cottage lies his game, If Colia's Jeany be at hame. S. O Windows, Gl. Tav. But soon wi' sounding victorie May Kenmure's Lord come hame. S. O Kenmure's on and awa? But soon may peace bring happy days, And Willie hame to Logan braes! S. O were I on Parnass. And send him safe hame to his babie and me. S. O whare did ye get! She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame, S. O Willie brew'd And a' my tears be tears of joy, When he comes hame that's far awa. S. On, how can I be biythe t Ve're welcoine hame to me! S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. She winna come hame to her Willy. S. Saw ye my Phely. Will baultyl try to gie us Plays at hame; S. Second Ep. to Davie. The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles, That le between us and our hame, Tam o' Shanter.
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailiés El. Half-starved, half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Alathor's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; The Alathor's Cry and Prayer. P. Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers, The Hermit. Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door]. Waefa' want and hanger fley me, Glowrin by the hallan en'; . S. O That I had ne' er' thou need na jouk behint the hallan, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. May losses and crosses, Ne'er at your hallan ca'; . The Ans. to the Guidwife. That yout the hallan saugly chows her cood; That Yout the hallan saugly chows her cood; That Yout the hallions to the hirsies: Add. of Beelzebub. Hallowed, -'d. Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies! Liberty. Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well, Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well, Can I forget that hallow'd grown. Death of sir J. Blair. Can I forget that hallow'd or Saints' Eve, 31st Oct.]. To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks, An' hand their Halloween, 'I [the Kirn] fell that night It 15. The last Halloween I was waukin My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken; . S. Tam Glen. Hallowmas is come and gane, S. I'm o'er young to marry t	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer! When sic a husband was fire hame, What wife but wad excus 'd her! And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hae balout, Syne to the Highlands hame to me. For whare'er he distant roves, Jockey's heart is still at hame. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting? At hame I faught my Auntie, O: S. Killicerankie. Our merry lads at hame, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting? At hame I faught my Auntie, O: S. Killicerankie. Our merry lads at hame, S. Lass, when yr mither! In wars at hame I'll spend my blood, By Colin's cottage lies his game, If Colin's Jenay be at hame. S. My Lord a-hunting? But soon wi's ounding victorie May Kenmure's Lord Come hame. S. O Kenmure's on and awa! But soon may peace bring happy days, And Wille hame to Logan braes! S. O Logan! sweetly! By night, by day, a field, at hame, S. O were I on Parnass. And send him safe hame to his babie and me. S. O whare did ye get! She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame, S. O Willie brew'd! And a' my tears be tears of joy, When he comes hame that's far awa. S. Oh, how can I be blythe t Vere welcome hame to me! S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. She winna come hame to her Willy. S. Saw ye my Phely. Will bauldly try to gie us Plays at hame? Second Ep. to Davie. The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles, That he between us and our hame, As bees fee hame wi'l lades o' treasure, S. Hae One. S. Chell welcome hame fair Albany. S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailiés El. Half-starved. half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; To R. G. of F., O. Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers, In state preside. The Hermit. Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door! Waefe' want and hunger fley me, Glowrin by the hallan en'; S. O That I had ne' er' Thou need na jouk behint the hallan, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. May losses and crosses Neer at your hallan ca'. The Ans. to the Guidwife. That yout the hallan saugly chows her cood; The Cotter's Sat. Night. II. Hallion [a clown, a worthless fellow]. And tirl the hallions to the birsies: Add. of Beetzebub. Hallowed, 'd. Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies! Liberty. Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow d, well, On Death of Sir J. Blair. Can I forget that hallow'd grove, S. To Mary in Heaven. Hallowen [All Hallows' or Saints' Eve, 31st Oct.]. To burn their nits. an pou their stocks, An' hand their Halloween, 'It [the Kim] fell that night. Ib. 15. The Last Hallowens is come and gane. S. The Mast braw bridat † 'Twas on a Hallowmas day, S. The last braw bridat †	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. When sic a husband was frea hame, What wife but wad excus di her? And bring hame a Carlisle cow
Half-mile. A lang half-mile she could descry him; Foor Mailiés El. Half-starved, half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies, The Alathor's Cry and Prayer. P. For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast; The Alathor's Cry and Prayer. P. Hall. For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride The arch-fiends dearest, darkest powers, The Hermit. Hallan [a partition, in cottages, to screen the hall or kitchen from the air of the door]. Waefa' want and hanger fley me, Glowrin by the hallan en'; . S. O That I had ne' er' thou need na jouk behint the hallan, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. May losses and crosses, Ne'er at your hallan ca'; . The Ans. to the Guidwife. That yout the hallan saugly chows her cood; That Yout the hallan saugly chows her cood; That Yout the hallions to the hirsies: Add. of Beelzebub. Hallowed, -'d. Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies! Liberty. Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well, Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well, Can I forget that hallow'd grown. Death of sir J. Blair. Can I forget that hallow'd or Saints' Eve, 31st Oct.]. To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks, An' hand their Halloween, 'I [the Kirn] fell that night It 15. The last Halloween I was waukin My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken; . S. Tam Glen. Hallowmas is come and gane, S. I'm o'er young to marry t	We're a' noddin at our house at hame. When sic a husband was fire hame, What wife but wad excus di her? And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Haed I the wyte! And bring hame a Carlisle cow. S. Hee balous, it for what is the high lands hame to me. For whare'er he distant roves, Jockey's heart is still at hame. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting the hame I faught my Auntie, O; S. Killicerankit. Our merry lads at hame, At hame I faught my Auntie, O; S. Killicerankit. S. Lass, when yr mither! In wars at hame I'll spend my blood, By Colin's cottage lies his game. By Colin's cottage lies his game. S. My Lord a-hunting! But soon wi sounding victorie May Kenmure's Lord come hame. S. O Kenmure's on and awa! But soon may peace bring happy days, And Wille hame to Logan braes! S. O Logan! sweetly! By night, by day, a field, at hame, S. O were I on Parnass.! And send him safe hame to his babie and me. S. O whare did ye get! She shines sae bright, to wyle us on and awa? S. Ow when he comes hame that's far awa. S. On, how can I be blythe! Vere weltoone hame to me! S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. She winna come hame to her Willy. S. Saw ye my Phely, Will bauldly try to gie us Plays at hame? Second Ep. to Davie. The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles, That he between us and our hame, As bees fee hame wi'l lades o' treasure, Me'll welcome hame fair Albany. S. The bonie Lass of Albany.

To stay content wi' yowes at hame; The Death of Mailie. To send a lad to London town To bring them tidings hame, But do their errands there, But I will send to London town Whom I like best at hame. Then I gade hame at crowdie-time, Then I gade hame at crowdie-time, Then I gade hame at crowdie-time, The Holy Fair. 6. To's ain het hame had sent him Wi' fright Some swagger hame, the best they dow, That aft has borne me hame frae Killie, My Ploughman he comes hame at e'en, S. The Ploughwan I And wished they'd been at hame, The Tree of Liberty. Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame, The Twa Dogs, Now he's ta'en her hame to bis ain reeky den. S. There lived ance a carlet	Hand. On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be, A Ded. to G. H.,, Then, Sir, your hand—my Friend and Brother. Be. II. Wi's word in hand, before his band, A Fragment. Or mad Anbition's gory hand, A Winter Night. Your hand's owre light on them, I fear; The captive hands may chain the hands, But powerful Love enslaves the man: S. A. Mastrin's bonie Ann With linked hands we took the sands, S. As I gaed up by No wrinkle furrow'd by the hand of care. Plets be Minarde 'Come, gies your hand, and sae we're gree't; Death and Dr. Hornbook. I For never but by British hands, Mann British wrangs be righted. S. Does haughty Gaul Donald wi' his Highland hand,
If ye then maun be then Frae hame this comin Friday; To Gav. Hamilton. Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame; S. Wandering Willie.	Rifled ilka charm about her. S. Donald Brodie And deal from iron hands the spare repast Ep. fr. Esopu Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note, Ep. to J. R., But come, your hand, my careless brither,
And for fair Scotia, hame again, I cheery on did wander S. When wild War's † The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,	Ep. to Maj. Logan. I know my need, I know thy giving hand, Ep. to R. Graham. In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands.
Hamely [homely].	S. Farewell, thou fair day
But hamely, tawie, quiet an' cannie, An' unco sonsie. An Guid New-year † 5. In hamely, westlin jingle. My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,	Untie these hands from off my hands, S. Farewell, ye dungeons By cruel hands the sapling drops, S. Fate gave the word,
May touch the heart. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 13. What tho' on hamely fare we dine, Our humble cot, and hamely fare, S. When wild War's t	Thy strong right hand, L—d make it bare, Holy Willie's Praye, when Nature first began To try her canny hand, S. John Anderson,
Hameward [homeward].	Now we mann totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go, I.
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.	A scepter'd hand, a king's command, Is in her darting glances: S. Lovely Davie
The weary shearer's hameward way, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite t they scar'd at blows And hameward fast did flee,	And ane to wait on every hand, . S. My Collier Laddi With the hand and heart of my wee thing, No more at my fate I'll repine. S. My Love's a winsome
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Here, in this hand, does mankind stand, And there, is Beauty's blossom! Nature's Laz
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward hend. The Cotter's Sat. Night, And o'er the lea I lenk fu' fain	On right, on left, and every hand, We saw none to deliver New Psalmod
When Jockey's owsen hameward ca'. S. Young Jockey t	There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
Hamilton.	That rides by Kenmure's hand.
Till H[amilton]'s, at least a diz'n,	S. O Kenmure's on and awa
Are frae their nuptial labors risen: A Ded. to G. H., 14. Thee Hamilton, and Aiken dear,	For Love has bound me, hand and foot, S. O Lassie, art thou And swear on thy white hand, lass, S. O lay thy loof
A grateful, warm adieu! The Farewell.	Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand, O Thou dread Pow'r
Hamlet. start in Hamlet, in Othello roar; Ep. fr. Esopus.	See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hammer. The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.	Hands that took—but never gave. Ode, to Men. of Mrs But Jessy's lovely hand in mine, On Miss J. Lewar
Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shools. Or knappin hammers Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 11.	Unscathed by ruffian hand! . On Birth of Posth. Child
O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer, S. O merry hae I been t	Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save, On Death of Sir J. Blai.
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,	Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands;
On Grose's Peregrinations. Sic clumsy-witted hammers, On W. Chalmers.	On Window at Stirlin O thou, dread Power! whose empire-giving hand
Hammer'd.	Prologue, sp. by Wood
He in the parlour hammer'd On dining with Daer. Hammoek.	To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. Ronalds of Bennal
So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,	Would take the Muses' servants by the hand, Scots Prologu
An' owre the sea. On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	And there's a hand, my trusty feire, And gi'es a hand o' thine; . S. Shld auld acquaintee
Han', Haun' [hand]. Hae [aft] turn'd sax rood beside our han',	The Deil had business on his hand Tam o' Shanter.
A'Guid New-year 11. There's nought but care on ev'ry han',	Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
S. Green grow the Rashes. Her prentice han' she try'd on man,	Then on the tither hand present her,
An' then she made the lasses, O	A blackguard Smuggler, right behint her, The Author's Cry and Praye.
If sae, thy han' maun c'en be horne, Holy Willie's Prayer. 9. Hand up thy han' Deil! ance, twice, thrice! Scotch Drink. 20. Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him:	wayward fortune's adverse hand . S. The Banks of Nith Their left-hand General had nae skill; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moo.
Wi' bluidy han' a welcome gies him; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's, . The Death of Mailie.	I fear my Lord Panmnir is slain,
An' taks me by the han's, The Holy Fair. 4.	Or in his en'mies hands, man:
This list wi' my ain han' I wrote it, The Inventory.	The Brigs of Ay
Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonie; Third Ep. to J. Lap	In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a head, Ib And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd! Ib. I.
Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it, 16.	Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring; Ib. 1
Hae there's my haun', I wiss you weel, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	On ilka hand the burnies trot, S. The Contented Cottage
Hancocke. Some daring Hancocke, or a Franklin, Add. of Beelsebub.	And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand, The Cotter's Sat. Night.

The iron hand that breaks our band,	That on this frail, uncertain state,
It breaks my bliss,—it breaks my heart! S. The day relurns t	Hang matters of eternal weight: . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Gifted by black Jock To get them aff his hands. The Election Ballads. IV.	Where's he for honest poverty, That hangs his head, and a' that? S. The Honest Man.
Came shaking hands wi' wabster-loons, Ib. VI.	The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill.
Whose strong right hand has ever been	S. The lazy mist †
Their stay and dwelling-place! The 1st 6 V.s of goth Ps.	Hang'd, And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Before the mountains heav'd their heads Beneath Thy forming hand,	Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. Tam o' Shanter. 10.
She has my heart, she has my hand, S. The Highland Lassie.	They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
On this hand sits an Elect swatch, The Holy Fair. 10.	The Jolly Beggars, S. IV. An' some, to learn them for their tricks.
whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,	An' some, to learn them for their tricks, Were hang'd an' brunt. To W. Simpson, P.S
The Jolly Beggars. S. II. Wi' hand on hainch, and upward e'e, Ib. R. V.	nanging.
Wi' her twa white hands she spread it down:	Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie, El. on Capt. M. H., 5. spleeny English, hanging, drowning.
S. The Lass that made the bea.	
Hand aff your hands, young man, said she, Ib.	Hanging with threat ning jnt, like precipices; The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
To mend the honest Patriot-lore, And grace the hand. The Vision. D. II. 5.	And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum, The Jolly Beggars. S.I.
The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast, The Vowels.	
Whae'er she gat hands on, cam' near her nae mair,	Wi' dew are hanging clear, S. When o'er the hill † The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
S. There liv'd ance a carle	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Maks Hours like Minntes, hand in hand, Dance by fu' light To J. S., 12.	Hangie [the devil].
And plight me your lily-white hand; To Mary.	Hear me, and Hangie, for a wee, Add. to the Deil. 2.
An' auld-light caddies bure sic hands, To W. Simpson, P.S	Hangman. May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial. At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Would take His hand, whose vernal tints His other works admire V.s below Picture.	'Tis real hangmen, real scourges hear! . Ep. fr. Esopus.
His other works admire. V.s below Picture. "If that your right hand, leg or toe,	The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip, Ep. to Young Friend. 8.
"Should ever prove your spritual toe, . What aits ye now t	Hangman of creation, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder: S. When wild War's †	Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke, And eke my hangman's knife The Election Ballads. V.
But to my heart I'll add my hand, S. Where Cart rins † Hand, to.	Hanker. But hanker and canker.
And hands the rustic Stranger up to fame, The Brigs of Ayr.	To see their cursed pride Ep. to Davie.
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,	He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers, S. What can a yng lassie †
To hand him on, [v. A.4] . The Vision, D. I.	nank ring.
Han'-daurk [hand labour].	Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither, To stan' or rin, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
An' nonght but his han'-daurk, to keep Them right an' tight in thack an' raep. The Twa Dogs. 10.	Hanovan But what of this another make such a fuce
Hand-cuff'd. Nae hand-cuff'd, mnzzl'd, haff-shakl'd Regent,	That gave us the Hanover stem; [v. A.o] Poet. Add. to Tytler.
El. on Year 1788.	Hansal Itha first manay manayad a grift hastayyad
Handed.	Hansel [the first money received; a gift bestowed on a particular occasion, or at a particular season such as New-Year-time].
The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill, Are handed round with right guid will; The Twa Dogs. 20.	season such as New-Year-time].
Handfu'. An' out a handfu' gied him; Halloween. 17.	'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win' Blew hansel in on Rohin S. There was a lad t
Handle.	Hap [a covering of whatever kind].
In Ayr, Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle To mouth 'A Citizen,' a term o' scandal :	I'd be mair vaunty o' my hap, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
To month 'A Citizen,' a term o' scandal: The Brigs of Ayr, 10.	I'd he mair vaunty o' my hap, The Ans. to the Guidwife. 'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap, The Brigs of Ayr.
Handless.	Hap, to [to cover so as to protect from cold, danger.
But wha wad keep the handless coof, S. O can ye labour leat	Hap, to [to cover so as to protect from cold, danger, &c., to wrap warm].
Handsome. I'll love my handsome Nell. S. Handsome Nell.	An' hap him in a cozie biel: On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
And handsome ilka hit about her. S. I met a lass † She is a handsome wee thing, S. My love's a winsome †	And haps me fiel and warm at e'en! S. The Contented Cottager. Hap, to [to hop].
She is a handsome wee thing, S. My love's a winsome † A handsome grave does hide her; S. The Joyful Widower.	While tears hap o'er her and brown nose! Ep. to H. Parker.
A gude blue bannet on his head,	Ha'pence [half-pence].
And O but he was handsome! . S. The Ploughman †	Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence, The Holy Fair. 8.
There Sophy tight, a lassie bright, Besides a handsome fortune: . The Tarbolton Lasses.	Hapless.
Handsomely.	Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam! Add. to Edinburgh. 6.
She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light,	Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train, Ep. to R. Graham, 5.
And handsomely address ye The Tarbolton Lasses.	The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Hand-waled [carefully chosen by hand, special].	Betray the hapless lover: S. Farewell, thou stream † Meanwhile the hapless daughter
My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.	Has but a choice of strife, S. How cruel
Handywark [handiwork].	Amid his hapless victim's spoil. Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark,	A hapless lover courts thy lay, S. O stay, sweet warbling †
S. O when she cam ben †	And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate. On seeing wounded Hare.
Hang. But first hang out that she'll discern, Your hymeneal Charter, A Dream. 13.	How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fel!?
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther, Clear-dangling, hang; Death and Dr. Hornbook, 6.	Scots Prologue.
Clear-dangling, hang; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.	To paint the lovely hapless Scottish Queen! Ib.
Who will not sing, God save the king, Shall hang as high's the steeple; S. Does haughty Gaul†	Hapless hird! a pray the surest To each pirate of the skies S. Sensibility, †
Now Nature hangs her mantle green	Who but deplores that hapless friend? Sent to a Gent. offended.
On every blooming tree, . Lament of Mary of Scots.	
As dangling in the wind he hangs A gibbet's tassel Poem on Life.	Hapless wretches sold to toil, S. Streams that glide † If, hapless chance! they linger lang, The Petition of Br. Water. The hapless Poet floundary on they life, To P. C. of F.
And I may e'en gae hang S. She's fair and fause +	The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life. To R. G. of F., 5.

Haply.	And getting fon and unco happy, Tam o' Shanter.
Haply my Sires have left their shed, Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	Care, mad to see a man sae happy, 1b. 6.
Where, haply. Pity strays forlorn, El. on Capt. M. H.	Thou minds me o' the happy days
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live; Ep. to R. Graham, 3.	When my fause love was true. S. The Banks of Deon. O happy love! where love like this is found!
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live; Ep. to R. Graham, 3. Or haply, prest with cares and woes, Man was made to Mourn.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. Q.
Now, naply down you gay green snaw,	Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
She wanders by you spreading tree; S. O wat ye wha's in t	Those happy scenes when far awa! The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once fondly lovid† For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours, Prologue at Th., D	Nae woman in the Country wide
For our sincere, the haply weak endeavours,	Sae happy was as me. S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care, The Brigs of Ayr.	O happy is that man an' blest! The Holy Fair. 11.
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp,	I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle and my callet, The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp, 1b. 10.	The happy hour may soon he near.
But haply, in some Cottage far apart,	That brings us pleasant weather: S. The noble Maxwells †
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the Soul; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.	O happy day! rejoice, rejoice! The Ordination. 13.
Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at	As happy as those that have thousands a year. S. The Poor Thresher.
The hermit's prayer The Hermit. Here haply too, at vernal dawn,	My blessings on that happy place. S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Some musing bard may stray, The Petition of Br. Water.	She ay shall bless that happy night, 1b.
Happer [hopper].	I hae been happy thinking;
The heaped happer's ebbing still,	That happy night was worth them a', 1b.
And still the clap plays clatter Add. to Unco Guid.	I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Happier. Could I think I did deserve it, How much happier wou'd I be. S. Scenes of weet	Amang the rigs wi' Annie
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I ween! The Cotter's Sat. Night.	An' whyles twal pennie-worth o' nappy
	Can mak the bodies unco happy; The Twa Dogs. 18.
But sair I fear some happier swain Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour: S. When first I saw	Whaur'll ye ever see men sae happy, There's naething like t
Happiest. I was the happiest of a' the Clan,	Another happy reigns
S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.	To make a happy fire-side clime To Dr. Blacklock.
Happiness.	And I the happy country swain, S. Twas even—the dewy t
Believe me, happiness is shy. And comes not ay when sought, man. A Bottle and Friend	O if I were happy, where happy I have been, S. Wae is my heart t
Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste	the happy days I spent wi' you, my dearie; S. When I think on t
Of truest happiness Ep. to Davie. 3.	O! happy, happy may he be,
If Happiness hae not her seat	That's dearest to thy bosom: . S. When wild War's
And center io the breast, We may be wise, or rich, or great,	Hap-step-an'-loup (hop, step and jump; with a light,
But never can be blest:	springy, airy step].
Content am I, if Heaven shall give	The third cam up. hap-step-an'-loup, As light as ony lambie, The Holy Fair. 3.
But happiness to thee: S. It is na, Jean. † To crown your happiness he asks your leave,	Harangue.
Prologue, at Th., D.,	Now R[obinson] harangue nae mair,
in life where-ever plac'd, Hath happiness in store,	But steek your gab for ever; The Ordination, q.
The 1st Psalm.	Harangues.
Happiness is but a name, . Wr. in Hermitage at F., Happing [hopping].	An' with rhetoric clause on clause To mak harangues; The Author's Cry and Prayer. 12.
Ilk happing hird, wee, helpless thing! A Winter Night. 4.	[Smith] npens out his cauld harangues.
Happy.	On practice and on morals; The Holy Fair. 14. Harass'd.
O that happy hour, and shady bow'r, S. As I gaed up by t	Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last,
Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,	S. My father was a farmer
Where now my Nancy's path may be ! S. Behold the hour t	Have a hig-helly'd bottle when harassed with care [v.A.28]
O happy be the woodbine hower, . S. By Allan stream †	S. No Churchman am I
Happy! ye sons of Busy-life, Despondency, an Ode. 2 Nae treasures, nor pleasures	Sore harassed out, with care and grief, The Lament. 8. Are we sae foughten and harass'd
Could make us happy lang; Ep. to Davie. 5.	For gear to gang that gate at last! . The Twa Dogs. 25.
Wha wadna he happy Wi' Eppie Adair? S. Eppie Adair.	Harbour,
She, the fair sun of all her sex,	Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d new Brigs and Harhours!
Has blest my happy, glorious day: S. Farewell, dear mistress †	Harbours! The Brigs of Ayr. 9. Harbour, to.
I was the Oueen o' honie France.	Your thought, if love must harbour there,
Where happy I have been; . Lament of Mary of Scots.	Conceal it in that thought; S. Talk not of love
The tuneful powers, in happy hours, That whisper inspiration; S. Lovely Davies.	Can harbour dark the selfish aim, A Winter Night. 8.
Vet happy, happy would I be	Hard.
That whisper inspiration; S. Lovely Davies. Yet happy, happy would I be Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy. S. Montgomerie's Peggy.	More hard unkindness, unrelenting, A Winter Night. 7.
S. Montgomerie's Peggy.	I might as weel hae try'd a quarry O' hard whin-rock. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.
And now come in my happy hours, S. Now rosy May † The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,	My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
And ev'ry happy creature S. Now westlin winds †	Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp;
But soon may peace hring happy days, S. O Logan! sweetly †	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 8.
Au' a' the lang night as happy's a king. S. O merry hae I been t	My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.
O Phely, happy be that day, S. O Phely,	Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard wrung boon.
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be, S. Out over the Forth t	Et. to R. Graham. 5.
O, happy! happy! enviable man! . Remorse. A Frag	He grippet Nelly hard an' fast;
There Isabella's spotless worth	But O the road was very hard, S. O Mally's meek. Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory, S. O mirk, mirk t
Shall happy be at last Sad thy tale, †	Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The happy tenants share his rounds; Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	The strong forehammer, Scotch Drink. 11.
2 E	

Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their hest."

Scots Prologue.

Hard upon noble Maggie prest, . . . Tam o' Shanter. 18.

Harm, to. Where suffering no longer can barm thee, On Death of fav. Child.

Harmless.

Hard upon noble Maggie prest, Tam o Shanter. 18.	Sweet and harmless as a child; . S. First when Maggy t
Or labour hard the panegyric close, The Brigs of Ayr. 1. Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,	Puir barmless beast! tak thee pae care,
Thus poorly low! . The Vision. D. II. 2. The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;	On B.'s Horse impound. O, bid him save their harmless lives, The Death of Mailie.
The Whistle, 16.	Some hint the Lover's harmless wile; The Vision. D. II. 9.
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard, And whelm him o'er! To a Mountain-Daisy.	Harmonious. But [your life] "allegretto forte" gay
But Oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard, To R. G. of F., 3. Harden.	But [your life] "allegretto forte" gay Harmonious flow . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.
But Och! it hardens a' within,	Harmonious concert rung in every part, The Brigs of Ayr. 12. Hence, sweet, harmonious Beattle sung
And petrifies the feeling! Ep. to Young Friend. 6. Harden'd.	Hence, sweet, harmonious Beattie sung His "Miastrel lays;" The Vision. D. II. 6.
The real, harden'd wicked,	Harmoniously. Harmoniously, As Arts or Arms they understand.
Wha hae nae check but human law, Ep. to Young Friend. 3. A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting villain, . Tragic Frag	Harmoniously, As Arts or Arms they understand, Their labors ply. The Vision. D. II. 3. Harmony.
Hardest.	Her lovely form, her native ease.
Wad melt the hardest whun-stane! . The Holy Fair. 22.	All harmony and grace. S. On a bank of flowers t Like harmony her motion; S. Sae flaxent
Hardly. It's hardly in a body's pow'r, To keep, at times, frae being sonr, Ep. to Davie. 2.	
Wha scarcely tent us in their way, As hardly worth their while?	May Freedom, Harmony, and Love Unite you in the grand Design. The Farewell. To St. J.'s L To Harmony's enchanting notes.
You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,	To Harmony's enchanting notes, As moves the mazy dance, man. The Fête Champetre.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 10. The hardly he for sense or lear,	Harn [coarse linen, cloth made of varn smin of
Be better than the kye	"hards" or coarse flax]. Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn, . Tam o' Shanter. 15.
E'er spier her [my Muse's] price. Scotch Drink. 14.	Harp.
life's poor support, hardly earn'd, . S. The sun he is sunk † I doubt it's hardly worth the while, S. There was a lad †	While o'er the Harp pale Misery moans, A Ded. to G. H., 10. And frae his harp sic strains did flow, A Vision.
Hardship.	Come, kittle up your moorlan harp
By early Poverty to hardship steel'd, . The Brigs of Ayr. To help her Parents dear, if they in hardship he.	Wi' gleesome touch! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 8 as he touch'd his trembling harp, . Lament for Glencairn.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.	"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp! Ib.
Hardy. Fall in hold manhood's hardy prime! Lament for Glencairn.	Harpy. The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Ep. to Maj. Legan. 7.
To hardy independence bravely bred, . The Brigs of Ayr.	17
thy hardy sons of rustic toil, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20. Let Britain hoast her hardy oak, The Tree of Liberty.	The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the North, S. Caledonia.
I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy, To Rev. J. M' Math.	Harrow. The graip he for a harrow taks, . Halloween. 18.
Hare. It pits me ay as mad's a hare; . Ep. to J. R., 13. When purple morning starts the hare, . S. Now rosy May †	desolation's lang-teeth'd harrow,
Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare;	The Holy Fair, 21.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4. The hares were hirplan down the furrs, The Holy Fair.	I moil, and I toil, and I harrow and plongh, S. The Poor Thresher.
Or shootin of a hare or moorcock, The Twa Dogs. 26.	Harry. Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care, Ep. fr. Esopus.
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids, Their loves enjoy, To W. Simpson.	Collected Harry stood awee, . Extem. in Court of Session.
Harebell.	My Harry was a gallant gay, S. My Harry was a gallant † I would gie a' Knockhaspie's land,
Mourn little harebells o'er the lee; El. on Capt. M. H., 5. Hare-brain'd.	For Loyal Harry back again
A "hare-brain'd, sentimental trace" The Vision. D. I. 10.	The ungentle harsh rebuke. Rusticity's ungainly t
Nne hare-brain'd, sentimental traces, In your unletter'd, nameless faces! To J. S., 27.	Ahusin me for harsh ill nature On holy men, Third Ep. to J. Lap
Hark! But, hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly,	Har'st v. Hairst.
But hark! I'll tell you of a plot, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30. Hark! the mayis' evening sang. S. Hark! the mayis'	Hart. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray: S. Sleep'st thou;
Hark! the mavis' evening sang . S. Hark! the mavis'	Harvest. The milder sun, and bluer sky
And hark! what more than mortal sound	That crown my harvest cares wi joy, . S. O Phely †
Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,	Has been. My lan' afore's a gode andd has been, The Inventory.
On Death of R. Dundas. But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;	Hash [a soft, useless fellow; a blockhead].
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.	A set o' dull conceited Hashes, Confuse their brains in Colledge-classes!
But hark! the tent has chang'd it's voice; The Holy Fair. 14. Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays! The Ordination. 11.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 12. Twins monie a poor doylt, druken hash
Harket [hearkened].	Twins monie a poor doylt, druken hash O' half his days; Scotch Drink. 15.
Had I to guid advice but harket, The Vision. D. I. 5. Harlaw. Dire was the hate at old Harlaw, The Dean of Fac	Hash'd. They hack'd and hash'd while braid swords clash'd, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Harley. And Harley ronses all the god in man,	Haslock woo [the wool which is the lock of the hals or throat, and therefore the finest].
Prologue, sp. by Woods. Harlots. He founder'd his horse among harlots,	I coft a stane o' haslock woo, S. The cardin o't.
But gied his auld naig to the Lord. The Election Ballads. III.	Has't [has it]. The Foring of heaps and peace
Harm.	The Farina of beans and pease, He has't in plenty; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.
Hunger, Cauld, an' a sic harms May whistle owre the lave o't The Jolly Beggars, S. V.	He has't in plenty; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21. Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove, A woman has't by kind S. She's fair and fause †

Haste.	O had your tongue now, Luckie Laing,
Mak haste an' turn king David owre, . The Ordination.	O had your tongue and jauner; S. Gat ye me, †
Sae I subscribe mysel in haste, . Third Ep. to J. Lap	To hurn their nits, an' pou their stocks, An' haud their Halloween
The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Tho' the wee Cot-house should hand me:
Haste, to. I haste with the storm to a far distant shore;	An' haud their Halloweeu
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.	Oute are nation life have and busy, S. O grate are comes t
Haste, gie her name up i' the chappel, Letter to J. Goudie.	O steer her up and hand her gaun, Her mither's at the mill, jo : S. O steer her up †
Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde. S. Slow spreads the gloom †	Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
Hasten'd. And thousands hasten'd to the charge;	A towmont gude; On Grose's Peregrinations.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed, Ronalds of Bennals.
Hastet [hasted]. But just thy step a wee thing hastet, A Guid New-Year † 14.	Haud up thy han' Deil! ance, twice, thrice! Scotch Drink. 20.
Hasting.	Haud tae the Muse, my dainty Davie: Second Ep. to Davie.
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, A Vision.	Or hand a yokin at the pleugh, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Hasty, -ie.	Now haud you there! for faith ye've said enough, The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens, Frae lin to lin. El. on Capt. M. H., 4.	O haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife,
Should rue this hasty ride, Ep. to Davie. 11.	O haud your tongue, now Nansie, O: S. The deuks dang o'er.
The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie, The Inventory.	Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother. The Inventory.
My fancy verket up sublime	Haud aff your hands, young man, said she, S. The Lass that made the bed.
Hat. But now he has gotten a hat and a feather, S. Cock up your beaver.	Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight, . To a Louse. Whilst 1—but I shall haud me there To J. S., 29.
The old cock'd hat, the grey surrout, the same :	And if we dinna haud a bouze
Extem. on W. Smellie. We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat,	I'se ne'er drink mair To Mr. J. Kennedy.
S. Lady Mary Ann.	Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame ; S. Wandering Willie.
A ten-shillings hat, a Holland cravat; Ronalds of Bennals.	Hauding [holding]. Or handing Sarah by the wame? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.†
Ye are rich, and look hig, but lay by hat and wig, And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o'sma' value. The Kirk's Alarm.	Hauf, Ha'f [half].
Hatch. Clos'd under hatches, Add. to the Deil.	In my last plack thy part's he in't,
Hatch, to.	The hetter ha'f o't Add. to Illegit. Child.
Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs her nest, To hatch an' breed: [v.A.15] Tam Samson's El	A cow and a cauf, a yowe and a hauf, S. Her Daddie forbad † He took a hauf and gied it to me, S. My Sandy gied †
Hatch'd.	Just ac hauf muchkin does me prime, There's naethin like †
Auld W[odro]w, lang has hatch'd mischief, The Twa Herds. 13.	I did na suffer ha'f sae much
Hate. He needs not, he heeds not,	Frae Daddie Auld What ails ye now †
Or human love or hate; Despondency, an Ode. 4. To shun a tyrant father's hate, S. How cruel†	Hauf-mile. Their three-mile prayers, an hauf-mile graces, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate, . Liberty.	Haughs [low-lying flat lands such as border a river; meadows; valleys].
That brethren rouse in deadly hate! S. O Logan! sweetly t	meadows; valleys].
Hate, envy, oft the Douglas hore; On Duke of Queensberry.	And mark'd its [Nith's] bonie holms and haughs, As on the banks †
Dire was the hate at old Harlaw, The Dean of Fac	Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn, . Scotch Drink. 3.
Hate, to. Thou know'st, the virtues cannot hate thee worse, Ep. fr. Esopus.	O sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods, . To IV. Simpson.
I murder hate by field or flood, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav	Haughty. Shall I like a fool, quoth he, For a haughty hizzie die? . S. Duncan Gray †
Ye surly sumphs who hate the name, The Ans. to the Guidwije.	Or haughty Chieftain, 'mid the din of arms, Ep. fr. Esopus.
But vicious folk aye hate to see	Alas! how aft, in haughty mood,
The works o' Virtue thrive, man; The Tree of Liberty.	God's creatures they oppress! . Ep. to Davie. 6. A haughty lordling's pride; . Man was made to Mourn. 3.
Ye hate as ill's the vera de'il, The flinty heart that canna feel To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Does haughty Gaul invasion threat? S. Does haughty Gaul
While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes; To W. Simpson.	Haun' v. Han'.
Hated. To bear this hated doom severe?	Hauns [workmen, persons].
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit, Second Ep. to Davic.
I said, there was naething I hated like men, S. Last May a braw wooer †	Haunt.
Besides, he hated bleeding: . The Election Ballads. VI.	The haunt o' Spring's the primrose-brae, S. By Allan stream! Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns, El. on Capt. M. H., 3.
He hated nought but-to be sad, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	That blooms sae far frae haunt o' man;
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun; To R. G. of F., 3. Hath. But he the helpless, needless wretch,	S. O bonie was you rosy †
Shall lose the mite be hath.	For me your watry haunt forsake? On scaring Water-fowl.
Exten. on Commem.s of I komson.	Far from human haunts and ways;
Hatred. From envy and hatred your corps is exempt; Ye true "Loyal Nat.s."	On Death of R. Dundas.
Haud, Ha'd, Had [to hold, to keep].	Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train; On Death of Sir J. Blair.
And haud their noses to the grunstane; A Ded. to G. H., S.	Thou art the life o' public haunts; . Scotch Drink. 8.
They snool me sair, and haud me down, S. And O for one and twenty t	(Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love,
Till by an' by, if I haud on,	In musing mood) [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
I'll grunt a real Gospel groan: Auld comrade t	What are they?—The haunt of the Tyrant and Slave! S. Their groves of
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh, S. Behind you hillst	Busy haunts of base mankind, S. Thickest Night t
The weans haud out their fingers laughin, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.	I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's hannts
The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip, To hand the wretch in order; Ep. to Young Friend. S.	An unco slip yet, What ails ye now †
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,	Then Water-kelpies haunt the foord,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep, He'll haud it weel thegither Epit. on Ruling Elder.	By your direction, . Add. to the Dett. 12.
But ha'd your nine-tail cat a wee, . Epit. on Holy Willie.	Horrid sprites shall haunt you. S. Husband, husband †

The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
S. Now westlin winds † Hawthorn. The hawthorn's budding in the glen, Lament of Mary of Scots. Within you milk-white hawthorn bush, Amang her nestlings sits the thrush; S. O Logan! sweetly Ilk ghaist that baunts auld ha' or chamer, On Grose's Peregrinations. O were my love yon vi'let sweet, In spite o' a' the thievish kaes That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray;
S. O were my love t That haunt St. Jamie's | The Author's Cry and Prayer. 24. Haunted. Or trots by bazelly shaws and braes
Wi' hawthorns gray, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. By Girvan's fairy haunted stream, S. Now bank and bract By some auld, houlet-haunted, biggin, Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom ! On Grose's Peregrinations. S. The Banks of Nith. Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk, The scented birk and hawthorn white,

S. The Contented Cottager. By Alloway's and baunted kirk. . Tam o' Shanter, 3. Or haunted Garpal draws his feeble source,

The Brigs of Ayr. 7. The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey, The large the forest's Monarch throws His army shade, Haurl [to trail, to drag with force]. The meikle devil wi' a woodie Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows, Adown the glade.

The Vision. D. II. 20, Haurl thee [death] hame to his black smiddie, El. on Capt. M. H. The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar, Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene: . Hallowcen, 18. An' haurls at bis curpan: To Mary in Heaven. Haurlin [dragging off, peeling]. S. When wild War's t Sweet as you hawthorn's blossom, . Till skin in blypes cam baurlin How rich the hawthorn's blossom; Aff's nieves that night. . . Halloween. 23. Hause [to put the arms round the hals or neck, to Нау. embracel. In simmer when the hay was mawn, S. In simmer when t And some will hause in ithers arms, S. John, come kiss. When roving through the gather'd hay, S. O Phely, happy t Hauver-meal [oatmeal]. O whare did ye get that hauver-meal bannock? S. O whare did ye get † The craik amang the clover bay, S. The Contented Cottager. Have. No other plea I have, A Prayer in Prosp. of Death. Wi' taets o' hay an' ripps o' corn. . The Death of Mailie. Hug our doxies on the hay. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. (Nature may have her whim as well as we, Ep. to R. Graham. 3. She's sweet as the ev'ning among the new bay;
S. There's auld Rob M. † And shelter, shade, nor home bave I, Save in those arms of thine, Love. S. Forlorn, my love t Hazard. The hazard of concealing; Ep. to Young Friend. 6. He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle; Hazel, Hazle. Fragment, inscr. to Fox. Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle O' saugh or hazle. "L-d G-d!" quoth he, "I have it now, A Guid New-Year | 10. Lus add. to J. Ranken. While o'er their fthe birdies'l heads the hazels hing. Who wilt not be, nor have a stave,
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye,
The Kirk's Alarm. 4. . Poet. Inscription. S. Bonie Lassic, will ye go t And see the waves sae sweetly glide Beneath the hazels spreading wide, S. Ca' the Ewes. The weary night o' care and grief Whyles cooket underneath the braes, May have a joyful morrow;

No comfort, no comfort I have!

S. The noble Maxwells†

S. The sun he is sunk† Below the spreading bazle Unseen . Halloween. 25. Through the hazel's spreading wide O'er the waves "Come-one bottle more-and have at the sublime! S. Hark the mavist The Whistle. 17. The bazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush, S. Now westlin winds t In twining bazel bowers, His lay the linnet pours;
S. Sleepst thou, or wakst 'But gie me your wife, man, for her I must bave, S. There liv'd ance a carle t As lieve then I'd have then, Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath, . To Gav. Hamilton. Your clerkship he should sair, . The Brigs of Ayr. 13. . S. When first I saw t Though I maun never have her, The lintwhites in the hazel braes, S. The Contented Cottager. Haveril, Hav'rel [one who habitually talks in a silly, rambling manner; half-witted]. Hazelly, Hazly. The stream adown its hazelly path, . A Vision. There's Jockie and the haveril Jenny, Adam A-'s Prayer. Ye hazly shaws and briery dens; . El. on Capt. M. H., 4. Poor hav're! Will fell aff the drift. . Halloween. Or trots by hazelly shaws and braes, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Haven. Calm sheltered haven of eternal rest! To R. G. of F., 7. He. For I'm as free as any be, . S. Here's to thy health t Having. Life is not worth having with all it can give, Head v. Heed. S. The lasy mist t Head. Havins (good manners, good sense). When by such heads and hearts directed: Add, of Beelzebub. Wha think that havins, sense an' grace, drooping rich the dewy head. . . S. A Rose-bud by t Ev'n love an' friendship should give place
To catch-the-plack! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 20. By Tweed erects bis [Autumn's] aged bead,
Add, to Shade of Thomson. The Death of Mailie. To pit some having in his breast! . And send us from thy bounteous store Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense, Wi' people wha' ken ye nae better. . The Kirk's Alarm. A tup or wether head! At Globe Tay. D. Haw. Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back,
An' hum an' haw, The Author's Cry and Prayer. Gude help the day when royal heads Are hunted like a mankin. . S. Awa, whigs, awa. While o'er their heads the hazels bing, S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go Hawk. For [ber e'e] it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a bawk, S. Again rejoicing Nature † Her head upon my throbbing breast, S. By Allan stream † The ravining hawk pursuing, The trembling dove thus flies, I heard a man sing tho' his head it was grey;
S. By you eastle wat . S. How cruel t But bounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
S. My Lord a-hunting t 'Ay, ay,' quo' be, an' shook his head, I mark'd the cruel hawk Caught in a snare; S. Phillis the Fair. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 12. 'Gat tippence-worth to mend her [his wife's] head, Ib. 26. Maggie coost ber head fu' heigh, . . S. Duncan Gray, † But hawks will rob the tender joys That bless the little lintwhite's nest; S. There was a lass t At dawn, when every grassy blade Droops with a diamond at his head, El. on Capt. M. H., 6. Hawkie [a cow with a white face, a cow]. while each corny spear Shoots up its head, . An' dawtet, twal-pint Hawkie's gane As yell's the Bill. . The Spanish Empire's tint a head, . El. on Year 1788. . Add. to the Deil. 10. The soupe their only Hawkie does afford, Thy fool's head, quoth Satan, that crown shall wear never, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. Epig. on -

But build a castle on his head, Epig. on noted Coxcomb.	His twisted head look'd backward on his way, The Vowels.
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head; Ep.fr. Esopus.	May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y
But Davie lad, ne'er fash your head, Tho' we hae little gear, Ep. to Davie. 2.	To clear your head. Third Ep. to J. Lap An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Tho' we hae little gear, Ep. to Davie. 2. And nought but peat reek i' my head, Ep. to H. Parker.	Like taps o' thrissle To a Haggis.
That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,	O Jenny, dinna toss your head To a Louse.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 3. Few heads with knowledge so inform'd: Epit. on a Friend.	Thou lifts thy unassuming head In humble guise; . To a Mountain-Daisy.
A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd:	The thick ning, and black ning,
Extem. on W. Smellie.	Round my devoted head
Till Revenge, wi' laurelled head Bring our Banish'd hame again; S. Frae the friends t	An' not a muse erect her head To cowe the blellums? To Rev. J. M'Math.
On his head a bonnet blue, S. Highland Laddie.	Yet when a tale comes i' my head, . To W. Simpson.
Thy strong right hand, L-d make it bare, Upn' their heads, Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.	Now let us lay our heads thegither, In love fraternal: . 1b. It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it, 1b. P.S.
While he wi' hingin' lips and snakin',	Yet such a head, and more the heart,
Held up his head	Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."
Jenny M'Crazo †	Head, to. Some Washington again may head them, Add. of Beelzebub.
Put clods upon his head, John Barleycorn.	Yet let my Country need me, with Elliot to head me,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears, 1b. His bending joints and drooping head 1b.	The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
The monarch may forget the crown	Headlong. Or thro' the mining outlet backed, Down headlong hurl. A Winter Night. 2.
That on his head an hour has been: Lament for Glencairn.	'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms.
And a green grassy hillock hides his head; Lns while on Deathbed.	Scots Prologue. With headlong speed rush'd to the charge,
The sons of Belial in the Land Did set their heads together; [re.] . New Psalmody.	The Election Ballads, VI.
A green turf on your head, gude man, S. O gin ye were dead.	As headlong foam a hundred floods;
Sae may it on your heads return! S. O Logan! sweetly t	Those headlong, furious passions to confine; Why am I loth t
If he hut want the miser's dirt, Ve'll cast your head anither airt, S. O Tibbie!†	The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods
And shoots its head above each bush; S. On Cessnock banks t	Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Heal v. Hale.
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,	Heal, to. Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan, Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
On seeing wounded Hare. Though cauld be the clay, where thou pillow'st thy head,	My coggie is a haly pool,
On Death of fav. Child.	My coggie is a haly pool, That heals the wounds o' care and dool; S. Gane is the day t
I send you a trifle, a head of a bard, Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Who heals life's various stounds, On Birth of Posth. Child. And heal her cruel wounds
I can haud up my head wi' the best o' the breed, Ronalds of Bennals.	And nocht can heal my bosom's smart, . S. Sae far awa.
Thou clears the head o' doited Lear; . Scotch Drink. 6.	Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Wi' Gentles thou erects thy head;	Can heal the wound He gave : Sad thy tale, † Tho' despair had wrung its core,
May hing their head in wofn' bevel, . Tam Samson's El	That would heal its auguish S. Thine am I †
You auld gray stane, among the heather, Marks out his head, 1b. 12.	Healing. Peerest to meditate the healing leap: Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Wi' virls an' whirlygigums at the head. The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Healsome v. Halesome.
His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd, 1b. 13.	Health.
The like has been that you may wear A noble head of horns	May Health and Peace, with mutual rays, Shine on the ev'aing o' his days; A Ded. to G. H., 14.
Wi' justice they may mark your head-	Long life, my Lord, and health be yours, Add. of Beelzebub.
'Here lies a famous Bullock!'	Now health forsakes that angel face, Fragment.
Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	But by that health, I've got a share o't, Friend of the poet, † P.S.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head,	Hands a health to one I lole dear S. Herris a health to anet
An closed her een amang the dead! The Death of Maille.	Here's a health to them that's awa, S. Here's a health to them that's way,
She's gotten the heart of a Bushby, But, what has become o' the head? The Election Ballads. III.	Here's a health to Charlie the chief of the clan, 10.
Here's the stuff and lining, O' Cardoness' head; . Ib. IV.	Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie, Ib.
Before the mountains heav'd their heads	Here's to thy health, my bonie lass, S. Here's to thy health t
The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps Where's he for honest poverty, That hangs his head, and a that? S. The Honest Man.	I'll count my health my greatest wealth, Ib. Here's Kenmure's health ia wine:
	I'll count my health my greatest wealth, 10. Here's Kenmure's health ia wine; S. O Kenmure's on and awa † While healths one round to him what tight.
I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead, The Kirk's Alarm.	While healths gae round to him wha, tight, Gies famous sport. [v.A.25] . Scotch Drink. 12.
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig, And ye'll ha'e a calf is head o' sma' value	An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's
And ye'll ha'e a calf 's head o' sma' value Ib. But I call'd her quickly back again,	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
To lay some mair heneath my head. A cod she laid beneath my head,	Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
S. The Lass that made the bed.	An' made the bottle clunk To their health that night. The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
And cowe her measure shorter By th' head some day The Ordination. 13.	To gie the sweetest blush o' health, The Tree of Liberty.
the state of the s	An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
The tender flower that lifts its head, elate, The Rights of Woman.	Like loss o' health or want o' masters, The Twa Dogs. 11. We drank a health to bonie Mary. S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.
Cut aff his head and a', man The Tree of Liberty.	Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonie;
My auld grey head had lieu in clay,	Health to the Maxwells' vet'ran Chief!
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace! S. The Union.	Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief: . To Terraughty.
An ancient Borough rear'd her head; The Vision. D. I. 15. And bound the Holly round my head: Ib., D. II. 23.	But, should my Author health again dispense, Again I might desert fair Virtue's way; Why am I loth

Heap. And o'er this grassy heap sing dool, A Bard's Epit. 1 gied thy cog a wee-bit heap	Been there to hear this heavenly band engage, The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
Aboon the timmer; A Guid New-Year, † 13. Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap!	To hear you roar and rowte, The Calf. Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
Sunk energy'd 'Mang beans o' clavers :	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see, S. The Lass that made the bed. That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble, To a Mouse.	Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless Rake. 1b. 7.
S. The Lass that made the bed. That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble, To a Mouse.	May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul; 1b. 17. My dying words attentive hear, . The Death of Mailie.
Heaped, -et.	For your poor friend, the Bard afar, He only hears and sees the war, The Election Ballads. VI.
A heapet Stimpart, I'll reserve ane Laid by for you A Gude New-Year, † 17.	Chill runs my blood to hear it rave, S. The gloomy night †
The heaped happer's elbing still, And still the clap plays elatter Add. to Unco Guid.	Hear how he clears the points o' Faith The Holy Fair. 13.
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence, The Holy Fair. &	The half asleep start up wi' fear, An' think they hear it roaran,
Hear.	I beg you'll hear Your humble slave complain, The Petition of Br. Water.
But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r, That kens or hears about you, Sir . A Ded. to G. H., 13.	For why,-methinks I hear her voice
Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear; A Vision. Delighted me to hear thee sing, A Winter Night. 4.	Tearing the clouds asunder. S. The Joyful Widower. And does she heedless hear my groan? The Lament.
But hear, my Lord! G[lengarry] hear! Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	Hear, how he gies the tither yell, The Ordination. 12.
'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illegit. Child.	Whene'er I hear my father's foot, My heart wad burst wi' pain; The Ruined Maid's Lament.
Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee, Add. to the Deil. 2.	Nor hears how the whirlwinds sweep; S. The sun he is sunk to While they mann stan', wi' aspect humble,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me, An' hear us squeel!	An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble! The Twa Dogs. 13.
Hear me, ye venerable Core, Add. to Unco Guid. 2.	But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
since it may no be, That thou of love wilt hear; S. Ah, Chloris, †	To J. S., 4.
Hear me, Powers divine! Oh, in pity hear me! S. Ay waking, O†	And hear him curse the light he first surveyed, To R. G. of F., I. O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer! Ib. 9.
And do I hear my Jeannie own, That equal transports move her? S. Come, let me take thee?	O! hear a wretch's pray'r!
I hear the wild hirds singing; . S. Craigie-burn Wood.	Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast, S. Up in the morning. Your porter dought na hear us; V.s, on Window, Carron.
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear! . Delia. An Ode. Thou Being, All-seeing,	Your doctrines I maun blame, You shall hear. S. I'e Jacobites †
O hear my fervent pray'r! Ep. to Davic. 9. I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk,	To hear the moon sae sadly lie'd on By word an' write. To W. Simpson. P.S.
I hear it—for in vain I leuk Ep. to H. Parker.	Heard.
It pat me fidgean-fain to hear't, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 5. A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,	Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy
To hear your crack	I've heard my rev'rend Graunie say, Add. to the Deil. 5.
Nor hear your crack	Aft 'yont the dyke she's heard you bumman, 1b. 6. I heard a man sing tho' his head it was grey; S. By you castle wa' +
But hear me, Sir, deil as ye are, Epit. on Holy Willie. But, oh! Eliza, hear one prayer,	O, rivers, rorests, mils, and plains:
For pity's sake forgive me! S. Farewell, thou stream † Till presently he hears a squeak,	Oft have ye heard my canty strains: El. on Capt. M. H., II. I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
An' young an' auld come rinnan out, An' hear the sad narration:	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 4. But ha'd your nine-tail cat a wee,
It is Maria's voice I hear: . S. Here is the glen, †	Till ance you've heard my story. Epit. on Holy Willie. The music of thy voice I heard,
L-d, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r, Holy Willie's Prayer. 13. Nor hear their pray'r;	Nor wist while it enslav'd me; S. Farewell, thou stream t
As 1 hear sindry say, O; Katharine Jaffray.	Ye've heard this while how I've been licket, Friend of the Poet †
Young man, do you hear that! S. Lass, when yr mither † Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death! Liberty.	There's name ever fear'd that the truth should be heard, But they wham the truth wad indite.
Let great folks hear and see. Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav	S. Here's a health to them † A' this and mair I never heard of; Kind Sir, I've read †
Now hear our pray'r, accept our song, . New Psalmody. As songsters of the early year	I heard a young Ploughman sae sweetly to sing; S. Lns on a Ploughman.
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear, S. O Phely †	S. Lns on a Ploughman. The shouts o' war are beard afar, S. My bonie Mary.
I know Thou wilt me hear; O Thou dread Pow'r † I hear her in the tunefu' birds,	I sat, but neither heard nor saw: S. O Mary, at the windowt
I hear her charm the air S. Of a' the airts †	And heard thee as the careless wind? S. O stay, sweet warbling †
And future ages hear his growing fame.	If thou hast heard her talking, S. O wat ye wha that loes t
On Death of Sir J. Blair. Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,	Who trembling heard my parting sigh. S. Slow spreads the gloom †
On Grose's Peregrinations. And hear my vows o' truth and love, S. Sae flaxen t	S. Slow spreads the gloom † The thundring guns are heard on evry side, The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
Not only hear-but patronise-defend them, Scots Prologue.	ine clanging sugn of whistling wings is heard; 10. 4.
Hear the woodlark charm the forest, S. Sensibility † Oh! stream whose murmurs still I hear!	But all the soul of Music's self was heard; Ib. 12. And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
S. Slow spreads the gloom †	command
I hear the wild birds singing; S. Sweet fa's the eve † An' no get warmly to your feet,	When Love and Beauty heard the news, The Fête Champetre.
An' gar them hear it, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	They beard the blackbird's sang, man;
My heart for fear gae sough for sough.	The Ruined Maid's Lament. Heard ye o' the tree o' France, The Tree of Liberty.
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	His voice was heard thro' muir and dale, The Twa Herds. 7.

And heard the restless rattons squeak About the riggin The Vision. D. I. 3.	Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head; Ep. fr. Esopus.
We heard nought hut the roaring linn, S. What will I do gin t	A man may hae an honest heart
There ruminate with soher thought;	The Poortith hourly stare him; Ep. to Young Friend. 4.
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought; Wr. in Friars-Carse H	Your heart can ne'er be wanting!
When ne'er a body heard or saw S. 1'oung Jockey †	Intended fraud or guile, Ep. to Davie. 3.
Heard'st. Heard'st thou that group—proceed no further.	With honest joy, our hearts will bound.
Heard'st. Heard'st thou that groun-proceed no further, Epig. on E.'s "Martial."	To see the coming year:
Hearing, -in'.	The heart ay's the part ay, That makes us right or wrang
An' [by] every star within my hearin'! Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.	But tent me, Davie, Ace o' Hearts!
If she had recover'd her hearing; S. Last May a braw wooer t	There's a' the Pleasures o' the Heart.
Excisemen? give the cause a hearing: Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.	The Lover and the Frien';
Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow,	The life-blood streaming thro' my heart
On Death of R. Dundas.	My Muse, tho' hamely in attire, May touch the heart. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 13.
Hearkening.	Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale), To R. G. of F.,	To chear our heart; Ib. 19.
Hear'st. But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,	Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms, Ib. 21.
I'm thine at ane and twenty.	bauld L[aprai]k, the king o' hearts, . Ib., Ap. 21st. 5.
S. And O for ane and twenty †	Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing! Ep. to J. R., 6.
Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet, S. O Lassie, art thou †	Hale be your heart! Hale be your fiddle! Ep. to Maj. Legan. 3.
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?	
To Mary in Heaven.	Wha count on poortith as disgrace— Their tuneless hearts!
Heart.	Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart, For that same gen'rous spirit smart! A Ded. to G. H., 14.	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Then Clubs an' Hearts were Charlie's cartes, A Fragment. 7.	A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold Epit. for R. A. The pitying Heart that felt for human Woe;
The blood-stain'd roost, and sheepcote spoil'd,	The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride;
My heart forgets, A Winter Night. 5.	Epit. for Author's Father.
The heart benevolent and kind The most resembles God	Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd. Epit. on a Friend.
Till God knows what may be effected,	His social, friendly, honest heart Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
When by such heads and hearts directed: Add. of Beelzebub.	"An' his heart is rank poison," Epit. on Walter S. Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab.
As dear an' near my heart I set thee Add. to Illegit. Child.	S. Eppie M'Nab.
Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps, Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	His heart was warm, benevolent, and good. Extem. on W. Smellie.
Who made the heart, 'tis He alone	But, a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road,
Decidedly can try us, Add. to Unco Guid. 8.	If your stuff he as rotten's her heart. Extem. pinned to Coach.
I'll hide the struggle in my heart, . S. Ah, Chloris,†	No love but thine my heart shall know. S. Fairest maid†
Your hearts she will trepan. S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.	It burns my heart I must depart
But he wan my heart's consent, . S. As I came o'er t	And not avenged be S. Farewell, ye dungeons
The music of her pretty foot, On my heart it did play so, S. As I gaed up †	Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, And pierc'd my darling's heart: . S. Fate gave the word †
My heart it shall never he broken for ane.	And [ye maggots] fix your claws in Nicol's heart,
S. As I was a-wandring t	For deil a bite o't's rotten For W. Nicol.
Had I no got greeting, my heart wou'd hae hroken, . Ib.	And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted I'd hear't in mind Friend of the post t
To grant a heart is fairly civil, Auld comrade †	They [boundless oceans] never, never can divide
Her face is fair, her heart is true, . S. Behind you hills †	My heart and soul from thee. S. From thee, Eliza, †
But are their hearts as light as ours Beneath the milkwhite thorn? . S. Behold, my love,	But the latest throb that leaves my heart,
The courtier tells a finer tale,	An' tho' at last they catch them [riches] fast, Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
But is his heart as true?	S. Green grow the Rashes.
Thou goest, thou darling of my heart: . S. Behold the hourt	Hearts leal, au' warm, an' kin': Halloween. 3.
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish, Lest my wee thing he na mine S. Bonie wee thing †	Gar lasses hearts gang startin
But can they melt the glowing heart, S. By Allan stream †	An' Jean had e'en a sair heart To see't that night
It brake the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame,	Nell's heart was dancin at the view;
S. By yon castle wa't	Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;
Well thou know'st my aching heart, S. Canst thou leave me thus †	And whilst that honour warms my heart,
Is this thy faithful swain's reward,	I'll love my handsome Nell S. Handsome Nell.
An aching broken heart, my Katy? 16.	A gaudy dress and gentle air May slightly touch the beart,
Farewell! and ue'er such sorrows tear That fickle heart of thine, my Katy!	
They who but feign a wounded heart,	Thou hast stown my very heart, . S. Hark! the mavis t His royal heart was firm and true, S. Highland Laddie.
May teach the lyre to languish; S. Could aught of song †	Frae G—d's ain priests the people's hearts
Put pleasure they [flowers birds] has none for me	He steals awa'. Holy Willie's Prayer. II.
While care my heart is wringing S. Craigie-burn Wood.	
My heart wad burst wi' anguish	How can my poor heart be glad, S. How can my poor heart t
My heart wad burst wi' anguish. The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang, While Damon's heart beat time, S. Damon and Sylvia.	How can my poor heart be glad, S. How can my poor heart to Still my heart is with my love;
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang, While Damon's heart heat time, S. Damon and Sylvia. 'They have piere'd mony a gallant heart;	How can my poor heart be glad, S. How can my poor heart † Still my heart is with my love; Ib. And oh, her widow'd heart is sair, S. How lang and dreary †
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang, While Damon's heart heat time, S. Damon and Sylvia. They hae piere'd mony a gallant heart; Death and Dr. Horubook. 15.	How can my poor heart be glad, S. How can my foor heart † Still my heart is with my love; And oh, her widow'd heart is sair, S. How lang and dreary † My poor heart then break it must, S. Husband, husband t
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang, While Damon's heart beat time, S. Damon and Sylvia. 'They hae piered mony a gallant heart; Death and Dr. Horubook. 15. 'Fient haet o't wad hae piere'd the heart	How can my poor heart be glad, S. How can my poor heart! Still my heart is with my love: And oh, her widow'd heart is sair, S. How lang and dreary! My poor heart then break it must, S. Husband, husband t Had Los found the slightest prayer.
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang, While Damon's heart theat time, They hae piere'd mony a gallant heart; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15. Fient haet o't wad hae piere'd the heart Of a kail-runt. 1b. 17.	How can my poor heart be glad. S. How can my foor heart! Still my heart is with my love: Ib. And oh, her widow? dheart is sair, S. How lang and dreary! My poor heart then break it must, S. Husband, kusband! Had! In a found the slightest prayer That lips could speak thy heart could muve. S. I doconfest I bear a heart shall support me still. S. I dream? dI lay!
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang, While Damon's heart heat time, S. Damon and Sylvia. 'They hae piere'd mony a gallant heart; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15. 'Fient haet o't wad hae piere'd the heart Of a kail-runt. Ther moulders here a gallant heart; EL on Cast. M. H., Epit.	How can my poor heart be glad, S. How can my foor heart! Still my heart is with my love; Ib. And oh, her widow'd heart is sair, S. How lang and dreary! My poor heart then break it must, S. Husband, husband † Had I na found the slightest prayer That lips could speak thy heart could muve. S. I doconfest! I bear a heart shall support me still. S. I dream'd I lay! She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wy!'d, S. I gard a waafu't
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang, While Damon's heart theat time, They hae piere'd mony a gallant heart; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15. Fient haet o't wad hae piere'd the heart Of a kail-runt. 1b. 17.	How can my poor heart be glad. S. How can my foor heart! Still my heart is with my love: Ib. And oh, her widow? dheart is sair, S. How lang and dreary! My poor heart then break it must, S. Husband, kusband! Had! In a found the slightest prayer That lips could speak thy heart could muve. S. I doconfest I bear a heart shall support me still. S. I dream? dI lay!

My head and my heart, now quo' she, are at rest, S. Jenny M'Craw †	Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride! On Death of Sir J. Blair.
For where'er he distant roves.	His honest heart enamours, On W. Chalmers.
Jockey's heart is still at hame. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting	The feeling heart's the royal blue,
And they hae taen his very heart's blood, John Barleycorn. 'Twill make the widow's heart to sing	Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel The steep Parnassus, Poem on Life.
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,	The steep Parnassus, Poem on Life. A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart.
What woes wring my heart Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.	Poet. Add. to W. Tytler.
What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,	May he who wins thy matchless charms Possess a leal and true heart; . S. Polly Stewart.
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.	Possess a leal and true heart;
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.	That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,
Sae droops our heart when we mann part S. Lovely Davies.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
But never, never can come near the heart. S. Mark yonder Pomp †	Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear, As on this night, I've met these judges here! Ib.
O then the heart alarming,	while his heart Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime.
	But when the heart is nobly warm,
For without an honest manly heart, No man was worth regarding, O. S. My father was a farmer †	The good excuse will find Rusticity's ungainly †
Kind Fortune case a breaking heart.	But fairer never touch'd a heart
S. My Harry was a gallant †	Than her's, the Fair sae far awa S. Sae far awa. So Isabella's heart was form'd,
My heart was ance as blythe and free As simmer days were lang, S. My heart was ance †	And so that heart was wrung Sad thy tale,
He took my heart as wi' a net,	Bowers adien! where love decoying, First enthrall'd this heart S. Scenes of woet
But every shot and every knock,	But when thou poors thy strong heart's blood,
My heart it gae a stoun	There thou shines chief. Scotth Drink. 4.
My beart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer:	Thou chears the heart o' drooping Care; 1b. 6.
S. My heart's in the Highlands † My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go Ib.	These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans Wad muve the very hearts o' stanes! . Searching auld †
And next my heart I'll wear her, S. My Love's a winsome t	Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle; Second Ep. to Davie.
With the hand and heart of my wee thing,	Scenes so abhorrent to my heart! . Sent to a Gent. offended.
No more at my fate I'll repine	She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart, S. She's fair and fause t
But I adore my Mary's heart, S. My Mary's face † I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring S. My Sandy gied †	When through my very heart
Gude ale keeps my heart aboon. [re.] S. O gude ale comes †	Her beaming glories dart: S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st with heart nachang'd as mine, S. Slow spreads the gloom t
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,	And fly to meet a kinder heart!
That rides by Keamure's hand. S. O Kenmure's on and awa †	My heart is sair. I darena tell.
Their hearts and swords are metal true, Ib.	My heart is sair for Somehody; S. Somebody. Sits meek content with light unanxious heart,
The cauldness of thy heart's the cause	Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
Of a' my grief and pain, jo. S. O Lassic, art thou? [Beware] A heart that warmly seems to feel; That feeling heart but acts a part. O leave novels?	Take a heart which he designs thee; . S. Sweetest May t
	But Friendship's pure and lasting joys My heart was form'd to prove: S. Talk not of Love †
As ye [men o' state] make mony a fond heart mourn, S. O Logan! sweetly †	My heart is a-breaking, dear titty, S. Tam Glen.
How can your flinty hearts enjoy	My heart to my mou' gied a sten;
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry!	When at his heart he felt the dagger, He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger, Tam Samson's El., 11.
Whose only fault is loving thee?	Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
S. O Mary, at thy window † And my foad heart, itsel sae true,	Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck, Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. [v.A.16] Tam o' Shanter.
It ne'er mistrusted thine S. O mirk, mirk t	Your Honor's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,	But feels his heart's bluid rising hot,
For she, as fairest is her form, She has the truest, kindest beart. S. O wat ye wha's in t	May still your Mither's heart support ye; 1b. 23.
Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night, Ye wad na found in Christendie. S. O Willie brew'd†	Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird, [re.] S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.
Ye wad na found in Christendie. S. O Willie brew'd †	Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear, In flinders flee: On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	My heart for fear gae sough for sough,
A Jillet brak his heart at last,	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. My heart is wae, and unco wae, S. The bonic Lass of Albany.
No savage e'er could rend my heart, As, Jessy, thou hast done On Miss J. Lewars.	(What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds,
The bravest heart on English ground,	And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!) The Brigs of Ayr.
Had yielded like a coward On Miss J. Scott.	And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he! 1b. 4.
My youthful heart was stown away, S. O Phely,† The hearts of men adore thee S. O saw ye bonie L.†	While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart. 1b. 12.
For surely that would touch her heart	The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
S. O stay, sweet warbling †	Is there, in human form, that hears a heart Ib. 10.
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair! Or my poor heart is broken!	They time their hearts, by far the noblest aim: . Ib. 13.
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute, S. O steer her up †	Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart! Ib. 17.
And lang has had my heart in thrall, S. O this is no my ain +	But chiefly, in their hearts with Grace divine preside. Ib. 18.
And has my heart a-keeping? S. O wat ye wha that loss †	O Thon! who pour'd the patriotic tide, That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; Ib. 21.
O that's the lassie o' my heart,	The iron hand that breaks our band.
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!	It breaks my bliss,—it breaks my heart! S. The day returns t
	And wan his heart's desire; The Dean of Fac But he wad hecht an honest heart, The Election Ballads. I.
On seeing wounded Hare. What heart o' stane wad thou na move, On Birth of Posth, Child.	She's gotten the heart of a Bushby.
Wild to my heart the hilal pulses glow,	But, what has become of the head? 1b. 111.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	She won each gaping burgess' heart, Ib. 17.

What bursting anguish tears my heart! The Farewell. With melting heart, and brimful eye,	Thon canst love another maid, While my heart is breaking; S. Thou hast left me †
The Farewell, To St. J.'s L.	Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.
Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write Those happy scenes when far awa!	S. Tho' fickle Fortune † If death, then, wi' skaith, then,
But round my heart the ties are bound,	Some mortal heart is hechtin, To a Medical Gent.
That heart transpiere'd with many a wound : S. The gloomy night †	Thine friendship's truest heart To Chloris.
The bursting tears my heart declare,	My heart was blithe and gay, To Clarinda.
I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart;	Wi' his fanse heart and flatt'ring tongue, S. To daunton me.
The Henpecked Husband.	Ve ken yoursels my heart right proud is, To Dr. Blacklock.
1 know her heart will never change, S. The Highland Lassie.	And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan A lady fair: . Ib.
She has my heart, she has my hand,	Ve surely hae some warlock-hreef
Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't; The Holy Fair. 6. O how they fire the heart devout,	Owre human hearts; To J. S.
Like Cantharidian plaisters On sic a day! 15, 13.	Your hearts are just a standing pool, Your lives a dyke!
Tho' in his heart he weel believes	Ve hate as ill's the vera de'il,
An' thinks it auld wives' fables:	The flinty heart that canna feel To Mr. J. Kennedy. Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
How monie hearts this day converts. O' sinners and o' Lasses!	To R. G. of F., 3.
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane, 16.	His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung, 16.5.
My heart it rejoic'd at a Sodger laddie.	And all the tribute of my heart returns, To R. Graham.
The Jolly Beggars, S. II. The ladies' hearts be did trepan,	For one [dart] has cut my dearest tye, And quivers in my heart
Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,	My weary heart it's throbbings cease,
But tho' his little heart did grieve,	For me, shame fa' me,
Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,	If neist my beart I dinna wear ye To Terraughty.
His heart she ever miss'd it	I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts, . To Rev. J. M'Math.
tho' your heart's like a child, The Kirk's Alarm. Your hearts are the stuff will be powther enough	Even Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd, An' winning manner
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead	Impute it not, good Sir, in ane
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still! The Lament.	Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye,
My secret-heart's exulting boast?	For there he roy'd that broke my heart,
Oh! can she bear so base a heart,	Yet to that heart, ah! still how dear 1b.
For monie a heart thou hast made sair, S. The lovely lass †	But tell him, though he broke my heart,
There's no a heart in a' the land, But's lighter at the news o't. S. The noble Maxwells †	Vet to that heart he still was dear!
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest.	Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie; To W. Simpson.
The Rights of Woman. 1 ken't her heart was a' my ain; . S. The Rigs o' Barley.	My curse upon your whunstane hearts
1 ken't her heart was a' my ain; . S. The Rigs o' Barley. Her heart was beating rarely:	Ve Enbrugh Gentry!
And I hae lost my lightsome heart	
That little wist a fa' The Ruined Maid's Lament.	O Nature! a' thy shews an' forms To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whene'er 1 hear my father's foot, My heart wad burst wi' pain;	Still my heart melts at human wretchedness; Tragic Frag
No anxious fear their little heart alarms;	Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime Ib.
But for their sake my heart doth ache, S. The sun he is sunk †	Canst thou break his faithfu' heart? S. Turn again, thou † If to love thy heart denies,
For weel he kend the way, O.	My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy, S. Twas even—the dewy t
The lassie's heart to win, O! S. The Taylor he cam t	Man heart could wish for more Us to Landlady of Inn.
He made me blest—and broke my heart! The Tears I shed. It clears the een, it cheers the heart. The Tree of Liberty.	Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e; S. Wae is my heart †
It clears the een, it cheers the heart. The Tree of Liberty. An' monie a time my heart's been wae, The Twa Dogs. 13.	S. Wae is my heart † this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast
My heart has been sae fain to see them,	this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast, Ib . My heart was caught before I thought,
That I for joy hae barket wi' them Ib. 20.	S. When first I came t
The joy can scarcely reach the heart	My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat, S. When first I saw †
Wi' S[mi]th wha thro' the heart can glance, The Twa Herds. 17.	Ae look deprived me o' my heart,
My heart did glowing transport feel, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.	Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey, It makes my heart sae cheery O, S. When o'er the hill t
Some rouse the Patriot up to bare Corruption's heart: Ib. D. II. 4.	A leal, light heart was in my breast, S. When wild War's t
	And I was fear'd my heart wou'd tine, S. Where Cart rins t
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow, Warm on the heart	But to my heart I'll add my hand,
Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw; The Whistle. 6.	Vet such a head, and more the heart,
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest, S. The Winter it is past †	Wr. on Leaf of "H. More." Reverence with lowly heart
Sad knowledge makes me know that your hearts are full of woe, 16.	Him whose wondrous work thou art; Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.
But ay a heart aboon them a'; . S. There was a lad t	And mouldering now in silent dust, That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
The blythest bird upon the bush, Had ne'er a lighter heart than sbe. S. There was a lass †	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t
Her heart was tint, ber peace was stown! Ib.	Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird, S. I'e banks and braes †
But did na Jeanie's heart lowp light,	They dazzle our cen as they flie to our hearts.
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e. S. There's auld Rob M. †	5. I on with mossy mountains
And I sigh as my beart it wad burst in my breast Ib.	And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms, Ib.
To thy bosom lay my heart.	An' ay my heart came to my mou, . S. Young Jockey †
There to throb and languish; S. I hine am I T	Heart-corroding. When heart-corroding care and grief
Her dear idea round my heart Should tenderly entwine S. Tho' cruel fate †	Deprive my soul of rest,
Should tenderly entwine	

Heart-felt. Then let the sudden bursting sigh The heart-felt pang discover; S. Could ought of song †	Like Socrates or Antonine, Or some auld pagan heathen, We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh. On Death of Sir J. Blair.	To help, or roose us, Third Ep. to J. Lap Nae heathen name shall I prefix To Miss Ferrier.
With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells, The Brigs of Ayr.	Heather, Heather bells. And down among the blooming heather, S. As I came o'ert
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.	Ye wander thro' the blooming heather; S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise; 1b. 13. O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder	O'er you moss among the heather; S. Braw lads of G. water. Ca' them [the ewes] where the heather grows,
A heart-felt sang! . To W. Simpson. Heart-inspiring.	S. Ca' the Ewes. Ye grouss that crap the heather bud; El. on Capt. M. H., 7.
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam; . The Twa Dogs. 20. Heart-rending.	she has ta'en to the heather,
My Jean's heart-rending throe! The Farewell. Heart-strings. It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,	Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass, S. My Lord a-hunting †
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 3. Heaven send your heart-strings ay in time,	And the moorcock springs on whirring wings, Amang the blooming heather; S. Now westlin winds †
Her panky smile, her kittle een. That gart my heart-strings tingle	The muirhen lo'es the heather; S. O gie my love brose † Yon auld gray stane amang the heather, Marks out his head, Tam Samson's El. 12. When Agant winds the heather were.
Her pauky smile, her kittle een. That gart my heart-strings tingle. The Ans. to the Guidwife. Heart-struck.	Marks out his head, Tam Samson's El. 12. When August winds the heather wave, Ib. 13.
With heart-struck, anxious care enquires his name, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.	Till whare ye sit on craps o' heather, Ye tine your dam; [v.A.2] The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
Heart-warm. My heart-warm love to gold auld Glen, Auld comrade dear!	S. The heather was bloom.† Sweet hrushing the dew from the brown heather bells, Ib,
Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu! The Farewell. To St. L.'s L	But stray among the heather bells, S. There was a lass †
Heart-wrung. Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, S. One fond kiss,	Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells, To W. Simpson. Where the grous lend their coveys through the heather, to feed, S. Yon wild mossy mountains †
Heartbreak. I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heartbreak him,	Heathy. Ye heathy wastes immix'd with reedy fens,
S. What can a young lassie †	El. on Miss Burnet. Or up the heathy mountain, . S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †
In order, on the clean hearth-stane, The Luggies three are ranged; Halloween. 27.	Her heathy moors and winding vales; S. The gloomy night † Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty Wifie's smile, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.	Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Heave. But with a frater-feeling strong,
Heartily. Still in prayers for K[ing] G[eorge] I most heartily join.	Here, heave a sigh. A Bard's Epit. Then heave aboard your grapple airn, A Dream. 13.
Poet. Add. to Tytler. Heartless. And bird and beast, in covert, rest,	And if he offers to rebel Just heave him in [to Hell]. Adam A—'s Prayer.
And pass the heartless day Winter. Hearty. At length we had a hearty yokin,	And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh. On Death of Sir J. Blair.
At sang about. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 2.	But heaves impassion'd with the grateful three. Prologue, sp. by Woods.
I'll write, an' that a hearty bland, And there blaws up a hearty crack; Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	A wish, that to my latest hour Shall strongly heave my breast; The Ans. to the Guidwife.
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks! The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Could shake them o'er the burning dab, Or heave them in The Twa Herds. &.
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty, Before his face	Heave Care o'er-side! To J. S., 11. Heaved, -'d.
No comfort but a hearty can, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV. Sae hale and hearty every shank, The Twa Herds.	Because he gat the toom dish thrice, He heav'd them on the fire,
And faith I'm gay and hearty! To	They heaved in John Barleycorn, John Barleycorn.
I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't, An' monie a fallow gat his licks, Wi' hearty crunt; To W. Simpson. P.S.	Before the mountains heav'd their heads The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.
I'd rather suffer for my faut,	And heav'd on high my wauket loof, The Vision. D. I. 6. Heaven, Heav'n, Heavens.
Heat.	When Rain, with his sweeping besom, Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him;
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither. S. Scroggam. An' tell them, wi' a patriot heat,	A Ded. to G. H., 10. But hy a poor man's hopes in Heav'n! Ib. 16.
Ye winna bear it? The Author's Cry and Prayer. 11. Whase raging flame, an' scorching heat,	May heaven augment your hlisses, A Dream. Thae bonie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
Wad melt the hardest whon-stane! . The Holy Fair. 22. In summer he toil'd thro' the faint, sultry heat;	Heav'n mak yon guid as weel as braw, Ib. 14. In Heaven itself, I'll ask no more,
S. The Poor Thresher. It's true, they need na starve or sweat,	Than just a Highland welcome. A V. on being Hosp. Entertained.
Thro Winter's can'd, or Summer's heat; The Twa Dogs. 29. Heat, to. It heats me, it heets me.	Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine; Add. to Edinburgh. 4.
And sets me a' on flame! . Ep. to Davie. 8. They heat your brains, and fire your veins. O leave novels †	I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share. Than sic a moment's pleasure, S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †
Heath. Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among. Liberty. Heathen. Frae ony onregenerate Henthen,	For sure 'twere impious to despair So much in sight of Heaven. S. Anna, thy charms †
Like you or I Ep. to J. R., 4. Squire Pope but basks his skinklin patches	That we lost, did I say, nay, by heav'n that we found, At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
O' heathen tatters: Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	But first, before you see heaven's glory, May ye get mony a merry story, Auld comrade†

I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, . S. Behind yon hills † While praising, and raising	For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
His thoughts to Heaven on high, Despondency, an Ode. 3. By Heavens, the sacrilegious dog Shall fuel be to boil it! S. Does haughty Gaul †	And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent
Shall fuel be to boil it! S. Does haughty Gaul † In thee, high Heaven above, was truest shown,	Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine.
El. on Miss Burnet.	Which shews that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heaven, Is sure a noble anchor! Ep. to Young Friend. 10. Baith careless, and fearless,	Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble Name, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
Of either Heaven or Hell:	The flowers shall vie in all their charms The hour of beaven to grace, The Petition of Br. Water.
We learn our creed. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 14.	Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted. The Inventory.
Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune, Ep. to Maj. Logan, 4.	Eut bless me wi' your beav'n o' charms, The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow! Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	For sense they little owe to frugal Heav'n The Ordination. Mott.
Heavens, should the branded character be mine! 1b. 5. So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,	But Heaven's curse will blast the man Denies the bairn he got; . The Ruined Maid's Lament.
But groveling on the earth the carol ends	I hope frae heav'n to see them yet In fiery flame The Twa Herds. 11.
Heaven, I thought, was in her air; S. First when Maggy †	Dut yet the light that led astray, Was light from Heaven. The Vision. D. II. 17-
Ye Heavens, how great is my despair, . Fragment. And owning heaven's mysterious sway,	May Heaven be his warden; . S. The young High. Rover.
Submissive, low, adore. Fragment of Ode. Whose soul of fire, lighted at heaven's high flame, Ib.	Eut the Heavens deny'd success S. Thickest night † Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear, S. Hark! the mavis t	To a Mountain-Daisy. And, dearest gift of heaven below,
O Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell, Holy Willie's Prayer. Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,	Thine friendship's truest heart To Chloris. I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
A' for thy glory,	I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true; And sae may the Heavens forget me,
Fill my sailor's welcome sails. S. How can my poor heart † "I will hope and trust in heaven. S. Husband, husband †	When I forget my vow! To Mary. And you, the scarce in maiden prime.
Content am I, if Heaven shall give	Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
But beavens! how he fell a-swearing, S. Last May a braw wooer †	O' mony flow'ry simmers! To Mr. M Adam. By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell. To R. G. of F., S.
Grant me, indulgent beaven, that I may live	And I can tell that bounteons Heaven On thee a tack o' seven times seven
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give; Lns extem, in Lady's Pocket-bk,	Will yet hestow it To Terraughty. Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,
Lins extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk. Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion, S. Musing on the roaring † For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of a care.	Till far ayont fourscore; V.s to Landlady of Inn. The smile or frown of aweful Heaven,
S. No Churchman am I†	Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Thou dart of Heav'n that flashest by, . S. O mirk, mirk † But spare and pardon my false Love,	Heaven-born.
His wrongs to Heaven and me! 16. May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,	And heaven-born piety her sanction seals. To Miss Graham. Heav'n-erected.
A Family in Heaven! O Thou dread Pow'r† By heaven and earth I love thee. S. O were I on Parnass.†	And Man, whose heav'n-erected face, The smiles of love adorn, . Man was made to Mourn.
May Heaven protect my bonie Scots Laddie, S. O whare did ye get †	Heaven-illumin'd. Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man bestows!
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heaven. Ode, to Mem. of Mrs	Heaven-taught, A Winter Night. 7.
Honest Will's to Heaven gane, On W. Cruickshanks. A ray direct from pitying Heaven, On scaring Water-fowl.	Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lns on Fergusson.
And blooms a rose in Heaven On Poet's Daughter.	Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam; Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers On W. Chalmers.	Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
To him be giv'n to ken the heav'n He gains in Polly Stewart! S. Polly Stewart.	Heavenward. Is beavenward raised in ecstacy On Lincluden.
Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care! Prologue, at Th., D	Or noble Elgin beets the heaven-ward flame, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
The mite high heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share. Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	Here heart-struck grief might beavenward stretch her scan, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Nay, by heaven, said I, may I perish if ever I plant in your hosom a thorn Sp. extem. to yng Lady.	Heavenly. An' Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith, A Fragment. 8.
Heav'n rest his saul, where'er he be! Tam Samson's El. 14. If Honest Worth in heaven rise,	And, if it please thee, heavenly guide, May never worse he sent; A Grace before Dinner.
Ye'll mend or ye win near him	Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign, S. Caledonia.
Is rapture-giving woman. The Ans. to the Guidwife. If Heaven a draught of beavenly pleasure spare.	The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss! Innocence †
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9. Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire; 1b. 14.	Her face so truly heavenly fair, . S. My Mary's face † Not even to view the Heavenly choir,
How He, who hore in Heav'n the second name, Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head: 1b. 15.	Would be so blest a sight On Miss J. Lewars. What breast so dead to heavenly Virtue's glow,
And heard great Eab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command.	Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King, . 16. 16.	Or dark as misery's woeful night Sketch. New-Yr's Day. Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request, . Ib. 18.	The Brigs of Ayr. 12,

Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,	Heed, to. He needs not, he heeds not,
You e'er should be a stot! The Calf.	Or human love or hate; Despondency, an Ode. 4.
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,	We never heed [fortune's road],
The Cotter's Sat. Night. q.	But take it like the unhacked filly, Ep. to Maj. Logan. He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage!
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road, The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind: 1b. 19.	To R. G. of F., 5.
Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy pray.	Heedless. By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes, A Vision.
Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan? Why am I loth t	And does she heedless hear my groan? The Lament.
Heavenly-seeming.	Heel. That day ye was a jinker noble, For heels an' win'! A Gude New-year † 7.
I view'd the heavenly-seeming Fair; The Vision. D. II.	
Heavier.	sore I feel All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel. Reply to a Reproof.
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans! A Ded. to G. H., 10.	Till by the heel and hand admonish'd, Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Blow, hlow, ye Winds, with heavier gust! A Winter Night. 7. Heaving. Her heaving bosom, lily white, S. I gaed a waefu't	Put life and mettle in their heels
Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck; . The Holy Fair. 9.	Or great M'[Kinlay] thrawn his heel? Tam Samson's El.
Heavy Or rustling thro' the hoortries coman.	An' dinna, for a kehhuck-heel,
Heavy. Or, rustling, thro' the boortries coman, Wi' heavy groan. Add. to the Deil. 6.	Let lasses be affronted On sic a day! The Holy Fair. 25.
Long long the night. Heavy comes the morrow.	No heels to hear him from the opening dun; To R. G. of F., 3.
S. Ay waking, 0!†	Than garren lasses cowp the cran Clean heels owre body, What ails ye now t
Heavy, heavy is the task, Hopeless love declaring; S. Blythe hae I been t	Heels o'er gowdie [topsy-turvy].
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, S. How lang and dreary t	Soon heels o'er gowdie! in he gangs, Poem on Life.
Your heavy loss deplore; . On Death of Lap-dog.	Heeze [to lift up, hoist, elevate].
O heavy loss thy country ill could bear!	Still higher may they heeze Ye In bliss, . A Dream. 9.
Osad and heavy should I part,	I'd heeze thee up a constellation, Ep. to H. Parker.
But for her sake sae far awa'; . S. Sae far awa.	Heft [haft].
heavy, dark, continued, a day rains The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	The gray hairs yet stack to the heft; Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Long did I bear the heavy yoke, S. The Joyful Widower.	Heigh, Hich [high; "hich house," a house of more than one storey].
When yellow waves the heavy grain, The Vision. D. II. 8.	Maggie coost her head fu' heigh, S. Duncan Gray †
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks, Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox. To R . G . of F ., 7 .	Bye attour, my Gutcher has
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, S. When I think on	A hich house and a laigh ane; S. Gat ye me t
Heavy-dragg'd.	Height. placed by thee upon the wish'd-for height Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin; Scotch Drink. 5.	Near lav'rock-height she jumpet, Halloween. 26.
Hebrew.	He hunted o'er height and o'er howe :
That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neigh- hours; Fragment, inser. to Fox.	The Black-Headed Eagle.
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore, On W. Chalmers.	Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree: The Brigs of Ayr.
Hech! [an exclamation of surprise, regret, &c.].	When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abram;
Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate.	The Jolly Beggars, S. I.
They waste sae mony a braw estate! . The Twa Dogs. 25.	He kend the Lord's sheep ilka tail, O'er a' the height, The Twa Herds. 7.
Hecht [to foretell; promise; offer, proffer]. They hecht him some fine braw ane; Halloween. 23.	The vera tapmost, towin height O' Miss's bonnet. To a Louse.
He wadna hecht them courtly gifts, The Election Ballads. I.	An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
But he wad hecht an honest heart,	My rustic sang To J. S., 9.
Hechtin [threatening].	Heighten. 'Twill heighten all his joy : . John Barleycorn.
If death, then, wi' skaith, then,	Hein-shinn'd [having shin-bones that project and meet like the "hems" of a horse-collar].
Some mortal heart is hechtin, To a Medical Gent.	She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd, . S. Willie Wastle †
Heckle [a board in which are set a number of sharp pins or teeth, used for dressing flax, &c.].	Heir,
While raving mad, I wish a heckle	My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir, The Death of Mailie.
Were in their doup Add. to Toothache.	I give it for ever to thee and thy heirs, S. The Poor Thresher.
Where words ne'er crost the muse's heckles, Ep. to H. Parker. O merry hae I been teethin a heckle, S. O merry hae I been t	Heiress. But oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird; S. There's auld Rob M.
Hecla.	Held.
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,	When Sh-lb-rne meek held up his cheek, A Fragment. 6.
Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI.	And she held o'er the moors to spin; S. Duncan Davidson.
Hector.	I gat some gear wi' meikle care, I held it weel thegither; Extem., Ap. 1782.
And Stewart bold as Hector. The Election Ballads. VI.	I held the gate till you I met, S. Gat ye me,
Hedge. Not for to hide it in a hedge, Ep. to Young Friend. 7.	Till something held within the pat,
The Robin in the hedge descends,	While he wi' hingin' lips and snakin',
And sober chirps securely The Election Ballads. VI.	Held up his head. Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.
So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased,	Who poverty ne'er held in scorn, . On Window of Inn, F
To R . G . of F ., ϕ . Hedgehog.	O he held to the fair, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Each in its cauld hand held a light, Tam o' Shanter. 11.
	Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug. To K. G. of F. Hedging. And sometimes a hedging and ditching I go; S. The Poor Thresher.	That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion:
S. The Poor Thresher. Hee balou [a lullaby].	The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald, . S. Hee balou, †	In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore, The Jolly Beggars. R. I. While she held up her greedy gab,
Heed, Head.	Just like an aumous dish:
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed: Tam o' Shanter. 19.	An' I held awa to the school;
But yet he drew the mortal trigger Wi weel-aim'd heed; Tam Samson's El. 11.	The lalland laws he held in scorn: Ib. S. IV.
Wi weel-aim'd heed; Tam Samson's El. 11. The time flew by with tentless head, S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Beneath the moon's unclouded light, I held awa to Annie: S. The Rigs o' Barley.
I'll wander on with tentless heed,	Ye need na doubt, I held my whisht; . The Vision. D. I. 8.
How never-halting moments speed To J. S., 10.	Held ruling power:

Helicon. Or had o' Helicon my fill, S. O were I on Parnass. t	When out the hellish legion sallied Tam o' Shanter. 16.
But there it streams an' richly reams, My Helicon I ca' that The Jolly Beggars, S. VII.	Superstition's hellish brood . The Tree of Liberty.
My Helicon I ca' that The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. Heliconian. But golden sands did never grace	wi' holy robes, But hellish spirit To Rev. J. M'Math. Hell-ward.
The Heliconian stream; To J. M'Murdo.	She, tardy, hell-ward plies. Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
Hell.	Help. To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.
Oh, shake him o'er the mouth o' hell, Adam A-'s Prayer.	No help, nor hope, nor view had I,
As a' the priests had seen me get thee That's out o' b-ll Add. to Illegit. Child.	S. My father was a farmer
The youngest Brother ye wad whip	Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
Aff straught to H-ll. Add. to the Deil. 14.	Awa' wi Willie Chalmers On W. Chalmers. O aid me with thy help, Omnipotence Divine!
But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases, Ay mocks our groan! . Add. to Toothache.	Why am I loth t
Where'er that place be priests ca' hell,	Help, to. The Poet, some guid angel help him, . A Ded. to G. H., 3.
Or your more dreaded h-ll to state D-mnation of expences!	Gude help the day when royal bends
D-mnation of expences!	Are hunted like a maukin S. Awa, whigs, awa.
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell; Auld comrade t	Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer, S. O Logan, sweetly †
Is just as true's the Deil's in hell, Death and Dr. Hornbook.	God help us!—we're but poor—ye'se get but thanks! Scots Prologue.
And make a vast monopoly of hell? Ep. fr. Esopus. The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip, Ep. to Young Friend. 8.	To help her Parents dear, if they in hardship he.
Baith careless, and fearless,	The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Of either Henven or Hell; Ep. to Davie. b.	O help, master, help, or she'll ruin us a', S. There liv'd ance a carle t
Were this the charter of our state, 'On pain o' hell he rich an great,' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 14.	We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
To H-ll, if he's gane thither,	To help, or roose us,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep, Epit. on Kuing Elacr.	Lord help me thro' this warld o' care! To Dr. Blacklock.
Here lies in earth a root of Hell, Epit. on D. C. Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell,	Helpless.
A' for thy glory, . Holy Willie's Prayer.	Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing! A Winter Night. 4.
Thou might ha'e plunged me in hell, 1b. 4.	to support his helpless woodbine state, Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
"I'll wed another like my dear "Then all hell will fly for fear, . S. Husband, husband †	Helpless, alane, thou clamb the brae, Extern. on Commem.s of Thomson.
My pains o' hell on earth are past, S. O ay my wife she dang.	But he the helpless, needless wretch,
deep read in hell's black grammar, On Grose's Peregrinations.	Shall lose the mite he hath
thy spider snare O' hell's damned waft Poem on Life.	And helpless offspring mourn. Man was made to Mourn.
O burning hell! in all thy store of torments There's not a keener lash!	Sae helpless, sweet, and fair. On Birth of Posth. Child.
And wish them in hell for it a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.	Keen on the helpless victim see him fly, On Death of R. Dundas.
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin! Tam o' Shanter. 18.	The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
Whigs to h-ll Flew off in frighted bands, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd!	My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him. The Death of Mailie. Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
Ine Cotter's Sat. Might. 19.	The Rights of Woman.
An he get na hell for his haddin, The deil gets na justice ava. The Election Ballads. III.	In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right, The Vowels.
And hell mix'd in the brulzie Ib. VI.	And half an idiot too, more helpless still. To R. G. of F., 3. And with sincere the unavailing sighs.
Now Death and Hell engulph thy foes, 1b.	I view the helpless children of distress I ragic Frag
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell,	Even you ye helpless crew, I pity you; Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity: 1b.
The kirk and state may gae to hell, S. The gowd. locks of A.	Hemp.
Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell.	Beat hemp for others, riper for the string : Ep. fr. Esopus.
The Henpecked Husband. His talk o' H-ll, whare devils dwell,	Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair 1 The Death of Mailie.
Our yera "Sauls does harrow" Wi fright	Come Firm Resolve take thou the van, Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man! To Dr. Blacklock.
The Holy Fair. 21. I could meet a troop of Hell at the sound of a drum.	Hemp-seed.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	That he could saw hemp-seed a peck; Halloween. 17.
But sure her soul is not in hell, The deil would ne'er nbide her S. The Joyful Widower.	And ev'ry now an' then, he says, 'Hemp-seed I saw thee,
Curst Common-sense, that imp o' b-ll, The Ordination. 2.	Hen. An' brought a Paitrick to the grun', A bonie hen,
Now there, they're packed aff to h-ll,	Ep. to J. K., 7.
"And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!" The Whistle.	That sic a hen had got a shot;
I hae been a de'il now the feck o' my life,	Tak' this frae me, my bonie ben,
But ne'er was in h-ll till I met wi' a wife.	It's plenty beets the lover's fire. S. In simmer when t
S. There liv'd ance a carle † An' shore him weel wi' hell; To Gav. Hamilton.	The tappit-hen gae bring her ben, On W. Stewart. I'll gie you my bonie black hen, S. Tam Glen.
By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell. To R. G. of F., S.	At length they discover'd a bonie moor-hen.
Can easy, wi' a single wordie.	S. The heather was oldoming
Lowse h-ll upon me. 10 Kev. J. M. Math.	But cannily steal on a bonie moor-hen
But only, lest we gang to hell, It may be nae surprise: V.s, on Window, Carron.	Hen-bird. But to the hen-birds unco civil; . El. on Year 1788.
Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come,	Hen-broo (hen broth).
Tour birty Catan said us.	Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin ben-broo; S. Gudeen to you Kimmer
Hellim [helm]. An' did our hellim thraw, man, A Fragment.	
Hellish.	Henpeck. And to her ain henpeck e'en carried her back, S. There livid ance a carle
Thy auld damned elhow yeuks wi' joy, And hellish pleasure; Poem on Life.	Hence! Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye! Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
And neuron pierone	

Henceforth. Henceforth to meet with unconcern,	Cry the book is wi' heresy cramm'd; The Kirk's Alarm. For Heresy is in her pow'r, The Ordination. 3.
One rank as well's another; . On Dining with Daer.	M'[Kinlay], R[ussell], are the hoys
Henry.	That Heresy can torture;
That only ray of solace sweet Can on thy Henry shine, Love! S. Forlorn, my Love†	Heretic. Right, Sir! your text I'll prove it true, Tho' Heretics may laugh; The Calf.
Herd. She gies the Herd a pickle nits, Halloween. 21.	In your heretic sins may you live, and die, Ve heretic eight-and-thirty! The Dean of Fac
They're no herd's hallats, Maro's catches;	Ve heretic eight-and-thirty! The Dean of Fac
Poem on Pastoral Poetry. As hees hizz out wi' angry fyke,	There's a heretic blast has been blawn i' the wast, The Kirk's Alarm.
When plundering herds assail their byke;	To join faith and sense upon ony pretence,
Tam o' Shanter. 17.	Is heretic, damnable error
The two hest herds in a' the wast, The Twa Herds. 2.	Hermit.
Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle, Ib. 3. What herd like R—Il tell'd his tale, Ib. 7.	Than I, no lonely Hermit plac'd
And new-light herds could nicely drub,	Where never human footstep trac'd, Less fit to play the part, Despondency, an Ode. 4.
While new-light herds wi' laughin' spite,	The frost of hermit age might warm; S. My Mary's face †
Say neither's hein'	Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at
There's scarce a new herd that we get, But comes frae 'mang that cursed set,	The hermit's prayer The Hermit.
But comes frae 'mang that eursed set,	Auld, hermit Aire staw thro' his woods, The Vision. D. I. 14.
To choose their herds Ib. 15.	L-d man there's lasses there wad force A hermit's fancy, . To Mr. J. Kennedy.
Till kye be gaun without the herd, Third Ep. to J. Lap	Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell:
While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; To IV. Simpson.	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Bout which our herds sae aft hae heen	Hermit-fancy'd.
Maist like to fight	Near many a hermit-fancy'd cove, [v.A.4] The Vision. D, I.
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk; Ib.	Hern v. Heron.
The herds an' hissels were alarm'd; Ib,	Hero. Scotia's kings of other years, Fam'd beroes! Add. to Edinburgh, 6.
But new-light herds gat sic a cowe, Ib.	The hero of the mimic scene, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatan; Ib.	For other wars, where he a hero shines : 16.
Some auld-light herds in neebor towns	Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!
Herd, to.	S. Farewell, thou fair day
Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye . Ep. to J. R., 11. Or herd the sheep wi' me, man, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Some oo' the played some head. The Cathwis Sat Night to	Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim. Fragment of Ode.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	John Barleycorn was a hero hold, John Barleycorn.
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.	Disturb not ye [winds] the hero's sleep, Liberty.
Herding.	Let other heroes hoast their scars, Nature's Law.
Singet Sawney, Singet Sawney, are ye herding the penny,	The Hero of these artless strains,
Here, Here's.	A lowly Bard was he,
But yet despite the kittle kimmer [Fortune], I, Rob, am here. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 10.	But Douglases were heroes every age : [v.A.12] Scots Prologue.
	Go bid the hero who has run
For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane [no religion]. Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.	Thro' fields of death to gather fame, S. The capt. Ribband.
That I am here afore thy sight, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.	And, O how the heroes will swear! The Election Ballads. III. But left behind him heroes bright,
Yet I am here a chosen sample,	Heroes in Cesarean fight Or Ciceronian pleading. Ib. VI.
For here thou hast a chosen race;	Heroes and heroines commix
And here's to them, that, like oursel,	All in the field of politics,
Can push about the jorum; S. O May thy morn † And here's to them, we darena tell,	Here's to thee, my Hero my Sodger laddie. The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
And here's to them, we darena tell, , 1b. Druken or sober here's to thee, Katie!	Bold stems of Heroes, here and there, I could discern; [v.A.4.] The Vision. D. I.
S. O merry hae I been t	I could discern; [v.A.4.] The Vision. D. I.
When here your favour is the actor's lot,	Where many a Patriot-name on high And Hero shone. [v.A.4] ,
Prologue sp. by Woods. Rest on—for what? what do we here? Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	To the heard of Glenriddel our heroes repair, The Whistle. 10.
Were ye but here, what would ye say or do!	Though Fate said, a hero should perish in light; 16. 16.
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	"Shall heroes and patriots ever produce: It is
But here, alas! for me nae mair Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile; S. The Catrine woods †	Herod. At my right hand assign'd your seat, "Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate: Add. of Beelzebub.
Here's Heron yet for a' that! [re.] The Election Ballads, II.	Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate: Add. of Ecelzebub. Heroic.
Here's a noble Earl's	While loud, the trump's heroic clang, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Fame and high renown, [re.] Ib. IV.	By which heroic Tam was able . Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Here's to thee, my Hero my Sodger Laddie. The Jolly Beggars. S. II,	And soul-ennobling Eards heroic ditties sung.
But clear your decks an' here's the sex Ib. S. VII.	The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
Here's to budgets, bags and wallets! [re.] . 1b. S. VIII.	My heart did glowing transport feel,
Here shall the shepherd make his seat, [re.]	To see a Race heroic wheel, [v.A.4] . The Vision. D. I. Bold Richardton's heroic swell; [v.A.4]
Here awa [hereabouts].	What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, [re.] S. Ye Jacobites †
O' lasses that live here awa, man, Ronalds of Bennals.	Heroine.
The Cooper o' cuddy cam here awa; S. The Cooper o' cuddy †	The pride of her kindred the heroine grew; S. Caledonia.
Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,	Heroes and heroines commix
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame; S. Wandering Willie.	All in the field of politics, . The Election Ballads. VI.
In a' our town or here awa; S. Young Jockey † Heresy.	Heron. Here's Heron yet for a' that! [re.] The Election Ballads. II.
Ye sons of Heresy and Error,	The Douglas and the Heron's name,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror! A Ded. to G. H., 10.	We set nought to their score: Ib. V.
Though there, his [the bard's] heresies in church and state	The ill-thief blaw the Heron south! . To Dr. Blacklock.
Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate: Ep. fr. Esopus,	But aiblins honest Master Heron, Had at the time some dainty fair one, 1b.

Heron, Hern.	While hid the murmuring streamlets flow;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels; El. on Capt. M. II., S. The soaring Hern [haunts] the fountains;	S. On Cossnock banks † Sett. II. That under gospel colours hid be
S. Now westlin winds † The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog, And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog. To R. G. of F., 7	Just for a screen. To Kev. J. M Math. Dearly bought the hidden treasure
	Finer feelings can bestow!
Herriet [harried, plundered]. Yet while they're only poin'd and herriet.	And gie their hides a noble carry,
Yet while they're only poin'd and herriet, They'll keep their stubborn, Highland spirit. Add. of Beelzebub.	
Herrin [herring].	Haurl thee hame to his black smiddle, O'er hurcheon hides, El. on Capt. M. II.,
I'll nail the self-conceited Sot, As dead's a herria: Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.	I'll light now, and dight now, His sweaty, wizen'd hide
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin! Tam o' Shanter, 18.	Then farewell folly, hide and hair o't
Herry [to harry, pillage].	For ance and ay. Friend of the Poet † P.S.
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie, S. Hee balou † Herryment [plunder; the cause of plunder].	And I shall bang your hide, gudeman. S. Ogin ye were dead. Thon giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell, To R.G. of F
The herryment and rain of the country; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	Hide, to.
Hersel [herself].	In shades of darkness hide. A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
She trusts hersel, to hide the shame, In Hornbook's care; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.	I'll hide the struggle in my heart, S. Ali, Chloris † 'She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,
She says in to hersel:	'In Hornhook's care:
She pits hersel an' Roh in;	'Horn sent her aff to her lang hame, 'To hide it there. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.
An' slips out by hersel:	Not for to hide it in a hedge, . Ep. to Young Friend. 7.
And Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair, On W. Chalmers.	Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath, Innocence † And a green grassy hillock hides his head;
An' could behave hersel wi' mense: . Poor Mailie's El.,	Lus while on Deathbed.
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. Tam o' Shanter. 10. Thro' faded groves Maria sang,	From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide: The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while, S. The Catrine woods	We'll hide the Cooper behind the door, S. The Cooper o' enddy t
She kens hersel she's bonie The Tarbolton Lasses.	Ilk star gae hide thy twink'ling ray S. The gowd. locks of A.
Het [hot]. brimstone drink, Red, reeking, het. Adam A—'s Prayer.	A handsome grave does hide her; S. The Joyful Widower. To please the Moli they hide the little [sense] giv'n.
My spavet Pegasas will limp,	The Ordination, Mott.
Till ance he's fairly het; Ep. to Davic. 11. Ye'se a' be het or I come back On Kirk of Lamington.	The wounds I must hide which will soon be my dead. S. There's auld Rob M. †
But gie him't het, my hearty cocks! The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19.	For pity, hide the cruel sentence
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19. The vera sight o' [Moodie]'s face,	Under friendship's kind disguise. S. Turn again, thou † To hide the brightness of the sun, S. When clouds in skies †
To's ain het hame had sent him Wi' fright	And turn'd me round to hide the flood
The Holy Fair, 12.	That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War's † Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Heugh [a crag, a precipice, a steep hill or bank; a deep ravine, the shaft of a coal-pit].	S. Where are the joys †
Tho' you lowan heugh's thy hame, Thou travels far; . Add. to the Deil. 3.	Hideous. There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell, Wi' hideous din, Adam A-'s Prayer.
The water rins o'er the heugh,	Hiding, -in.
And I long for my true lover! S. Ay wankin, O. Heuk [a hook]. Fient a heuk had I, Yet 1 stack by him.	Your better art o' hiding Add. to Uneo Guid. 3.
S. Robin shure in hairst. I turn'd my weeding heuk aside,	Wi' him it [coin] ne'er was under hidin; On Scot. Eard gne to W. I.
An' spar'd the symbol dear. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Hie [high].
Hew'd. And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	While day blinks in the lift sae hie; . S. Ca' the Ewes. It is the moon,—I ken her horn,
Hewer. Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers, To Capt. Riddel.	That's blinking in the lift sae hie; S. O Willie brew'd †
Hey! Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your heaver!	Hie-gate-side [high-way-side]. She watch'd me by the hie-gate-side, . S. IIad I the wyte †
S. Cock up yr beaver.	Hie, to. To what dark cave of frozen night,
Hey ca' thro', ca' thro',	Alas! shall thy poor wand rer hie; S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Hey tutti taiti, How tutti taiti, . S. Landlady, count †	To thy new lover hie, S. Had I a cave †
O hey! for Somebody, S. Somebody,	The I to foreign lands must hie,
Hey for the chaste int'rest of Broughton, And hey for the blossoms 'twill bring:	The', I to foreign lands must hie, Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba', The Farcwell. To St. f.'s L Hispoglyphic, And by that Hispoglyphic bright
And hey for the blossoms 'twill bring', The Election Ballads. III.	Hieroglyphic. And by that Hieroglyphic bright, Which none but Craftsmen ever saw! The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
And hey for the sanctified Marray, 1b. Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
The Jolly Beggars, S. IV.	High. Adieu, my Liege! may Freedom geck Beneath your high protection; . A Dream. 8.
And hey, my merry Ploughman; . S. The Ploughman † Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme,	Obey Thy high behest A Prayer under Anguish.
S. There liv'd ance a carle t	Waving on high the desolating brand, Add. sp. by Fontenelle. High wields her balance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
Hibernian. And even out Irish his Hibernian bronze: E4 for Ecology	I see the Sire of Love on high
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze; Ep. fr. Esopus. Hiccup.	There, watching high the least alarms,
Hiccup, quo' Kimmer,	Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames, Add. to Unco Guid. 6. There daily I wander as noon rises high, S. Afton Water.
The hetter that I'm fou. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer† Hich v. Heigh.	Whoe'er wou'd hetray him, on high may he swing; At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Hid, Hidden.	While praising and raising
Hid in an atmosphere of reek, Ep. to H. Parker.	His thoughts to Heaven on high, Despondency, an Ode. 3.
The past was bad, and the future hid; S. My father was a farmer †	In thee, high Heaven above, was truest shown, El. on Miss Burnet.

Whose soul of fire, lighted at heaven's high flame,	Higher. Still higher may they heeze Ye In bliss, A Dream. 9.
Who will not sing, God save the king, Shall hang as high's the steeple; S. Does haughty Gaul †	Because God meant mankind should set That higher value on it. [v.A.27] Ask why God made †
	Depending on some higher chance, S. Here's to thy health, †
While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high, Ef. fr. Esopus.	Up higher yet my bonnet; On dining with Daer.
But by you moon !—and that's high swearin',	A Scot still, but blot still,
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11. An' [some nits] jump out owre the chimlie	I knew no higher praise, The Ans. to the Guidwife. The pith of sense and pride of worth,
Fu' high that night Halloween. 7.	Are higher ranks than a' that S. The Honest Man.
Lest he owre high and proud shou'd turn,	Her strappan limb an' gausy middle, (He reach'd nae higher) The Jolly Beggars. R. V.
Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.	Highest.
The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss! Innocence.	Rusticity's ungainly form
Three kings both great and high, John Barleycorn. Were I a Baron proud and high, . S. Montgomerie's Peggy.	May cloud the highest mind; Rusticity's ungainly †
Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,	And You, farewell! whose merits claim,
S. My heart's in the Highl.	Justly that highest hadge to wear! The Farewell. To St. J,'s L,.
He felt the powerful, high hehest, . Nature's Law.	Now highest reign'st with boundless sway! The Lament. 9.
That looks sae proud and high S. O Tibbic! † Ye need na look sae high	To grant my highest wishes, The Petition of Br. Water.
And wake the soul to musings high On Lincluden.	Highly. The deil ane but honours them highly, The deil ane will give them his vote.
Lifts high its roof and arches wide,	The Election Ballads. III.
The high-arched windows painted fair,	Inspire the highly favour'd youth The destinies intend her S. Young Peggy †
Now on the rising gale swell high,	Highness. I tell your Highness fairly, A Dream. 10.
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God, On Death of R. Dundas.	High-born.
Come, humpers high, express your joy, On IV. Stewart.	Not high-horn, but noble-minded, S. Sweetest May †
Gay the sun's golden eye,	High-place.
Peep'd o'er the mountains high; S. Phillis the Fair. Angelic forms, high heaven's peculiar care!	Consume that high-place Patronage,
Prologue at Th., D.	From off thy holy hill; New Psalmody.
For genius, learning high, as great in war Prologue, sp. by Woods	Highland, -lan'. In Heaven itself, I'll ask no more, Than just a Highland welcome.
The mite high heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share	A V. on being Hosp. Entertained.
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	Unskaithed by hunger'd Highland boors! Add. of Beelzebub. To keep the Highland hounds in sight!
While love's luxurious pulse beat high, The Lament. 9. Maks high and low gude friends, man; The Tree of Liberty.	Some during Hancocke, or a Franklin.
Where Cummins once had high command:	May set their Highland blude a-ranklin;
S. The Banks of Nith.	Yet, while they're only poin'd and herriet, They'll keep their stubborn, Highland spirit Ib.
There sits an isle of high degree. S. The bonie Lass of Albany.	
S. The bonie Lass of Albany.	O my honie Highland lad. My winsome, weel-far'd Highland laddie; [re.] S. As I came o'er †
rapt in meditation high, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree: Ib.	The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, S. Blythe was she t
How Ahram was the Friend of God on high;	Donald wi' his Highland hand,
Broken trade o' Broughton, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.	Rifled ilka charm about her S. Donald Brodie. Highland Donald met a lass.
A' in high repair The Election Ballads. II'.	And rowed his Highland plaid about her
Here's a noble Earl's Fame and high renown, Ib.	There's naething here but Highland pride,
Thou liv'st on high for ever	And Highland scah and hunger; Epig. on being neglected at In. Inn.
High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round	In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms; Ep. fr. Esopus.
The Henpecked Husband.	Blest Highland bonnet! Once my proudest dress, . Ib.
with thoughts still soaring To God on high, The Hermit.	Wha got my young Highland thief S. Hee balou, † Is he slain by Highlan' bodies?
Feeding on you hill sae high, The Highl. Widow's Lament, There, high my boiling torrent smokes,	S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
The Petition of Br. Water.	An' that glib-gabbet Highland Baron, The Laird o' Graham; The Author's Cry and Prayer.
But tho' he was o' high degree, The fient a pride na pride had he The Twa Dogs. 3.	Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
The Chief on Sark who glorious fell,	Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath.
In high command; [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I. Where many a Patriot-name on high	Drew blades o' death, . S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
And Hero shone. [v.A.4] Ib.	"They've lost some gallant gentlemen Amang the Highland clans, man;
And heav'd on high my wanket loof,	When thro' his dear Strathspeys they hore with Highland rage;
all beneath his high command, Harmoniously, Ib. D. II. 3. A high ruling elder to wallow in wine! The Whistle, 15.	The Brigs of Ayr. 12. How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd, Ib.
A high ruling elder to wallow in wine! The Whistle. 15. I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly: S. Tibbie Dunbar.	As Highland craigs by thunder cleft,
And fill them high with generous juice, . To a Lady.	The Election Ballads. VI.
High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,	Gie me my Highland lassie O. [rc.] S. The Highland Lassie. To sing my Highland lassie O. [rc.]
To a Mountain-Daisy. By all on high adoring mortals know! To Clarinda.	To sing my Highland lassie O. [re.]
And haply, eye the barren hut,	It wasna sae in the Highland hills,
And haply, eye the barren hut, With high disdain	S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. His piercin words, like Highlan swords, The Holy Fair. 21.
'twas like yoursel, To grant your high protection : To Mr. M'Adam.	The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie, The Inventory,
mantling high she fills the golden cup, To R. G. of F., 7.	Her Love had been a Highland laddie.
As thy day grows warm and high, Wr. in Friars-Carse H	The Jolly Beggars. R. IV. A highland lad my Love was born, Ib. S. IV.
The grand criterion of his fate, Is not, art thou high or low?	A highland lad my Love was born, Ib. S. IV. After some dog in Highland sang, The Twa Dogs, 4.
As high in air the bursting torrents flow.	Since my young Highland Rover
As deep recoiling surges foam below, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	Far wanders nations over The young Highl. Rover.

For there I took the last farewell Of my sweet Highland Mary.	May Has made our hills and valleys gay; S. O Logan! sweetly t
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t For dear to me as light and life	O were I on Farnassus min; S. O were I on Farnass, T
Was my sweet Highland Mary	There wild-woods grow and rivers row, And mony a hill between;
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay, That wraps my Highland Mary! 1b.	Is o er the hills and lar awa? . S. On how can I be blythe
But still within my bosom's core	Lone on the bleaky hills the straying flocks, On Death of R. Dundas,
Shall live my Highland Mary	Ve hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves, Ib.
Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley.	Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,
S. Bannocks o' bear meal†	And flee o'er the hills like a craw, man, Ronalds of Bennals. But bring a Scotchman frae his hill,
Upon a rantin Highlandman. S. Ogin ye were dead.	The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
To wail her braw John Highlandman. The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.	deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill; The Brigs of Ayr.
My gallant, braw John Highlandman. [re.] Ib. S. II'.	from the hills where springs the brawling Coil, 1b. 7.
They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman Ib. No comfort but a hearty can,	But ca' them out to park or hill. The Death of Mailie. A heardless boy comes o'er the hills. Wi' uncle's purse, and a' that; The Election Ballads. II. O'er hill and dale she (Mirth) flew, man: The Fite Chaumetre.
When I think on John Highlandman	Wi' uncle's purse, and a' that; The Election Ballads. II.
While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes; To W. Simpson. Highlands, the.	O'er hill and dale she [Mirth] flew, man; The Fête Champetre. Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales, S. The gloomy Night
Syne to the Highlands hame to me S. Hee balou, †	And Phoebus himsel, as he neep'd o'er the hill.
Will ye go to the Highlands wi' me ; S. Leesie Lindsay.	S. The heather was bloom.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here, My heart's in the Highlands n-chasing the deer; [re.] S. My heart's in the Highl. †	They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill, Ib. O were you hills and vallies mine, S. The Highland Lassie.
S. My heart's in the Highl. †	It wasna sae in the Highland hills,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go. Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North, . 1b.	S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. Feeding on you hill sae high,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love Ib.	But now the L-'s ain trumpet touts,
But what is the north and its highlands to me? S. Out over the Forth †	Till a' the hills are rairan, The Holy Fair. 21. The faintly-marked, distant hill : The Lament.
Hilch [to hobble, halt].	The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill:
And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp. And rin an unco fit:	S. The lazy mist
Hilchan [hobbling].	The moon shone on the castle wa'; The night was still
He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw,	His right are these hills, and his right are these vallies, S. The small birds
Hill. The fox was howling on the hill, A Vision. The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,	O! a' ye flocks, o'er a' the hills, . The Twa Herds, 15.
Add. to Shade of Thomson. How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,	And some instruct the Shepherd-train, Blythe o'er the hill. The Vision. D. II. 8.
Far marked with the courses of clear winding rills:	We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills To help, or roose us, Third Ep. to J. Lap
S. Afton Water. I meet him [the shepherd] on the dewy hill.	Your hurdies like a distant hill To a Haggis.
S. Again rejoicing Nature †	Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning! . To J. S., 15. Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor.
The conscious sun, out o'er you hill, S. As I gaed up by t "And peacefu' raise its ingle reek,	Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
"That slowly curling clamb the hill As on the banks t	Are hoary gray; To W. Simpson.
Behind yon hills where Stinchar flows, [v.A.26] S. Behind yon hills †	When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw, [re.] S. Up in the morning.
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O	The tod reply'd upon the hill, . S. What will I do gin! When o'er the hill the eastern star S. When o'er the hill!
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, S. Blythe was she t Blythe ha'e I been on yon hill, S. Blythe ha'e I been t	Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed mong the hills,
	Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Among the heathy hills and ragged woods
She took to her hills and her arrows let fly, S. Caledonia. And in the mirk and dreary drift The hills and glens are lost S. Cauld is the e'enin blast † Ne'er sage murky blew the night	Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
That drifted o'er the hill,	An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes kenn'd ay Frae ghaists an' witches. Death and Dr. Hornbook. At howes or hillocks never stumbled, . Ep. to H. Parker.
The rising Moon began to glowr	And a green grassy billock hides his head;
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.	And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
I was come round about the hill,	Below a grassy hillock,
Bonie was the Lammas moon, Glowrin a' the hills aboon,	Nae lav'rock sang on billock green, S. The Catrine woods † An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him. The Twa Dogs.
Ve hills, near neebors o' the starns, El. on Capt. M. H., 3.	The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste:
O, rivers, forests, hills and plains! Oft have ye heard my canty strains:	Wr, in Kenmore Inn.
Nature's charms, the hills and woods,	As we gae up by you hill-side.
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods, Ep. to Davie. 4. And owre the hill gaed scrievin, Halloween. 24.	Speer in for bonie Bessy; The Tarbolton Lasses. Hill-tap [Hill-top].
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar, . S. Highland Laddie.	If we gae up to you hill-tap,
we clamb the hill thegither, S. John Anderson, † The wind blew hollow frae the hills, Lament for Glencairn.	Hilly.
The wind blew hollow frae the hills, Lament for Glencairn. When o'er the hill beat surly storms, S. Montgomerie's Peggy.	Though fortune's road be rough an' hilly Ep. to Maj. Logan.
See you not you hills and dales	Hilt. An' rin her whittle to the hilt.
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.	An' rin her whittle to the hilt, I' th' first she meets! The Author's Cry and Prayer.
S. My heart's in the Highlands \	Hiltie, skiltie [helter-skelter!.] Then, biltie, skiltie, we gae scrivin',
Consume that high-place Patronage, From off thy holy hill; New Psalmody.	An' fash nae mair Second Ep. to Davie.

Shat, like himsel, a full free agent. What thinks himsel as a sheep of the himsel, Eb. to J. Lk, Ap. 111, to. What thinks himsel as a sheep body damed thinks. To save the Lord the trouble. To save the Lord the trouble. To save the Lord the trouble. Lot whether 'tweste he Dell himsel. Lot webster twestes himsel. Care. To as a man as he page; To the shanter, 6. An there had been the Yerl himsel? Othere had been nae play: The Election Ballata, 1. And I Phochus himsel, a he peep? O'er the hill. Caul L—d, he's far dafter than 1. The Jolly Regarts, S. III. But there's Morally himsel. Loth the himsel, and the search of the Loth himsel, and pointons: The Twe of Liberty. Elmbarding all opinions: The Twe of Liberty. Liberty of the Loth himsel. The Twe of Liberty. Liberty of the Loth himsel, and the Loth himself he fact In April 1995. The What himsels to book fair and fatter. In Agar own's some gentle Master. In favor wi's some gentle Master. To W. Simpson. 13. Himself. The selfth aim, To blees himself lone! All Witter Night. 8. Himself. The heart of wonder. May rove their sweets annang: Lament of Mary ove their breedings of Mary of Section Mary ove their breedings of Mary of Mary of Mary of Mary over their least the hardship. The Breed of Warner of Mary over the ried. Louds when he hardships. Loth the himself lone of Mary of Section Mary over the ried of mary himself lone of Mary over the ried. Loth the h		
The lad, for two guid gimmer-pets, Dath and Dr. Harnbook. 27. Bat, like himsel', a full free agent. Et. on Year 1785. Or thymes an sansap he'd made himsel. J. Ld., A 18. d. of Year 1785. What himsel has sheep shank hone, II. A 3. 2111, to. This worthels body damed himsel. J. Ld., A 18. d. of Year 1785. This worthels body damed himsel. J. Ld., A 18. d. of Year the Lord the trouble. Epit. on D. C. Daw the Lord the trouble. Hallowers, t. Bat moie a day was by himsel. Hallowers, t. Bat moie a day was by himsel. Hallowers, t. Bat moie a day was by himsel. Hallowers, t. Bat moie a day was by himsel. Hallowers, t. Bat moie a day was by himsel. The latest moie a day was by himsel. A 18. d. A week-stocked mainly, himsel for the Isial, A 18. d. A week-stocked hem as play? The Election Ballath, I'. Other had been mae play? The Election Ballath, I'. And Phothan himsel, as he peeped o've the him. The held better a fool for himsel. The head the start of the head of the start of the head of the h	Himsel [himself].	Hint, to.
Some hin the Lower's families age agent. El. on Pear 1785. What hinks hinsed has sheep shank ham, II. Ap 2114, 12. This wordbes hold yadma'd himsel, II. Ap 2114, 12. This wordbes hold yadma'd himsel, III. Ap 2114, 12. This wordbes hold yadma'd himsel, III. Ap 2114, 12. This wordbes hold yadma'd himsel, III. Ap 2114, 12. That moine a day was himsel, III. Ap 2114, 12. That moine a day was himsel, III. Ap 2114, 12. That moine a day was himsel, III. Ap 2114, 12. The moine a day was himsel, III. Ap 2114, 12. The day word help himsel amang the large it may be contained the help of the himsel, III. Ap 1114, 12. And III. Ap 2114, 12. And III. Ap 2114, 12. The chief that is a fool for himsel, III. The I Islettion Ballada, II. And III. Applied the help himsel, III. The I Islettion Ballada, II. The chief that is a fool for himsel. The Was hand and the same play: The Post was the same play: The Was hand to the himsel has the faster In favor wi's some gentle Master. The Austernation of the help of the himself and the faster In favor wi's some gentle Master. The Was hand hold himsel, and faster, The Was hand has to this himsel the faster In favor wi's some gentle Master. The Was hand has to this himself and help the heart to wander, Himself. Himself. Himself. Himself. Himself. Himself. Himself. Himself. Himself. Hims	The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,	I modestly fu' fain wad hint it,
Hinted., And last, my prologue-business slily hinsed. This worthes body damn'd himsel. This worthes body damn'd himsel. Eff. 10, 12, 12, 14, 14, 15, 16, 16, 16, 16, 16, 16, 16, 16, 16, 16	Was Laird himsel. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.	
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank hane, M. A. A. A. 11. 1. This worthless body dam'd himsel. Epit. on D. C. Ew whether 'twas the Deli himsel, But moin a day was by himsel, A weet-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird, S. Latt Nay a draw weet- Care, mad to see a man sae happy: Een drow'd himsel amang the nappy: Tam of Shanter, C. And there had been the Yerd himsel, And the Pholass himsel, The Chief that's a fool for himsel, Guid Lend, he's fur dafter than 1. The Jolly Peggara, S. III. But there's Morality himsel, The Twa Dogs. S. The Article that's a fool for himsel, Guid Lend, he's fur dafter than 1. The Jolly Peggara, S. III. But there's Morality himsel, The Twa Dogs. S. The Mass, and see gended Master. In favor wi's ome gended Master. The W. Simpion. J. Himsel. The W. Simpion. J. Himsel. The W. Simpion. J. Himsel. The barth, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray: "Himsel." The said fatter, M. J. S. The datafter was thoused. The said fatter, J. The Twa Dogs. S. The W. Simpion. J. Himsel. The weether weet sammag. The W. Simpion. J. Himsel. The hindless the weard way lang: S. What can a young lastic Hipple (to halt, move carcally as if lame). He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang: J. What can a young lastic Hipple (to halt, move carcally as if lame). Hipple (to halt, move		
Wha thinks himsel and sheep-shank bane, Ib. Ab, 2.11, 1.2 This worthes body damn'd himsel, To save the Lord the trouble. Epit. on D. C. But whether twas the Deli himsel, Hallowers, 12. But moine a day was by himsel, A weel-stocked mailin, himsel for the laird, A weel-stocked mailin, himsel sam get he nappy: Tam & Shanter, 6. An there had been the Yerl himsel, The Election Ballada, 17. Other had been me play: The Election Ballada, 17. And Phebus himsel, as he peep 0 oer the hill, Guid L—d, he's far datter than 1. The Joly Beggart, 5. III. Guid L—d, he's far datter than 1. The Joly Beggart, 5. III. But there's Morality himsel. Embracing all opinions; The Two Ordination. The Two Dogs. 8. In the word of the himsel, and the property of the plants of the likes himsel. The Two Dogs. 8. In the Shank himsel, The Two Dogs. 8. In the Shan	Ep. to I. L-k. Ap. 1st. 6.	And last, my prologue-business slily hinted, Add, st. by Fontenelle,
This worthese body dam'd himsel. To save the Lord the trouble. Dat whether twas the Dell himsel. To water the Lord the trouble. Latt moile aday was by himsel. A weed-stocked mallin, himsel' is the kind. A three had been the Yer himsel' is the kind. A three had been the Yer himsel' is the kind. O there had been me pays: The Flection Ballada, I'. O there had been me pays: The Hold Endowsh bindin, as he pered for the himsel. The Chief that's a fool for himsel. Could L—do far facter than I. The folly beggars, S. 111. But there's Morality himsel. The Ordination. The Two Dogs. S. Illines, a wife, she than statistis. The Two Dogs. S. Illines, a wife, she thus sustains. The Two Dogs. S. The Flowing. Himsel, and the pered the thinge of the period of the perio	Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane, Ib. Ap. 21st, 12.	
Dut whether twas the Dell himsel, Halloween, 12. Ext monic a day was by himsel. Set haird. A week-stocked mailth, himsel for the laird H. 16. A week-stocked mailth, himsel for the laird H. 16. A week-stocked mailth, himsel for the laird He had been a happy. The Beletion Ballade, 17. Cere, and so see a man san happy. The Beletion Ballade, 17. Cere and so see a man san happy. The Beletion Ballade, 17. Cere and so see a man san happy. The Beletion Ballade, 17. Cere had been no plays? The Election Ballade, 17. Cere had been no plays? The Election Ballade, 18. Cere had been no plays? The Election Ballade, 19. Cere had been no plays? The Election Ballade, 19. Cere had been not play in the had been not been not plays. The Della Ballade, 19. Cere had been not plays. The Della Ballade, 19. Cere had been not been not plays. The Della Ballade, 19. Cere had been not plays. The Della Ballade, 19. Cere had been not plays. The Della Ballade, 19. Cere had been not plays. The Della Ballade, 19. Cere had been not plays. The Della Ballade, 19. Cere had been not plays. The Della Ballade, 19. Cere had been not plays. The Della Ballade, 19. Cere had been not plays. The Della Ballade, 19. Cere had been not plays. The Della Ballade, 19. Cere had been not plays. The Della Ballade, 19. Cere had been not plays. The Della Ballade, 19. Cere had been not plays. The Della Ballade, 19. Cere had been not play and play the della ballade, 19. Cere had been not play and play the della ballade, 19. Cere had been not play and play the della ballade, 19. Cere had been not play and play the della ballade, 19. Cere had been not play and play the della ballade, 19. Cere had been not play and play the della ballade, 19. Cere had been not play and play the della ballade, 19. Cere had been not play and play the della ballade, 19. Cere had been not play and play the della ballade, 19. Cere had been not play the pl	This worthless hody damn'd himsel	If wiser too-he hinted some suggestion, Prologue, at Th., D
But monie a day was by himsel. A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird, S. Last May a braw sweer! Care, mad to see a man sac happy: Een drown'd himsel amang the nappy: Een drown'd himsel amang the nappy: Tam o' Shanter, o. An there hab does the 'Fel Himsel'. And Id-Pachus himsel, as he peepd o'er the bill, And Id-Pachus himsel, as he peepd o'er the bill, The chied that's a fool for himsel. The Chied that's a fool for himsel. The thied that's a fool for himsel. The thied that's a fool for himsel. The Tree o' Liberty. He rises when he likes himsel. The Tree o' Liberty. He rises when he likes himsel. The Tree o' Liberty. He rises when he likes himsel. The Tree o' Liberty. The think himsel he faster In favor wi's ome gentle Master. The J. J. To mak himsel look fair and faster, The Muse, an epest ever fand her, Till by himsel he learn'd to wander, Himself. The bart, hind, and roe, freely, widly-wands stray: S. Steep'st thouse, And eyes the simple, routic Hind, And yore their weets amang: Lamment of Mary of Scotz. The muste Kand, the labring Hind, The Vision, D. H., T. Hindmost. S. The muste Kand, he labring Hind, The Vision, D. H., T. Hindmost. The believe you wi' my hindmost pille. On Scot. Eard gue to W. I. And plander'd ob her hindmost yat begun. To W. Simpson, P.S. Hing (to hang). Whe o'er the heads the hansels hing. When we had himpes, and the result of the hing. And plander of be hindmost, on they drive. To Hang the hade hindmost, on they drive. To Hesp's on wi' my hindmost provide the hing of the hindmost, on they drive. To Hesp's on wi' my hindmost provide hindmost, on they drive. To Hang had hing our fiddle sup to sleep. The Portage facts of the hing. The Hindmost. To W. Simpson, P.S. Hissing. The cauld have north was streaming forth Hills. And I'll be him hing, and roar, and yell, When hindmost had hing. The Hindmost had her's Cry and Prayer. On monarch's hindmost year had her's Cry and Prayer. On the hindmost of the hind hing hy the neck: E. F		I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate: Add. of Betchends, Een drown d himsel amang the nappy: Tam of Shanter, of. An there had been the Verl himsel. And there had been the Verl himsel. The Riccion Ballada, I. And Phebus himsel, as he peepd o'er the hill, S. The heather was blown. The heath that's a fool for himsel. S. The heather was blown. The Tree of Liberty. But there's Morality himsel. Guid L—d, he's far dafter than I. The Jolly Reggars, S. III. But there's Morality himsel. Embracing all opinions; . The Ordination. 12. The Providentian. 12. The Providentian. 12. The Tree of Liberty. He rises when he likes himsel; . The Two Dogs, S. Himsel, a wife, he than surains, . The Tree of Liberty. He rises when he likes himsel; . The Two Dogs, S. The Standard of the Himsel. The Briege of Ayr The Mak himsel look fair and fatter. The Dame of the Himsel he faster . It. 27. The Wash head to he had the faster . It. 27. The Wash had he learn'd to wander, To W. Simpton. 15. The Himself. The selfish aim, To bless himsel alone! A Winter Night. S. Steff than. S. Manten of the Market and was fewer and swenty days begun. S. Steff them. And the himsels and the himse		
Care, mad to see a man sate happy: Tam of Shanter, 6. An there had been the Vary O there had been the Vary O there had been not play: The Election Ballada, I'. And I Problems himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill, The chief that's a fool for himsel, Gould Le-d, he's far dafter than I. The folly Degars, S. 111. But there's Morally himsel, It maks him he himsel, man. The Tree of Libery, He riese when he likes himsel; The Ordination, 12. The make him himsel, man. The Tree of Libery, He riese when he likes himsel; The Two Dogs, 8. Hinsel, a Min, he thus sustains, The Two Libery, He riese when he likes himsel; The Two Dogs, 8. Hinsel, a Min, he had not on the results of the himsel, The Muss, name gentle Master. An at Poer Maille's El. And say on the time of the same of the land of the Bardly be guilty of their hireling crimes, The Erige of Ayy The Muss, name gentle Master. An 2 to The Author of the Minds of		Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate ; Add. of Beelzebub. 5.
The chief that's a fool for himsel. And Pachash binned, as he pegyd o'er the bill, O'there had been me hey! And Pachash binned, as he pegyd o'er the bill, S. The fleather was bloom. The chief that's a fool for himsel. The chief that's a fool for himsel. The thief that's a fool for himsel. The trans bill. The thief that's a fool for himsel. The trans bill. Th	S. Last May a brazu wooer †	Wi' stanged hips, and huttocks bluidy,
An there had been the Verl himsel', Othere had been me play: And Powles himsel, as he peep? do'er the hill, And Phobus himsel, as he peep? do'er the hill, The child that's, a fool for himsel. Caid L—d, he's far dafter than 1. The folly Regars, S. III. Embracing all opinions; The Ordination, 12. Embracing all opinions; The Ordination, 12. He maks him ken himsel, man. The Tree of J. Lierty. He rises when he likes himsel: The Twan Dogn, S. Himsel, a wife, he thus surations. The Twan Dogn, S. Himsel, a wife, he thus usuations. The Twan Dogn, S. Himsel, a wife, he thus usuations. The Twan Dogn, S. Himsel, a wife, he thus usuations. The Trans Dogn, S. Himsel, a wife, he thus usuations. The Twan Dogn, S. Himsel, a wife, he thus usuations. The Twan Dogn, S. Himsel, a wife, he that surations. The Twan Dogn, S. Himsel, a wife, he that surations. The Twan Dogn, S. Himsel, a wife, he that surations. The Twan Dogn, S. Himsel, a wife, he that surations. The Twan Dogn, S. Himsel, a wife, he that surations. The Twan Dogn, S. Himsel, a wife, he that surations. The Twan Dogn, S. Himsel, a wife, he that surations. The Twan Dogn, S. Himsel, a wife, he that surations. The Twan Dogn, S. Himsel, a wife, he that surations. The Twan Dogn, S. Himsel, a wife, he that surations. The Twan Dogn, S. Himsel, a wife, he that surations. The Twan Dogn, S. Himsel, a wife, he that surations. The Twan Dogn, S. Himsel, a wife and tatter, The J. The Mass, and Perl twan Dogn And Twan Twan Twan Twan Twan Twan Twan Twan	E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy: Tank o' Shanter 6	The wears hand out their forces laughin
Othere had been nae play: The Election Ballada, I'. And Phenbas himsel, as he peepl of er the hill. And Phenbas himsel, as he peepl of er the hill. And Sungly sit amang the saunts. The Twe Of Liberty. He rises when hillses himsel: The Twe Of Liberty. He rises when hillses, Iman. The Twe of Liberty. He rises when hillses himsel: The Twe Of Liberty. He rises when hillses himsel: The Twe Of Liberty. He rises when hillses himsel: The Twe Of Liberty. He rises when hillses himsel: The Twe Of Liberty. He rises when hillses himsel: The Twe Of Liberty. He rises when hillses himsel: The Twe Of Liberty. He hillses was failed as he dow. The Twe Of Liberty. The Wishing look fair and fatter, The J. J. The Mak himsel look fair and fatter, The J. J. The Mak himsel look fair and fatter, The J. J. The Wishing he learnd to wander, The W. Simphon. J. Himself. Himself. "Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide! And eyes the simple, ruste Hind, A Winter Night, S. The maste simple, ruste Hind, A Winter Night, S. The muste Eard, the labring Hind, The Viction, D. H., 7. Hindmost, The trustic Eard, the labring Hind, The Viction, D. H., 7. Hindmost, The muste Eard, the labring Hind, The Viction, D. H., 7. Hindmost, The muste Eard, the labring Hind, The Viction, D. H., 7. Hindmost, The Hindmost great. And planded do'her hindmost great. And plan	An there had been the Yerl himsel',	'And pouk my hips. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.
The chief that's a feel for himsel, Guid L—d, he's far dafter than I. The Jolly Beggars, S. III. But there's Morality himsel, Embracing all opinions; The Ordination. 12. It mails him ken himsel, man. The Twe of Liberty, He rises when he likes himsel; It mails him ken himsel, man. The Twe of Liberty, He rises when he likes himsel; It mails him ken himsel, man. The Twe of Liberty, He rises when he likes himsel; It mails him kome gentle Master. The Two Dogs. 8. Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains, Me thinks to knit himsel the faster In lavor wi some gentle Master. To mak himsel look fair and fatter, The Muse, na Poet ever fand her, Till by himsel he learnd to wander, Himself. The bart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly wanton stray: S. Step st thous. Hind. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly wanton stray: S. Step st thous. Hind. The hart, hind in fair Scotland May rove their sweets amang: Launett of Mary of Scott. The muste gard, the labring Hind. The Fision. D. II., 7. Hindmost. The muste gard, the labring Hind. The Fision. D. II., 7. Hindmost. The sale fand, the labring Hind. The Fision. D. II., 7. His sale for the hindmost great. By gallows knawes? The Author's Cry and Prayer. Our monarch's hindmost great but ane Was five-and-twenty days begin, S. There was a lad the hindmost, on they drive. S. O metikle thinks my love to Was natching to my himphinss: Upon the lips o' Anna. S. The groot. Locks of A. Hing (to hang) The Food hindmost groots that he hindmost, on they drive. S. Bonie lassie, will ye got And [winds] hind my sin clearly While o'e their heads the hazels hing; S. Bonie lassie, will ye got And when reek and hosom hing; S. Her proving locks: The Election Balladt. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Chination, S. Bonie lassie, will ye got And won her neek and hosom hing; S. Her proving locks: The Election Balladt. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Lection Balladt. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Lection Balladt. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Lection Balladt. III. Adown	O there had been nae play; The Election Ballads, I'.	Wi' tauted ket, an' hairy hips; Poor Mailie's El
The chief that's a food for himsel, Guid L—che is far dafter than 1. The folly Piggara, S. III. But there's Morality himsel, Embracing all opinions; . The Ordination. 12. It maks him ken himsel, man. The Tree of Likerty. He rises when he likes himsel: . The Twan Dage, S. Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains, . The Twan Dage, S. Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains, . It no. What binks to knit himsel the faster In favor wif some gentle Master, . Ib. 27. The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her, III. 27. The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her, III. 27. The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her, III. 28. The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her, III. 28. The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her, III. 29. The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her, III. 29. The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her, III. 29. The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her, III. 29. The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her, III. 29. The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her, III. 29. The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her, III. 29. The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her, III. 29. The Muse of the search of water of the search of t	Aud Phoebus himsel, as he peep do'er the hill,	An' snugly sit among the saunts, At Davie's hip yet
Hined. And a care train 1. The folio Paggaris, 5.111. But there's Morality himsel. But make him ken himsel, man. The Tree of Likery. But himsel was the himsel, man. The Tree of Likery. But himsel was the himsel himsel the faster But himsel look fair and fatter, But selfsh him, To bless himself alone! A Watter Night. S. Stepfst then. Hind. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stay: S. Stepfst then. Hind. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stay: S. Stepfst then. Hind. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stay: S. Stepfst then. Hind. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stay: S. Stepfst then. The meanest hind in fair Scotland May rove their sweets amang; Launett of Mary of Scott. The mances hind in fair Scotland May rove their sweets amang; Launett of Mary of Scott. The mances hind in fair Scotland May rove their sweets amang; Launett of Mary of Scott. The mances hind in fair Scotland May rove their sweets amang; Launett of Mary of Scott. The seat you in my hindmost breath, S. Duncan Gray. Pisc bless you wi' my hindmost breath, S. Duncan Gray. Fill toast you in my hindmost breath, S. Duncan Gray. But hind. The Pischer of the hind, The Fisher, D. H., 7. An' plander' do' her hindmost, on they drive. The But hindmost, on they drive. The But hindmost, on they drive. The But hind, The Fisher of Scott, Bard gue to W. I. Was naething to my hinny bliss Upon the lips o' Anna. S. The good. Locks of A. Histole (dry han' lap libe daft, The Jolly Paggarra, R. VII. History. Hind hing to be my hinny bliss Upon the lips o' Anna. S. The good. Locks of A. History and the present	The chiel that's a fool for himsel	
The Ordination. 12. It maks him ken himsel;	Guid L-d, he's far dafter than I. The Jolly Beggars, S. III.	Hire. Was here to hire you lad away To Gavin Hamilton.
It miss him ken himsel, man. The Twa Degs. 8. Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains, Wha thinks to kink himsel the faster In favor wif some gendte Master, To mak himsel look fair and fatter, The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her. Till by himsel he learn'd to wander, To W. Simpson. 15. Himself, the selfish aim, To bless himself alone! A Winter Night. 8. Hind, The bart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray: Solvey's them. "Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide; And eyes the simple, rustic Hind, The meaners hind in fair Socialan May rove their sweets amang: Lament of Mary of Scots. The meaners hind in fair Socialan May rove their sweets amang: Lament of Mary of Scots. The meaners hind in fair Socialan May rove their sweets amang: Lament of Mary of Scots. The meaners hind in fair Socialan May rove their sweets amang: Lament of Mary of Scots. The mater Bard, the labring Hind, The Vision. D. H. 7. Hindmost. 17 se bless you wi' my hindmost reath, S. Duncan Gray. Till toast you in my hindmost groat. By gallows knawes? The Author's Cry and Prayer. Our monarch's hindmost groat. So O middle hind of the Social and the Social and Social Social and Social So	Embracing all opinions: The Ordination 12	
Her riese when he likes himsel; Himsel, a wife, he thus survains, Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster In favor wife some gentle Masker. The Mask insone gentle Masker. The Mask insone gentle Masker. The Mask insone look fair and fatter, Himself. The Mase, nae Poet ever fand her. Hill by himsel he learn'd to wander, Himself. The selfish aim, To bless himself alone! A Winter Night. 8. Himself. The selfish aim, To bless himself alone! A Winter Night. 8. Himself. The selfish aim, To bless himself alone! A Winter Night. 8. Himself. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray: S. Stepfs though. S. Stepfs though. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray: S. What can a young lassie Hipla (limping, moving crazily as if lame). The hares were hipfand down the furns. The Hart learn d		Shall he [the Bard] be guilty of their hireling crimes,
Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains, Ma thicks to kint himsel the faster In favor wil some gentle Master, In favor wil some gentle Master, In favor wil some gentle Master, Ib. 25. The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her, To W. Simpton, 15. The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her, To W. Simpton, 15. Himself. The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her, To W. Simpton, 15. Himself. The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her, To W. Simpton, 15. Himself. The selfsh aim, To blees himself alone! A Winter Night, 8. Hind. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray; S. Steff st thout. The Marth hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray; S. Steff st thout. The Marth hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray; S. Steff st thout. The meanest hind in fair Scotland May rove their sweets amang; Lament of Mary of Scott. The master Bard, the labring Hind, The Vision, D. H., 7. Hindmost. The meanest hind in fair Scotland May rove their sweets amang; Lament of Mary of Scott. The traite Eart, the labring Hind, The Vision, D. H., 7. Hindmost. The she best you wi'my hindmost proat. The she best you wi'my hindmost grout. By gallows knawes? The Author's Cry and Prayer. Our monarch's hindmost year but ane was five-and-wenty days begun, S. One Scot. Eard gut to W. J. The hindmost year but ane Was five-and-wenty days begun, S. One haster of the Marth hindmost, on they drive, To M. Simpson, P.S. Hing Ito hangs. Hing Ito hangs. While o'er the lips o' Anna. S. The growd. Locks of A. Hillself in William Hislog give the spirit. A Grace as one person can attend to). The hindmost spar, the hindmost part but and the hill be mine and the help of the hindmost, with the hindmost, on they drive, To M. Simpson, P.S. Hing, While o'er the hind hind hind hind hind hind hind hind	He rises when he likes himsel; The Twa Dogs. S.	
Hirple (to halt, move crazily as if lame, limp). To mak himsel look fair and fatter, 16. 25. The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her, To W. Simpson. 15. Himself. The shifts haim, To bless himself alone! A Winter Night. 8. Hind. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray? Hind. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray? Hind. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray? Hind. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray? Hind. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray? Hind. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray? Hind. An exest the simple, rustle Hind, A Winter Night. 8. The meanest hind in fair Scotland May rove their sweets amang; Lament of Mary of Scots. The rustle Eard, the labring Hind, The Vision. D. III. 7. Hindmost. I's bless you wi' my hindmost breath, S. Duncan Gray. Till toast you in my hindmost proat. By gallows knaves? The Author's Cry and Prayer. Our monarch's hindmost, year but ane Was five-and-twenty day's begun, S. There was a lad! Was five-and-twenty day's begun, S. There was a lad! Was five-and-twenty day's begun, S. There was a lad! Was five-and-twenty day's begun, S. There was a lad! His a' for the hiney he'll cherish the hee; S. O meikle thinks my love! Was naething to my himmy hiss Upon the lips o' Anna. S. The growd. Locks of A., Hing (to hang). There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell, While o'er their heads the hazels hing. S. Bonie lassie, will ye got And (winds) hing us owre the ingle. E. A to Darie. Adown her neck and bosom hing; S. Her flowing locks? The Piethern o' the mystic level May hing eith head in word bevel, The Ann. to the Guidwig. Hill, A hint of horse were hinging, O S. Amang the treest the word of howers were hinging, O S. Amang the treest Albuds and flowers were hinging, O S. Amang the treest Wi hingin fips and snakin, Holy Willie's Prayer, 14. How out-thoract Prussian blades were hingin. Kind Sir, Fe read! Douse hingin o'er my curple, The Ans. to the Guidwig/E. Hinny e.	Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,	For hireling traitors' wages S. The Union.
To mak himsel look fair and fatter, The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her, The Shimself downder, The Shimself aim, To bless himself alone! A Winter Night. 8. Hind. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray: S. Stefet thout. Hind. Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide: And eyes the simple, rustic Hind, A Winter Night. 8. Hind. Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide: And eyes the simple, rustic Hind, A Winter Night. 8. Hind. The meanest hind in fair Scotland May rove their sweets amang: A mean of Mary of Scots. The ruste Bard, the labring Hind. The Vision. D. H., 7. Hindmost. The sheets you wi'my hindmost prain. The sheets you wi'my hindmost grain. By gallows hances? The Author's Cry and Prayer. Our monarch's hindmost year but ane Was five-ain veewity days begun, To W. Simpson. P.S. Hiney, Hinny (honey). The W. Simpson. P.S. Hing (to hang). The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi'them. While over their heads the hards Is hing. S. Engle lastie, will ye got And [winds] hing us owere the ingle. S. Engle lastie, will ye got And [winds] hing us owere the ingle. S. Engle lastie, will ye got And [winds] hing us owere the ingle. S. Engle lastie, will ye got And winds hing us owere the ingle. The Election Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Ordination. 7. Till icides hing frac their beards; The Election Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Ordination. 7. Till icides hing frac their beards; The Pickething hing. Annay the trees whore humming bees At buds and flowers were hinging. Cars me moop wi't he servant hizzie, The Holly Fair. 2. The Minds Sir, Ye read to the coost a hick of the proper, 1. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin: Kind Sir, Ye read Universal to the proper for the proper, 1. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin: Kind Si	Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster In favor wi' some gentle Master	Hirple [to halt, move crazily as if lame, limp].
The Muss, nae Poet ever fand her, To W. Simpson. 15. Himself. the selfish aim, To bless himself alone! A Winter Night. 8. Hind. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray: S. Steep'st thou. 1 "Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide: "Looks o'er poud Property, extended wide		
the selfish aim, To bless himself alone! A Winter Night. 8, Hind. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray: Hind. "Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide: And eyes the simple, rustic Hind, A Winter Night. 8. And eyes the simple, rustic Hind, A Winter Night. 8. And eyes the simple, rustic Hind, A Winter Night. 8. The meanest hind in fair Scotland May rove their sweets amang: Lament of Mary of Scotts. The rustic Bard, the labring Hind, The Vision. D. 11., 7. Hindmost. The selfast, but hairing Hind, The Vision. D. 11., 7. Hindmost. The shess you wi' my hindmost gillie. On Scot. Eard gue to IV. I. An' plunder'd o' ber hindmost gillie. On Scot. Eard gue to IV. I. An' plunder'd o' ber hindmost groat. By gallows knawes? The Author's Cry and Prayer. Our monarch's hindmost year but ane Was five-and-twenty days begun, S. There was a ladt belief tak the hindmost, on they drive, To a Haggir. The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them. The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them. Hingy, Hinny (honey). It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the hee; Was neathing to my hinmy bliss Upon the lips o' Annan. S. The growd. Locks of A., Hing I to hang!. There (o'r hell) let him hing, and roar, and yell, Wi' hideous din, Adam A—'s Prayer. While o'r their heads won'the bevel, Adam A—'s Prayer. While o'r their heads the hazels hing. The Election Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Critical Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Critical Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Critical Ballads. III. And bing our fiddles up to sleep, The Critical Ballads. III. And bing our fiddles up to sleep, The Critical Ballads. III. And bing our fiddles up to sleep, The Critical Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Critical Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Critical Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Critical Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Critical Ballads. III. And bing our fiddles up to sleep, The Ans. to the	The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her.	He hirples twa-fauld as he dow, S. To daunton me.
the selfish aim, To bless himself alone! A Winter Night. 8, Hind. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray: Hind. "Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide: And eyes the simple, rustic Hind, A Winter Night. 8. And eyes the simple, rustic Hind, A Winter Night. 8. And eyes the simple, rustic Hind, A Winter Night. 8. The meanest hind in fair Scotland May rove their sweets amang: Lament of Mary of Scotts. The rustic Bard, the labring Hind, The Vision. D. 11., 7. Hindmost. The selfast, but hairing Hind, The Vision. D. 11., 7. Hindmost. The shess you wi' my hindmost gillie. On Scot. Eard gue to IV. I. An' plunder'd o' ber hindmost gillie. On Scot. Eard gue to IV. I. An' plunder'd o' ber hindmost groat. By gallows knawes? The Author's Cry and Prayer. Our monarch's hindmost year but ane Was five-and-twenty days begun, S. There was a ladt belief tak the hindmost, on they drive, To a Haggir. The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them. The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them. Hingy, Hinny (honey). It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the hee; Was neathing to my hinmy bliss Upon the lips o' Annan. S. The growd. Locks of A., Hing I to hang!. There (o'r hell) let him hing, and roar, and yell, Wi' hideous din, Adam A—'s Prayer. While o'r their heads won'the bevel, Adam A—'s Prayer. While o'r their heads the hazels hing. The Election Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Critical Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Critical Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Critical Ballads. III. And bing our fiddles up to sleep, The Critical Ballads. III. And bing our fiddles up to sleep, The Critical Ballads. III. And bing our fiddles up to sleep, The Critical Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Critical Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Critical Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Critical Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Critical Ballads. III. And bing our fiddles up to sleep, The Ans. to the		S. What can a young lassie †
Hind. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray: Hind. "Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide: And eyes the simple, rustic Hind, A Winter Night, 8. The manes thind in fair Scotland May rove their sweets amang: Lament of Mary of Scots. "The rustic Eard, the labring Hind, The Vision, D. II., 7. Hindmost. I'se hiess you wi' my hindmost threath, S. Duncan Gray. I'll teast you in my hindmost gille. On Scot. Eard gue to IV. I. An' plunder'd o' ber hindmost groat. By gallows knaves? The Author's Cry and Prayer. Our monarch's hindmost year but ane Was five-and-twenty days begun, S. There was a ladt Defit take the hindmost, on they drive. To a Haggis. The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them. To IV. Simpson. P.S. Hingy, Hinny (honey). It's a' for the hiney hell cherish the hee; Was naething to my hinny bliss Upon the lips o' Anna. S. The groad. Locks of A. Hing (to hang). While o'er their heads the hazels hing. Adown her neck and bosom hing; S. Benic lassie, will ye got And [winds] hing us owre the ingle. And hing our fiddles up to sleep. May hing their head in won't bevel, May hing their head in won't bevel, May hing their head in won't bevel, The Betterne o'the mystic level May hing their head in won't bevel, May hing derive the bears, The Toddination. 7; The lit cicles hing frac their beards; The J. S., 22, Hinging, -in (hanging). And mang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees the buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hingin		Hirplan [limping, moving crazily as if lame].
S. Sleef at thou. "Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide: And eyes the simple, rustic Hind, **A Winter Night. & The meanest hind in fair Scotland May row their sweets amang: Lament of Mary of Scots. The rustic Bard, the labring Hind, **The Vision. D. 11., 7. Hindmost. It is a fair the same of their sweets amang: Lament of Mary of Scots. The rustic Bard, the labring Hind, **The Vision. D. 11., 7. Hindmost. It is a fair the same of the spirit. **A Grace Hindmost Earth. **S. Duncan Gray. I'll teast you in my hindmost gillie. **On Scot. Eard gne to IV. I. An' plunder'd o' her bindmost groat. **By gallows knawes? **The Author's Cry and Prayer. Our monarch's hindmost year but ane Was five-and-twenty days begun, **S. There was a lad! Delit lak the hindmost, on they drive. **To a Haggis. The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wit hem. To IV. Simpson. P.S. Hiney, Hinny (honey). It's a for the hiney he'll cherish the bee; **S. O mitikle thinks my love! Was an anething to my hinmy bliss Upon the lips o' Anna. **S. The gowd. Locks of A. Hing (to hang). It's a for the hiney he'll cherish the bee; **S. Domeikle thinks my love! Was naething to my hinmy bliss Upon the lips o' Anna. **S. The gowd. Locks of A. Hing (to hang). There [o'e'r hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell, Wi'hideous din, **Adam A='s Prayer.** And lwinds] hing us owre the ingle, **S. Benie lassic, will ye go! **S. Her flowing looks!* The Election Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep. **The Ordination. 7. Till icicles hing frac their beards; **The Journal of the Prayer, 14. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hinging, . **On the Color of the bind of my curple, **The Holy Wilkie's Prayer, 14. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hinging. **On the Color of the hind, **C. On the Holy Fair. 2. **S. On the Holy Fair. 2. **S. On the Color of the Holy Fair. 2. **S. On the Color of the Holy Fair. 2. **S. On the Color of the Holy Fair. 2. **S. On the Color	Hind. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray:	
"Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide: And eyes the simple, rustic Hind, An Hinter Night, 8. The meanest hind in fair Scotland May rove their sweets amang: Lament of Mary of Scots. The rustic Eard, the labring Hind, The Vision, D. H., 7. Hindmost. The trustic Eard, the labring Hind, The Vision, D. H., 7. Hindmost. The plunder and the property of the service of	S. Sleep'st thou.	Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field,
And gyes the simple, rustic Hind, The meanest hind in fair Scottand May rove their sweets amang: The meanest hind in fair Scottand May rove their sweets amang: Lament of Mary of Scots. The rustic Eard, the labring Hind, The Vision, D. II., 7- Hindmost. Is chess you wi' my hindmost hreath, An plunder'd o' her bindmost guille. On Scot. Eard gue to IV. I. An' plunder'd o' her bindmost groat. By gallows knaves? The Author's Cry and Prayer. Our monarch's hindmost year but ane Was five-and-twenty days begun, To Hillsing. The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights wi hissels were alarm d'; Deil tak the hindmost, on they'll fetch it wi' them. To W. Simpson. P.S. Hiney, Hinny (honey). It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the hee; S. O mikle thinks my love! Was naething to my hinny bliss Upon the lips o' Anna. S. The groat. Locks of A. Hing (to hang). There fo'er hell jet him hing, and roar, and yell, W'h hideous din, Adam A—'s Prayer. While o'er their heads the hazels hing. S. Benie lassie, will ye god. And [winds] hing us owre the ingle. Adown her neck and bosom hing; S. Her flowing lacks! The Brethers o'the mystic level May hing their head in wofu' bevel, May hir to end. Tam Samson's El Dame Fortune should hing by the neck: The Election Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep. And hing our fiddles up to sleep. The Ordination. 7. Till icicles hing frac their beards; The Stelly and analain, Holly Willie's Prayer, While o'er their heads the heage's hinging, -in (hanging). And hing our fiddles up to sleep. The Vedination. 7. Till icicles hing frac their beards; The Joly Segars. R. VII. His. And I'll be his, and he'll be mine. S. Braw land o's row sheep as one person can attend to. Hissel (a multitude, a flock, so onany cattle or sheep as one person can attend to. Hissel (a multitude, a flock, so onany earthe or the lisse the led and hissels were alarted. Hissel (a multitude, a flock, so onany earthe or the lisse is the led an unititude, a flock, so onant attend to.		
The meanest hind in fair Scotland May roy of Scotts. 'The rustic Eard, the lab'ring Hind, The Vision. D. II., 7. Hindmost. The rustic Eard, the lab'ring Hind, The Vision. D. II., 7. Hindmost. I's heless you wi' my hindmost herath, S. Duncan Gray, I'll teast you in my hindmost gillie. On Scot. Eard gne to IV. I. An' plunder'd o' her hindmost ground. By gallows knawes? The Author's Cry and Prayer. Our monarch's hindmost year but ane Was five-and-twenty days begun, S. There was a lad't belt tak the hindmost, on they drive, To a Haggis. The hindmost spain, S. There was a lad't belt tak the hindmost, on they drive, To a Haggis. The hindmost sharld, they'll fetch it wi' them To W. Simpson. P.S. Hiney, Hinny (honey). His a' for the hiney he'll cherish the bee; S. O mickle thinks my love! Was naething to my hinny bliss Upon the lips o' Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A. Hing (to hang). There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell, W'r hideous din, Adam A-'s Prayer. And [winds] hing us owere the ingle. Ept to Davie. Addown her neck and bosom hing; Holy my life to prother loot she mystic level May hing their head in worl' bevel, Tam Samson's El Dame Fortune should him by the neck: The Election Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep. The Ordination. 7. Till icicles hing frac their beards; To J. S., 22. Hinging, -in (hanging). Anang the trees where humming bees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees the buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees where humming bees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees where humming bees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees where humming bees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees where humming bees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees where humming bees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees where humming bees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees the hindex of a vi	And eyes the simple, rustic Hind A Winter Night. &	
The rustic Bard, the labring Hind, The Vision. D. 11., 7. Hilloop. Let William Hislop give the spirit. A Grace Mindmost. It's these you wi' my hindmost gillie. On Scot. Eard gne to IV. I. An' plunder'd o' her hindmost grout. By gallows knawes? The Author's Cry and Prayer. Our monarch's hindmost year but ane Was five-and-twenty days begun, S. There was a lad to belt tak the hindmost, on they drive. To a Haggis. The hindmost sharld, they'll fetch it wi' them. To IV. Simpson. P.S. Hiney, Hinny (honey). It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the hee; S. O mickle thinks my love to Was naething to my hinny bliss Upon the lips o' Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A. Hing (to hang). There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell, Wi' hideous din, Adam A-'s Prayer. And [winds] hing us owere the ingle S. Eente lassie, will ye got the spirit. A Grace with men disgusted, While o'er their heads the hazels hing. S. Eente lassie, will ye got the distinct of the property of the post of the hirty has been been so one person can attend tol. History. The east himsing, the leads of William Hislop give the spirit. A Grace so one may cattle or sheep as one person can attend tol. Her lights wi' hissing eerie din; A Vision Her l	The meanest hind in fair Scotland	His. And I'll be his, and he'll be mine.
Hissing and complete him hing, and roar, and yell, Wilso hing be rick hand be hang! The rec's hell be think hing, and roar, and yell, Wilso her their heads the hards hing. And [winds] hing us owre the ingle. Ep. to Davie. Hittel teas the busy, grumbling hive busy hing their head in wofu' bevel. The Election Balladt. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep. The Election Balladt. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep. A bush and the reason with men disgusted. Hittel busy, grumbling hive leads. Wi hing (it leads hing.	May rove their sweets among; Lament of Mary of Scots.	
As one person can attend to. On Scot. Eard gue to IV. I. And plunder'd o' her hindmost groat. By gallows knaves? The Author's Cry and Prayer. Our monach's hindmost year but ane Was five-and-twenty days begun, . S. There was a lad? Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive, . To a Haggis. The hindmost sharld, they II feeth it wil them. The hindmost sharld, they II feeth it wil them. To IV. Simpson. P.S. Hissing. The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights wil hissels were alarma'd; . To IV. Simpson. P.S. Hissing. The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights wil hissels were labram'd; . A Vision Hissing. The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights wil hissels were labram'd; . A Vision Hissing. The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights wil hissels were labram'd; . A Vision Hissing. The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights wil hissels were labram'd; . A Vision Hissing. The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights wil hissels were labram'd; . A Vision Hissing. The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights wil hissels were labram'd; . A Vision Hissing. The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights wil hissels were labram'd; . A Vision Hissing. The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights wil hissels were labram'd; . A Vision Hissing. The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights wil hissels were labram'd; . A Vision Hissing. The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights wil hissels were labram'd; . A Vision Hissing. The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights wil hissels were labram'd; . A Vision Hissing. The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights wil hissels were labram'd; . A Vision Hissing. The cauld blue histing the light will them. Her lights wil hister deer will her her deer his wheth the displays will her her deer histing the histing the histing the her her. For a W. Simpson. P. S. Hissing. The cauld blue and the histing the		
In the herds an 'hissels were alarming'. The N. Simpson. P.S. A Vision Was streaming forth and the hindmost groat. By gallows knawes? The Author's Cry and Prayer. Our monarch's hindmost year but ane Northway to the Markey of the hindmost year but ane S. There was a lad to bell tak the hindmost, on they drive. Deal tak the hindmost, on they drive. The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them. The Was hard, they'll fetch it wi' them. The William of the hind hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them. The Was naething to my hinny bliss Upon the lips o' Anna. S. The groud. Locks of A., Hing I to hang! There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell, Wi'h ideous din, Adam A's Prayer. While o'er their heads the hazels hing. S. Eonie lassie, will ye go! And [winds] hing us owere the ingle. S. Eonie lassie, will ye go! And win her neck and bosom hing; S. Her flowing lacks! The Piethern o' the mystic level May hing their head in wo'll bevel, Dame Fortune should hing by the neck: The Election Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Election Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Election Ballads. III. And bing our fiddles up to sleep, The Election Ballads. III. And there where humming hees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the treest Will hing his and snakin', How Cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin. The would be kind: Friend of the poet threshin still a thizzie stalls. The Holy Willie's Prayer, 14. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin. The Ans. to the Guidavije. The Ans. to the Guidavije. The lize's carly at the road, The Holy Fairs. 2. The Two Monks are rise harden in the Her lights wi'h shall be thinks my was a lad! The history paints, with elegance and force. The tide dempire's fluctuating course; Prolegue, 3-by 10' ook 11. Hittle, 1. On his tide of empire's fluctuating course; Prolegue, 3-by 10' ook 11. Hit, to. In the does histing. The tide of empire's fluctuating course; Prolegue, 3-by 10' ook 11. Hit, to. In the tide of empire's fluctuating course; Prolegue,	TT TILTT	as one person can attend to.
An plunder'd o' ber bindmost groat. By gallows knawes? The Author's Cry and Prayer. Our monarch's hindmost year but ane Was five-and-twenty days begun, . S. There was a lad't Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive, . To a Haggis. The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them. The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them. The Wishmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them. S. O meikle thinks my love! Wishmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them. S. The groud. Locks of A., Hing It to hang! There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell, Wi'hideous din, Adam A-'s Prayer. While o'er their heads the hazels hing. S. Emile lassie, will ye go! And [winds] hing us owere the ingle. S. Emile lassie, will ye go! And win her neck and bosom hing; S. Her flowing late let hinds my love! Hitte, A hand the men disgusted. Wishmost here the busy, grumbling hive Bum ower their treasure. Hive. Shall let the busy, grumbling hive Bum ower their treasure. Hive. Shall let the busy, grumbling hive Bum ower their treasure. The lizies if they're oughtlins faussont. Hive. Shall let the busy, grumbling hive Bum ower their treasure. The lizies, if they're oughtlins faussont. The hizzies, if they're oughtlins faussont. The hizzies, if they're oughtlins faussont. The hizzies, if they're oughtlins faussond. The hizzie die? The tapelless, ramfeed'd hizzie, Eft to J. —k, Aft, zet. at the min Druy Lane be lessond '. Add. of Beelzebub. Shall I like a fool, quoth he. For a haughty hizzie die? The tapelless, ramfeed'd hizzie, Eft to J.—k, Aft, zet. at the will be with bize	I'll toast you in my hindmost gillie,	
District of the most of the mo	On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	Her lights wi' hissing eerie din; A Vision.
Our monarch's hindmost year but ane Was five-and-twenty days begun, . S. There was a lad † Deit tak the hindmost, on they drive, . To a Haggis. The hindmost sharld, they'll fetch it wil them. To W. Simpson. P.S. Hiney, Hinny (honey). It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the hee; S. O meikle thinks my love † Was naething to my hinny bliss Upon the lips o' Anna S. The gowd. Locks of A. Hing (to hang). There (o'er hell) let him hing, and roar, and yell, Wi' hideous din. S. Eenite lassie, will ye got the hire heads the hazels hing. S. Eenite lassie, will ye got the hire heads the hazels hing; S. Eenite lassie, will ye got they have here the heads the hazels hing. S. Eenite lassie, will ye got the hire heads the hazels hing. The Brethren o' the mystic level May hing their head in woff bevel, Tam Samtson's El., Dame Fortune should hing by the neck: The Election Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Ordination. 7. Till icicles hing frac their beards; The Jordination. 7. Till icicles hing frac their beards; The Jordination. 7. Till icicles hing frac their beards; Holy Willie's Prayer, 14. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin; Holy Willie's Prayer, 14. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin; The Ans. to the Guidwife. Hind, A hint o' a rival or twa, man, Konalds of Bennals.	By gallows knaves? The Author's Cry and Prayer,	Histie [dry, chapt, barren].
Deit tak the hindmost, on they drive, To a Haggis. The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them. To W. Simfson. P.S. Hings, Hinny (honey). It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the hee: S. O meikle thinks my love? Was naething to my hinny bliss Upon the ligh o' Anna S. The groud. Locks of A. Hing [to hang]. There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell, M'hide o'er their heads the hazels hing. S. Enoie lassie, will ye got And [winds] hing us owre the ingle Ep. to Davie. Adown her neck and bosom hing; S. Her flowing lacks! The Brethren o' the mystic level May hing their head in wofu' bevel, Tam Samson's El., Dame Fortune should hing by the neck: The Election Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Ordination. 7. Till icicles hing frac their beards; To J. S., 22. Hinging, -in (hanging). Annang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hingin, O. S. Amang the treest Wir hingin lips and snakin', Holy Willie's Prayer, 14. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin Rind Sir, I've read to Douse kingin o'er my curple, The Ans. to the Guidavife. Hing, v. Hinney, Hinney, Hinney, Hinney, Hinney, Hinney, Hinney, Hinney, The Proving label of Evendals Honey, The Proving label of the hinder of a rival or twa, man, Ronalds of Bennals.	Our monarch's hindmost year but ane	
The hindmost shard, they'll fetch it wi' them. To W. Simpson. P.S. Hiney, Hinny (honey). It's a' for the hiney he'll cherish the hee; Was naething to my hinny bliss Upon the lips o' Anna. S. The growd. Locks of A Hing (to hang). There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell, Wh'll hideous din, Adam A—'s Prayer. While o'er their heads the hazels hing. And [winds] hing us owre the ingle. Adow her neck and bosom hing; S. Benie tassie, will ye got And [winds] hing us owre the ingle. Adow her neck and bosom hing; S. Her flowing locks! The Brethers o' the mystic level May hing their head in woful bevel, May hing their head in woful bevel, May hing their head in woful bevel, Mand hing our fiddles up to sleep. The Celtetion Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep. Anang the trees where humming bees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees the buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees where humming bees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees the buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees where humming bees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees where humming bees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees the flower of the mystic level. Hite, We hind to be, If I can hit it it! Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. ist. if Farewell, dear Friend! may guid luck hit you! A Farewell Hitch (a loop, a knot). Hithen, And hither came, with men disgusted, My hife to end. The Leath of Maille Hith (aloop, a knot). Hit, to. Fragment, inver. to For. Hit, to. Fragment, inver. to For. Hit, to. Hit, to. Fragment, inver. to For. Hit, to. Friemel! the and equive hind to be, If I can hit it! Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. ist. is Friemell. dear Friend! may guid luck hit you! A Farewell. Hith (aloop, a knot). Hith (as I can hit it! Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. ist. is Friemell.! dear Friend! may guid luck hit you! A Farewell. Hith (as I can hit it! Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. ist. is Friemell.! dear Friend! may guid luck hit you! A Farewell.		History.
The tide of empire's fluctuating course; Prologue, 4, by Woods It's a' for the hiney hell cherish the hee; S. O metikle thinks my love? Was naething to my hinny bliss Upon the lips o' Anna. S. The growd. Locks of A., Hing Ito hang]. There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell, W' hideous din, Adam A—'s Prayer. While o'er their heads the hazels hing. S. Emit lassie, will ye go! And [winds] hing us over the injen. And [winds] hing us over the injen. And win her neck and bosom hing; S. Her flowing lacks! The Brethren o' the mystic level May hing their head in wofi' bevel, Dame Fortune should hing by the neck: The Election Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Celtetion Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Celtetion Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Celtetion Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Withing in Hips and snakin', Holy Willie's Prayer, 14. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin; Kind Sir, I've read! Douse kingin o'er my curple, The Ans. to the Guidavife. Hinny, Hinny, Hinny, Hinny, Hinny, Hinny, Knal to a rival or twa, man, Konalds of Bennals.	The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them	Here History paints, with elegance and force,
It's a for the hiney he'll cherish the hee; Was naething to my hinny bliss Upon the lips o' Anna S. The gerod. Locks of A., Hing (to hang). There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell, Wi'hideous din Adam A—'s Prayer. While o'er their heads the hazels hing, And winds] hing us owre the ingle, Ep. to Davie, Adown her neck and bosom hing; S. Her flowing locks to Hopherher o't the mystic level May high their head in worli bevel, May high the head in worli bevel, My hide to end, . The Hetmil. Hitch (a loop, a knot). Hitch (a loop, a knot). While cope a knot). Hitch (a loop, a knot). Hitch (a loop, a knot). While to end, . The Death of Mailie Hither, And hither came, with men disgusted, My hide to end, . The Hetmil. Hitch (a loop, a knot). Hitch (a loop, a knot). While oen cost a hitch, . The Death of Mailie Hither, And hither came, with men disgusted, My hide to end, . The Hetmil. Hitch (a loop, a knot). Hitch (a loop, a knot). While o'er well may a light with men disgusted, My hide to end, . The Hetmil. Hither, And hither came, with men disgusted, My hide to end, . The Holy Simpson Hitch (a loop, a knot). Hitch (a loop, a knot). Hitch (a loop, a knot). While opon a knot). Hitch (a loop, a knot). Hitch (a loop, a knot). While oen cost a hitch, . The Death of Mailie Hitch (a loop, a knot). Hitch (a loop, a knot). While to bus, dear Friend! may guid huck hit you! A Farewell dear Friend! may guid huck hit you! A Farewell dear Friend! may guid huck hit you! A Farewell dear Friend! may guid huck hit you! A Farewell dear Friend! may guid huck hit you! A Farewell dear Friend! may guid huck hit you! A Farewell dear Friend! may guid huck hit you! A Farewell dear Friend! may guid huck hi	To W. Simbson, P.S.	The tide of empire's fluctuating course; Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Was naching to my hinny bliss Upon the lips of Anna. S. The growd. Locks of A If there [o'e hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell, While o'er theil] let him hing, and roar, and yell, While o'er their heads the hazels hing. Adom A—'s Prayer. And [winds] hing us owre the ingle. And [winds] hing us owre the ingle. Adown her neck and hosom hing; S. Benie lassie, will ye go to the letter of the mystic level May hing their head in wofn' bevel, May high their head in wofn' bevel, May hing their head in wofn' bevel, May her busse, My hie to end, My hie to he, Hitch la loop, a knot] Hitch la lea loop, a knot] Hitch la loop, a knot] Adown her neck and hitch a loop, a knot] Hitch la loop, a knot] Hitch le lause, ear hie	Hiney, Hinny [honey].	Hit. Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits; Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Was mathing to my hinny bliss Upon the lips o' Anna S. The gowd. Locks of A., Hing Ito hang]. There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell, Wi'h hideous din, Adam A-'s Prayer. While o'er their heads the hazels hing. S. Benie lassie, will ye go! And [winds] hing us owre the ingle Ep, to Davie. Addown her neck and bosom hing; S. Fenie lassie, will ye go! May high ten the mystic level May high ten her head in wo'h bevel, Dame Fortune should him by the neck: The Election Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep The Ordination. 7. Till icicles hing frac their beards; . To J. S., 22. Hinging, -in [hanging]. Annang the trees where humming bees At buds and flowers were hingin; Holy Willie's Prayer, 14. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin; The Mass, to the Guidwife. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin; The Ansit to a rival or twa, man, Konalds of Bennals. Kind Sir, I've read! The hizzies, carly at the road, The Holy Fair. 2. The Holy Fair. 2. The Enciloned of the poet threshin with the road, The Holy Fair. 2. The Holy Fair. 2. The Holy Fair. 2. The Inventory of the	S. O meikle thinks my love t	Hit, to.
Hitheg (to hang). There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell, With hideous dim. While o'er their heads the hazels hing. While o'er their heads the hazels hing. S. Bonie lassie, will ye got to the hazels hing. And [winds] hing us ower the ingle. Algo winds hing us ower the ingle. Algo winds hing is owen the ingle. Algo winds hing is owen the ingle winds hing be hing in the hizzie, if they're oughtlins faussont. The lizies, if they're oughtlins faussont. Howe winds hing is owen the hing is owen the hing. The hizzies, if they're oughtlins faussont. The hizzies, if they're oughtlins faussont. Shall I like a fool, quoth he. Shall I like a fool in the hizzie die? S. Duncan Gray! The tapetless, ranfeed d hizzie. It would be kind: Friend of the poet the work of the work of the work of the shins still at hizzies talls. Kind Sir, I've read! Cars me moop wit he servant hizzie. Cars me moop wit he servant hizzie. Also yield ale comes the him of the reid horse nor hizzie mair; The Holy Fair. 2. The Journal of the reids of the lizies, if they is oughtling hive. Withing in light the burse, when the disgusted. The Hermid. The hizzies, if they is oughtling faussond. The hizzies, if they is oughtling faussond. The hizzies and hit wind in the hizzie hild. All is a fool, quoth he. Shall I like a fool wing the hizzie hile? A bud. of Beelebub. Shall I like a fool wi	Was naething to my hinny bliss	
There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell, Wi hideow dim, Adam A-'s Prayer. While o'er their heads the hazels hing. And [winds] hing us owre the ingle. And [winds] hing us owre the ingle. Ep. to Davie. Adown her neck and bosom hing; S. Her flowing lacks! The Brethren o'the mystic level May hing their head in wofu' bevel, Mand hitm gour fiddles up to sleep, Mill like a fool, quoth he, For a haughty hizzie die? The Election Ballads. III. Amang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees At buds and flowers were hingin; Amang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hingins; Amang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hingins; Amang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hingins; Amang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hingins; Amang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hingins; Amang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hingins; Amang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hingins; Amang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hingins; Amang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hingins; Amang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hingins; Amang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hingins; Amang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hingin		
With ideaus din. Adam A-'s Prayer. Will eleve their heads the hazels hing. S. Bonie lassie, will ye got And [winds] hing us owre the ingle. Adown her neck and bosom hing; S. Her flowing locks? The Phethern o't the mystic level May hing their head in worl bevel. Dame Fortune should him by the neck: The Election Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep. The Condination. 7. Till icicles hing frace their beards; To J. S., 22. Hinging, -in [hanging]. Anang the trees where humming bees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the treest With hingin lips and snakin', Holy Willie's Prayer, 14. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin: Kind Sir, I've read? Douse hingin o'er my curple, The Ans. to the Guidwife. Hingy, -in [Hongring]. The Indicates a with men disgusted, My life to end, The Hermile My life to end, The How, Shall let the busy, grumbling hive Bum ower their treasure. Hitken, And hither came, with men disgusted, My life to end, The Hermile My life to end, The Hermile Mile Shall let the busy, grumbling hive Bum ower their treasure. Hitken, And hither came, with men disgusted, My life to end, The Hermile My life to end, The Hermile My life to busy, grumbling hive Bum ower their treasure. Hitken, Shall let the busy, grumbling hive Bum ower their treasure. Hitken, Shall let the busy, grumbling hive Bum ower their treasure. Hitken, Shall let the busy, grumbling hive Bum ower their treasure. Hitken, Shall let the busy, grumbling hive Bum ower their treasure. Hitken, Shall let the busy, grumbling hive Bum ower their treasure. Hitken, Shall let the busy, grumbling hive Bum ower their treasure. Hitken, Shall let the busy, grumbling hive Bum ower their treasure. Hitken, Shall let the busy, grumbling hive Bum over their treasure. Hitken, Shall let the busy, grumbling hive Bum over their treasure. Hitken, Shall let the busy, grumbling hive Bum over their treasure.		
And [winds] hing us owre the ingle. After the ingle is an ingle in the ingle is an ingle in the ingle is and hosom hing; After the inchrene of the mystic level in the little ingle in the ingle in the ingle in the ingle ingle in the ingle	Wi' hideous din, . Adam A-'s Prayer,	Hither. And hither came, with men disgusted,
And (winds) hing us owre the ingle. Adown her neck and bosom hing; S. Her flowing lacks† The Bitchren o' the mystic level May hing their head in woful 'bevel, Dame Fortune should hing by the necks; Dame Fortune should hing by the necks; The Election Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep. The Ordination. 7. Till icicles hing fract their beards; To J. S., 22. Hinging, -in [hanging]. Amang the trees where humming bees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees the Wirhingin' lips and snakin', How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin; The Mills and hingin', The Mills of the poet of the street of the poet of t	While o'er their heads the hazels hing,	My life to end The Hermit.
Adown her neck and bosom hing; S. Her flowing lacks! The Brethren o' the mystic level May hing their head in wofu' bevel, Dame Fortune should him by the neck: The Belletion Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Ordination. 7. Till icicles hing frace their beards; To J. S., 22, Hinging, -in (hanging). Amang the trees where humming bees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees they have an offer the state of the sta	And [winds] hing us owre the ingle FA to Deci-	Bum owre their treasure. To IV. Simbson.
The Brethren o' the mystic level May hing their head in woi' bevel, Dame Fortune should hing by the neck; The Election Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep. The Ordination. 7. Till icicles hing fract their beards; To J. S., 22. Hinging, -in Hanging]. Amang the trees where humming hees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees† Wi hingin lips and snakin, Holy Wille's Prayer, II. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin; Eind Sir, I've read to Doube hingin o'er my curple, The Ans. to the Guidwife. Hinny v. Hiney. Kind Sir of Beelzebub. Shall I like a fool, quoth he. Shall I like a fool,	Adown her neck and bosom hing: S. Her flowing locks t	Hizzie [hussy, a young woman].
Dame Fortune should hing by the neck; The Election Ballads. III. And hing our fiddles up to sleep The Ordination. 7. Till icides hing fract their beards; . To J. S., 22. Hingingin (hanging). Amang the trees where humming bees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees† Wi' hingin lips and snakin', . Holy Wille's Prayer, 14. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin; . Kind Sir, I've read to Douse hingin o'er my curple, . The Ans. to the Guidwife. Hinny v. Hiney. Kind: A hint o' a rival or twa, man, . Ronalds of Bennals.	The Brethren o' the mystic level	The hizzies, if they're oughtlins faussont,
The Election Ballads. III. The Driving Ballads. III. The Ordination. 7. Till icicles hing frac their beards; . To J. S., 22. Hinging, -in (hanging). Amang the trees where humming bees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the treest Why hingin (lips and snakin), Holy Willie's Prayer, II. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin; The Muss, poor hinging o'er my curple, The Aus. to the Guidwife. Hinny v. Hiney. Hinny v. Hiney. Hinn v. Hiney. Konalds of Bennals.	May hing their head in woli' bevel, . Tam Santson's El	Shall I like a fool quoth be
And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Ordination. 7. Thill icides hing frac their beards; To J. S., 22. Hi wi't the hizzie down ye sent it. It would be kind; Friend of the poet the trees where hinging, O. S. Amang the trees the trees had flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees the with the hizzie hingin the servant hingin; hings and snakin, Holy Willie's Prayer, 14. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin; . The House, poor hizzie!	The Election Ballads, III.	For a haughty hizzie die? S. Duncan Gray†
Hinging, -in [hanging]. Anang the trees where humming bees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the treest We hingin lips and snakin', Holy Willie's Prayer, 14. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin: Douse hingin o'er my curple, The Ans. to the Guidavife. Hingy, Hiney, Hint, A hint o' a rival or twa, man, Konalds of Bennals. Hinting in the sweld be kind: Free read to threshin still at hizzle's talls, Kind Sir, Free read to the sluss, poor this servant hizzle. Cars me moop wit the servant hizzle. A listes, carly at the road, The Holy Fair, 2. The Journal of the peet's threshin still at hizzle's talls, Kind Sir, Free read to the sluss, poor the servant hizzle talls, Kind Sir, Free read to the sluss, poor the servant hizzle talls, Kind Sir, Free read to the sluss, poor the servant hizzle talls, Kind Sir, Free read to the sluss, poor the servant hizzle, and the sluss, poor the servant hizzle, talls, Kind Sir, Free read to the sluss, poor the servant hizzle, talls, Kind Sir, Free read to the sluss, poor the servant hizzle, talls, Kind Sir, Free read to the sluss, poor the servant hizzle, talls, Kind Sir, Free read to the sluss, poor the servant hizzle, talls, Kind Sir, Free read to the sluss, poor the servant hizzle, talls, Kind Sir, Free read to the sluss, poor the servant hizzle, talls, Cars me moop wit the servant hizzle, talls, Kind Sir, Free read to the sluss, poor the servant hizzle, talls, Cars me moop with the servant hizzle talls, Cars me moop with the servant hizzle talls, Cars me moop with the servant hizzle, talls, Cars me moop with the servant	And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Ordination. 7.	The tapetless, ramfeezl'd hizzie, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 3.
Amang the trees where humming bees At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the trees! Wi hingin 'lips and snakin', Holy Willie's Prayer, 11. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin; The Muse, poor hizzie! Second Ep. to Davie. The Muse, poor hizzie! The Muse, sor hizzie! The Muse, sor hizzie! The Muse, sor hizzie! The Muse, sor hizzie! The Holy Fair. Sat guzzling wi' a Tinkler-hizzie The Jolly Beggars. R. III. A hizzie's the half of my Craft: The Two Degs. II.		If we the hizzie down ye sent it, It would be kind: Friend of the boot?
At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amang the treest Willish India and snakin', Holy Willie's Prayer, 14. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin: New cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin: New cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin: Rind Sir, I've read to Douse hingin o'er my curple, The Ans. to the Guidavife. Hongy to Hiney. Hint. A hint o' a rival or twa, man, Ronalds of Bennals. Hint A hint o' a rival or twa, man, Ronalds of Bennals.		
Wi hingin' lips and snakin', Holy Willie's Prayer, 14. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin; Eind Sir, I've read to Doube hingin o'er my curple, The Aus. to the Guidwife. Hinny v. Hiney. Hint. A hint o' a rival or twa, man, Ronalds of Bennals. Konalds of Bennals.	At buds and flowers were hinging, O. S. Amans the trees t	
How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin; It find Sir, I've read to Douse hingin o'er my curple, The Aus. to the Guidwife. Hinny v. Hiney. Hinnt. A hint o' a rival or twa, man, Ronalds of Bennals. Hint delevaling the Aus. to the Guidwife. Hint delevaling the Aus. to the Guidwife. Hint delevaling the Aus. to the Guidwife. The Folly Beggars. R. III. A hize's the half of my Craft: I. Ib. S. III.	Wi' hingin' lips and snakin', . Holy Willie's Prayer, 1.1.	The Muse, poor hizzie! Second Ep. to Davie.
Douse hingin o'er my curple, . The Ans. to the Guidwife. Hinny v. Hiney. Hint. A hint o' a rival or twa, man, Ronalds of Bennals. Konalds of Bennals.	How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin;	Three hizzies, early at the road, The Holy Fair. 2.
Hinny v. Hiney. A hizzie's the half of my Craft:		se ne er ride horse nor hizzie mair; The Inventory.
Hint. A hint o' a rival or twa, man, Ronalds of Bennals. buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies, The Twa Dogs. 11.	Hinny 2. Hiney.	A hizzie's the half of my Craft: Ine jour beggars. K. III.
Fair maid, you need not take the hint. To Miss Ainslie. A tight, outlandish Hizzie, braw, The Vision. D. 1. 7.	Hint. A hint o' a rival or twa, man, Ronalds of Bennals.	buirdly chiels, and clever hizzies, The Twa Dogs. 11.
	Fair maid, you need not take the hint, . To Miss Ainslie.	A tight, outlandish Hizzie, braw, The Vision. D. I. 7.

Hoar, through your ruins, hoar and grey, . On Lincluden. grim Nature's visage hoar, The Vision. D. II. 13.	In plain, hraid Scots hold forth a plain, braid story: The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar, S. To Mary in Heaven.	As theirs alone, the patent-bliss, To hold a Fête Champetre. The Fête Champetre.
Hoarding.	When augels met, at Adam's yett
I never was canny for hoarding o' money, Ronalds of Bennals.	To hold their Fête Champetre
Hoarse.	whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady, The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore: The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	But lordly will, I hold it still
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,	A mortal sin to thraw that
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Br. Water.	So hold thy industry with diligent cares. S. The Poor Thresher.
Hoarsely. By a river hoarsely roaring S. Raving winds t Hoary. The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers.	To hold our grand procession; To a Medical Gent.
S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go t	I hold it, Sir, my bounden duty To Gav. Hamilton.
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare Ep. fr. Esopus.	Hol'd.
With chill hoary wing as ye [breezes] usher the dawn:	Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle. The Jolly Beggars. R. V.
S. How pleasant the banks His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears; Lament for Glencairn.	Holding,
And hoary was his hair Man was made to Mourn.	Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet; Tam o' Shanter, q.
The hoary Sire-the mortal stroke.	Hole. darkling grubs this earthly hole, . A Bard's Epit. For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin: . Add. to the Deil.
Long, long be pleas'd to spare; O Thou dread Pow'r	If there's a hole in a' your coats,
Ilk hoary Hunter mourn'd a brither; Tam Samson's El., 12.	I rede you tent it : On Grose's Peregrinations.
The hoary morns precede the sunny days, The Brigs of Ayr. His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,	He smell'd their ilka hole and road,
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show, . Ib.	Baith out and in, The Twa Herds. 6.
And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,	There's a holier chace in your view; . The Kirk's Alarm.
Charm or instruct the future age, [v,A.4] The Vision. D. II.	Holland. The thou has not silk and holland sae sma. [re.]
And infant Frosts begin to bite, In hoary cranreuch drest; . The Jolly Beggars, R. I.	S. O when she cam ben†
	A ten-shillings hat, a holland cravat; Ronalds of Bennals.
What tho', with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks, 16. S. I.	She took her mither's holland sheets, And made them a' in sarks to me;
Never Boreas' hoary path, To Miss C.	S. The Lass that made the bed.
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree Are hoary gray; To W. Simpson. 13.	Hollow.
Are hoary gray; To W. Simpson. 13. The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.	But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow, A Guid New-year † 9.
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	The wind blew hollow frae the hills, Lament for Glencairn. The hollow caves return a sullen moan.
Hoast [a cough]. Now colic-grips, an' barkin hoast,	On Death of R. Dundas.
May kill us a'; Scotch Drink. 19.	And hollow whistled in the rocky cave.
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek,	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
The auld, clay biggin; The Vision. D. 1.3.	Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow. Tam o' Shanter. 17. 1'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts, To Rev. J. M' Math.
Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble, A Guid New-year 7.	Hollow, s. And now we're dern'd in gleus and hollows.
Hocus-pocus. Their jugglin' hocus pocus arts	Adam A-'s Prayer.
To cheat the crowd. To Kev. J. M. Math.	Holly.
Hoddan [the motion of a rider on a cart horse].	'And wear thou this' she solemn said, And bound the Holly round my head: The Vision, D. 11. 23.
Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith, Gaed hoddau by their cotters; The Holy Fair. 7.	Holly-bough.
Hodden-grey [cloth worn by the peasantry, which has the natural colour of the wool].	Green, slender, leaf-clad Holly boughs
	Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows, The Vision. D. I. q.
What tho' on hamely fare we dine, Wear hodden-grey and a' that; . S. The Honest Man.	Holm,
Hoe Collects his spades his mattacks and his hoes.	And mark'd its bouie holms and haughs, As on the banks †
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Holy. O ye wha are sae guid yoursel, Sae pious and sae holy, . Add. to Unco Guid.
Hogarth. Her Hogarth-art perhaps she [nature] meant to show it)	In holy rapture.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, [v.A.6] Death and Dr. Hornbook.
But O for Hogarth's magic pow'r On dining with Daer.	That holy robe, O dinna tear it! Ep. to J. R., 3.
Hoggie [dim. of hog, a young sheep before it has lost its first fleece].	Consume that high-place patronage,
What will I do gin my Hoggie die?	From off thy holy hill: New Psalmody.
My joy, my pride, my Hoggie! S. What will I do gin ?	Here Holy Willie's sair woru clay Taks up its last abode; Epit. on Holy Willie.
1 trembled for my Hoggie	Ve holy walls that still sublime,
And maist has killed my Hoggie	Resist the crumbling touch of time; On Lincluden.
Hog-score [a distance line in curling,—the stone being shogged aside when it fails to cross].	The holy authem loud and clear;
But now he lags on Death's hog-score. Tam Samson's El., 5.	In window fair, the painted pane No longer glows with holy stain,
Hog-shouther [to justle or 'shog' with the shoulder	Might fire even holy Palmers; On IV. Chalmers.
in a kind of norse-play].	The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
The warly race may drudge an drive, Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an strive, To W. Simpson.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13. Or other Holy Seers that tupe the sacred lyre. 1b. 14.
Hold. Vet by the forelock is the hold to catch him [Time];	Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre. 16.14. Pawn'd in a gin-shop Quenching holy drouth.
Protogue, at 1n., D.,	Pawn d in a gin-snop Quenching holy drouth. The Election Ballads. IV.
Mid Lawson's port entreuch'd his hold, The Election Ballads. VI.	Whose holy priesthood nane can stain,
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,	Tot what can die the arrest
Soar around each cliffy hold, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	I pray with holy fire:
Hold, to. Hold on till thou art mellow, S. Deluded swain t	Abusin' me for harsh ill nature
Who hold your being on the terms, Each aid the others, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 21.	On holy men, I hard Ep. to J. Lap
Uses holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam;	To ware his theologic care on, And holy study; To Dr. Blacklock.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	I min not, study,

An' rouse their holy thunder on it To Rev. J. M'Math.	sentimental sister Susie, An' honest Lucky; Ef. to Maj. Logan. 13.
wi' holy robes. But hellish spirit	But honest Nature is not quite a Turk, Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
Consume the day The Hermit.	An honest man here lies at rest, Epit. on a Friend.
"Tin gann to [Mauchline] holy fair, "To spend an hour in daffin: The Holy Fair. 5.	He's blest—if as he brew'd he drink— In upright honest morals Epit. on G. Richardson.
"An' meet you on the holy spot;	Here lies J-n B-y, honest man Epit. on J-n B-y, Writer.
For [Moodie] speels the holy door,	His social, friendly, honest heart
Ascends the holy rostrum:	Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
Holy Will, Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull,	It's guid to be honest and true, S. Here's a health to them
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor; The Kirk's Alarm.	"Without, at least ae honest man, "To grace this damn'd infernal clan."
Iomage. Admir'd and prais'd—and there the homage ends: Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	Lns add. to J. Kanken.
Ef. to R. Graham. 3. No mercenary Bard his homage pays; The Cotter's Sat. Night.	The poor, oppressed, honest man Man was made to Mourn
The Parent pair their secret homage pay	For without an honest manly heart, No man was worth regarding, O.
The Parent-pair their secret homage pay, 18. 18. Each thought intoxicated homage yields, . To Clarinda.	S. My father was a farmer
Iome [the author of 'Douglas']	But never honest man's intent, As cursedly miscarry'd. S. O ay my wife she dang.
One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page, [v.A.12]	Nae honest worthy man need care,
Scots Protogue.	To meet with noble youthful Daer, On dining with Daer
Iome. Lone from your savage homes exil'd, A Winter Night, 5.	Honest Will's to Heaven gane, On W. Cruickshanks
Where Sectio's kings of other years	Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride! On Death of Sir J. Blair
Fam'd heroes! had their royal home: Add. to Edinburgh, 6.	His honest heart enamours, On W. Chalmers
And shelter, shade, nor home, have I,	To honest Willie Chalmers
Save in those arms of thine, Love. S. Forlorn, my Love † To realms unknown while fate exiles me,	There's ane : come forrit, honest Allan!
Make her hosom still my home S. Highland Mary	Poem on Pastoral Poetry
Her home, these aisles and arches high; . On Lincluden.	That dearest meed is granted—honest fame; Prologue, sp. by Woods
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield,	Ont owre a glass o' Whisky-punch Wi' honest men!
On seeing wounded Have.	Then of its faults my honest thoughts
My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest, On Death of fav. Child.	I'll give—and here they go Symon Gray
Good sense and taste are natives here at home;	This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter, Tam o' Shanter. 2
Protogue, at In., D	(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
Evan-banks, -Home of my youth, S. Slow spreads the gloom †	For honest men and honnie lasses.)
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad: The Cotter's Sat. Night, 19.	Ae social, honest man want we: . Tam Samson's El., 14 1f Honest Worth in heaven rise,
Beneath the woods and rocks, aftentimes for a home,	Ye'll mend or ye win near him Ib. The Epit.
The folly Beggars, S.I.	Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
And when 1 come home from my labour at night S. The Ploughman †	To cease his grievin, Ib. Per C.
Invited him home to dine with him next day; Ib.	She, honest woman, may think shame That ye're connected with her. The Ans. to the Guidwife
Went home to his wife who scarce could helieve, Ib.	To shame ye, disclaim ye,
Home-news. The papers are barren of home-news or foreign,	
10 Capt. Ridaet.	The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer From honest form his great his dear reward.
Homeward. Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way; The Cotter's Sat. Night, 18.	
Homer. In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	I he Brigs of A yr
Her lord, a wight of Homer's craft,	With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end, The Cotter's Sat. Nigh.
The Jour Beggars, R. VII.	'An honest man's the noblest work of God:' It
But Homer like the glowran byke, Frae town to town 1 draw that	Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail, . The Death of Mailie
Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three,	But he wad hecht an honest heart, Wad ne'er desert his friend The Election Ballads.
Made Homer deep their debtor; . To Miss Ferrier.	Wad ne'er desert his friend The Election Ballads. The independent patriot,
Honest.	The honest man, and a' that
Here's a bottle and an honest friend! A Bottle and Friend. May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,	Here's an honest conscience
For that same gen'rous spirit smart! . A Ded. to G. H., 14	Might a prince adorn;
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest lucky. [re.] S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bnk †	Where's he for honest poverty, That hangs his head, and a' that? S. The Honest Man
S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bnk	The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
To say her pray'rs, douse, honest woman! Add. to the Deil. 6. The ace an' wale of honest men; Auld comrade dear †	The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor, Is king o' men, for a' that
Ye'll fin' him just an honest man:	But an honest man's aboon his might, Gude faith he maunna fa' that!
An honest Wahster to his trade, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.	The grace be—" Athole's honest men,
Go, find an honest fellow; S. Deluded swain t	And Athole's bonnie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Wate
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,	Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face, To a Hagg.
Thou man of worth! El. on Capt. M. H., 16.	Our Patron, honest man! Gl[encairn], . The Ordination,
And not a muse in honest grief bewail. El. on Miss Burnet.	His honest, sonsie, baws nt face, The Twa Dogs.
Nae waur than he did, honest man! . El. on Year 1788.	1've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
A man may hae an honest heart, Tho' Poortith hourly stare him; Ep. to Young Friend. 4.	decent, honest, fawsont folk,
	to mend the nonest Patriot-lore, . Int Vision, D. 11.,
The honest heart that's free frae a'	The instling tears ran down his honest face! The Vone.
The honest heart that's free frae a' Intended fraud or guile, Ep. to Davie. 3.	
The honest heart that's free frae a' Intended fraud or guile, Ep. to Davie. 3. With honest joy, our hearts will bound,	There's naethin like the honest nappy! There's naethin like But aihlins honest Master Heron,
The honest heart that's free frace a' Intended fraud or guile, With honest joy, our hearts will bound, To see the coming year: If honest Nature made you fools.	There's naethin like the honest nappy! There's naethin like But aiblins honest Master Heron, Had at the time some dainty fair one, . To Dr. Blackloo
The honest heart that's free frae a' Intended fraud or gulie, Ep. to Davie. 3. With honest poy, our hearts will bound, To see the consing year: Ib. 4. If honest Nature made you fools, What sairs your Grammars? Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st. 11.	There's naethin like the honest nappy! There's naethin like But aihlins honest Master Heron, Had at the time some dainty fair one, To Dr. Blacklor And eke the same to honest Lucky,
The honest heart that's free frace a' Intended fraud or guile, With honest joy, our hearts will bound, To see the coming year: If honest Nature made you fools.	There's naethin like the honest nappy! There's naethin like But aiblins honest Master Heron, Had at the time some dainty fair one, . To Dr. Blackloo

Pairk honest man and larger hanis Ta Tamanalita	The state of the s
Baith honest men and lasses honie, . To Terraughty. An honest man may like a glass,	eats a dinuer Better than ony Tenant-man His Honor has in a' the lan': The Twa Dogs. 9.
An honest man may like a lass, . To Rev. J. M. Math.	Honour, to.
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction, . Tragic Frag.	But now for a Patron whose name and whose glass
A poor and houest sodger S. When wild War's t	At once may illustrate and honour my story. Fragment inscr. to Fox.
Honest-hearted. To honest-hearted, auld L[aprai]k,	The deil ane but honours them highly.
For his kind letter. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st.	The deil and will give them his vote.
A cheerful honest-hearted clown	The Election Ballads, III. Honoured, -'d, Honored, -'d.
1 will prefer hefore you, O. S. My father was a farmer t	I shelter in thy honor'd shade
Honestly. If honestly they canna come, Far better want them.	this much-lov'd, much honor'd name! Epit. for R. A.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	My much-houor'd Patron, believe your poor Poet,
Honor, Honour. lordly Honor's lofty brow,	Fragment, inser. to Fox.
This boasted Honor turns away,	Ve honoured mighty dead! Fragment of Ode.
Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,	I've even join'd the honour'd jorum, On dining with Daer. My honored colonel, deep 1 feel
And save the Honour o' the nation! . Add. of Beelzebub.	Your interest in the poet's weal; Poem on Life.
O, may no son the fathers honour stain, Blest be M'Murdo	Before whose sous I'm honour'd to appear!
And gather gear by ev'ry wile, That's justify'd by Honor: Ep. to Young Friend. 7.	Prologue, sp. by Woods. Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land! . Ib.
But where ye feel your Honor grip,	my honor'd, first of friends, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Let that ay be your horder:	When shall I see that honour'd land, S. The Banks of Nith.
In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands, S. Farewell, thou fair day t	My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend,
And whilst that honour warms my heart	The Cotter's Sat. Night.
I'll love my handsome Nell S. Handsome Nell.	Oft, honor'd with supreme command, The Farewell. To St. f's L
Glory, Honour, now invite, . S. Highland Laddie.	Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble Name,
The honours of the aged year, . Lament for Glencairn. Thou, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,	Spring, like their fathers, up to prop Their honour'd native land! The Petition of Br. Water.
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.	
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd 1b.	Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another To sit in that honoured station. S. The sons of old Killie.
And honours masonic prepare for to throw;	Hoodie-craw [hooded-crow, the carrion crow].
S. No Churchman am I† And honour safely back her [Truth], On W. Chalmers.	Scar'd frae its minuie and the cleckin
An idiot race, to honour lost; On Window at Stirling.	By hoodie-craw; To W. Creech.
We have the honor to belong to you! . Scots Prologue.	Hoodock (rapacious, predatory, vulturish).
with days and honours crown'd, Sketch. New Yr's Day.	The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Ep. to Maj. Logan, 7. Hook. Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks:
Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd?	Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. And aiblins gowd and honour baith	Such witching books are haited hooks . O leave novels †
Might be that laddie's share The Election Ballads I.	Hooked.
Wha's honour is proof to the storm; Ib. III	For mony a pursie she had hooked, The Jolly Beggars, R. IV.
Wha's honour was ever his law;	Hool [the outer case or skin]. Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool; . Halloween. 20.
All in the field of politics, To win immortal honours. Ib. VI.	Hoolie! [softly, cautiously].
For worth and honour pawn their word, The Fête Champetre.	Something cries, "Hoolie!"
	Hoord [hoard].
I saw that honour's sword was rusted; The Hermit. For her hosom burns with honour's glow, S. The Highland Lassie.	When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord, Add. to the Deil. 12.
By sacred truth and honour's band!	Hoordet [hoarded.]
So lost to Honour, lost to Truth,	The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet nits . Halloween. 7.
Beam'd keen with Honor The Vision. D. I. 10.	Hope.
Honour's war we strongly waged, S. Thickest night †	Vain is his hope, whase stay an trust is, In moral Mercy, Truth and Justice! . A Ded. to G. H., 7.
Thine is the self-approving glow, On conscious honour's part;	While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him [Want], 16. 16.
On conscious honour's part;	by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n!
Shed thy dying honours round, To Miss C.	O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause Of all my hope and fear! . A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
Who has mair honor in his breast	
Than mony scores as guid's the priest To Rev. J. M'Math.	Evry hope is fied, Evry lear is terror; S. Ay waking, UT And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life: S. Caledonia.
Au' shall his fame an' houor bleed By worthless skellums,	
An' some, by whom your doctrine's blam'd	Thy hopes will soon deceive thee S. Deluded swain
(Which gives you nonor) 10.	And sing their pleasures, hopes an' joys, In some mild sphere, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 18.
Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep;	Prop of my degrest hopes for future times.
Where fame and honours lofty shine; S. Twas even-the dewy	Ep. to R. Graham, 5.
The sodger's wealth is honor; S. When wild War's	So fell the pride of all my hopes, S. Fate gave the word to
Yet such a head, and more the heart, Does hoth the sexes houour. Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."	That blasts each bud of hope and joy; S. Forlorn, my Love, † Pale sickness withers ilka grace,
Ve now'rs of honour, love, and truth,	And a' my hopes beguiles Fragment.
From evry ill detend her;	False flatterer, Hope, away! Fragment of Ode.
Honor, Honour, your, his.	Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour; S. Gloomy December,
Your Honor's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce, S. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Till my last hope and last comfort is gone: Ib.
God hless your Honors, can ye see't, 1b.	In hopes to see Tam Kipples Halloween. 21.
God bless your Honors, a' your days, 1b. 24.	Altho' even hope is denied; . S. Here's a health to ane t
With your Honours and a certain King, The Dean of Fac	Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me, S. I dream'd I lay t
But now his Honor maun detach, The Oraination. To.	And hope has left my aged ken, On forward wing for ever fled Lament for Glencairn,
Was keepet for His Houor's pleasure; , The Twa Dogs.	

And when my hope was at the top, I still was worst mistaken, O. S. My father was a farmer† No help, nor hope, nor view had I, Ib.	Hopeful. The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred, Ep. fr. Esopus. The parents partial eye their hopeful years;
Hope and Fear's alternate billow S. Musing on the roaring the She, who her lovely Offspring eyes With tender hopes and fears, S. O. Thou dread Pow'rt	The Cotter's Sat. Night, 5. Hopeless. Heavy, heavy is the task, Hopeless love declaring; S. Blythe hae I been †
With tender hopes and fears, . S. O Thou dread Fow FT Their hope, their stay, their darling youth, 1b.	Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain, S. Farewell, thou stream †
For ever.—Oh no! let not man be a slave.	S. Farewell, thou stream † As hopeless I muse on thy charms, S. Here's a health to ane †
His hopes from existence to sever. On Death of fav. Child. O'er the hope and misfortune of being to mourn,	On the hopeless Future pondering, . S. Karing winds I
Now [Wrongs, &c.] gay in hope explore the paths of men: On Death of R. Dundas.	And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn A faithless woman's broken vow The Lament.
But ah how hope is born but to expire! On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken! . V.s, under Grief.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,	Hopeton, Hopetoun. And Westerha' and Hopeton hurled
While the star of hope she leaves him? S. One fond kiss, †	To every Whig, defiance The Election Ballads. VI.
Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit, Prologue, at Th., D	Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in; S. When first I saw t
But still the hope Experience taught to live, Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Hoping. Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend, The Cotter's Sat. Night.
succeeding clouds Succeeding hopes beguil'd. Sad thy tale, † All, all my hopes of bliss reside	Hops. Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins, The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde. S. Slow spreads the gloom †	Or hops the flavour of thy wit; To Mr. Syme.
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown, The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Horatian.
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'	Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives Horatian fame; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
That thus they all shall meet in future days: 16. 16. Wi futh an hope, an love an drink, They're a in famous tune For crack . The Holy Fair. 26.	Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd: [v.A.20] A Vision.
Old Scotia's darling hope,	Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd; [v.A.20] A Vision. Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn. S. Caledonia.
Your little angel band . The Petition of Br. Water. Ev'n ev'ry ray of Hope destroy'd, The Lament.	To count her [the moon's] horns, wi' a' my pow'r, I set mysel, . Death and Dr. Hornbook, 4.
'With future hope, I oft would gaze, 'Fond, on thy little, early ways, . The Vision. D. II. 12.	What time the moon, wi's silent glowr, Sets up her horn, El. on Capt. M. H., 10.
Not a hope that dare attend;	Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 11.
Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace; 16. 18.	An' the horns become your brow, gudeman.
Till fled each hope that once his bosom fired, To R. G. of F., 5. When disappointment snaps the clue of hope, Ib. 7.	S. O gin ye were dead. Your horns shall tie you to the staw,
Already one strong hold of hope is lost,	It is the moon-I ken her horn, . S. O Willie brew'd †
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown;	And aits set up their awnie horn,
Wi Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield, The braes o' fame; To W. Simpson.	All-chearing Plenty, with her flowing horn, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
In hopes to be mair wise, V.s, on Window, Carron. In wildest fury hae made bare	The like has been that you may wear A noble head of horns
My peace, my hope, for ever! 1.s. under Grief.	On ilka brow she's planted a horn, S. The Cooper o' cuddy t
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow: S. Where are the joys † And give all his hopes the lie? S. Why, why tell thy †	But the sodger's friends hae hlawn the best, So he shall bear the horn The Election Ballads. I.
Hope, to.	I joyless view thy trembling horn Reflected in the gurgling rill The Lament.
Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair, To hope may be forgiven; S. Anna, thy charms †	An' toss thy horns fu' canty; The Ordination. b.
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn! El. on Year 1788. I hope to gie the jads a clearin'	That e'er ga'e gospel horn a blast, The Twa Herds. 2. "And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."
In fair play yet Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11. Never mair maun hope to find	The Whistle. 8. As them wha like to taste the drappie
Ease frae toil, relief frae care: . S. Frae the friends +	
"I will hope and trust in heaven, S. Husband, husband † The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair,"	No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn, And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn: To R. G. of F. 3.
And mony a night we've merry been.	Horn [a spoon made of horn; a comb made of horn; "horn and bane," a large toothed horn comb and
And mony mae we hope to be S. O Willie brew'd † Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear.	a small toothed comb made of bone].
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday. I hope frae heav'n to see them yet	You've gi'en us walth for horn and knife, 1.s to Landlady of Inn.
In fiery flame The Twa Herds. 11.	Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive, . To a Haggis. Whare horn nor hane ne'er daur unsettle,
A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed; S. There's auld Rob M. †	Your thick plantations To a Louse.
I hope we, Bardies, ken some better Than mind sic brulzie. To W. Simpson. P.S.	'Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade, And faith, he'll waur me.' Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me, S. Twas na her bonie blue ee †	'Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan, Ib.
I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet, Could I but hope to move her, . S. When first I saw †	Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art And cursed skill, 1b. 'Hornbook was by, wi' ready art, 1b.
Hope not sunshine every hour, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	'That Hornbook's skill
Hope-abandon'd. A hope-abandon'd wight,	'His only son for Hornbook sets, And pays him well, . Ib.
Unfitted with an aim, Despondency, an Ode. 2.	'She trusts hersel, to hide the shame, In Hornbook's care; 'Horn sent her aff to her lang hame, To hide it there 16.
Hop'd. I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me! S. There's auld Rob M. †	'That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way,' 1b.
	1

Hornie [the devil].	Host, to (to cough).
May Hornie gie her doup a clink Abint his yett, Adam A-'s Prayer.	And host up some palaver On W. Chalmers.
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie, Add. to the Deil.	He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang: What can a yng Lassie
Hornie's turnin' chapman, He'll buy a' the pack. The Election Ballads, II'.	Hostan [coughing]. Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field, Wi' creeping pace. To J. S., 13.
Should Hornie, as in ancient days,	Hostile.
'Mang sons v' G- present him, The Holy Fair, 12.	Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch, Just like a winkin haudrons: The Ordination. 10.	Hot. Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule, A Bard's Epit.
Hornpipes, But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,	But feels his heart's bluid rising hot, The Author's Cry and Prayer,
Tant o' Shanter. 11.	But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot, . The Dean of Fac
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man; S. The deil cam fiddling t	Your faith proved so loyal, in hot bloody trial.
Horny.	S. The small birds rejoice t
My horny fist assume the plough again Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld. Till they agree. The Twa Herds. 10.
Horrible.	Hotch'd [kept jerking the body, or moving as if
Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu', Which even to name wad be unlawfu' Tam o' Shanter. 11.	uneasy].
Horrid. "Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand	And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main: Tam o' Shanter. 16.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale	And ay the mair he hotch'd an' hlew,
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale; . Ep. fr. Esopus.	The mair that she forbade him There came a pipert
O Death, how horrid is thy taste . Fpit. on Grizel Grim.	Hotch-potch [hodge-podge].
He roar'd a horrid murder-shout, Halloween. 20.	Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 7.
Horrid sprites shall haunt you. S. Husband, husband †	You mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
Night's borrid car drags, dreary, slow: Improm., on Mrs, -'s Birthday.	The Coalition. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
And still, below, the horrid caldron boils	Hough'd. They hough'd the Clans like nine-pin kyles S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd, . S. Willie Wastle !
Horror. Ev'ry dream is horror S. Ay waking, Ot	Houghmagandie [fornication].
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last S. Farewell, thou stream	An' monie jobs that day hegin,
Feels all the hitter horrors of his crime, Remorse. A Frag., distress, with horrors arming, S. Sensibility, †	May end in Houghmagandie Some ither day The Holy Fair. 27.
Grim horror grin'd; pale terror roar'd	Houlet, Howlet [an owl].
The Election Ballads, VI.	Ye houlets, frae your ivy hower,
Horror-breathing.	In some auld tree, or eldritch tower, El. on Capt. M. H., 10. Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. Tam o' Shanter. 9.
Ev'n day, all-hitter, hrings relief, From such a horror-breathing night, The Lament.	But the houlet cry'd frae the Castle wa',
Horse. We gae the boot and better horse;	S. What will I do gin t
S. Carl an the king come. And horse and servants waiting ready,	Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy hower, A Vision.
S. Montgomerie's Peggy.	Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness, A howlet sits at noon The Election Ballads. I'.
Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse; S. No Churchman am I t	Houlet-haunted.
The maister drunk—the horse committed:	By some auld, houlet-haunted, biggin,
On B.'s Horse Impound.	On Grose's Peregrinations.
Thou'lt be a horse when he's nae mair (mayor)	Or hounded forth, dishonor arms
The Father cracks of horses, plenghs and kye. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8	In hungry droves. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
For Murray's light horse are to muster	Hounds.
The Election Ballads. III.	To keep the Highland hounds in sight! Add. of Beelzebub.
He founder'd his horse among harlots, But gied his auld naig to the Lord	Her darling amusement, the hounds and the horn. S. Caledonia.
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair; The Inventory.	But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane; S. My Lord a-hunting †
He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse; . The Twa Dogs. 8.	(the Major's with the hounds.
Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,	The happy tenants share his rounds; Sketch. New-1 r's Day.
S. Tibbie Dunbar.	Houpe [hope]. And by that Stowp! my faith an' houpe, The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
if foot or horse E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corss, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Hour. in aught hours gaun A Guid New-Year † 11.
Horse-leech.	In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise, Scotch Drink. 20.	Perhaps I must appear! . A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
Horse-man. I saw mysel, they did pursue The horse-men back to Forth, man	singing, lone, the ling ring hours, Add. to Edinburgh. Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
Horse-whip. Get out a horse-whip, or a jowler, Add. of Beelzebub.	A Winter Night. S.
Get out a horse-whip, or a jowler, Add. of Beelzebub. Hose ["to tie one's hose," to fetter].	Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird, Add. to the Dell. 15.
Girt on her mantle and her hose, S. It was the charming t	Some luckless hour will send him linkan,
Gude ale gars me sell my hose,	To your black pit;
Sell my hose and pawn my shoon, [re]. S. O gude ale comes t	Oh that happy hour, and shady how'r, . S. As I gaed up t Behold the hour, the boat arrive! . S. Behold the hour t
An' tye some hose well. The Author's Cry and Prayer. I will wash my Ploughman's hose, S. The Ploughman t	Then it was thy hour of scorn;
I will wash my Ploughman's hose, S. The Ploughman this hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae.	Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
S. There's a youth †	The place and time I met my dearie! S. By Allan stream t
Hospitality.	Some wee short hour ayout the twal,
Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show, By Hospitality with cloudless brow. The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.
Host.	Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour El. on Capt. M. H., 10.
To these what Tory hosts oppos'd. The Election Ballads. VI.	This hour on e'enin's edge I take, To own I'm debtor, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st.

To these what 1 ory hosts opposed a second serior s

cry. Tam o' Shanter. o. wa', S. What will I do gin t y hower, . . A Vision. The F.lection Ballads. I'. gin, On Grose's Peregrinations. thor's Cry and Prayer. P. ght! Add. of Beelsebub. s and the horn. S. Caledonia. nane;
S. My Lord a-hunting t s: Sketch. New-Tr's Day. o! my faith an' houpe, The Jolly Beggars. S. VI. . A Guid New-Year † 11. Prayer in Prosp. of Death. . Add. to Edinburgh. ilid nest. ess breast,

A Winter Night. S. ird, Add. to the Deil. 15. inkan, w'r, . S. As I gaed up t . S. Behold the hour t . Blue Bonnets. arie! S. By Allan stream † ath and Dr. Hornbook. 31. ur El. on Capt. M. H., 10. This hour on e'enin's edge I take, To own I'm debtor, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. dealing thro' amang the naigs Their ten-hours bite, . Ib. Sae when ye hae an hour to spare, . . Ep. to J. R. 5.

Some cantraip hour,	Hope not sunshine every hour, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
By some sweet elf I'll yet he dinted, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.	The golden hours, on angel wings,
It only lags the fatal hour; Fragment of Ode.	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour;	While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love.
S. Gloomy December.	S. You wild mossy mountains t
The sweetest hours that e'er l spend, Are spent among the lasses, O. [v.A.24]	Remember, he's his country's stay In day and hour of danger. S. When wild War's †
S. Green grow the Rashes.	Hourly. The cruel powers reject the prayer
There's nought but care on ev'ry han', In ev'ry hour that passes, O:	1 hourly mak for thee; Fragment.
*** 6.17	A man may hae an honest heart,
But gie me a canny hour at e'en, My arms about my Dearie, O;	Tho' Poortith hourly stare him: Ep. to Young Friend. 4.
at moon-shine mid-night hours, . S. Hark! the mavis t	House. Her house sae hien, her curch sae clean, S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †
The village bell has told the hour, S. Here is the glen,	And in my house at Hame to greet you! Add. of Beelzebub.
to the state of th	the best wark-lume i' the house, . Add. to the Deil. 11.
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, S. How lang and dreary t	An' brak him [Joh] out o' house an' bal',
S. How lang and dreary t	I pray an' ponder butt the house, Auld Comrade dear t
My last hour I am near it; S. Prusoana, nusoana	This while we have been mony a gate
The monarch may forget the crown	'This while ye hae been mony a gate 'At mony a house'. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.
That on his head an hour has been; Lament for Glencairn, The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,	We will big a wee, wee house S. Duncan Davison.
That whisper inspiration; S. Lovely Davies.	But either house or hal'? Ep. to Davie, 4.
Mispending all thy precious hours,	Bye attour, my Gutcher has
Man was made to Mourn, 4.	A nich donse and a laigh ane ,
Welcome the hour, my aged limbs Are laid with thee [Death! lat rest!	We're a' noddin at our house at hame; S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †
Are laid with thee [Death!] at rest!	When kiutlan in the Fause-house Wi' him Halloween. 6.
S. My father was a farmer †	Nell had the Fause-house in her min',
And I'll keep it until the hour I die. S. My Sandy gied to t	in the narrow house o' death . Lament of Mary of Scots.
And now come in my bappy hours, . S. Now rosy May t	
Of witching love, in luckless hour, Made me the thrall of care. S. Now Spring has clad t	The Man of worth, and has not left his peer, Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low. [v.A. 10]
Made me the thrall of care. S. Now Spring has clad	Sonnet on Death of Kiddel.
The snellest blast, at mirkest hours, S. O Lassie, art thou t	His likeness cam' up the house stalking, . S. Tam Glen.
The snellest blast, at mirkest nours, S. O Lassie, art thou? It is the wish'd, the trysted hour; S. O Mary, at thy window?	That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter.
Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linnens,	An' to the muckle house repair, Wi' instant speed,
S. O merry hae I been	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 18.
O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour, . S. O mirk, mirk †	Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills, The Holy Fair. 18.
The bee that thro' the sunny bour	St. Mary's, A house of great merit and note;
Sips nectar in the op'ning flower, S. O Phely,†	The Election Ballads. III.
And blest the day and hour, S. Peggy Chalmers.	O wha will to Saint Stephen's house, To do our errands there, man? [re.] The Fête Champetre.
Farewell, hours that late did measure Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . S. Raving winds,	The young anes rantan thro' the house The Twa Dogs. 20.
Now's the day, and now's the hour, . S. Scots, wha hac't	Which [trophy] now in his house has for ages remained;
Nor makes the hour one moment less. Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	The Whistle. 5.
The hour approaches Tam mann ride:	Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,	But house or hald, To a Mouse.
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in; Tam o' Shanter. 7.	An' bout a house that's rude an' rough, The boy might learn to swear; To Gav. Hamilton.
A wish, that to my latest hour Shall strongly heave my breast; The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Housewife.
May there my latest hours consume, S. The Banks of Nith.	From housewife cares a minute borrow,
But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour	Sketch, New-Yr's Day.
Shall ever be your lot,	Housie [dim. of house].
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;	Thy wee-bit housie, too, in ruin! To a Mouse.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	Hov'd [swelled]. Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.
"I'm gaun to [Mauchline] holy fair, "To spend an hour in daffin: The Holy Fair. 5.	Hover. All grace does round her hover, S. When first I saw t
The flowers shall vie in all their charms	How. And how do ye do? . S. Gudeen to you, kimmer, t
The hour of heaven to grace, The Petition of Br. Water.	How's a' wi' you, kimmer, [re.]
In raptures sweet this hour we meet, The Jolly Beggars, S. VII.	She charm'd my soul, I wist na how; S. I gaed a waefu't
Ye winged Hours that o'er us past, The Lament.	If we lead a life of pleasure,
I see the hours, in long array,	'Tis no matter how or where. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
That I must suffer, lingering, slow	Life is all a variorum, We regard not how it goes;
The happy hour may soon be near,	How tuttl taiti.
That brings us pleasant weather: The noble Maxwells †	Hey tutti taiti, How tutti taiti, . S. Landlady, count †
But pith and power, till my last hour, I'll mak this declaration;	Howdy, -le [a midwife].
'I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame, 'The Vision D. II II	Nae bowdie gets a social night
'Thy natal bour, . The Vision. D. II. 11.	Or plack frae them. [v.A.25] Scotch Drink.
Thou's met me in an evil hour; . To a Mountain-Daisy.	And sairly thole their mither's ban,
Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight,	Afore the howdy What ails ye now t
Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,	Howe, General. Till Willie H—e took o'er the knowe
Dance by fu' light	For Philadelphia, man: A Fragment. 3.
And curst be the cause that shall part us!	Whare will ye get Howes and Clintons
The hour, and the moment o' time! To Mary.	To bring them to a right repentance? Add. of Beelzebub. 2.
That sacred hour can I forget, . To Mary in Heaven.	Howe [a hollow, a dell; in a hollow tone].
Ye maun conceal till your last hour! S. Wha is that at t	At bowes or hillocks never stumbled, . Ep. to H. Parker.
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, . When I think on † At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, S. When o'er the hill †	Or, if he wanders up the howe, Poor Mailie's El
At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey,	Or, if he wanders up the howe,
One and the Bout o glounnin giety,	I ne Dimen-Tremten Edgie.

An' teach the lanely heights an' howes My rustic sang	Hulk, sie an ugly, Gothie hulk as you. The Brigs of Ayr. 6. Hulks. And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks;
It spak right howe—' My name is Death, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.	Ep. fr. Esopus. Hum. The bees hum round the breathing flow'rs:
Howe-backet [hollow or sunk in the back]. Tho' thou's howe-backet, now, an' knaggie, A Guid New-Year!	S. O Logan! sweetly† Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your hack, An' hum an' haw, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 6.
Howkan [digging].	But faith! the birkie wants a Manse.
Howket, Howcket [digged, dug up], And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,	So, cannille he hums them; The Holy Fair. 17. Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive, Eethankit hums
Owre howcket dead Add. to the Deil. 9. Whiles mice and modewurks they howket; The Twa Dogs. 6.	But gravissimo, solemn hasses, Ye hum away. To J. S., 27. He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
Howl. Come Winter, with thine angry howl, S. Again rejoicing Nature †	S. What can a yng lassie † Human, Where human weakness has come short,
Wi' a jump, yell and howl, alarm every soul, The Kirk's Alarm.	A Prayer in Prosp. of Death. Whyles, in the human bosom pryin, Add. to the Deil. 4.
The Tempest's howl, it soothes my soul, Winter. Howl, to.	O' a' the num'rous human dools, Thou bear'st the gree. Add. to Toothache. 4.
Their worthless nievefu' of a soul, May in some future carcase howl, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 17. Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar:	To step aside is human: Add. to Unco Guid. 7. Where never human footstep trac'd, Despondency, an Ode. 4. He needs not, he heeds not,
S. Had I a care † Unheeded howls (the blast), unheeded fa's:	Or human love or hate;
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms, The lang, dark night! S. O Lassie, art thou † To W. Simpson. 14.	For thus the royal Mandate ran, When first the human race began. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 15.
May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark, Howl thro' the dwelling o' the Clerk! A Ded. to G. H., 14.	And fram'd her last, best work, the human-mind, Ep. to R. Graham. 1.
Howl'd. Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Whose arms of love would grasp the human race: Ib. 5. The pitying Heart that felt for human Woe:
Howlet v. Houlet. Howlet-faced [having a face like an owl].	The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride; Epit. for Author's Father. Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced, In Defence of a Lady. Howling. The fox was howling on the hill, A Vision.	And think human nature they truly describe; Fragment, inser. to Fox.
And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart †	wars, The plagues of human life;
the howling, wintry blast . S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite † Even as two howling, ravening wolves	Far from human haunts and ways; On scaring Water-fowl. Unheard, unseen, hy human ear or eye,
To dogs do turn their tail New Psalmody. Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves!	On Death of R. Dundas. Is there, in human form, that bears a heart
On Death of R. Dundas. Howling tempests o'er me rave! S. Thickest night †	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. O Thou, the first, the greatest friend
How your dread howling a lover alarms! S. Wandering Willie.	Of all the human race! The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps. By human pride or cunning drivin
Howsoe'er. howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it, Prologue at Th., D.,	To mis'ry's brink, . To a Mountain-Daisy. That's the true pathos and sublime
Hoyse [hoist, a pull upwards]. They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse, The Ordination. 13.	Ye surely hae some warlock-breef
Hoy't [urged, incited]. They hoy't out Will, wi' sair advice;	Owre human hearts; To J. S Still my heart melts at human wretchedness; Tragic Frag.
Hoyte [amble crazily, move stiffly].	Human-body. But human-bodies are sic fools,
Tho' now ye dow but hoyte and hoble, A Gude New-Year. † 7. Hue. Nature sees Her robe assume its vernal bues, S. Again rejoic. Nature †	For a' their colledges an' schools, The Twa Dogs. 29. Human-creature.
Her skin's fair hue is like the swan: S. A. Mastrtn's bonie Anne.	She's turn'd you off, a human-creature On her first plan,
Her cheeks a mair celestial hue, . S. Her flowing locks † How sune it [wild-rose] tines its scent and hue When pu'd and worn a common toy! S. I do confess †	There's nane that's blest of human kind, But the cheerful and the gay, man. A Bottle and Friend.
Sweet was its smell and bouie was its hue; S. Lady Mary Ann. The lily's hue, the rose's dye, S. My Mary's face †	This partial view of human-kind Is surely not the last!. Man was made to Mourn. Might charm the first of human kind. S. My Mary's face†
Her eyebrows of a darker hue, S. Sae flaxen† That future-life in worlds unknown	Might charm the first of human kind. S. My Mary's face† Disguising oft the wretch of human kind, The Cotter's Sat. Night, 19.
Must take its hue from this alone; Sketch. New-Yr's Day. Her Mantle large, of greenish hue, The Vision. D. I. 12.	The humbler ranks of Human-kind, The Vision. D. II. 7.
His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae hlue; S. There's a youth † The lily's hue and rose's dye Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle. S. Twas even—the dewy†	And pledge me in the generous toast "The whole of human kind!"
Huff'd.	Humane. Glories in his heart humane And creatures for his pleasure slain. On scaring Water-fowl.
How huff'd, an' cuff'd and disrespeket! The Twa Dogs. 12. Hug. Then swith! an' get a wife to hug A Dream. 12.	Humanity. Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode. to Mem. of Mrs. —.
He hugs his chain, and owns the reign S. Lovely Davies. Hug our doxies on the hay. The Jolly Beggars, S. VIII.	Humble. Your much indebted, humble servant A Ded. to G. H., 15.
Huge.	Your bumble servant then no more; Ib. 16.
An' why so huge the grante? [v. A.27] Ask why Got made? Of for a throat like huge Monsmeg, The Election Ballads, VI.	in the vale of humble life,
Hugely. On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours, Fragment, inser. to Fox.	For neither Pension, Post, nor Place, Am I your humble debtor:

And till ye come-your humble servant, Add. of Beelzebub.

Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen! Tam o' Shanter. 13.

Hundred.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,

And till ye come-your humble servant, Add. of Beelzebub.	Hundred.
Within his humble cell, Despondency, an Ode, 3.	Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.
Which will oblige your humble debtor, Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †	Where hundreds labour to support
	A haughty lordling's pride; Man was made to mourn.
How blest the humble cotter's fate, S. O poortith cauld,† Tell him o' mine au' Scotlaud's drouth, His servants humble: The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Twal' hundred, as white as the snaw, man, Ronalds of Bennals,
Vone humble Bardie sings an' prays	To leave me a hundred or twa, man, Ib.
Your bumble Bardie sings an' prays While Rab his name is	'Twas in the seventeen hundred year
When Bfallantynel befrieuds his humble name,	O' Christ and ninety-five, . The Election Ballads. V.
The Brigs of Ayr. Oh what wad leave this humble state For a' the pride of a' the great? S. The Contented Cottager.	As flames amang a hundred woods, As headlong foam a hundred floods;
	Though hundreds worship at his word, He's but a coof for a' that : . S. The Honest Man.
Wi' humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. S. The Fête Champetre.	Hundred-headed. No hundred-headed Riot here we meet, Prologue, sp. by Woods.
And many a low humble bow to the ground: The Poor Thresher.	Hung. But Cl-ut-n's glaive frae rust to save He hung it to the wa', man. A Fragment. 4.
While they mann stan', wi' aspect humble, The Twa Dogs, 13.	They hung him up before the storm, . John Barleycorn.
Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear	Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung ; O leave novels
Your humble slave complain, The Petition of Br. Water.	Ou ev'ry blade the pearls hung ; S. 'Twas even-the dewy t
Great love I bear to all the Fair, Their humble slave au' a' that; The Jolly Beggars. S. I'II.	Hunger.
the Lab'rer's weary toil, For humble gains,	Let wark and hunger mak them sober! Add. of Beelzebub.
The Vision. D. II. 9.	O Lord, when hunger pinches sore,
Strive in thy humble sphere to sbine; Ib. 21.	Do thou stand us in stead, At Globe Tav., D There's naething here but Highland pride,
Far dearer to me you humble broom bowers, S. Their groves of	And Highland scab and hunger;
this little boon. This bumble pair of glasses. To a Lady.	Epig. on being neglected at In. Inn.
this little boon, This bumble pair of glasses. To a Lady. Cauld blew the bitter-biting North	Waefu' Want and Hunger fley me, S. O that I had ne'er, †
Upon thy early, humble birth; . To a Mountain-Daisy.	Hunger, Cauld, an' a' sic harms May whistle owre the lave o't. The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
Thou lifts thy unassuming head	Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
In humble guise;	An' they mann starve o' cauld and hunger:
And others, like your humble servan', Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin; . To J. S., 19.	The Twa Dogs. 11.
Accept the gift : the humble be who gives,	Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them, Ib. 27.
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind. 10 Miss Graham.	Hunger'd.
My humble knapsack a' my wealth, S. When wild War's †	Unskaith'd by hunger'd Highland boors! Add. of Beelzebub. And hunger'd Maukin taeu her way
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,	To kail-yards green, . The Vision. D. I.
Dost thou spurn the humble vale? Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Hungry.
Her parentage humble as humble can be; S. You wild mossy mountains †	The hungry bike did scrape and pike S. Amang the Trees †
Humbler.	Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,
To lower Orders are assign'd,	El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux. A hungry care's au uuco care; S. In simmer when t
The humbler ranks of Human-kind, The Vision. D. II. 7.	Or hounded forth, disbonour arms
Did warlike laurels crown my brow, Or humbler bays entwining— . S. When first I saw †	In hungry droves. The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
Humbly.	The hungry Jew in wilderness
For who would humbly serve the Poor? A Ded. to G. H., 16	Rejoicing o'er his manna, . S. The gowd. Locks of A
That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough;	Hunkers [a person's position when sitting with the hips hanging downwards and the weight of the
Ep. to R. Graham. 5. And humbly begs you'll mind the important—Now!	body depending on the knees].
Prologue at Th., D	Upon his hunkers bended, . The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.
Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,	Hunt.
The poor man's wine; Scotch Drink, 7.	To bunt, or to pasture, or do what she would: S. Caledonia.
To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs Are humbly sent. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Tho' fortune's frown still bunts me down,
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration	S. My father was a farmer †
Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration! The Rights of Woman.	Nor need he hunt as far as Rome or Greece, Scots Prologue.
Humid. Humid seal of soft affectious, To a Kiss	An' bunt him down, o'er right an' ruth To ruin straight. To Rev. J. M'Math.
Humility. But with humility and awe	Or bunt a Parent's life Wi' bludie war S. Ye Jacobites †
Still walks before his God. The 1st Psalm.	Hunted, -it.
Humm'd.	And hunted as was William Wallace, Adam A-'s Prayer.
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone, The Twa Dogs. 35.	Gude belp the day when royal heads Are hunted like a maukin S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Humming.	And mony a huntit noor Red-coat
the bees, humming round the gay roses, S. Where are the joys †	And mony a huntit, poor Red-coat For fear amaist did swarf, man. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Amang the trees where humming bees	S. The Eattle of Sherra-Moor. He hunted o'er height and o'er howe; The Black-headed Eagle.
At buds and flowers were binging, O S. Amang the trees t	He hunted o'er height and o'er nowe; The Black-headed Eagle.
Hump. She has a hump upon her breast,	I nev builted the valley, they builted the mil,
The twin o' that upon her shouther; S. Willie Wastle ?	S. The heather was bloom. †
Humphie. Or crouchie Merran Humphie, Halloween. 20.	Hunter, Or Hunters wild on Ponotaxi, A Ded. to G. H., 6.
Hunder [hundred].	The sma', droot-rumpl't, bunter cattle, A Guid New-Year †
In seventeen hunder forty-nine . Epig. on A. Turner.	
	Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn; Tam o' Shanter. 10. Ill boary hunter mourn'd a brither: Tam Samson's El. 12.
To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand Good guineas a hunder or twa, man, Ronalds of Bennals.	Ilk boary bunter mourn'd a brither; Tam Samson's El., 12.
Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. Konalus of Bennals. My daddy says gin I'll forsake him.	
To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. Ronalds of Bennals. My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him, He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten: S. Tam Glen. Benn grawshite seventeen hunder linen! Tam o' Shanter, is.	Ilk boary bunter mourn'd a brither; Tam Samson's El., 12. Who left the all-important cares

Hunting.	Hut. And hap'ly, eye the barren hut, With high disdain
Our lads gaed a hunting, ae day at the dawn, S. The heather was blooming t	nuzza:
I red you heware at the hunting, young men; 16.	His latest draught o' hreathin lea'es him In faint huzzas. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Jamy Goose, Jamy Goose, ye hae made but toom roose, In hunting the wicked Lieutenant; The Kirk's Alarm.	Hyacinth.
Like beagles hunting game, man. The Tree of Liverty.	The hyacinth for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue,
Hurcheon [a hedgehog].	S. The Posic. Hydra. Their hydra drouth did sloken. On dining with Daer.
Haurl thee [death] hame to his black smiddle, O'er hurcheon hides, . El. on Capt. M. H.	Hymen. No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
Hurchin [urchin].	To R. G. of F., 3.
But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,	Lang beet his hymeneal flame, A Ded. to G. H., 14.
That play'd a Dame a shavie The Jolly Beggars, R. VII. Hurdies [the loins, the crupper, the hips].	But first hang out that she'll discern,
So, row't his hurdies in a hammock.	Your hymeneal Charter, , A Dream, 13. Hvmn.
An' owre the Sea. On Scot. Bard gne to W.1.	Like music-notes o' Lover's hymns: S. My Lord a-hunting t
I wad hae gi'en them [thir breeks] off my hurdies, For ae blink o' the bonie burdies! Tam o' Shanter. 13.	The choral hymn that erst so clear,
Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the smiters;	Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear, On Lincluden Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,
The Brigs of Ayr. 9. Hung owre his burdies wi' a swirl. The Twa Dogs. 5.	Through an endless existence shall charm thee.
Your hurdies like a distant hill,	On Death of fav. Child. Hymning. Together hymning their Creator's praise.
Hurl [to ride in a conveyance],	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
If on a beastie I can speel,	Hypocrisy. Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it! Ep. to J. R., 3.
Or hurl in a cartie,	"An' this is Superstition here, "An' that's Hypocrisy The Holy Fair. 5.
Down headlong hurl. A Winter Night. 2.	Hypocrite. And names, like villian, hypocrite, Ilk ither gi'en, . The Twa Herds. 9.
Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise! The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	Ye hypocrites! are these your pranks? V. on Nat. Thanks
Hurl down wi' crashing rattle : The Election Ballads. VI.	Hypothenuse.
Hurled. No fallen angel, hurled from upper skies;	But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse; S. Caledonia. o.
Ode, sac. to Mem. of Mrs And Westerha' and Hopeton hurled	Hyte [mad].
To every Whig, defiance The Election Ballads. VI.	The witching cursed delicious blinkers Hae put me hyte, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.
Hurling.	I. In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd, reply: . The Vowels.
Winter, hurling thro' the air The roaring blast, . El. on Capt. M. H., 13.	Ice.
Hurry.	(What breast of northern ice but warms?) Fragment of Ode. crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Some devils seize them in a hurry, Adam A-'s Prayer.	The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet: . 1b. 11.
'I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18. Hurt For four your modesty be hurt A Ded to G. H.	Icicle. Till icicles hing frae their beards; . To J. S., 22.
Hart. To lear your modesty de mart.	Icker [an ear of corn].
Because we've stang'd her through the place, And hurt her spleuchan, Adam A—'s Prayer.	A daimen-icker in a thrave 'S a sma' request: To a Mouse.
The poor, wee thing was little hurt; Ep. to J. R. S.	ley.
Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!	An' [thowes] float the jinglan icy boord, Add. to the Deil. 12.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,	Idea. Her dear idea brings relief, And solace to my breast Ep. to Davie. 9.
Remorse, A Frag.,	Her dear idea round my heart Should tenderly entwine S. The cruel fate
An' ay the less they have to sturt them, In like proportion, less will hart them. The Twa Dogs. 29.	Should tenderly entwine S. Tho' cruel fate! Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone: . To Clarinda
Husband.	ldiot. The idiot strum of vanity bemused, . Ep. fr. Esopus.
As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,	While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
He does no fail his part in either A Ded. to G. H., 5. When depriv'd of her husband she loved so well.	Lus on Fergusson. Here vanity strums on her idiot lyre; Monody, on a Lady.
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	Here vanity strums on her idiot lyre; Monody, on a Lady. An idiot race, to honour lost; On Window at Stirling.
That some kind hushand had addrest, To some sweet wife; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 3	And half an idiot too, more helpless still. To R. G. of F., 3.
Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,	Idle. Esteeming, and deeming, It a' an idle tale! Ep. to Davie. 0.
Epit. for Author's Father.	Ye woodland choir that chaunt your idle loves.
Lament 'im Mauchline husbands a', Epit. on a Wag. When sic a husband was frae hame.	Et, on miss burnet.
When sic a husband was frae hame, What wife but wad excus'd her? . S. Had I the wyte †	We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed; Monody, on a Lady.
Husband, husband, cease your strife, S. Husband, husband † How mony lengthen'd sage advices	I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams, S. My father was a farmer
The husband frae the wife despises! . Tam o' Shanter. 4.	Philosophy, no idle pedant dream, Prologue, sp. by Woods.
The Saint, the Father, and the Husband prays:	Sad thy tale, thou idle page, Sad thy tale, †
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 10. The Regiment at large for a husband I got;	Except it be some idle plan O' rhymin clink, Second Ep. to Davie.
The Jolly Beggars. S. 11.	Amid their flaring idle toys, S. The Contented Cottager.
The plighted husband of her youth? The Lament.	Are ye as idle's I am? The Election Ballads. VI.
With all a poet's, hushand's, father's fear! To R. G. of F., q. Hush'd, -'t.	Despising worlds with all their wealth As empty idle care: The Petition of Br. Water.
sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em [poverty, &c.] El. on Death of R. Kuisseaux.	Fair maid, you need not take the hint,
El, on Death of R. Ruisseaux.	Nor idle texts pursue;
All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e; The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
Hushion [a stocking without a sole].	In idle rhyme 10 Kev. J. M Math.
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion; S. Willie Wastle t	Idle, to. He never was known for to idle or lurk; S. The Poor Thresher.
Husky. Let husky Wheat the haughs adorn, Scotch Drink. 3.	The perfet was known for to take of take, or a second

Idly. The breezes idly roaming [a type of woman],	That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
S. Deluded swain †	Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; . Tam o' Shanter. 3.
When idly goavan whyles we saunter, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2.	Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing; Ib. 10. Till ilka carlin swat and reekit, Ib. 12.
Husband, husband, cease your strife, Nor longer idly rave, Sir; S. Husband, husband, †	Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
Idly-feign'd. No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, The Lament.	'Na, wanr than a'!' cries ilka chiel, 'Tam Samson's dead!' . Tam Samson's El.
Ier-oe [a great grandchild].	And ilka bird sang o' it's luve; . S. The Banks of Doon
his wee, curlie John's ier-oe, A Ded. to G. H., 14.	When ilka ell cost me a groat,
Ignis fatuus.	The taylor staw the lynin o't S. The cardin o't.
Some spumy, fiery, ignis fatuus matter; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	On ilka hand the hurnies trot, S. The Contented Cottager. On ilka brow she's planted a horn, S. The Cooper o' euddy
Ignorance.	
Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws, The Vowels.	And ilka wife cries, auld Mahoun, I wish you luck o' the prize, man. S. The deil cam fiddlin'
Ignorant.	And ilka ane at London court
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit; The Brigs of Ayr, 10.	Would bid to him gude day The Election Ballads. I
Ilay. True Campbells, Frederick an' Ilay; The Author's Cry and Prayer, 11.	God grant the King and ilka man May look weel to themsel
Ilk [each].	No gi'en by way o' dainty But ilka day. The Ordination, 6
Ilk happing bird, wee, belpless thing! A Winter Night. 4.	Ay gat him friends in ilka place; The Twa Dogs. 5
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yewes. S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †	He smell'd their ilka hole and road, . The Twa Herds. 6.
	He kend the Lord's sheep ilka tail, Ib. 7
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear: . El. on Capt. M. H., 12.	The birds sang sweet in ilka grove: S. There was a lass
And ilk loyal, bonie lad Cross the seas and win his ain. S. Frae the friends †	(The second sight, ye ken, is given To ilka Poet) To Terraughty
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r,	To ilka Poet) To Terraughty
Cross the seas and win his ain. S. Frae the friends † Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	Thou shalt mix in ilka throe: S. Turn again, thou fair
Ilk ghaist that hannts auld ba' or chamer, On Grose's Peregrinations.	To balance fair in ilka quarter; S. Willie Wastle
Ilk action may he rue it; On W. Stewart.	Now she's left by ilka creature; S. Will ye go and marry! And ilka bird sang o' its love, S. Ye banks and braes!
Ilk feature—auld nature	
Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair! S. Sae flaxen t	Ill, adj., adv.
Phœbus, gilding the brow of the morning,	Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him! A Ded. to G. H., 3. (Ye need na tak it ill)
Banishes ilk darksome shade,	I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't; Ib. 13
	Ill bar'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools, . Add. to Toothache
Ilk hoary Hunter mourn'd a brither; Ilk sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father; Tam Samson's El. 12.	As ill I like my fauts to tell; . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 16
An' with the lave ilk merry morn	How ill exchang'd for riper times, Despondency, an Ode. 5
Could rank my rig and lass; The Ans. to the Guidwife.	She [Fortune] promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill:
Hale to the sex, ilk guid chiel says,	S. I dream a 1 lay
To shame ye, disclaim ye, Ilk honest birkie swears	Jenny was nae ill to gain, S. Jockey fou
Ilk wimpling burn, ilk chrystal spring,	An' gin she tak it ill, jo, Then lea'e the lassie till her fate, S. O steer her up
Ilk gien and shaw she [Mirth] knew, man : S. The Fête Champetre.	His bosom ill at rest S. On a bank of flowers
	O beavy loss, thy country ill could bear!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray S. The gowd. Locks of A.	On Death of K. Dunaas
And names, like villian, hypocrite, Ilk ither gi'en, The Twa Herds, 9.	Ill may she be! On Scot. Bard gne to W. I
While faithless snaws ilk step betray . The Vision. D. I.	Wi' his proud, independent stomach, Could ill agree;
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;	howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it, Prologue at Th., D.
S. You wild mossy mountns †	It sets you ill. Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,
Ilka [every].	Scotch Drink. 16
Careless ilka thought and free, S. Blythe ha'e 1 been † Ilka body has a body, S. Comin thro' the rye.	By my love so ill requited; . S. Stay, my charmer
Ilka Jenny has her Jockey,	The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk . The Twa Dogs. 26
Rifled ilka charm about her, S. Donald Brodie †	If ill-manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit The Kirk's Alarm. 15
Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens; El. on Capt. M. H., 4.	She promised fair and perform'd but ill; S. Tho. fickle Fortune
Desart ilka blooming shore; S. Frac the friends †	S. Tho. fickle Fortune
There catch her ilka glance of love, [re.]	Ye hate as ill's the vera de'il, To Mr. J. Kennedy
S. Now bank and brac†	An' justifies that ill opinion, Which makes thee startle, . To a Mouse
Pale sickness withers ilka grace, Fragment.	
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord S. Gane is the day †	Ill, s. Yet sure those ills that wring my soul Obey Thy bigh hebest. A Prayer under Anguish
I ken thy friends try ilka means Frae wedlock to delay thee; . S. Here's to thy health †	May ill hefa' the flattering toogue
Thy favors are the silly wind	That wad beguile my Nanie, . S. Behind you hills
That kisses ilka thing it meets S. I do confess †	Ye little know the ills ye court, When manhood is your wish! Despondency, an Ode. 3
And handsome ilka bit about her S. I met a lass t	When manhood is your wish! Despondency, an Ode. 3 They [misfortunes] make us see the naked truth,
And corn wav'd green in ilka field, S. In simmer when t	The real guid and ill Ep. to Davie.
And roses blaw in ilka bield;	Fate still has blest me with a friend,
Something in ilka part o' thee To praise, to love, 1 find, S. It is na, Jean †	In evry care and ill;
While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw:	A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife, Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life; Ep. to R. Graham.
S. My Nanie's awa.	O why the deuce should I repine,
While ilka thing in nature join	And be an ill foreboder; Extem. Ap. 178
Their sorrows to forego, . S. Now Spring has clad† As songsters of the early year	Nought of ill may come thee near, S. Hark! the mavis
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,	And no for ony guid or ill
So ilka day to me mair dear	They've done afore thee! Holy Willie's Prayer Of gude advisement comes nae ill. S. In simmer when
And charming is my Phely S. O Phely †	Ill may we never see! S. Landlady, count
That ilka body talking But her by thee is slighted, S. O wat ye wha that loes †	Many and sharp the num'rous Ills
Thine be ilka joy and treasure, . S. One fond kiss t	Inwoven with our frame! . Man was made to Mour

Its [the future's] good or ill untried. O;	Immortal.
S. My father was a farmer † Thou'rt like themselves [the powers aboon] sae lovely,	For brave Caledonia immortal must be; S. Caledonia, 6.
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee. S. O saw ye bonie Lesley t	Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell, Ep. fr. Esopus. Or my more dear Immortal part, Ep. to Davie, q.
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose, They sair misca' thee; On Grose's Peregrinations.	Or my more dear Immortal part, Ep. to Davie. q. Behold that eye which shot immortal hate, Liberty.
Av wavering like the willow wicker.	The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
Ay wavering like the willow wicker, "Tween good and ill	The generous purpose, nobly dear, The gentle look that rage disarms; These are all immortal charms. S. My Mary's face
Remorse, A Frag	One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page, [v.A.12]
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious! Tam o' Shanter. 6.	Scots Prologue
The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill, S. The Taylor fell† She thought that a Taylor could do her nae ill Ib.	All in the field of politics, To win immortal honors The Election Ballads. VI.
That when nae real ills perplex them,	There taste that life of life-immortal love.
They mak enow themsels to vex them; The Trua Dogs. 29.	The Rights of Woman.
wakeful caution still aware Of ill To a yng Lady.	if then would flourish immortal in rhyme, The Whistle. 17. Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill hetween; Why am I loth †	To Miss Graham.
Ye pow'rs of honour love and truth	Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
From ev'ry ill defend her; S. Young Peggy † Ill-brewn. Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame,	S. Where are the joys† 1mp. Despise that Shrimp, that withered 1mp.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.	The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
Ill-fated.	Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-ll, The Ordination, 2.
Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson! Lns on Fergusson. III-hearted.	Imp, to. My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Fient haet o' them's ill hearted fellows; The Twa Dogs. 26.	Impart. And with him all the joys are fled.
Ill-match'd, Age and Want, Oh! ill-match'd pair!	Life can to me impart. S. Fate gave the word †
Ill-nature. Man was made to Mourn.	To thee this votive off ring I impart, Lus sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Abusin' me for harsh ill nature	Fain, fain, would I my griefs impart, S. Sweet fa's the eve †
On holy men, Third Ep. to J. Lap	Impassion'd. But heaves impassioned with the grateful throe.
Ill-presaging. The lamp of day with ill-presaging glare,	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Impatient. While pointers round impatient burn'd Tam Samson's El., 8.
O, hat for kind, tho' ill-requited friends,	Looks round him an' found them
I had been driven forth like you forlorn, . Tragic Frag.	Impatient for the Chorus, The Jolly Beggars, R. VIII.
Ill-satisfy'd,	Impell'd, impell'd by all-directing Fate, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Ill-satisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call, A Winter Night. 9. Ill-suited.	Impelling. To shun impelling ruin A while her pinions tries; S. How cruel †
(O Ferguson! thy glorious parts,	Impending. Sunk on the earth, defaced its lovely form,
Ill-Suited law's dry, musty arts! To W. Simpson,	Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm, The Rights of Woman.
Ill-taen [ill-taken].	Imperfect. in her rough imperfect line To Rev. J. M'Math.
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen; The Cotter's Sat. Night, S.	Imperial. The world's imperial crown, S. Mark yonder fomp †
Ill-tongued, An' lows'd his [Job's] ill-tongued, wicked scawl	Than ony ermine ever lap, Or proud imperial purple The Answ. to the Guidwife.
You ill-tongu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox,	There I'll despise imperial charms, S. The gowd, Locks of A.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Impertinent. An' if impertinent I've been.
III-thief [the devil]. The ill-thief blaw the Heron south! . To Dr. Blacklock.	Impute it not, To Kev. J. M'Math.
Ill-willie [ill-natured, ungenerous, unkind].	Impious. For sure 'twere impious to despair
Your native soil was right ill-willie; On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	So much in sight of Heaven. S. Anna, thy charms †
Illicit. But never tempt th' illicit rove, Ep. to Young Friend. 6.	Implore. Your pity I will not implore, Epit. on Holy Willie.
Illissus. Th' Illissus, Tiher, Thames an' Seine, Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line; To W. Simpson.	'Implore his counsel and assisting might: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
Illumin'd.	And kneel, 'Ye Pow'rs, and warm implore, . To J. S., 21.
Than heaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man bestows!	Imploring. And in the keen, yet tender eye.
A Winter Night. 7.	O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song †
But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory,	Each night and morn with voice imploring, This wish I sigh: The Hermit.
At once may illustrate and honour my story.	Imply. Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.
Fragment inscr. to Fox. Illustrious.	Frag. inscr. to Fox.
genius, th' illustrious father of fiction, Frag. inser. to Fox.	Does Nonsense mend, like Brandy, when imported
Among the illustrious Scottish sons	Scots Prologue.
That chief thou may'st discern; . V.s below Picture.	For still th' important end of life.
Image. Wee image of my bonny Betty, Add. to Illegit. Child. God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy! Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	They [wha fa'] equally may answer: Ep. to Young Friend.4.
As e'er God with his Image blest, Epit. on a Friend.	"You're one year older this important day," Prologue, at Th., D
Her living image in her yowe, Poor Mailie's El.	And humbly begs you'll mind the important—Now! . Ib.
Whose image lives within my breast:	Let us th' important now employ, . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
S. Slow spreads the gloom † Thy image at our last embrace; . To Mary in Heaven.	Impose.
Imbosomed.	And share the fate I would impose On thee, wert thou my captive too. S. The capt. Ribband.
Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the hills, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Impress'd.
	But deep this truth impress'd my mind A Winter Night. 11.
Imbued. The lightning of her eye in tears imbued. On Death of Sir J. Blair.	the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest, S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †
Immingled. Immingled with the mighty dead! Liberty.	Impression. Time but the impression stronger makes,
Immix'd. Ye heathy wastes immix'd with reedy fens.	As streams their channels deeper wear.

Immix'd. Ye heathy wastes immix'd with reedy fens, El. on Miss Burnet.

into deep this trition impress a in y mine 3 mine 3 mines.

the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordic impress', y witcheraft t

Impression. Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

To Mary in Heaven.

Imprimis.

Independent, -ant.
Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free.
S. Caledonia. 6.

Imprimis.	Thus bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free.
Imprimis then, for carriage cattle, I have four brutes o' gallant mettle, The Inventory.	S. Caledonia. b.
Improve.	But for the glorious privilege Of heing independent Ep. to Young Friend. 7.
The lucky moment to improve, . Despondency, an Ode, 4.	Of heing independent. Ep. to Young Friend. 7. Mark how their lofty independent spirit
So travell'd monkies their grimace improve, Sketch.	Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!
And doubly were the poet blest These joys could be improve	Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Why was an independent wish
These joys could be improve	E'er planted in my mind? . Man was made to mourn.
Your impudence protects you sairly: To a Louse.	Wi' his proud, independent stomach, On Scot. Eard gne to W. I.
Impute.	Thou of an independent mind
Impute it not, good Sir, in ane Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye, To Rev. J. M'Math.	With soul resolved, with soul resigned; Poet. Inscription.
In. Duncan sigh'd baith out and in, . S. Duncan Gray	The independent patriot, The honest man, and a' that. The Election Ballads. II.
And I would fain be in, jo S. O Lassie, art thou	The independent commoner Shall be the man for a' that. Ib.
O rise and let me in, jo	The man of independent mind, He looks and laughs at a' that. S. The Honest Man.
I winna let you in, jo	On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub.
He sought them out, he sought them in, S. The Cooper o' cuddy †	I independent stand ay [20 htr. ht Maum.
He paidles out, and he paidles in, . S. The deuks dang o'er.	India.
Diel mak his king's-hood in a splenchan!' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.	The sun from India's shore retires; S. Slow spreads the gloom † Can all the wealth of India's coast,
Or else the Deil's he in it Extem. to an Intimate.	Atone for years in absence lost? 1b.
She says in to hersel;	O could I give thee India's wealth. To J. M'Murdo.
Incapacity.	I send you more than India boasts To Miss L., with "Beattie."
The more incapacity they bring	Indian.
The more they're to your liking. The Dean of Fac Incens'd. The Power, incens'd, the Pageant will desert,	Till the Diamond's Ace, of Indian race, Led him a sair faux pas, man: A Fragment. 7.
The Cotter's Sat. Wight. 17.	Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
Your blood shall with incessant cry	Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say, Where now my Nancy's path may be! S. Behold the hour
Awake at last th' unsparing power. Fragment of Ode.	That Indian wealth may lustre throw Around my Highland lassie, O. S. The Highland Lassie.
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	No gifts have I from Indian coasts
Incessantly.	To Miss L., with "Beattie."
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,	And thirst of gold might tempt the deep, Or downward seek the Indian mine; S. Twas even—the dewy †
Lament on leaving Nat. Land. Inch. An' Gouts torment him, inch by inch, Scotch Drink. 17.	S. 'Twas even—the dewy't
His solid sense—by inches you must tell, Sketch.	But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted Treason. A Dream.
Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie. S. I'e hae lien wrang.	Indies.
Inclination.	Ance to the Indies I were wonted, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.
It's just a carnal inclination, A Ded. to G. H., 6.	Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary, [re.] To Mary. But a' the charms o' the Indies Can never equal thine. Ib.
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug, A treacherous inclination	But a' the charms o' the Indies Can never equal thine. Indignant. Dost thou not rise, indignant Shade,
O, had I power like inclination, Ep. to H. Parker.	Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
But for how lang the flie may stang,	With tears indignant I behold th' oppressor Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction, Tragic Frag.
Let Inclination law that The folly Beggars. S. VII. Inclin'd.	Indignation.
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd, . Tam o' Shanter. 19.	There been indignation shall dart on her prey.
'All chuse, as, various they're inclin'd,	Which spurning contempt shall redeem from his ire. Monody, on a Lady.
The various man. The Vision. D. II., 7. Inclosed. Adown a corn-inclosed bawk, S. A Rosebud by	Indite.
Inclosed. Adown a corn-inclosed hawk, S. A Rosebud by † Incog. Ye cam to Paradise incog, Add. to the Deil. 16.	There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard, But they wham the truth wad indite.
Inconclusive.	S. Here's a health to them t
Or point the inconclusive page	Indulge. The sacred lowe o' weel plac'd love,
Full on the eye. [v.A.4] . The Vision. D. II.	Luxuriantly indulge it; Ep. to Young Friend. 0. If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.
Inconstant. Th' inconstant blast howl'd thro' the darkening air,	The League and Covenant.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Indulgent.
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast, S. The gloomy night t	Grant me, indulgent heaven, that I may live To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;
Inconstancy. Let not woman e'er complain	Lns. extem. in Lady's Pochet-bk.
Of inconstancy in love; S. Let not woman t	Indus. Ye monarchs, tak the east and west, Frae Indus to Savannah! S. The gowd. Locks of A.
Increase. Be fruitful and increase Nature's Law.	Industry.
So, may his flock increase an' grow The Death of Mailie.	Plain plodding industry, and soher worth: Ep. to R. Graham. 2. So hold thy industry with diligent cares.
The increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,	S. The Poor Thresher,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Inexorable. All bail! inexorable lord! To Ruin.
Incrusted.	Infamy. Where infamy with sad repentance dwells; Epis. fr. Esopus.
I saw mankind with vice incrusted; The Hermit.	A text for infamy to preach;
Your much indebted, humble servant. A Ded. to G. H., 15.	Infant.
Indeed. Indeed mann I, quo' Findlay. S. Wha is that at my t	Perhaps, this hour, in Mis'ry's squalid nest,
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay. [rc.] 16.	She strains your infant to her joyless breast, A Winter Night. 8. An' gied the infant warld a shog, Add. to the Deil. 16.
Indentin [indenturing].	The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet :
For Britain's guid his saul indentin The Twa Dogs. 21.	The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
Independence. To hardy Independence bravely bred, . The Brigs of Ayr.	The lisping infant, prattling on his knee, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3:
To narray independence bravery breat 1 2 ne 27/gs of 11/1	

And infant frosts begin to bite, In heary cranreuch drest;	Inherit. Gude grant that thou may ay inherit Thy mither's person, grace an 'merit. Add. to Illegit. Child. Inhuman. Inhuman man! curse on thy harb'rous art. On steing roomaded Hare. On steing roomaded Hare. Inhumanity. Man's inhumanity to Man. Injures. Such make his destiny, He who would injure thee. Injuredd. Scars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit! Ep. to R. Gruham. 5. Wrong'd, injur'd, shunn'd, unpitied, unredrest; In vain wold Prindence that, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale, On Death of R. Dundas. The injured Stuart line is gone. On Window at Stirling, Dead, even resentment, for his injured page, To R. G. of F. 5. O injured God! Thy goodness has endow'd me Pringic Front. And injured Worth forget and pardon may. Injurious. In the cause of right engages. The Kennore Injury. Wrongs injurious to redress. S. Thickest Night Injury. Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den. Ink. An, down gaed stumpie in the ink. Ink. An, down gaed stumpie in the ink. Inly. What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds, The Brigs of Ayr. 2. Thou sees a wretch who inly pines, The Lament, Inmate. And in his Book of Life the Immates poor enroll. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17. Was like a bluidy tiger I' th' inn that day. The Ordination. Inner port (inner gate or door).
	Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails we now t
That Saturday yell feeth him. To a Medical Cent. Inform'd. Few heads with knowledge so inform'd: Epit. on a Friend. A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck; S. No Churchman am I † Should think they better were inform'd. Than their auld dadies. To W. Simpson, P.S. Informing. Thou't ay sae free informing me Thou hast nae mind to marry; I'll be as free informing thee. Nae time hae I to tarry. S. Here's to thy health, Infuriate. The fumes of wine infuriate send; Sent to a Gent. offended. Ingine [genius; disposition; mind]. Then a' that kent bim round declar'd, If he had ingine, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 5. But gie me just a true good fallow Wir right ingine, Ingle [fire, fire-place]. The benmost neuk beside the ingle, And peacefu' raise its ingle reek, And (winds) bing us owne the ingle, Fast by an ingle, bleering finely, Tam o' Shanter, 5. His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonille, The Cotter's Sat. Night, 3. They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; Is at and eyd the spewing reek, Is at and eyd the spewing reek, Ingle-cheek (the fire-side). Tam dealth in the side of the fire-place]. And cheary blinks the ingle-gleede Ingle-clowe (the fire-light).	Add Clinkum at the Inner port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now f Innocence. Mark maiden-innocence a prey To love pretending snares, A Winter Night. 8. But it's innocence and modesty That polishes the dart. Innocence Looks gaily-smiling on; View unsupecting Innocence a prey On Death of R. Dundas. Whose innocence did sweets disclose Beyond that flower's perfume On Poet's Daughter. Innocent. The young, the innocent, who fondly loved us, Remores. Al Frag. Inquisitor. Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert. Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art; The Vowels. Insect. But, Delia, on thy balmy lips Let me, no vagrant insect, rove! Delia. An Ode. Yet an insect's an insect at most, Tho' it crawl on the curl of a queen. On an empty Fellow. Pleasures, insects on the wing Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Insensate. Mine was th' insensate frenzied part, Sent to a Gont. offended. Inside. Three lawyers' tongues, turned inside out, Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout; V.A. tel Insipid. Their days, insipid, dull an' tasteless, The Twa Dogs. 30. Inssit. Vet, if your catalogue [of friends] be fow, Insolence. Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name: Probgue, sp. by Woeds. Inspection.
Ingle-lowe [the fire-light].	But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
by my ingle-lowe I saw, Now bleezan bright, The Vision. D. 1. 7.	Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection. Ep. to Young Friend. 5. Can thy keen inspection trace
There sat a bottle in a bole, Beyont the ingle lowe; S. The weary Pund.	Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Ingle-side [the fire-side]. I mean your ingle-side to guard	Inspiration The tuneful nowers, in happy hours,
Ae winter night Third Ep. to J. Lap., Inglorious. I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead.	That whisper inspiration; S. Lovely Davies. Inspire.
Forgot and gone! . To J. S., 10,	O, how that name inspires my style! . Ep. to Davie. 11. And morning Posssie whiddan seen,
Ingrate. Whilst I here, must cry here, At perfidy ingrate! . Despondency, an Ode. 4.	Inspire my Muse, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st.
Inhabitant.	Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay! S. O were I on Parnass.
The poor inhabitant below Was quick to learn and wise to know, A Bard's Epit.	Inspires my muse to gie 'm his dues, . On W. Chalmers,

Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink, To sing thy name! Scotch Drink. 2.	Intently, while intently surveying The storm's gloomy path
To sing thy name!	Lament, on leaving Nat. Land. Interest. My honored colonel, deep I feel
I call no goddess to inspire my strains, . To R. Graham.	Your interest in the poet's weal; Poem on Life.
Inspire the highly favour'd youth	Hey for the chaste int'rest of Broughton, The Election Ballads, III.
The destinies intend her S. Young Peggy † Inspired, -'d. a whim-inspir'd fool, . A Bard's Epit.	Intermix'd.
(Inspired Bardies saw, man) A Fragment. 8.	First, in the sexes intermix'd connexion, One sacred Right of Woman is protection.
On fear-inspired wings; S. On a bank of flowers	The Rights of Woman.
To you I sing my grief-inspired strains:	Intervene. When shining sunbeams intervene S. On Cessnock banks †
On Death of R. Dundas. Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts,	Into. There was three kings into the east, John Barleycorn.
By thee inspir'd, Scotch Drink. ε.	Intoxicated.
Through and through the inspired leaves, Ye maggots make your windings; . The Book-Worms.	Each thought intoxicated homage yields, . To Clarinda.
By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	Intrusion. If mair they deave us wi' their din, Or Patronage intrusion, The Ordination. 14.
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd! Ib. 12.	Invade.
By her inspir'd the new-born race Soon drew the avenging steel, man; The Tree of Liberty.	Dare invade your native right, On scaring Water-fowl.
'All hail! my own inspired Bard! The Vision. D. II. 2.	Nay even thus invade a lady's quiet. The Rights of Woman. Invader.
Hence, Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue; [v.A.23] . Ib. 6.	And oft repell'd th' Invader's shock. Add. to Edinburgh. 5.
And fled each muse that glorious once inspired, To R. G. of F., 5.	The daring invaders they fled or they died S. Caledonia.
Inspir'd, I turn'd Fates sihyl leaf, This natal morn, To Terraughty.	Invasion.
Inspirer. (The Patriot's God, peculiarly then art.	Does haughty Gaul invasion threat? Then let the louns beware, Sir, . S. Does haughty Gaul,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!) The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.	Inverness,
Inspiring, -in'.	'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
Hail, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie! Ep. to Maj. Logan. And sic twa love-inspiring een, On W. Chalmers.	He had few matches. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 6. The lovely lass of Inverness,
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!	Nae joy nor pleasure can she see; . S. The lovely lass †
O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,	Inverted. His that inverted glory. On Duke of Queensberry.
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	Inviolate. To keep that right inviolate's the fashion, The Rights of Woman.
M'Lauchlan, thairm-inspiring Sage,	Invite. Glory, Honour, now invite, S. Highland Laddic.
muse-inspirin' aqua-vitae Third Ep. to J. Lap	And kindly she did me invite, To walk into a chamber fair. S. The Lass that made the bed.
Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks,	Invited. Invited him home to dise with him next day;
For rhyme-inspiring lasses	S. The Poor Thresher.
God knows, an unco Calf! The Calf.	Involved, -'d. Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round; Lament for Glencairn.
Instant. Is instant made no worth a lonse Just at the hit. Add. to the Deil. 11.	Of guilt, perhaps where we've involved others;
It's [Honor's] slightest touches, instant pause	Inwoven, Remorse, A Frag.,
Ep. to 1 oung Friend. 8.	Many and sharp the num'rous Ills Inwoven with our frame! . Man was made to Mourn.
And in an instant all was dark: Tam o' Shanter. 16. An' to the muckle house repair.	Inwoven with our frame! . Man was made to Mourn. Ire. Which spurning contempt shall redeem from his ire.
An' to the muckle house repair, Wi' instant speed, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Our sinfu' saul to get a claute on Monody, on a Lady.
Instantiv. Our warlock Khymer instantly descry'd	Wi felon ire; Poem on Life.
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside. Instinct. The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire; The Cotter's Sat. Night, 14.
(Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool!) Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Ireland.
Instruct.	I see her face the first of Ireland's sons, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Charm or instruct the future age, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. II. And some instruct the Shepherd-train,	Irish. It was a' for our rightfn' king, We e'er saw Irish land, [re.] . S. It was a' for †
Blythe o'er the hill Ib. S.	Ye Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,
Instrument. No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,	Ye Irish lords, ye knights an' squires, Wha represent our Brighs an' Shires, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
But all the soul of Music's self was heard; The Brigs of Ayr, 12.	Iron. See stera Oppression's iron grip, A Winter Night. 7.
To rustic Agriculture did [Peace] bequeath The broken, iron instruments of Death	And [Turnkeys] deal from iron hands the spare repast;
Insulting.	Ep. fr. Esopus. Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Lus on Fergusson.
now a prey to insulting neglect, Monody, on a Lady, Epit.	Keeper of Mammon's iron chest, . Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
In't [in it]. The kettle o' the Kirk and State,	He [Love] bound me with an iron chain, S. Talk not of Love †
Perhaps a clout may fail in't; [re]. S. Does haughty Gaul	To rustic Agriculture did [Peace] bequeath The broken, iron instruments of Death, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
A cauld kirk, and in't but few; . On Kirk of Lamington. Intend. That he intends to pay your debt, . A Dream, 7.	The iron hand that breaks our band, S. The day returns †
Inspire the highly favour'd youth	Iron-hearted.
The destinies intend her S. Young Peggy †	That iron-hearted Carl, Want, . A Ded. to G. H., 16.
Intended. The honest heart that's free frae a'	Ironic. Ironic satire, sidelins sklented, On my poor Musie; To W. Simpson.
Intended fraud or guile, Ep. to Davie. 3.	Irvine. Irvine's bairns are bonie a'. The night was still †
What he intended on them to hestow; S. The Poor Thresher.	Irvine-side.
Intent. Her [nature's] eye intent on all the mazy plan, Ep. to R. Graham.	Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove By bonie Irvine-side, S. O mirk, mirk t
Intent, Intention.	
But never honest man's intent	Irvine side, Irvine side, wi' your turkey-cock pride,
But never honest man's intent, As cursedly miscarry'd. S. O ay my wife she dang. Where with intention I have err'd	Irvine side, Irvine side, wi' your turkey-cock pride, The Kirk's Alarm. There well fed Irvine and the Markey will fed Irvine and the Markey well fed Irvine and the Markey will fed Irvine and the Markey well fed Irvine and the Markey will fed Irvine and the Markey well fed Irvine and the Markey will fed Irvine and the Markey well fed Irvine and the Markey will fed Irvine and the Markey well fed Irvine and the Markey will fed Irvine and the Markey well fed Irvine and the Markey will fed Irvine and the Markey well fed Irvine and the Markey will fed Irvine and the Markey well fed Irvine and the Markey will fed Irvi

Poem on Life.

Where with intention I have err'd,

A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.

Abjuring a' intentions evil, I quat my pen

There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds:

While Irwin, Lugar, Aire and Doon, Naehody sings.

The Vision. D. I. 14.

To IV. Simpson.

Isabella. By a river hoarsely roaring	And names, like villain, hypocrite,
Isabella stray'd deploring, . S. Raving winds † Death tears the brother of her love	Ilk ither gi'en, The Twa Herds. g. Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle, To a Louse.
From Isabella's arms Sad thy tale !	Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle, To a Louse. a richer share Than mony ithers; To Dr. Blacklock.
Fair on Isabella's morn The sun propitions smil'd;	And ev'ry other pair [o' shoon] that's done.
Isalah. Or rapt Isalah's wild, seraphic fire;	Mair taen I'm wi' you To J. S., 2.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.	"There's ither Poets, much your betters,
I'se [I shall, or I will].	We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither: To IV. Simpson. 17.
But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r, A Ded. to G. H., 13. I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd-lad, . S. Ca' the ewes.	Ae way or ither, V.s to J. Ranken.
I'se be fou and thou'se he toom,	'To please us a', I've just ae ither, . What ails ye now t
Coggie, an the king come. S. Carl, an the King come.	Her nose and chin they threaten ither; S. Willie Wastle† Then nae ither man can get ye, S. Will ye go and marry†
Yet, if your catalogue he fow, I'se no insist; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 15.	Itsel' [itself].
L-d, I'se hae sportin by an' by, Ep. to J. R., 11.	Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry, . El. on Year 1788.
I'se ne'er hid better	And my fond heart, itsel sae true, It ne'er mistrusted thine S. O mirk, mirk †
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair; The Inventory. At kirk and fair, I'se ay he there, . S. The tither morn t	Ivled. This ivied cot was dear; Lns on Window. F.'s C. Her.,
And if we dinna haud a bouze	This ivied cot revere!
I'se ne'er drink mair To Mr. J. Kennedy. But I'se helieve ye kindly meant it, . To W. Simpson. 2.	Ivory. Her teeth were like the ivory, S. The Lass that made the bed.
Isle.	lvy. Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, . A Vision.
You distant isle will often hail; . S. Behold the hour t	Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower, . El. on Capt. M. H., 10.
In the calling of the Court diese Classic	Jacket. The pie-bald jacket let me patch once more; Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
There sits an isle of high degree, S. The Bonie Lass of Albany.	Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets, On Grose's Peregrinations.
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle,	Peel a willie wand, to be him boots and jacket; S. Wee Willie Gray †
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20. Tho' wit and worth, in either sex,	Jacobite.
St. Mary's Isle can shaw that, The Election Ballads. II.	Ye Jacohites by name, give an ear, give an ear; [re.] S. Ye Jacobites †
And equal rights and equal laws Wad gladden every isle, man The Tree of Liberty.	Jad [a jade; a term of familiarity].
'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,	'Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowless jad! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 4.
That bears the name o' auld king Coil, . The Twa Dogs.	I hope to gie the jads a clearin'
She lay like some unkend-of isle Beside New Holland, . To W. Simpson.	In fair play yet Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11. Guess ye how the jad! I could bear her, [re.]
Issachar. That Young Man great in Issachar, The burden-bearing tribe. New Psalmody.	S Last May a brazy spacer t
Issu'd.	Here sits a raw o' tittlan jads, Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck; . The Holy Fair. 9.
The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth	But clear your decks an' here's the Sex I like the jads for a' that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore: S. Caledonia. Italy. How libbet Italy was singin; Kind Sir, I've read t	Or Zipporah the scauldin jad, The Ordination. 4.
Italian. Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;	They're a run deils an' jads thegither. The Twa Dogs. 33.
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 13.	And or I wad anither jad, I'll wallop in a tow S. The weary Pund.
Or down Italian Vista startles, The Twa Dogs. 23. Ither [other; one another].	We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills
Nae ither care in life have I, But live an' love my Nanie, O, . S. Behind you hills †	To help, or roose us, Third Ep. to J. Lap. Jade. Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade [chance] gae,
	S. Contented wi' little †
A three-taed leister on the ither [shouther] Lay, large an' lang. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.	(A souple jade she was, and strang), Tam o' Shanter. 16.
hae ye been mawin, When ither folk are busy sawin? Ib. S.	Jaffray. And Katharine Jaffray was her name, Katharine Jaffray.
He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan, And ither chaps,	Jag [to prick, pierce].
For life and spunk like ither Christians.	ye prick the louse, An' jag the flae. What ails ye now t
I'm dwindl'd down to mere existence, Ep. to H. Parker. Maybe some ither thing they gie me	Jail. And rot the dyvors i' the jails! . Add. of Beelzebub.
They weel can spare. Et. to I. L-k. At. 1st. 17.	Jamaica. Jamaica bodies, use him weel, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
I' th' ither warl', if there's anither,	James.
An' that there is I've little swither Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8. Ithers seek they kenna what, S. Jockey fou t	And, in your lug, most reverend J[ames], The Calf.
And ither some will kiss and daut; . S. John, come kiss.	Simper James, Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames, The Kirk's Alarm. 6.
And ither some will prie their mou, And some will hause in ithers arms,	Jamie, -y [dim. of James].
"But I maun lie before the storm.	An lastly, Jamie, for yoursel, Auld comrade dear † There will never be peace till Jamie comes hame. [re.]
"And ithers plant them in my room. Lament for Glencairn.	S. By you castle wa't
Thou comes—they [verses] rattle i' their ranks At ither's arses!	My seven hraw sons for Jamie drew sword,
An' monie ithers, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.	
	Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes; Epit. on noisy Polemic. Then up gat feebtan Jamie Fleck,
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers: The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Then up gat fechtan Jamie Fleck
An' may they never learn the gaets, Of ither, vile, wanrestfu' Pets! The Death of Mailie.	Then up gat feebtan Jamie Fleck,
An' may they never learn the gaets, Of ither, vile, wanrestfu' Pets! Like ither menseless, graceless hrutes. The Death of Mailie.	Then up gat fectuan Jamie Fleck,
An' may they never learn the gaets, Of ither, vile, wanrest ¹⁰ Pets! The Death of Mailie. Like ither menseless, graceless hrutes. Ib. An' monie jobs that day begin, May end in Houghmagandie Some ither day.	Then up gat fecture Jamie Fleck
An' may they never learn the gaets, Of ither, vile, wanrestfu' Pets! The Death of Mailie. Like ither menseless, graceless brutes . 16. An' monie jobs that day begin, May end in Houghmagandie Some ither day. The Holy Fair. 27.	Then up gat fechtan Jamie Fleck
An' may they never learn the gasts, Of ither, vile, wannestiq 'Pets! . The Death of Mailie. Like ither menseless, graceless hrutes 16. An' monie jebs that day begin, May end in Houghmagandie Some ither day. The Holy Fair. 27. Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither, . The Twa Dogs. 6.	Then up gat fectuan Jamie Fleck,
An' may they never learn the gaets, Of ither, vile, wanrestfu' Pets! The Death of Mailie. Like ither menseless, graceless brutes . 16. An' monie jobs that day begin, May end in Houghmagandie Some ither day. The Holy Fair. 27.	Then up gat fechtan Jamie Fleck

January. When January winds were hlawing cauld, S. The lass that made the bed.	Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink, The Election Ballads. I.
Janwar [January].	But it's ne'er be sae wi' brandy Jean Ib.
'Twee then a bleet o' Ianwar win'	Jeany, -ie.
'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win' Blew hansel in on Robin. S. There was a lad†	dear hird, young Jeany fair, . S. A Rosebud by my †
Jar. To gie the jars an harrels A lift . The Hoty Pair. 14.	And do I hear my Jeanie own.
Japs The church is in ruins, the state is in jars:	That equal transports move her? S. Come, let me take ?
S. By you castle wa' †	But, Jennie, say thou wilt be mine, S. Craigie-burn Wood.
Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels, Fragment. inscr. to Fox.	I reign in Jeanie's hosom S. Louis what reck I †
Jap. to. May fireside discords jar a base	Yet poortith a' I could forgive, An' 'twere na for my Jeanie. S. O poortith cauld t
To a' their parts! Ep. 10 Maj. Logan. 7.	Oh! had each Scot of ancient times,
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among; To Miss Graham. Jargon. with their Logic-jargon tir'd, Auld comrade †	Been, Jeany Scott, as thou art, On Miss J. Scott.
	When frae my Jeany parted, Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted,
What's a' your jargon o' your Schools, Etc. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 11.	From thee, my Jeany, must I part! The Farewell.
Jarring.	He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste, [re.] S. There was a lass †
Saint Stephen's hoys, wi' jarring noise, A Fragment. 6.	When first I saw fair Jeanie's face,
Ye jarring screeching things around, On Death of Lap dog.	I couldna tell what ailed me, [re.] S. When first I saw
Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace? Remorse. A Frag	Jed. Eden scenes on crystal Jed, To W. Creech.
Jauk [to trifle, to dally].	Jee [to move; to move to one side]. And ice! the door gaed to the wa': The Vision. D. I. 7.
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jank or play; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.	and jeet the accessory,
Jaukin [dallying, trifling].	Jeeg [to jig, jolt]. Then I mann sit the lee lang day,
I wat she made nae jaukin;	And jeeg the cradle wi'my tae, S. Duncan Gray.
Jauner [idle talk].	Jeer. May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks; The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19.
O had your tongue and jauner; S. Gat ye me, t	
Jauntie [dim. of jaunt].	Let nae hody name wi' a jeer; The Jolly Beggars. S. III. Jehu. Or up the rink like Jehu roar Town Sources's Fl.
I ken'd it still your wee bit jauntie, Wad bring ye to: To Dr. Blacklock.	In time o' need; . Tam Samson's El.
Wad bring ye to: . To Dr. Blacklock. Jaunty. Maria's jaunty stagger, Ep. fr. Esopus.	Jenny [dim. of Janet].
The state of the s	When first I gaed to woo my Jenny, A Guid New-year \$ 5.
Jaup [a splash of water or mud]. And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies. The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	There's Jockie and the haveril Jenny, Adam A-'s Prayer.
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	Oh Jenny's a' weet poor body Jenny's seldom dry, S. Comin thro' the rye †
Jaup, to [to dash and rebound as water; splash].	Ilka Jenny has her Jockey, S. Comin thro' the rye.
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware That jaups in luggies; To a Haggis.	Wi' nae kend face hut Jenny Geddes.
Jaw [the mouth; coarse raillery].	Jenny, my Pegasean pride! Ep. to H. Parker.
An' [Fox] lows'd his tinkler jaw, man A Fragment. 5.	Wee Jenny to her Graunie says,
Now deil-ma-care about their jaw, To Mr. M'Adam.	Jenny M'Craw, she has ta'en to the heather, [re.] Jenny M'Craw.
Jaw, to [to dash, spurt, throw out in a jet].	lockey fou, and Jenny fain,
Then up they gat the maskin-pat, And in the sea did jaw, man; A Fragment.	Jenny was nae ill to gain, [re.] S. Jockey fou t
Jaws Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of Ruin!	But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet, My Lord thinks meikle mair upon't. S. My Lord a-hunting t
Scots Protogue.	By Colin's cottage lies his game.
Jealous. Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast, Ep. fr. Esopus.	If Colin's Jenny be at name
He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows, What can a young lassie t	Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4. Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same, 1b. 7.
Jean. Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,	Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same, 1b. 7. The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
And I my darling Jean! Ep. to Davie. S. To meet with, and greet with,	Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek, Ib.
My Davie or my Jean!	While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak; Ib.
Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e ; [re.] Halloween. 8.	With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him hen; Ib. 8
He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw, Ib. 20.	Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;
And see my honie Jean again S. I'll ay ca' in † It is no. Jean, thy honie face S. It is na, Jean †	Ye'll maybe fancy Jenny, The Tarbolton Lasses
16 10 100 7 200 7 100 7	O Jenny dinna toss your head, To a Louse
I said he might die when he liked for Jean; S. Last May a braw wooer t	To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'.
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean, S. My Collier Laddie.	S. What can a young lassie
A thief sae pawky is my Jean . S. O this is no my ain t	All that has caused this wreck in my bosom, Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone. S. Where are the joys
And Lady Jean was never sae braw. S. O when she cam bent	Jerusalem.
my fancy's flight Is ever wi' my Jean. S. Of a' the airts † There's not a honie hird that sings,	And him, among the Princes chief
But minds me o' my Jean	In our Jerusalem, New Psalmody
There's ane they ca' Jean, Ronalds of Bennals.	Jess. There racer Jess, an' twa three wh-res, Are blinkan at the entry The Holy Fair. 9
If ye be for Miss Jean, tak this frae a frien', 1b.	Jessy, -ie. It is not purity and worth,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter. 3. My Jean's heart-rending throe! The Farewell.	Else Jessy had not died. Epit. on J. Lewars
My Jean's heart-rending throe! The Farewell. When kindly you mind me, O then befriend my Jean! 1b.	Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet And soft as their parting tear—Jessy. [re.] S. Here's a health to ane
From thee, my Jeany, must I part!	
A lictaring the linnet, oft wanders my Jean.	No savage e'er could rend my heart, As. Jessy, thou hast done On Miss J. Lewars
S. I neir groves of t	As, Jessy, thou hast done On Miss J. Lewars But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
The fairest maid was bonie Jean. [re.] S. There was a lass t	Lovely Jessy be the name;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul, I still would love my Jean S. Tho' cruel fate †	Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair, To a young Lady
Jean, Brandy [the town of Kirkcudbright].	You save fair Jessie from the grave! . To Dr. Maxwel
And brandy Jean that took her gill,	To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over; S. True-hearted was he
In Galloway sae wide The Election Ballads. I.	3. 2

Jest. Half-jest, she [Nature] tried one curious labour more. Jinker [a horse quick in its movements; a gay Et. to R. Graham. sprightly girll. 'The mock'd quotation of the scorner's jest, That day, ye was a jinker noble, . A Gude New-Year † 7. In vain wild Prudence t Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers. An' may a bard no crack his jest When they fa' foul o' earthly jinkers, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10. What way they've use't him? To Rev. J. M'Math. Jirkinet [dim. of jerkin, a kind of jacket or bodice Jesus. Bless Jesus Christ, O C[ardoness], Epit. on a Laird. worn by women). Jet. For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk, But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet, My Lord thinks meikle mair upon't. S. My Lord a-hunting † S. Again rejoic. Nature † Jew. The hungry Jew in wilderness Jirt [jerk]. She's [Fortune's] gien me monie a jirt an' fleg, Rejoicing o'er his manna, S. The good, Locks of A. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 9. Jewel. I wad wear thee in my bosom, Jo, Joe [lover, sweetheart; term of affectionate familiarity-often used to one of the same sex]. Least my Jewel I should tine. S. Bonie wee thing t In richest ore the brightest jewel set! El. on Miss Burnet. John Anderson, my jo, John, [re.] . S. John Anderson t And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,
Mid a' thy favors! Poem on Pastoral Poetry. My Jewel, my Eppie! . . . S. Eppie Adair. The polish'd jewel's blaze May draw the wond'ring gaze, For Johnie is my only jo, S. Mark yonder Pomp + . S. The cardin o't. And next my heart I'll wear her, I didna trow, I'd see my jo . S. The tither morn t For fear my jewel tine. . S. My Love's a winsome t Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo ; . S. When o'er the hill t My tocher's the jewel has charms for him. And I would fain be in, jo. [re.] . S. O Lassic, art thou t S. O meikle thinks my love t Her mither's at the mill, jo; [re.] . . S. O steer her upt The brightest jewel in my crown, Wad be my queen, . . . O wat ye what my minnie did. . S. O wert thou in t On Tysday 'teen to me, jo? [re.] S. O wat ye what my But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'. Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo ; [re.] S. When o'er the hill † The Belles of Mauchline. Joan, Black [the town of Sanguhar]. What sparkling jewels glance, man! The Fête Champetre. And black Joan, frae Chrichton Peel,
O' gipsy kith and kin, . . . The Election Ballads, I. The Pennie's the iewel that beautifies a'. S. There's a youth t Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a Says black Joan frae Chrichton Peel, A carline stoor and grim, S. True hearted was he t Jig. A blessing on the cheery gang Wha dearly like a jig or sang, Job, Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry; Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6. The Cotter's Sat, Night, 14 Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Job. Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job

The Dean of Fac... . Friend of the poet t An' monie jobs that day begin.

May end in Houghmagandie Some ither day.

The Holy Fair. 27. But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels Put life and mettle in their heels. . Tam o' Shanter, 11. Jillet [a jilt]. A Jillet brak his heart at last, On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. Its rivalship just i' the job. . The Jolly Beggars. S. III. Jiltish. Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove; In spite of undermining jobs, To Rev. J. M' Math. Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Jobbin' [jobbing]. Jimp, to [to jump, leap]. "Come hither lad, an' answer for't,
"Ye're blam'd for jobbin'.". And then he'll hilch, and stitt, and jimp, . What ails ye now t And rin an unco fit: . Ep. to Davie. 11. Jock. Jimp [neat, slender]. Let Meg now take away the flesh, Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean, And Jock bring in the spirit! . At Globe Tav., D.. S. O were I on Parnass. Ve ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan, She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab. [re.]
S. Eppie M'Nab. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14. Jimply [neatly, tightly]. Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist S. A Mast,'s bonie Anne. Jimps [a kind of easy stays, open in front]. But this is Jock, an' this is me, But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet, My Lord thinks meikle mair upon't. S. My Lord a-hunting † She says in to hersel: . . Halloween, S. In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives; Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Jing [jingo, a petty oath]. Gifted by black Jock To get them aff his hands. . While Willie lap, and swoor by jing, . Halloween. q. The Election Ballads. IV. Jingle. In hamely, westlin jingle. . . Ep. to Davie. Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock, . The Kirk's Alarm. 15. Amaist as soon as 1 could spell, 1 to the crambo-jingle fell, Jockey, Jockie. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 8. There's Jockie and the haveril Jenny, Adam A-'s Prayer. I see her yet the sonsy quean, Ilka Jenny has her Jockey. . S. Comin thro' the rye. The Ans. to the Guidwife. That lighted up my jingle; lockey fou, and Jenny fain, . . S. lockey fout . S. Jockey's ta'en the Jingle, to. Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
1 jingle at her. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 9. Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss, Young Jockey was the blythest lad [re.] S. Young Jockey t Jinglan, -in. An' [thowes] float the jinglan icy boord, Add, to the Deil, 12. Jocteleg [a folding knife]. Wi joetelegs they taste them [the custocks]; Ifalloween. 5. Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets, On Grose's Peregrinations. It was a faulding jocteleg, . On Grose's Peregrinations. Jink [the act of eluding another, a sudden turning An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it, a cornerl. Third Ep. to J. Lap .. Like ony clark. Our billie's gien us a' a jink, S. On Scot. Bard gnc to W. I. Jog. We cheek for chow shall jog thegither, I'se ne'er bid better. Ep. to Maj. Logan. S. Jink, to [to dodge, make a quick turn; move quickly backwards and forwards]. And can like ony wabster's shuttle, Jink there or here; John. his wee, curlie John's ier-oe, A Ded. to G. II., 14. Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys, Adam A-'s Prayer. Sin' Mar's-year did desire, . . Halloween. 27. Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3. I'll gie John Ross another bawbee, But Rab slips out, an' jinks about, . Halloween. 6. To boat me o'er to Charlie. S. Come, boat me o'er. Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink, Scotch Drink. 2. John Anderson, my jo, John, [rc.] . S. John Anderson † Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle, Second Ep. to Davie. The lang lad they ca' jumpin John nkan, -in [dodging, turning quickly; eluding by Beguil'd the bonte tassie, . . . O John, come kiss me now, now, now; [re.] S. O John, come kiss t Beguil'd the bonie lassie, . S. Her Daddie forbadt some sudden movement]. But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkan, An' cheat you yet. . . Add, to the Deil, 20. Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief, The swallow jinkin' round my shiel, S. The Contented Cottager. The Kirk's Alarm. 3. And jinkin hares, in amorous whids, Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan . To W. Simpson. 12.

Their loves enjoy, .

And shirt he are an aschem each John Barleycom should die, [re.] John Barleycom was a hero bold, John Barleycom was a hero bold, John Barleycom should should should be the state of the barley should should be the same of the barley should should should be the barleycom! Tam of Shaster, 11, John Highlandman r. Highlandman. John Rox. Orthodos, orthodos, wha believe in John Kon. Twa sage Philosophers on glimpae can combine the same of		
John Backgrown god ny ngahi. They heaved in John Barkgrom, John Barkgrom, John Barkgrom, John Barkgrom, John Barkgrom, John Barkgrom, John Kang, Inspiring bold John Barkgrom, John Highlandman, John Kinox, Ortholos, orthodox, who believe in John Knox, Chrholos, orthodox, who believe in John Knox, Johny, 1e, Johnny, 1e, John Highlandman, John Kinox, Ortholos, orthodox, who believe in John Knox, Johny, 1e, Johnny, 1e, I've sent yop here by Johnie Simon, Yorkolos, orthodox, who believe in John Knox, Johny, 1e, Johnny, 1e, When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town, S. Cock by y reserve. Hey, brave Johnie lad cock up your beaver! When first my brave Johnie lad cock up your beaver! Hey thrave Johnie lad cock up your beaver! Here is Johny Feigen, I've John, John, John Highland Hey Johnie lad came to this town, S. Cock by y reserve. Hey, brave Johnie lad cock up your beaver! Here is Johny S. S. Gueten to you kimmer! Jar fare uncle Johnie! John Telles thy Johnie! Johny Feep gets fee. Johny Hey Better feel, John, Hadismen John, Hadismen John, Hadismen John, Hadismen John, Hadismen John, Hadismen John, John Hadish Johnie, Gas Johnie, Johny God's Hole [the gravedigger), Was me for Johnny Ged's Hole the gravedigger), Was me for Johnny Ged's Hole the gravedigger), Johny God's Hole [the gravedigger), Was me for Johnny Ged's Hole the gravedigger), Johny God's Hole [the gravedigger), Johny God's Hole [the gravedigger), Johny God's Hole [the gravedigger), Was me for Johnny Ged's Hole the gravedigger, Was men for Johnny Ged's Hole the gravedigger, Was men for Joh		And still I can join in a cup and a song;
They heaved in John Barleycom, 18. John Barleycom was a hero hold, 16. Then let us tosst John Barleycom. Scotch Drink, 3. Inspiring hold John Barleycom. Scotch Drink, 3. Inspiring hold John Barleycom. Scotch Drink, 3. Inspiring hold John Barleycom. The Scotch Barleycom. The Scotch Drink 3. Inspiring hold John Barleycom. The Scotch Drink 4. But, bit was will my torgents be. Scotch by relative the Scotch of Scotch Barled. They'll ruin John Scotch 18. But, bit what will my torgents be. Scotch by relative the Scotch Barled. They'll ruin John Scotch 18. But, bit was will my torgents be. Scotch Barleycom. They'll ruin John Scotch 18. But, bit was will my torgents be. Scotch Barleycom. They'll ruin John Scotch 18. But, bit was will my torgents be. Scotch Barleycom. They Brend John's 5. Scotch by relative the Scotch 18. For John's 5. Scotch Barleycom. Scotch Drink 5. For John's 5. Scotch Drink 5. But court us a middle of Scotch 18. For John's 5. Scotch Barleycom. The Scotch The Scotch 18. For John's 5. Scotch Barleycom. The Scotch 18. For John's 5. Scotch Barleycom. The Scotch The Scotch 18. For John's 6. For John's 7. For	Iohn Barleycorn should die fre. 1 Iohn Barleycorn.	To join faith and sense upon ony pretence
They heaved in John Barleycom, 18. John Barleycom was a hero hold, 16. Then let us tosst John Barleycom. Scotch Drink, 3. Inspiring hold John Barleycom. Scotch Drink, 3. Inspiring hold John Barleycom. Scotch Drink, 3. Inspiring hold John Barleycom. The Scotch Barleycom. The Scotch Drink 3. Inspiring hold John Barleycom. The Scotch Drink 4. But, bit was will my torgents be. Scotch by relative the Scotch of Scotch Barled. They'll ruin John Scotch 18. But, bit what will my torgents be. Scotch by relative the Scotch Barled. They'll ruin John Scotch 18. But, bit was will my torgents be. Scotch Barleycom. They'll ruin John Scotch 18. But, bit was will my torgents be. Scotch Barleycom. They'll ruin John Scotch 18. But, bit was will my torgents be. Scotch Barleycom. They Brend John's 5. Scotch by relative the Scotch 18. For John's 5. Scotch Barleycom. Scotch Drink 5. For John's 5. Scotch Drink 5. But court us a middle of Scotch 18. For John's 5. Scotch Barleycom. The Scotch The Scotch 18. For John's 5. Scotch Barleycom. The Scotch 18. For John's 5. Scotch Barleycom. The Scotch The Scotch 18. For John's 6. For John's 7. For		Is heretic, damnable error The Kirk's Alarm.
John Barleycorn was a hero hold, 15. Lease me on thee, John Barleycorn. 15. Leese me on thee, John Barleycorn. 15. Leese me on thee, John Barleycorn. 17. Tam of Shanter, 15. John Highlandman r. Highlandman. 18. 15. John Highlandman r. Highlandman. 18. 15. John Highlandman r. Highlandman. 18. Tam of Shanter, 15. John John, 20. John John, 20. Tak kiril's Alarm. 18. John Holdy, Micholay, etc. John Knox, Tak kiril's Alarm. 18. John Highlandman r. Highlandman. 20. Tak kiril's Alarm. 18. John John John John Knox, Tak kiril's Alarm. 18. John John John John John John John John		Come join your counsel and your skills, The Twa Herds. 15.
Leze me on these, John Bagleycorn. Thou king of grait Sectch Drink & Inspiring bold John Barleycorn Tawn of Staaster, 11, John Highlandman, Tellighlandman, John Knox. Orthodox, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox. Orthodox, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox. The sange Philosophers to glimpse on Anth Comrade The Strick Alarm. The sange Philosophers to glimpse on Anth Comrade When first my bawe Johnie Ida cane to this town. The sange Philosophers to glimpse on Anth Comrade When first my bawe Johnie Ida cane to this town. They live the prove Johnie Ida cane to this town. They live the Johnie S. Code by your beaver Ida. But, all what will my toments S. Code by your beaver Ida. They live the Johnie S. Code by your beaver Ida. They live the Johnie S. Code by your beaver Ida. They live the Johnie S. Code by your beaver Ida. They live the Johnie S. Code by your beaver Ida. They live the Johnie S. Code by your beaver Ida. They live the Johnie S. Code by your beaver Ida. They live the Johnie S. Code by your beaver Ida. They live the Johnie S. Code by your beaver Ida. They live the Johnie S. Code by your beaver Ida. They live the Johnie S. Code by your beaver Ida. There and I, Johny Peep gets free. I gat free uncle Johnie S. Johny Peep and the Johnie S. Johny Peep and the Johnie S. The Cardino of the Buskie-glen, [ref.] S. In simmer when Ida. And there will be black-nebbil Johnie S. The Cardino of the Buskie-glen S. The Little Buskie S. The Cardino of the Buskie-glen S. The Cardino of		
Thou king of grain! Tau Sanster, It. John Highlandman. Tau Sanster, It. John Highlandman. Highlandman. Highlandman. The Kirl's Alarm. John Knox. Orthodox, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox. The Sanster, It. Johny, e. J., Ohlman, e. The Kirl's Alarm. Johny, e. J., Ohlman, e. The Kirl's Alarm. Johny, e. J., Ohlman, e. The Kirl's Alarm. Twa sage Finlosophers to glimps on 1. Anid Comrade the When first my brave Johnie lad, cook in your beaver! Hey, brave Johnie lad, cook in your beaver! Hey, brave Johnie lad, cook in your beaver! Hey, brave Johnie lad, cook in your beaver! Here, brave Johnie lad, cook in your beaver! The But, all what will my tormens be. S. Craigle-bran Wood. The Will rain Johnie! Death and Dr. Horntook. Janster S. S. Catacter, to you kinmer? I gar fane uncle Johnie; S. Fale, on wer Johnin, Fales, from the Hellowers, I. I coft a stane of hashed woo. To mak a cost to Johnie of: S. The cardin o't. And there will be stamp-office Johnie, Mi Left a stane Gordine and Wattie, The Election Ballads. III. And there will be stamp-office Johnie, The Johny Feep get free. He, I coft a stane o' hashed woo. To mak a cost to Johnie o't. The Election Ballads. III. And there will be stamp-office Johnie, The Johny Feep get free. He, I coft a stane o' hashed woo. To mak a cost to Johnie o't. The Election Ballads. III. And there will be stamp-office Johnie, The Johny Feep get free. He, I coft a stane o' hashed woo. To mak a cost to Johnie o't. The Election Ballads. III. And there will be stamp-office Johnie, The Johny Feep get free. He, I coft a stane o' hashed woo. The Middle princip. The Election Ballads. III. And there will be stamp-office Johnie, The Johny Feep get free. He, I coft a stane o' hashed woo. The Middle princip. The Election Ballads. III. And there will be stamp-office Johnie, The Johny Feep get free. He, I coft a stane o' hashed woo. The Middle princip. The Johny Feep get free. He, I coft a stane o' hashed woo. The Johny Feep get free. He,	Then let us toast John Barleycorn, Ib.	
Inspiring bold John Barleycom! . Tame & Shaater, 11. John Highlandman P. Highlandman P. Highlandman Toth Knox. Orthodox, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox. The Kirk's Alarm. John Ny, -ie, Johnny, -ie, John Knox. Twe sarge Philosophers to glimpse on! . Auld Comrade! When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town. Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver! . 16. But, oh what will my terments be, S. Crakiri-burn Wood, -ie, Johnny Peeper, -ie, Johnie o'tie, Johnny Peeper, -ie, Johnny Peep	Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,	
John Mighlandman . Highlandman . On Death of Str J. Bailton. On the Str John Knox. Orthodox, wha believe in John Knox. Orthodox, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox. Orthodox, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox. The Kirk's Alarm. I've sem you have by Johnie Jacob to this town. Scoke hyp reserver. Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver? It. Batter of the Johnie I . Orthodox J. Hours refuse thy Johnie I . Orthodox J. Hours refuse thy Johnie I . Orthodox J. Hours refuse thy Johnie? I . School Dr. Hourstook J. Hourstook		Who holdly dare thy cause maintain To Rev I M'Math
Johnny, -ie, Johnny, -ie. I've sent you here by Johnic Simon. Twe sent you here by Johnic Simon. I've sent you here by Johnic Simon. I've sent you here by Johnic American and the sent sent sent when first my brave Johnic lad, cack up your beaver! Men first my brave Johnic lad, cack up your beaver! Mey, brave Johnic lad, cack up your beaver! Mey, brave Johnic lad, cack up your beaver! Mer His bendie lad, cack up your beaver! Mer Lindon Forder ladded by the ladded by the ladded by the ladded la		
Othnodox, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox, The Kriv's Alarm. Johnny, -io. Johnny, -io. The Kriv's Alarm. The sent you here by Johnig Simon. The Kriv's Alarm. The sent you here by Johnig Simon. The Missing of Missing of the Missing Missing of the Missing Missing of the Missing	John Knov	
The Kirk's Alarm. I've sen you here by Johnie Simson. I've sen you here by Johnie Simson. And Contract When first my brave Johnie lad, code to glimpse on! And Contract When first my brave Johnie lad came to the sown of the sentence. Hey, brave Johnie lad, code by your beaver! I. the sentence they Johnie? S. Cratigic-burn Wood. The Yill rain Johnie! Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23. Here lies Johnie lad, code by your beaver! I. the relies they Johnie? S. Cratigic-burn Wood. The Yill rain Johnie! Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23. Here lies Johnip Progeon, Ire. J. Epit. on wee Johnie. And the will be johnie? Halloween. 15. Lock. An's Allensed on the man of Uzz. And unco takes, an famine jokes. The Helloween. 15. The Election Balladi. III. And there will be balk-mebbit Johnie, The Election Balladi. III. And there will be staunch Gordin and Wattie. And the will be balk-mebbit Johnie, The Election Balladi. III. And there will be staunch Gordin and Wattie. And the will be staunch Gordin and Wattie. The gordina of Johnie of Johnie of Johnie's more street. The Helloween will be staunch Gordin and Wattie. And there will be staunch Gordin and Wattie. And there will be staunch Gordin and Wattie. And there will be staunch Gordin and Wattie. The gordina of Johnie of Johnie's more street. The gold of Johnie's more street. The Helloween see. Herr Land C Cakes, and brither Scots, Herr Land C Cakes, and brither Scots, Herr Land C Cakes, and brither Scots. My wailing numbers, Ire.] El. on Capt. M. H., J. Boonie Composed to the man of the scot		Oh, nought hut love and sorrow join'd,
I've sent you here by Johnie Simson. Twa sage Philosophers to glimps on 1. Auld Comrade! When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town, Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your becave? Hey brave Johnie lad, cock up your becave? Hey limin Johnie! Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23. Here lies Johny Heigeon, 17. Hallmore. 13. Hallmore. 14. Here am I, Johny Peep; And so Johny Peep gets free. Lodi a stanc o' basleck woo, To mak a coat to Johnie o't; For Johnie is my only jo, And there will be black-nebbit Johnie. The Election Ballad. 11. And there will be black-nebbit Johnie. The Lection Ballad. 11. And there will be black-nebbit Johnie. The Lection Ballad. 11. And there will be black-nebbit Johnie. The Lection Ballad. 11. And there will be black-nebbit Johnie. The Spinson of the Bublie of the Contact and Watte, And there will be tamen-office Johnie, His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; Tame of Sanatre, St. Guid speed an' furder to you Johny. Third Ep, tel. Laptoget and the company of the Contact and tasts sit gear as Johnnie brews. To get a blade o' Johnie's morals, Johnny Ged's Hole (the gravedigger), Vases me for Johnny Ged's Hole now, Johns Johns Ged's Hole (the gravedigger), Vase me for Johnny Ged's Hole may be a support of the honour'd jorum, on diming with Daer. The Johnstone has the guidin o't, S. The Laddies by And we'll be Johnstones has the guidin o't, And the will be Johnstones has the guidin o't, Death and Dr. Hornbook. Johns Ged's Hole (the gravedigger), You have the backbirds join the merry roar, On Soid. Bard gut to the contact will be the company of the property o	The Kirk's Alarm.	
When first my brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver! Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver! Hey thou refuse thy Johnie? **Death has morted Johnie:** Death has morted Johnie; **Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22. Here lies Johnny Frégeon. [r.] **Ejti. on J. Dove. Death has morted Johnie; **Ejti. on wee Johnie. Are they a Johny st. **S. Guden to you kinmmer' 1 gat frae uncle Johnie. [r.] **Allowen. 23. There's Johnie o' the Buskle-glen, [r.] **S. In timmer waken. 1 Here am I. Johnny Feep; **Johnny Feep, And so Johnny Peep gets free. [r.] **It. Col at attas o' haslock woo. To mak a coat to Johnie o'. And there will be hlack-nebbit Johnie. The Election Ballads. III. And there will be hlack-nebbit Johnie. The Lection Ballads. III. And there will be stamp-office Johnie. [r.] **It. And the black of Johnnie's morals. [r.] **The Johnstone stamp of Johny Ged's Hole (the gravedigger). Johnny Ged's Hole (the gravedigger). Johnny Geats. Hey. Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots, Breen Lands o' Cakes. [r.] **It. And the will be Johnstones a [r.] **It. And to dark Oblivion Join thee! S. New westlin winds! Nae mair hell join the merry roar, On Scot	Jonny, -ie, Jonnny, -ie.	l
When first my brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver! Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver! Hey thou refuse thy Johnie? **Death has morted Johnie:** Death has morted Johnie; **Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22. Here lies Johnny Frégeon. [r.] **Ejti. on J. Dove. Death has morted Johnie; **Ejti. on wee Johnie. Are they a Johny st. **S. Guden to you kinmmer' 1 gat frae uncle Johnie. [r.] **Allowen. 23. There's Johnie o' the Buskle-glen, [r.] **S. In timmer waken. 1 Here am I. Johnny Feep; **Johnny Feep, And so Johnny Peep gets free. [r.] **It. Col at attas o' haslock woo. To mak a coat to Johnie o'. And there will be hlack-nebbit Johnie. The Election Ballads. III. And there will be hlack-nebbit Johnie. The Lection Ballads. III. And there will be stamp-office Johnie. [r.] **It. And the black of Johnnie's morals. [r.] **The Johnstone stamp of Johny Ged's Hole (the gravedigger). Johnny Ged's Hole (the gravedigger). Johnny Geats. Hey. Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots, Breen Lands o' Cakes. [r.] **It. And the will be Johnstones a [r.] **It. And to dark Oblivion Join thee! S. New westlin winds! Nae mair hell join the merry roar, On Scot	Twa sage Philosophers to glimpse on! . Auld Comrade †	In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd
Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver! But, ch! what will my torments be, if thou refuse thy Johnie? Service of the property of the pro	When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town,	To Miss Graham.
Divide the joints at "marrow; The Help Fair, st. If thou refuse thy Johnie! Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23. Here lies Johnny Fidgeon, [re.] St. on. two globula. Are they a Johnny Fidgeon, [re.] St. fitt. on J. Dove. Death has murder'd Johnie; Epit. on J. Dove. Death has murder'd Johnie; St. Gudent to you kimmer when the st. on Johnny Peep; St. Gudent to you kimmer when there am I. Johnny Peep; St. Gudent to you kimmer when there am I. Johnny Peep; Johnny Peep, Johnny Peep, Johnny Peep, Johnny Peep, Johnny Peep, I. Coff a stane o' basbed woo, To make a coat to Johnie o't: Johnny Peep, Johnny Peep, Johnie o't: Johns Johnstone. Johnny, His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; Johns, Johnstone, Johnny, His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; Tam o' Shanter. 5. Gold appead and findret to you Johny, Third Ep. 10. Lepton, Johnstone. The Johnstones hae the guidin o't. S. The Laddiet by And well be Johnstones A. Jamie. John Hersten, Johnstone. The Johnstones hae the guidin o't. S. The Laddiet by And well be Johnstones A. Jamie. John Hersten, John Hersten, Johnstone. The Johnstones hae the guidin o't. S. The Laddiet by And well be Johnstones A. Jamie. John Hasting to Join the sweeping Nith. A Vision. One join, we Nature's sturdlest bairs. My waiting numbers. [rz.] EL on Capt. M. H., 3. Hollew the Come, join the merry roar, On Scot. Bard gue to W. J. Am exping country joins a widow's tear. On Death of Sci John Pattern Johnstones and the guident of the Come, join the mennand Uzz. The Pattituo of Br. Water. This festive Fee Champetre. The Fette Champetre. The Fitte Champetre. The kirks and the guident of the Come, John the mennand Dr. Hornbook. 25. Hollew John Pattern John Landie John Pattern John John John John John John John Joh		Joints.
They Il min Johnie! Death and Dor. Hornbook. 23. Here lies Johnny Piggeon. [re.] Epit. on J. Dove. Death has murder'd Johnie ; Epit. on J. Dove. Death has murder'd Johnie; . Epit. on wee Johnie. Are they a' Johny's? S. Guden to you kimmer 'I gat frae mucle Johnie: Here am I. Johnny Peep; . Johnny Peep, And so Johnny Peep gets free. I Johnny Peep, And so Johnny Peep gets free. I cofi a stane o' hasbode woo, To mak a coat to Johnie o' the Euskiegen, [re.] S. In simmer when the I cofi a stane o' hasbode woo, To mak a coat to Johnie o' the Euskiegen, [re.] S. The cardin o't. And there will be shamp-office Johnie, Man there will be stamp-office Johnie, Man there will be Johnie staunch Gorotic and Wattie, Man there will be stamp-office Johnie, Man there will be Johnie staunch Gorotic and Wattie, Man there will be Johnie staunch Gorotic and Wattie, Man there will be Johnie staunch Gorotic and Wattie, Man there will be Johnie staunch Gorotic and Wattie, Man there will be Johnie staunch Gorotic and Wattie, Man there will be Johnie staunch Gorotic and Wattie, Man there will be Johnie staunch Gorotic and Wattie, Man there will be Johnie staunch Gorotic and Wattie, Man there will be Johnie staunch Gorotic and Wattie, Man there will be Johnie staunch Gorotic and Wattie, Man there will be Johnie staunch Gorotic and Wattie, Man there will be Johnie staunch Gorotic and Wattie, Man the a moralistic stamp to the will be Johnie staunch Gorotic and Wattie, Man the a moralistic stamp to the will be Johnie staunch Gorotic and Wattie, Man the a moralistic stamp to the Man John the Man the mal the Man th		His hending joints and drooping head . John Barleycorn.
'They'll ruin Johnie!' . Death and Dr. Hernbook. 23. Here lies Johnny Fidgeon Jre? . Eptit. on J. Deve. Death has murder'd Johnie; . Eptit. on J. Deve. Death has murder'd Johnie; . Eptit. on J. Deve. Johnie has been death has murder'd Johnie; . Halloween. 13. There's Johnie o' the Buskieglen, [re.] S. In simmer wheat Here am I. Johnny Peep; . Johnny Peep, And so Johnny Peep; . Johnny Peep, And so Johnny Peep gets free 18. Lod. a stane o' haslock woo, For Johnie is my only jo S. The cardin o't. And there will be black-nebhit Johnie, The Etection Ballada. III. And there will be stamp-office Johnie 18. Teugh Johnie staunch Geordie and Wattie 18. And at his felbow, Souter Johnny, His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; . Tame o' Shanter. 5. Guid speed an' furder to yon Johny. Third Ept. 10. L.4. To get a blade o' Johnnie's morals, . To a Medical Gent. And taste sig gear as Johnnie brews. To Mr. J. Kennedy. Johnny Ged's Hole (the gravediggor), Wass me for Johnstone. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23. Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots, Frae Maidenkirk to Johny Groats J Orosats	If thou refuse thy Johnie? S. Craigie-burn Wood.	
Here lies Johnny Figeon, [re.] . Epit. on New John. Are they a' Johny's? . S. Guden to you kimmer t' 1g at free motel Johnie:	'They'll ruin Johnie!' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.	Your spitefu' joke? Add. to the Deil. 17.
Are they a' Johny's? . S. Guden to you kimmer! 'I gat frame annele Johnie'.' Hallowen. 12, There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen, [re] S. In simmer when! Here am I, Johnny Peep; . Johnny Perp. And so Johnny Peep; . Johnny Perp. I coft a stane o' hablock woo, To make accat to Johnie o't. For Johnie is my only 36, S. The cardin o't. And there will be shack-nebbit Johnie, The Birthie Ballada. III. And there will be shamp-office Johnie, The Birthie Ballada. III. And there will be samp-office Johnie, The Birthie Ballada. III. And at his elhow, Souter Johnny, His ancient, trusty, drouthy cromy. The mo's Shanter. 5. To gie a blade o' Johnnie's morals, To gie a blade o' Johnnie's morals, The Birthie Ballada. III. Johnny Ged's Hole (the graveditgger), Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole (the graveditgger), Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole (the graveditgger), Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole the graveditgger), Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole (the graveditgger), The Johnstone. The Johnstones hae the guidin o't, And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie. The Johnstones hae the guidin o't, A weeping country joins a widow's tear. And I will join a mother's tender cares, While ilka thing in nature join The sorrows to forego, Yew on Pastoral Poetry. Still in prayers for K — — I most beartily join, And I will join a mother's tender cares, The Weeping country joins a widow's tear. The Johnstone, The Birthie suer. The Ald Britain ance could crack her joke, Will him his pin nature join The folms as muckle fin and jokin, All it will go in a stant will be hack-nebit country. The John Hallowen. It. John Hallowen. It. Johnstone. The John Hallowen. It. Johnstone. The John Hallowen. It. John Hallowen. It. Johnstone. The John Hallowen. It. John Hallowen. I		And unco tales, an' funnie jokes, Halloween. 28.
And Britain ance could crack her joke, The Tree of Liberty, There's Johnie o' the Buskie-glen, [re.] S. In simmer when there and Johnny Peep gets free. Itera and Johnny Peep gets free. Iters and John Johns Johns Inters and Johns		(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
There's Johnie o' the Buskieglen, [re] S. In simmer which Here am 1, Johnny Peep; . Johnny Peep. And so Johnny Peep; fee Johnny Peep. I coft a stane o' hablock woo, To make a coat to Johnie o'; For Johnie is my only Jo, And there will be stamp-office Johnie, The Election Ballada. III. And there will be stamp-office Johnie, The Johnie, Staunch Geordie and Wattie, 16. Teugh Johnie, staunch Geordie and Wattie, 16. Teugh Johnie, staunch Geordie and Wattie, 16. To get a blade o' Johnnie's morals, To a Medical Gout. And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews To all related Gout. And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews To Mr. J. Kennedy. Johnny Ged's Hole (the gravedligger), 'Waes me for Johnny Ged		
Here am I, Johnny Peep; And so Johnny Peep gets free. 1 coft a stane o' hasbock woo; For Johnic is my only jo, And there will be black mebbit Johnic, And there will be black mebbit Johnic, And there will be stamp-office Johnic, And there will be stamp-office Johnic, And there will be stamp-office Johnic, The Election Ballada; III, And at his chow, Souter Johnny, His ancient, trusty, droutly crony; Guid speed an' furder to yon Johny, His ancient, trusty, droutly crony; Guid speed an' furder to yon Johny, His ancient, trusty, droutly crony; Johning Ged's Hole [the gravedigger], Waes me for Johning Ged's Hole lonow, Johning Ged's Hole lonow, Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots, Frae Maidenkirk to Johny Groats! One Grose's Peregrinations. Johnstone. The Johnstones hae the guidin o't, And well be Johnstones a', Jamie. John Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, John. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, Come, join, yo Nature's sturdes hairs. Na mair he'll join the merry roar, On Scot, Eard gue to W. J. A weeping country joins a widow's tear. Come, join, yo Nature's sturder cares, On Death of Sir J, Blair. Come, join the melancholious croon O'Rothir's reed! O'Rothir's		An' sklent on poverty their joke.
And so Johnny Peep gets free. 16. 1 coft a stane o' haslock woo, To mak a coat to Johnie o't; For Johnie is my only jo, And there will be hack-nebbit Johnie, The Election Ballads. III. And there will be stamp-office Johnie, Incept Johnie, staunch Geordie and Wattie, And at his elhow, Souter Johnny, His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; Tam o' Shanter, 5, Guid speed an' furdre to yon Johny, To get a blade o' Johnnie's morals, To a Medical Gent. And taste sic gear as Johnie brews, To the Medical Gent. And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews, Dohnny Ged's Hole [the gravedigger], Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole now, Death and Dr. Hornlook. 25. Johns Groats. Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots, Frae Maidenkik to Johns Groats! On Grose's Peregrinations. Johnstone. The Johnstones hae the guidin o't, And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie. He Johnstones hae the guidin o't, And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie. He Johnstones hae the guidin o't, And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie. He Johnstones hae the guidin o't, And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie. He Johnstones hae the guidin o't, And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie. He Johnstones hae the guidin o't, And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie. He Johnstones hae the guidin o't, And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie. He Johnstones hae the guidin o't, And to dark Ohlivon join the werey in Mish. Ne mair he'll join a mumbers. [re] EL on Capt. M. H., 3. However have the standard process of t		Wi hitter sneer, . To Mr. J. Kennedy.
I coft a stane o' haslock woo, To mak a coat to Johnie o't; For Johnie is my only jo, And there will be hack-nebbit Johnie, And there will be hack-nebbit Johnie, And there will be stamp-office Johnie, And at his elbow, Souter Johnny, His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; And at his elbow, Souter Johnny, His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; Tam o' Shanter. 5, Guid speed an' furdet to you Johny, His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; Tam o' Shanter. 5, Guid speed an' furdet to you Johny, His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; To get a blade o' Johnnie's morals, To gat ablade o' Johnnie's morals, To Marker's to them, that, like oursel, And the delive with the honour' Johnny for on the help of put the fall gat. And be deli's the honour' d' pour l'eve vening ablat the jorum; And web lobe Johnstone. The Johnstone. The Johnstones hae the guidin o't, And web Johny Got Str. John Alexanderson' Johnstone. The Johnstones a', Jamie. And be Johnstones a', Jamie. And to web Johnstones a		Joking, -In. And there was muckle tun and jokin,
Solutistle, and Filt	I coft a stane o' haslock woo,	But court nae anither, tho' joking ye be,
And there will be stamp-office Johnie, The Election Ballads. III. And there will be stamp-office Johnie, The Election Ballads. III. And there will be stamp-office Johnie, Tam o' Shanter, I. And at his elhow, Souter Johnny, His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; Tam o' Shanter, To gid a blade o' Johnnie's morals, To a Medical Gent. And taste sic gear as Johnie brews, To a Medical Gent. And taste sic gear as Johnie brews, Dohnny Ged's Hole [the gravedigger], "Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole now, Death and Dr. Hornlook. 23. Johns Groats. Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots, Frae Maidenkink to John Groats! On Grose's Peregrinations. Johnstone. The Johnstones hae the guidin o't, And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie. H. Joln. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, A Vision. Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns. My wailing numbers. [re] EL on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, While like thing in nature join The rorrows to forego, S. Now Spring has cladt Some social join, and leagues combine; New mair he'll join the merry roar, On Scot. Band que to N'. I. And I min to join ye not method to more with the form the source of the merry of the seventy. And ther's to them, that like oursel, In And her's to them, that, like oursel, In And ther's to the ming with Dar. John Land of Cakes, and brinder Gent. And to dark Ohivion join thee! S. On Each and Dr. Hornlook. New Joy to make obelisance! The road he has past. The Trough frosty hills the journey lay. Now Joyen I'm prove [When at the blythe end of our journey at last, What the de'il ever thinks o'the road he has past. My awailing numbers. [re] EL on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, New Joyen I'm prove [When at the blythe end of our journey at last, What the de'il ever thinks o'the road he has past. Joyen I'm prove [When at the blythe e		S. O whistle, and I'll t
And there will be stamp-office Johnie, 1.6. Tengh Johnie, stanch Geordie and Wattie, 16. And at his schow, Souter Johnny, His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; 7. Tam o' Shanter, 5. Guid speed an' furder to you Johny, His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; 7. Tam o' Shanter, 5. Guid speed an' furder to you Johny, To get a blade o' Johnnie's morals, 1. To a Medical Gent. And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews. To Mr. J. Kennedy. Johnny Ged's Hole the gravediggeri, Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole now, Death and Dr. Hornbook, 23. Johns Groats. Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots, Frae Maidenkirk to Johny Groats to Corose's Peregrinations. Johnstone. The Johnstones hae the guidin o't, 5. The Laddies by And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie. Joln. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, A Vision. Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest baims. Min loving bleeze they sweetly join, Halloween. 10. While ilks thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, 5. Now Spring has clad to Some social join, and leagues combine; 5. Now westlin winds to Some social join, and leagues combine; 1. Now Death of Str J. Blair. every Muse shall join the merry roat, On Scot. Bard gene to W.I. A weeping country joins a widow's tear, On Death of Str J. Blair. every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue, 16. And 1 will join a mother's tender cares, 16. And 1 will join a mother's tender cares, 16. And to dark Oblivion join thee! 5. Reving usinds And Join with me a moralizing, Sketch. New 17's Day. An' cheek-for-chow, a chiffe vinter, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 8. Will humble prayer to join the dellanchiose Croon of Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 8. Will humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The fett on and share This festive Fête Champetre. The fett on join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The first man and state may join, and tell will be provided the honour's down on set to a void on miligate a Dlow, or to conceal on sot to avoid on miligate a Dlow, or to conceal on so to avoid on miligate a Dlow, or to	And there will be black-nebbit Johnie,	
Tengh Johnie, staunch Geordie and Wattie, And at his chow, Souter Johnny, His ancient, rusty, drouthy crony; Guid speed an' furder to you Johny, Third Ep. 10 J. Lagh. To get a blade e' Johnnie's morals, And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews, Johnny Ged's Hole Iteh gravediggen, 'Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole now, Johnny Ged's Hole the gravediggen, 'Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole now, Johnny Ged's Hole the gravediggen, 'Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole now, Johny Groats. Hear, Land C'Cakes, and brither Scots, Frae Maidenkirk to Johny Groats! On Grose's Peregrinations. Johnstone. The Johnstones hae the guidin o't, And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie. Johnstone. The Johnstones hae the guidin o't, And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie. Johnstone, My wailing numbers. [re.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In lowing bleeze they sweetly join, My wailing numbers. [re.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In lowing bleeze they sweetly join, While ilka thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, S. Now westline winds! Some social join, and leagues combine; S. New westline winds! Some social join, and leagues combine; S. New westline winds! A weeping country joins a widow's team. Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Still in prayers for K—G—I most bearitly join, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Poet of Mall to Tytler. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! And to dark Ohlivion join thee! S. Raving winds! And join with me a moralizing, Sketch. New Yr's Day. An' check-for-how, a chiffe Vintner, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, g. Wir humble prayer to join and share This festive Fete Champetre. The feet of many the proportion of the sound behavior, and the lamburgh and the proportion of the sound behavior and the propo		
And at his elbow, Souter Johnny, His ancient, trusty, droutly crony; Guid speed an' furder to you Johny, Third Ep. to J. Lep. To get a blade o' Johnnie's morals, And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews. To Mr. J. Kemedy. Johnny Ged's Hole [the gravedigger], 'Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole now, 'Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole now,' Frae Aladienkik to Johns Groats to M. Grose's Peregrinations. Johnstone. Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots, Frae Aladienkik to Johns Groats to M. Grose's Peregrinations. Johnstone. The Johnstones at, Jamie. Johnstone, My wailing numbers. [re.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. John Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, A Wision. Come join, y. Nature's sturdiest bairns. My wailing numbers. [re.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In Jowing bleeze they sweetly join, While ilka thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego. S. Now Spring has cladt Some social join, and leagues combine; Now westlin windst Nae mair he'll join the merry roar, On Scot. Band gue to W. I. And I will join a mother's tender cares, On Dath of Sir J. Blair. every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue. And to dark Ohlivion join thee! S. Raving vainds! And join with me a moralizing, New Them he mensed to mother stender cares, And to dark Ohlivion join thee! S. Raving vainds! And join with me a moralizing, New The New Cock-chow, a chiffe Vinter, Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Poor Mailit's El. S. Raving vainds! And join with me a moralizing, S. Sketch. New Yr's Day, An' cheek-for-chow, a chiffe Vinter, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, g. With humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The Fete Champetre. The feet and at state may join, and tell With defined compscience in the Misoration one set to tonde the hallan. The Toe and the Misoration one set to make obligation. The Toe and the Misoration one set to make obligation. The Toe and the Misorati		Can push about the jorum; . S. O May thy morn †
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; Tam & Shanter. 5. Guid speed an furdet to you Johny, To get a blade of Johnnie's morals, To a Medical Gent. And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews. To Mr. J. Kennedy. Johnny Ged's Hole (the gravedigger), 'Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole now,' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23. Johns Groats. John Groats. Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots, Frae Maidenkirk to Johny Groats to Gross's Peregrinations. Johnstone. The Johnstones hae the guidin ot, S. The Laddiet by And we'll be Johnstones A. Jamie. Joln. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, A Vision. Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Halloween. 10. While ilks thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, S. Now Spring has clad? Some social join, and leagues combine; S. Now westlin winds to Sock. Bard gene to W.I. A weeping country joins a widow's tear. On Death of Str J. Blair. every Muse shall join her unceful tongue, In. And I will join a mother's tender cares, Ib. And I will join a mother's tender cares, Ib. And to dark Oblivion join thee! S. Raving winds! And Join with me a moralizing, Sketch. New 17's Day. An' cheek-for-chow, a chiffe Vintner, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, g. Will humble prayer to join the dely see the Champetre. This festive Fête Champetre. This festive Fête Champetre. The livin and state may ion, and tell Skall sweetly join the choir: The Pettition of Br. Water. The livin and state may ion, and tell Will control the street of the control property of the choir. The Pettition of Br. Water. The livin and state may ion, and tell Will control the street of the control property of the choir. The Pettition of Br. Water. The livin and state may ion, and tell Will control the street of the control property of the choir. The Pettition of Br. Water. The livin and state may ion, and tell Will control the street of the control property of the choir. The Pettition of Br. Water. Will control the street of the street of the control property of the choir. The Pettition of		
To get a blade of Johnnie's morals, And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews, To Mr. J. Kennedy, Johnny Ged's Hole (the gravediggen), "Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole (the gravediggen), "Death and Dr. Hornlook. 23. Johny Groats. Johny Groats. Hear, Land Cakes, and brither Scots, Frae Maidenkirk to Johny Groats! On Grose's Peregrinations. Johnstone. The Johnstones hae the guidin o't, S. The Laddies by And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie. The Johnstones weeping Nith, A Vision. Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns, My wailing numbers. [re.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In lowing bleeze they sweetly join, Halloween. 10. While ilks thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, S. Now Spring has clad's Some social join, and leagues combine; S. Now westlike windst Some social join, and leagues combine; S. Now westlike windst Some social join, and leagues combine; S. Now westlike windst Some social join, and mother's tender cares, 16. March and will join a mother's tender cares, 16. March will join a mother's tender cares, 16. More thank of Str J. Blair, every Muse shall join the tuneful tongue, 16. And I will join a mother's tender cares, 16. More thank of Str J. Blair, Poem on Pastoral Poetry, Still in prayers for K.—G.—I most beartily join, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Poor Mailtie's El. S. Reving windst And join with me a moralizing, Sketch. New Yr's Day. An' cheek-for-chow, a chiffe Vinter, A' Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 8. With humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The join the mark of the Collean of Str. Water. This festive Fête Champetre. The feet and data was weed you and tell general to join the chart of the Collean of the Str. Water. This festive Fête Champetre. The feet and data was a power of the collean provide general providing the provide general providing the general point of the provide general providing the general point of the providence of the providence that the file of the providence of the providence of the provi	His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; . Tam o' Shanter. 5.	Joseph. That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews. To Mr. J. Kennedy. Johnny Ged's Hole (the gravedigger), 'Waes me for Johnny Ged's Hole now,' Death and Dr. Hornlook. 23. Johns Groats. Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots, Frae Maidenkirk to Johny Groats! On Groze's Peregrinations. Johnstone. The Johnstones hae the guidin o't. S. The Laddiets by And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie. Join. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, A Vision. Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest hairns, My wailing numbers. [rz.] EL on Capt. M. H., 3. In lowing bleeze they sweetly join, Halloween. 10. While ilk thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, S. Now Spring has clad's Some social join, and leagues combine; S. Now westlin woinds! And I will join the merry roat, On Scot. Bard gene to W.I. A weeping country joins a widow's tear. And I will join a mother's tender cares, 16. Where blackbirds join the shepherd's larys Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Still in prayers for K—G—I most beartily join, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Poor Mailie's El. And to dark Oblivion join thee! S. Raving winds! And join with me a moralizing, Sketch. New Yr's Day. An' check-for-how, a chiffe Vintner, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, g. Wir humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The five for home the folior: The Petition of Br. Water. The like and state may join, and tell Wir joythe tentic Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature? Will complete the five thinks of the role being the trapped thrill of joy! Add. others. Will complete the prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The like and a state may join, and tell Will mark our join and share This destive Fête Champetre. The like and a state may join, and tell Will mark our join and share This destive Fête Champetre. The like and a state may join, and tell Will mark our join and share This destive Fête Champetre. The Will mark our join and	Guid speed an' furder to you Johny, Third Ep. to J. Lap.	
Was me for Johnny Ged's Hole now, Was me for Johnny Ged's Hole now, Donth and Dr. Hornlook. 23. Hear, Land c' Cakes, and brither Seas, Frae Maidenkirk to Johny Groats! On Grost's Peregrinations. Johnstone. The Johnstones hae the guidin o't, And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie. John, Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, A Visiton. Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns. My wailing numbers. [re] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, While like thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, Now Spring has cladt Some social join, and leagues combine; S. Now westlin winds to Some social join, and leagues combine; S. Now westlin winds to Some social join, and leagues combine; S. Now westlin winds to your westlin winds to your one may be might you? And I will join a mother's tender cares, Mull join an other's tender cares, And to dark Oblivion join thee! S. Raving winds And Join with me a moralizing, S. Raving winds And Join with me		as to avoid or mitigate a blow, or to conceal
Was me for Johnny Ged's Hole now, Death and Dr. Hornlook. 23. Johns Groats. Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots, Frae Maidenkirk to John Groats! On Grozé's Peregrinations. Johnstone. The Johnstones hae the guidin o't. S. The Laddiets by And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie. Join. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, A Vision. Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest hairns, My wailing numbers. [rz.] EL on Capt. M. H., 3. In lowing bleeze they sweetly join, Halloween. 10. While ilk thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, S. Now Spring has clad? Some social join, and leagues combine; S. Now westlin world. Na emain he'll join the merry roat, On Scot. Bard gene to W. I. A weeping country joins a widow's tear. And I will join a mother's tender cares, 16. Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lanys Poen on Pastoral Poetry. Sill in prayers for K— G— I most beartily join, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Poor Mailiés El. And to dark Oblivion join thee! S. Raving winds! And join with me a moralizing, Sketch. New Yr's Day. An' check-for-how, a chiffe Vintner, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, g. Colleaguing join the choir: The Pettition of Br. Water. This festive Fête Champetre. The live for and state may join, and tell Will smalls weetly join the choir: The Pettition of Br. Water. The live had state may join, and tell endered the control of the live for the champetre. The live had a state may join, and tell Water blackprink, Music's gayest child, Shall sweetly join the choir: The Pettition of Br. Water. The live had a Cake to his prayer poin in a share The live had a state may join, and tell the provide contest significant the collection of the choir of t		
Death and Dr. Hornkook. 23. Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots, Frae Maidenkirk to Johny Groats! On Grose's Peregrinations. Johnstone. The Johnstones hae the guidin o't, S. The Laddiets by And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie. It. M. Johnstones and the guidin o't, S. The Laddiets by And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie. It. M. Johnstones a', Jamie. It. Johnstones a', Jamie. Johnstones a', Jamie. It. Johnstones a', Jamie. Johnstone		Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots, Frae Maidenkirk to John Groats! On Grose's Peregrinations. Johnstone. Johnstone. The Johnstones hae the guidin o't. S. The Laddies by the And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie. Joln. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, A Vision. Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns. My wailing numbers. [re]. El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Halloween. 10. While ilka thing in nature join Their storows to forego, S. Now Spring has clad? Some social join, and leagues combine; Nae mair he'll join the merry roar, On Scot. Band que to IV. I. A weeping country joins a widow's tear. A weeping country joins a widow's tear. On Death of Str. J. Blair. every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue, Ib., And I will join a mother's tender cares, Ib. Where blackbirds join the shepberd's luys Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Still in prayers for K.—G.—I most bearfly join, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Poor Malitic's El. And to dark Oblivion join thee! S. Raving winds! And join with me a moralizing, Sketch. New-Yr's Day. An' check-for-how, a chiffe vintner, An' check-for-how, a chiffe vintner, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, S. W' humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The livit and state may ion, and tell What de'il ever thinks o' the odd in the Ma the de'il ever thinks o' troad he has past. What the de'il ever thinks o' libst, wit little to the cill ever thinks o' libst, wit listle journed withted. S. Contented wit little? Through frosty hills the journey lay. A Vision. My swage journey, work. S. Contented wit little? Though frosty hills the journey lay. To Post Mality sell. My be winner prov'd (you) to be no journey-work. She (Nature) prov'd (you) to be no journey-work. She (Nature) prov'd (you) to be no journey-work. She (Nature) prov'd [you] to be no journey-work. She (Nature) prov'd [you] to be no journey-work. She (Nature) prov'd [you] to be no journey-work. She (Nature) prov'd [Death and Dr. Hornbook, 23.	But why should we to nobles jouk? The Election Ballads. II.
Frae Maidenkirk to Johny Groats! On Groat's Pergrinations. Johnstones. The Johnstones hae the guidin o't, S. The Laddiets by And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie. Jin. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, A Vision. Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest hairns, My wailing numbers. [rz.] EL on Capt. M. H., 3. In lowing bleeze they sweetly join, Halloween. 10. While ilk thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, S. Now Spring has clad's Some social join, and leagues combine; S. Now westlin winds! Nae main he'll join the merry roar, On Scot. Bard gene to W.I. A weeping country joins a widow's tear. On Death of Sir J. Blair, every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue, Ib. And I will join a mother's tender cares, Ib. Where blackbirds join the shepherd's larys Still in prayers for K.—G.—I most bearfully join, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Come, join the melancholious croon O'Robin's reed! Poor Mailie's El. And to dark Oblivion join thee! S. Raving winds! And join with me a moralizing, Sketch. New Yr's Day. An' check-for-how, a chiffe Vintner, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, g. Wi humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The jivid and state may ion, and tell Jounney. When the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past. What the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past. What the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past. What the de'il ever thinks o' the road he as it he oil to the oil the road will title. S. Contented wi' little? Though fosty hills the journey lay, To P. Toylor. My savage journey, curious, Juruse, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Journey-work. S. Contented wi' little. Journey-work. Journey-work. Journey-work. Journey-work. And to die View him a mark it clink, S. John Anderson' Journey-work. Joye 'I'll prose it!' Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 21st. 6. to Jove his prayer preferred; Improven. on Mrs. — 2 Birthday. Now Jove for once he mighty civil, 16. The Jordan and hard mark in the proven in the proven in the prove of the folion of the proven in	Heav Land o' Caker, and brither Scote	I jouk heneath Misfortune's blows
Johnstones hae the guidin o't, . S. The Laddies by And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie	Frae Maidenkirk to Johny Groats! On Grose's Peregrinations.	
And we'll be Johnstones a', Jamie. John. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, A Vision. Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest hairns. My wailing numbers. [re]. El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Halloween. 10. While ilka thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego. S. Now Spring has cladt Some social join, and leagues combine: S. Now westlin windst Nae mair he'll join the merry roar, On Scot. Eard gue to W. I. A weeping country joins a widow's tear. On Dath of Str J. Blair. every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue. And I will join a mother's tender cares, Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Still in prayers for K.—G.—I most hearifly join, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! And to dark Oblivion join thee! S. Raving winds! And join with me a moralizing, S. Ketch. New-Yr's Day. An' check for-chow, a chuffe Vinter, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, g. Wi'r humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The jive and state may ion; and tell Shall sweetly join the choir: The Pettition of Br. Water. The livit and state may ion; and tell The continuous control of the state of the state of the same wip joy his former day, A dechenky, I wish him joy: Authorized. Wi'poythe tentic Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature?		Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past.
Ny savage journey, curious, 1 pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inr., Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns. All noving bleeze they sweetly join, Halloween. 10. While ilk thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, S. Now Spring has clad? Some social join, and leagues combine; S. Now westlin winds to S. Now of the merry roar, On Scot. Bard gene to W.I. A weeping country joins a widow's tear. On Death of Str J. Blair. every Muse shall join the threeful tongue, 16. And I will join a mother's tender cares, 16. Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays Poen on Pastoral Poetry. Still in prayers for K—G—I most beartily join, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Poor Mailite's El. And to dark Oblivion join thee! S. Raving winds' And Join with me a moralizing, Sketch. New 1/rs Day. An' check-for-how, a chieff vintner, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, g. Wi humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The five hard year and the five themptre. The seed in the seed of the champetre. The seed in the seed of the prayer to goin and share This festive Fête Champetre. The five hard state may ion, and tell Now Jow for more be mighty civil, 1.6. The Jove's tuneful dochters three times three, Made Homer deep their debtor; 1. To Miss Ferrier. Jove's tuneful dochters three times three, Made Homer deep their debtor; 1. To Miss Ferrier. Jove's tuneful dochters three times three, More for once be mighty civil, 1.6. The Jove's tuneful dochters three times three, Made Homer deep their debtor; 1. To Miss Ferrier. Jove's tuneful dochters three times three, Made Homer deep their debtor; 1. To Miss Ferrier. Jove's tuneful dochters three times three times three, Made Homer deep their debtor; 1. To Miss Ferrier. Jove's tuneful dochters three times three, Made Homer deep their debtor; 1. To Miss Ferrier. Jove's tuneful dochters three times three times three, Made Homer deep their debtor; 1. To Miss Ferrier. Jove's tuneful dochters three time		
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns. My wailing numbers. [rc.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In lowing bleeze they sweetly join, While ilka thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego. S. Now Spring has clad Some social join, and leagues combine: Now mestlin windst Nae mair he'll join the merry roar, On Scot. Band gue to W. I. A weeping country joins a widow's tear, On Dath of Sir J. Blair, every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue, And I will join a mother's tender cares, Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays Poem on Pastoral Poetry, Still in prayers for K.—G.—I most hearity join, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! And to dark Ohlivion join thee! S. Raving vainds! And join with me a moralizing, S. Raving vainds! And join with me a moralizing, S. Raving vainds! And join with me a moralizing, S. Raving vainds! And ploin with me a moralizing, The Word Indumball, wi' rattlant tow, Begins to jow an' croon; Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, g. Wi' hamble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The jived na state may long the support of the Champetre. The livin and state may look in and state may look and tell of the support of the control and state may look and tell of the control of the support of the control of		S. Contented we little t
My wailing numbers. [vz.] El. on Capt. M. H., 32. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Halloween 10. While like thing in nature join S. John Anderson't While like thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, S. Now Spring has clad't Some social join, and leagues combine; S. Now westlin winds to Some social join, and leagues combine; S. Now westlin winds to Jove his prayer preferred; Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday. Now Jove for once be mighty civil, 10. Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story, 16. Jove his prayer preferred; Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday. Now Jove for once be mighty civil, 10. Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story, 16. Jove his prayer preferred; Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday. Now Jove for once be mighty civil, 10. The one be mighty civil, 10. The mowre again the jovial thrang The Poet did request. The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. Mark our jovial ranged ring! 10. Move (linkumbell, wi' rattlan tow, Begins to jow an' croon; 10. The Holy Fair. 20. Move (linkumbell, wi' rattlan tow, Begins to jow an' croon; 10. Move (linkumbell, wi' rattlan tow, Begins to jow an' croon; 10. Add. of Betelebub. Joy. hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him [want]. A Ded. to G. H., 10. We joy the tentic Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature? Wi' joy the tentic Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature? Wi' joy the tentic Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature? Wi' joy the tentic Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature?		Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor.
In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Halloween. 10. While ilka thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, S. Now Spring has clad? Some social join, and leagues combine; S. Now westlike winds? S. Now westlike winds? S. Now westlike winds? A weeping country joins a widow's tear. A weeping country joins a widow's tear. And I will join the merry roar, On Scot. Bard gene to W.I. A weeping country joins a widow's tear. And I will join a mother's tender cares, 16. Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lanys Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Still in prayers for K.— G.— I most beartifly join, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Come, join the melancholious croon O'Robin's reed! And to dark Oblivion join thee! S. Raving winds? And join with me a moralizing, Sketch. New Yrs Day. An' check-for-how, a chiffe Vintner, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, g. Wi humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The given prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The given for the prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The given for the prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The given for the prayer to join and share This desire of the prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The livit and state may join, and tell? The livit and state may join, and tell will of joy! Add. to Edinburgh. 4. Wi'joythe tentic Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature?	Join. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, A Vision.	Through frosty hills the journey lay, To f. Taylor. My savage journey, curious, I pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Their sorrows to forego, S. Now Spring has clad? Some social join, and leagues combine; Nae mair he'll join the merry roar, On Scot. Bard gue to W.I. A weeping country joins a widow's tear, every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue, On Death of Sir J. Blair, every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue, And I will join a mother's tender cares, Where blackbirds join the shepherd's luys Poem on Pastoral Poetry, Still in prayers for K—G—I most heartily join, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Come, join the melancholious croon O'Robin's reed! Poor Mailit's El. And to dark Ohlivion join thee! S. Raving vainds! And join with me a moralizing, Sketch. New-Yr's Day. An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffe Vinter, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, g. Wi'h immble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The given prayer to join and share This sestive Fête Champetre. The great man of a hunting dog or beagle]. Get out a horse-whip, or a jowler Add. of Beelzebub. Joy. hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him (want), A Ded. to G. H., 16. He sam wi' joy his former day, A Ded. to G. H., 16. Wi'poythe tentic Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature? Wi'joy the tentic Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature? Wi'joy the tentic Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature? Al chachen, Wish with might with him joy; Authorized, William of Br. Water. Wi'joy the tentic Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature?	Join. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, A Vision.	Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor. My savage journey, curious, 1 pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Journey-work. She [Nature] prov'd [you] to he no journey-work,
Some social join, and leagues combine; Nae mair he'll join the merry roar, On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. A weeping country joins a widow's tear, On Death of Sir f. Blair. every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue, 16. And I will join a mother's tender cares, 16. Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays Poem on Pastoral Poetry, Still in prayers for K — G — I most beartily join, O' Robin's reed! Poet Add. to Tytler, Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Poet Add. to Tytler, And to dark Ohlivion join thee! S. Raving windst And join with me a moralizing, Sketch. New I'rs Day. An' check-for-chow, a chieff Vintner, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, g. Wi humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The jivial contest again have renewed. The Holly Fair, 26. Jow [Insumble], wir rattian tow, Begins to jow an' croon; The Holly Fair, 26. Jow [Wi humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The powdspink, Music's gayest child, Shall sweetly join the choir: The Petition of Br. Water. The livia and state may ion, and tell	John. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, A Vision. Come join, ye Nature's sturdlest hairns, My wailing numbers. [re.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join,	Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor. My savage journey, curious, 1 pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Journey-work. She [Nature] prov'd [you] to be no journey-work, S. John Anderson †
A weeping country joins a widow's tear. every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue. And I will join a mother's tender cares, Michael blackbirds join the shepherd's lays. Foem on Pastoral Poetry. Still in prayers for K.—G.—I most heartily join, Come, join the melancholious croon O'Robin's reed! And to dark Oblivion join thee! And join with me a moralizing, Sketch. New-Yr's Day. An' check-for-chow, a chuffe Vintner, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 8. Wi'h immibe prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The gwet spiral dochters three times three, Made Homer deep their debtor; The Pout Juillant How Poetry and Interview again the jovial thrain ged ingit. The Poet did request. The folly Beggars. R. VIII. Mark our jovial ranged ring: The Poet did request. The few to point. The Pow and Interview. The powd long and toll]. Now Clinkumbell, wi' ratitant tow, Begins to jow an' croon; Jowel's them and of a hunting dog or beagle]. Get out a horse-whip, or a jowler. Add. of Beelzebub. Joy. hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him (ant), A Ded. to G. H., 16. He sam wi' joy his former day, A Ded. to G. H., 16. Wi'joy the tentic Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature? Wi'joy the tentic Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature? Wi'joy the tentic Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature?	John. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, Come join, ye Nature's sturdlest hairns. My wailing numbers. [re.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Halloween. to. While like thing in nature join	Through frosty hills the journey lay. To J. Taylor. My sawage journey, curious, 1 pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Journey-work. She [Nature] provd [you] to be no journey-work, S. John Anderson † Jove, 'An' if ye winna mak it clink, 'By Jove I'll prose it!' Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 6.
A weeping country joins a widow's tear. every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue. And I will join a mother's tender cares, Michael blackbirds join the shepherd's lays. Foem on Pastoral Poetry. Still in prayers for K.—G.—I most heartily join, Come, join the melancholious croon O'Robin's reed! And to dark Oblivion join thee! And join with me a moralizing, Sketch. New-Yr's Day. An' check-for-chow, a chuffe Vintner, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 8. Wi'h immibe prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The gwet spiral dochters three times three, Made Homer deep their debtor; The Pout Juillant How Poetry and Interview again the jovial thrain ged ingit. The Poet did request. The folly Beggars. R. VIII. Mark our jovial ranged ring: The Poet did request. The few to point. The Pow and Interview. The powd long and toll]. Now Clinkumbell, wi' ratitant tow, Begins to jow an' croon; Jowel's them and of a hunting dog or beagle]. Get out a horse-whip, or a jowler. Add. of Beelzebub. Joy. hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him (ant), A Ded. to G. H., 16. He sam wi' joy his former day, A Ded. to G. H., 16. Wi'joy the tentic Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature? Wi'joy the tentic Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature? Wi'joy the tentic Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature?	John. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, Come join, ye Nature's sturdlest hairns. My wailing numbers. [re.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Halloween. to. While like thing in nature join	Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor. My savage journey, curious, 1 pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Journey-work. She [Nature] prov'd [you] to be no journey-work, S. John Anderson † Jove. 'An' if ye winna mak it clink, 'By Jove I'll prose it!' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 6. to Jove his prayer preferred! Improm. on Mrs 's Birthday.
On Death of Sir J. Blair. every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue. It. And I will join a mother's tender cares, 16. Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Still in prayers for K — G — I most heartily join, O' Robin's reed! Poet. Add. to Tytler. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Poet. Add. to Tytler. And to dark Ohivion join thee! S. Raving windst And join with me a moralizing, Sketch. New-Y's Day. An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffic Vintner, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, S. Wi humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The join and state may long and tell. Shall sweetly join the choir: The Petition of Br. Water. The kirk and state may ion, and tell Wi joy the tentie Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature? Wi joy the tentie Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature? Wi joy the tentie Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature? Wi joy the tentie Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature?	John. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, . A Vision. Come join, ye Nature's sturdies thairns. My waiting numbers, [re.] Et. on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Halleween. 10. While ilks thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, . S. Now Spring has clad! Some social join, and leagues combine; S. Now westlin winds!	Through frosty hills the journey lay. To J. Taylor. My savage journey, curious, 1 pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Journey-work. She [Nature] prov'd [you] to be no journey-work, Jove. 'An' if ye winna mak it clink, An' if ye winna mak it clink, Dy Jove I'll prose it! Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 6. to Jove his prayer preferred; Inprovm. on Mrs.—'s Birthday. Now Jove for once be mighty civil, 16.
And I will join a mother's tender cares, Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays Poem on Pastoral Poetry, Still in prayers for K—G—I most heartily join, Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Poet, Add. to Tytler. And to dark Ohlivion join thee! S. Raving windst And join with me a moralizing, Sketch. New-Yr's Day. An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 8. Wi' humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The Fete Champetre. The Fete Champetre. The Fete Champetre. The Whistle. Jow to swing and toll). Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlan tow, Begins to jow an' croon; Jowler (the name of a hunting dog or beagle). Get out a horse-whip, or a jowler . Add. of Beelzebbb. A Ded. to C. H., 10. A Ded. to C. H., 10. He sang wi' joy his former day, . A Vition. Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy! Add. to Edinburgh. 4. Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks, S. Again replicing nature? Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks, S. Again replicing nature? A' Auchenbay, I wish him joy! A duchormad; Y. Wish him joy! And chormad the melancholious croon of the wind the properties of the proving the properties. The Whistle. Jowel to swing and toll). Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlan tow, Begins to jow an' croon; Jowler (the name of a hunting dog or beagle). Get out a horse-whip, or a jowler . Add. of Beelzebbb. A Ded. to C. H., 10. A Ded. to C. H., 10. A Ded. to C. H., 10. A Wi' joy his former day. Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks, S. Again replicing nature? Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks, S. Again replicing nature?	John. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith. A Vision. Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest haims. My waiting numbers. [re.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Halloween, While lika thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, S. Now Spring has clad t Some social join, and leagues combine: S. Now westlin winds t Nae mair he'll join the merry roar, On Scot. Bard gue to W.I.	Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor. My sawage journey, curious, 1 pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Journey-work. She [Nature] prov'd [you] to be no journey-work, S. John Anderson † Jove, 'An' if ye winna mak it clink, By Jove [11] prose it! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 6. to Jove his prayer preferred; Improm. on Mrs's Birthday. Now Jove for once be mighty civil, Shome! says Jove; so ends my story, 16.
Mark our jovial ragged ring! . Ib. S. FIII. They get the jovial, rantan Kirns The Twa Dogs. 10. Still in prayers for K — G — I most beartily join, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Come, join the melancholious croon Of kohin's reed! . Poor Mailie's El. And to dark Oblivion join thee! . S. Raving winds! And join with me a moralizing, Sketch. New-Yr's Day. An' cheek-Korchow, a chuffe Vinter. Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, g. Wi humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The Fête Champetre. The gowelly join the choir: The Petition of Br. Water. The livis and state may ion, and tell Wir joy the tentie Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature? Wi'joy the tentie Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature? Wi'joy the tentie Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature? Wi'joy the tentie Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature? Wi'joy the tentie Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature?	John. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, . A Vision. Come join, ye Nature's sturtlest hairns. My waiting numbers, [r.z.] Et. on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join,	Through frosty hills the journey lay. To J. Taylor. My savage journey, curious, 1 pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Journey-work. She [Nature] prov [d Jou] to be no journey-work, S. John Anderson [By Jove I'll prose it! Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 21st. 6. to Jove his prayer preferred; Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday, Now Jove for once be mighty civil, Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story, Jove's turnefu' dochters three times three, Made Homer deep their debtor; To Miss Ferrier.
Still in prayers for K—G—I most heartily join, Come, join the melancholious croon O'Robin's reed! Poet. Add. to Tytler. And to dark Oblivion join thee! S. Raving vainds † And join with me a moralizing, Sketch. New-Yr's Day. An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 8. Wi humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The Fête Champetre. The feet Champetre. The kirk and state may ion, and tell with the contract of the property of the property of the prayer to join in the choir: The Petition of Br. Water. The kirk and state may ion, and tell with the contract of the property	John. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, Come join, ye Nature's sturdlest hairns. My wailing numbers. [rz.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Mille like thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, S. Now Spring has clad? Some social join, and leagues combine; Nae mair he'll join the merry roar, On Scot. Bard gne to W.1. A weeping country joins a widow's tear, On Death of Sir J. Blair. every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue, 1b.	Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor. My savage journey, curious, 1 pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Iun. Journey-work. She [Nature] prov'd [you] to be no journey-work, By Jove 1'll prose it! Ep. to J. Lk, Ap. 2sts. to to Jove his prayer preferred; Improm. on Mrs s Birthday, Now Jove for once be mighty civil, 'Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story, Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three, Made Homer deep their debtor; Jovial. Then ower again the jovial thrang
Still in prayers for K — G — 1 most heartily join, Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! And to dark Oblivion join thee! S. Raving winds † And join with me a morniking, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, g. Wi humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The given grayers child, Shall sweetly join the choir: The Petition of Br. Water. The kirk and state may ion, and tell The formal contest again have renewed. Thou for the summer of a hunting dog or beagle. The wire the name of a hunting dog or beagle. Get out a horse-whip, or a jowler. Add. of Beleabuh, Joy. He sang wi joy his former day, Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy! A Vition. Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy! Wi joy the tentie Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejicing nature? Wi joy the tentie Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejicing nature? Wi joy the tentie Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejicing nature? A' Auchenbay, I wish him joy! A utcherday, I wish min joy! A utcherday the true to joy and the utcherday. A utcherday the true to joy and the utcherday. A utcherday t	John. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith. A Vision. Come join, we Nature's surdiest haims. My wailing numbers. [re.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Halloween. 10. While ilka thing in nature join Their sorves to Grego, S. Now Spring has clad to Some social join, and leagues combine: S. Now westlin winds! Nae mair he'll join the merry roar, On Scot. Bardgue to W.I. A weeping country joins a widow's tear, On Death of Sir J. Blair. every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue, Ib. And I will join a mother's tender cares, Ib.	Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor. My savage journey, curious, 1 pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Journey-work. She [Nature] prov [1] to be no journey-work, S. John Anderson [By Jove I'll prose it! Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 6. to Jove his prayer preferred; Improm. on Mrs.—'s Birthday, Now Jove for once be mighty civil, Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story, Jove's tuneful dochters three times three, Made Homer deep their debtor; Jovial. Then owne again the jovial throng The Poet did request. The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.
Come, join the melancholious croon (Nobin's reed! Poor Mailie's El. S. Raving vainds † And to dark Ohlivion join thee! S. Raving vainds † And join with me a moralizing, Sketch. New Yr's Day. An' check-for-chow, a chuffe Vinner, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, g. Wi humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The Fete Champetre. The governity of the Champetre of the Water, Skall sweetly join the choir: The Petition of Br. Water. The livis and state may ion; and tell	John. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, Come join, ye Nature's sturdlest hairns. My wailing numbers. [re.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Millouveen. 10. While ilka thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, S. Now Spring has clad to Some social join, and leagues combine: S. Now Spring has clad to Some social join, and leagues combine: Nae mair he'll join the merry roar, On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. A weeping country joins a widow's tear. every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue, Ib. And I will join a mother's tender cares, Where blackbirds join the shepher'd's lays	Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor. Ny savage journey, curious, I pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Journey-work. She [Nature] provid [you] to be no journey-work. Sy Jowe 'An' if ye winna mak it clink, By Jowe I'll prose it! 'Ep, to J. L-k, Ap, 21st. 6. to Jowe his prayer preferred; Innprom. on Mrs's Birthday. Now Jowe for once be mighty civil, Tis done! says Jowe; so ends my story, Jowe's tunefu' dochters three times three, Made Homer deep their debtor; Jovial. Then ower again the jovial thrang The Poet did request. The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. Mark our jovial ragged ring! 16. S. VIII.
And to dark Ohlivion join thee! S. Raving vainds? And join with me a moralizing, Sketch. New-Y's Day. An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vinner, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, S. Wi' humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The gowdspink, Music's gayest child, Shall sweetly join the choir: The Petition of Br. Water. The livis and state may ioin, and tell	John. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest hairns. My wailing numbers, [re.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Mille like thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, S. Now Spring has clad to Some social join, and leagues combine: S. Now Spring has clad to Some social join, and leagues combine: Nae main he'll join the merry roar, On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. A weeping country joins a widow's tear, On Death of Sir J. Blair, every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue, Ib. And I will join a mother's tender cares, Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Still in prayers for K—G—I most beartily join,	Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor. Ny savage journey, curious, I pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Journey-work. She [Nature] prov'd [you] to be no journey-work, S. John Anderson † Jove, 'An' if ye winna mak it clink, By Jove I'll prose it! 'Ep. to J. Lk, Ap. 21st. 6. to Jove his prayer preferred; Improm. on Mrs.—'s Birthday, Now Jove for once be mighty civil, 'Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story, Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three, Made Homer deep their debtor; Jovial. Then owre again the jovial thrang Jovial. Then owre again the jovial thrang Jovial of the Poet did request. The folly Beggars. R. I'lli. Mark our jovial ragged ring! Ib. S. VIII. They get the jovial, rantan Kirns. The Twa Dogs. 19. The jovial contest again have renewed. The Whistle.
And to dark Oblivon join thee!	John. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest haims. My wailing numbers. [re.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, While lika thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, S. Now Spring has clad to Some social join, and leagues combine: S. Now westlin winds to Now westlin winds to Nae mair he'll join the merry roar, On Scot. Bardgne to W.I. A weeping country joins a widow's tear, on Death of Sir J. Blair. every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue, And I will join a mother's tender cares, Ib. Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays Form of Mat. In Twiter.	Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor. My savage journey, curious, 1 pursue, Wr. in Kenmor Inn. Journey-work. She [Nature] prov'd [you] to be no journey-work, By Jove 1'll prose it! Ep. to J. Lk, Ap. 21st. 6. to Jove his prayer preferred; Improm. on Mrs s Birthday, Now Jove for once be mighty civil, 16. "Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story, Jove's turneth' dochters three times three, Made Homer deep their debtor; Jovial. Then owre again the jovial thrang The Poet did request. The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. Mark our jovial ragged ring! 16. S. VIII. They get the jovial, rantan Kirns, The Twa Dogs. 19. The Jovial contest again have renewed. The Whistle. Jow [to Swing and tol]].
And Join with me a moralizing, Sketch. New Yes Day. An' cheek-for-chow, a chieff Vintner, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, g. Wi humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The gowdspink, Music's gayest child, Skall sweetly join the choir: The Petition of Br. Water. The livit and state may join, and tell	John. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith. A Vision. Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest haims. My waiting numbers. [re.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleze they sweetly join, Halloween. 10. While lika thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, S. Now Spring has clad to Some social join, and leagues combine: S. Now westlin winds to Nature join the merry roar, On Scot. Bardgne to W.I. A weeping country joins a widow's tear, on Death of Sir J. Blair. every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue, 16. And I will join a mother's tender cares, 16. Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Still in prayers for K.—G.—I most heartily join. Poet. Add. to Tytler. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Poor Mailie's El.	Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor. Ny savage journey, curious, I pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Journey-work. She [Nature] provid [you] to be no journey-work, Stock of the street o
Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 8. Wi' humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The gowdspink, Music's gayest child, Shall sweetly join the choir: The Petition of Br. Water. The livit and state may join, and tell "A Ded to G. H., 16. He sang wi' joy his former day, Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy! Add. to Edinburgh. 4. Wi' joy the tentic Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature? "A Ded to G. H., 16. He sang wi' joy his former day, Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy! Add. to Edinburgh. 4. Wi' joy the tentic Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature? "A Ded to G. H., 16.	John. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, Come join, ye Nature's sturdlest hairns. My wailing numbers, [re.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, While ilka thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, S. Now Spring has clad to Some social join, and leagues combine: S. Now westlin winds to Some social join, and leagues combine: Nae mair he'll join the merry roar, On Scat. Bard gne to W.I. A weeping country joins a widow's tear, every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue, More Dadth of Sir J. Blair, every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue, Ib. And I will join a mother's tender cares, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Still in prayers for K—G—I most beartily join, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Poor Mailie's El. And to dark Oblivion join thee! S. Raving winds t	Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor. My savage journey, curious, 1 pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Journey-work. She [Nature] prov'd [you] to be no journey-work, By Jove 1'll prose it! Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 6. to Jove his prayer preferred; I improm. on Mrs.—'s Birthday, Now Jove for once be mighty civil, 'Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story, Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three, Made Homer deep their debtor; Jovial. Then owre again the jovial thrang The Foet did request. The folly Beggars. R. V'III. Mark our jovial ragged ring! 16. S. V'III. Mark our jovial ragged ring! 16. S. V'III. They get the jovial, rantan Kirns, The Towa Dogs. 19. The jovial contest again have renewed. Jow [to swing and toll], Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlan tow, Begins to jow an' croon; The Holy Fair. 26. Jowler [the name of a hunting dog or beagle].
Wi'b humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The gowdspink, Music's gayest child, Shall sweetly join the choir: The Petition of Br. Water. The kirk and state may ion, and tell An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy: Audi contrade? An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy: Audi contrade?	John. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith. A Vision. Come join, we Nature's surdiest haims. My wailing numbers. [re.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Halloween. 10. While ilka thing in nature join Their sorrows. to Grego, S. Now Spring has clad to Some social join, and leagues combine: S. Now westlin windst Nae mair he'll join the merry roar, On Scot. Bardgue to W. I. A weeping country joins a widow's tear, every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue, Ih. And I will join a mother's tender cares, It. Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Still in prayers for K.— G.— I most heartily join, Come, join the melancholious croon O'Robin's reed! Poor Mailie's El. And to dark Oblivion join thee! S. Raving winds's And join with me a mornalizing, Sketch. New-Yy's Day.	Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor. Ny savage journey, curious, I pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Journey-work. She [Nature] provid [you] to be no journey-work, She [Nature] provid [you] to be no journey-work, By Jove I'll prose it! 'Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 6. to Jove his prayer preferred; Insprom. on Mrs's Birthday. Now Jove for once be mighty civil, 16. Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story, 16. Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three, Made Homer deep their debtor; 7. Jovial. Then owne again the jovial thrang The Poet did request. The folly Beggars. R. I'lli. Mark our jovial ragged ring! 16. S. Vill. They get the jovial, rantan Kirns, The Twa Dogs. 19. The jovial contest again have renewed. The Whistle. Jow [to swing and tol]]. Now Clinkumbell, wi rattlan tow, Begins to jow and croon; The Holy Fair. 26. Jowler (the name of a hunting dog or beagle). Get out a horse-whip, or a jowler . Add. of Bedeclavib.
The gowdspink, Music's gayest child, Shall sweetly join the choir: The Petition of Br. Water. The kirk and state may join, and tell An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy; Audi comrade! An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy; Audi comrade!	John. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith. Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest haims. My wailing numbers. [re.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, While ilka thing in nature join Their sorrows to Grego,	Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor. My savage journey, curious, 1 pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Journey-work. She [Nature] prov'd [you] to be no journey-work, By Jove 'An' if ye winna mak it clink, By Jove l'il prose it! Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. 6. to Jove his prayer preferrel; Intervan. on Mrs.—'s Birthday, Now Jove for once be mighty civil, 'It's done! says Jove; so ends my story, Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three, Made Homer deep their debtor; Jovial. Then owre again the jevial thrang The Poet did request. The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. Mark our jovial ranged ring! Ib. S. VIII. They get the jovials, ratana Kirns., The Twa Dogs. 19. The jovial contest again have renewed. The Whistle. Jow [to Swing and toll]. Now Clinkumhell, wi' rattlan tow, Begins to jow an' croon: The Holy Fair. 26. Jowler [the name of a hunting dog or beagle]. Get out a horse-whip, or a jowler . Add. of Beeleebub. Joy. hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him [want.]
Shall sweetly join the choir: The Petition of Br. Water. The kirk and state may join, and tell Wi joy the tentie Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature† An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy; . Auld comrade†	John. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest haims. My wailing numbers. [re.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, While ilka thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, S. Now Spring has clad to Some social join, and leagues combine: S. Now westlin winds to Now westlin winds to Nae mair he'll join the merry roar, On Scot. Bardgne to W.I. A weeping country joins a widow's tear, On Death of Sir J. Blair. every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue, And I will join a mother's tender cares, Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Still in prayers for K—G—I most beartily join, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Come, join the melancholious croon O'Robin's reed! Poor Mailie's El. And to dark Oblivion join thee! S. Kawing winds the And join with me a moralizing, Sketch. New-Y's Day. An' check-for-how, a chiffe Vinter, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, & W'l' bumble oraver to join and share	Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor. Ny savage journey, curious, I pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Journey-work. She [Nature] provid [you] to be no journey-work, She [Nature] provid [you] to be no journey-work, By Jove I'll prose it! 'Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 6. to Jove his prayer preferred; Insprom. on Mrs's Birthday. Now Jove for once be mighty civil, 16. Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story, 16. Jove's turnefu' dochters three times three, Made Homer deep their debtor; 7. Jovial. Then owre again the jovial thrang The Poet did request. The folly Beggars. R. VIII. Mark our jovial ragged ring! 16. New Young and toll]. Now Clinkumbell, wi rattlan tow, Begins to jow and croon: 7. The Whistle. Jowler [the name of a hunting dog or beagle]. Get out a horse-whip, or a jowler . Add. of Bedeclaub. Joy, hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him [want]. A Ded. to G. H., 16.
The kirk and state may join, and tell An Auchenbay, I wish him joy; Auld comrade	John. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith. Come join, ye Nature's surrdiest hairing. My wailing numbers. [re.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join,	Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor. Ny savage journey, curious, I pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Journey-work. She [Nature] provid [you] to be no journey-work, She [Nature] provid [you] to be no journey-work, Yoy [you I'll prose it! ' Ep. to J. Lk, Ap. 21st. 6. to Jove his prayer preferred; Innproven. on Mrs's Birthday, Now Jove for once be mighty civil, 'Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story, Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three, Made Homer deep their debtor; Jovial. Then owre again the jovial thrang The Foet did request. The folly Beggars. R. 'I'll. Mark our jovial ragged ring! Ib. S. VIII. They get the jovial, rantan Kirns, The Twa Dogs. 19. The jovial contest again have renewed. The Whistle. Jow [to swing and toll]. Now Clinkmhell, wi' rattlant tow, Begins to jow an' croon: Jowler [the name of a hunting dog or beagle]. Get out a horse-whip, or a jowler Add. of Beelaebub. Joy, hopes, and Joys, and pleasures fly him [want], A Ded. to G. H., 16. He sang wi' joy his former day, A Vision. Dear as the rapturd thrill of joy! Add. to Edinburgh 4.
110w tate ye wen, an joy be wi you, , . 10,	John. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith. Come join, ye Nature's surrdiest hairness. My wailing numbers. [re.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join,	Through frosty hills the journey lay. To J. Taylor. My savage journey, curious, 1 pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Journey-work. She [Nature] provd [you] to be no journey-work, She [Nature] provd [you] to be no journey-work, By Jove I'll prose it! Ep. to J. Lk, Ap. 1st. 6. O Jove his prayer preferred; Imfrom. on Mrss Birthday. Now Jove for once be mighty civil, 16. 'Tis done! says Jove; so ends my story, 16. Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three, Made Homer deep their debtor; 16. Jovial. Then owre again the jovial thrang The Poet did request. The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. Mark our jovial ragged ring! 16. S. VIII. They get the jovial, natuan Kirns, The Twa Dags. 19. The jovial contest again have renewed. The Whistle. Jow Ito swling and toll]. Now Clinkumbell, wi rattlan tow, Begins to jow and 'croon; The Holy Fair. 26. Jowler [the name of a hunting dog or beagle]. Get out a horse-whip, or a jowler . Add. of Bedeabub. Joy, hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him [want]. Dear as the rapturd thrill of joy! . Add. to Edinburgh. 4. Wi joy the tentic Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoicing nature?
	John. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest haims. My wailing numbers. [re.] El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, While ilka thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, S. Now Spring has clad to Some social join, and leagues combine: S. Now westlin winds to Now westlin winds to Nature in the light of the merry roar, On Scot. Bardgen to W.I. A weeping country joins a widow's tear, On Death of Sir J. Blair. every Muse shall join the merry roar, On Scot. Bardgen to W.I. And I will join a mother's tender cares, John Death of Sir J. Blair. every Muse shall join the shepherd's lays Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Still in prayers for K— G— I most beartily join, Come, join the melancholious crow O' Robin's reed! And to dark Olivion join thee! S. Raving winds the And join with me a mornlizing, Sketch. New-Yr's Day, An' check-for-tow, a chuffie Vinter, Colleaguing join, The Author's Cry and Prayer, & Wi' humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The gowdspink, Music's gayest child, Shall sweetly join the choir: The Petition of Br. Water.	Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor. Ny savage journey, curious, I pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Journey-work. She [Nature] prov'd [you] to be no journey-work, She [Nature] prov'd [you] to be no journey-work, By Jove I'll prose it! 'Ep. to J. Lk, Ap. 21st. 6. To Jove his prayer preferred; Improm. on Inrs.—'s Birthday, Now Jove for once be mighty civil, 'Is done! says Jove; so ends my story, Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three, Made Homer deep their debter; Jovial. Then owre again the jovial thrang Make Homer deep their debter; Jovial. Then owre again the jovial thrang Make our jovial ragged ring! I. Ib. S. VIII. They get the jovial, rantan Kirns, The Twa Dogs. 19. The jovial contest again have renewed. The Whistle. Jow [to swing and toll]. Now Clinkmabell, wi' rattlan tow, Begins to jow an' croon; The Holy Fair. 26. Jowler [the name of a huntling dog or beagle]. Get out a horse-whip, or a jowler Add. of Beelzebub. Joy, hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him [want). He sang wi' joy his former day, Dear as the raptur'd thill of joy! An' datchea, I wish him joy; Audiconvendet An' Adochea, I wish him joy; Audiconvendet

But now our joys are fled, S. But lately seen †	No tongue then was able their joy to express,
But ah! those pleasures, Loves and Jovs.	S. The Poor Thresher.
Which I too keenly taste, Despondency, an Ode. 4.	Nae real joys we know, man The Tree of Liberty.
With honest joy, our hearts will boand, To see the coming year:	My heart has been sae fain to see them, That I for joy hae barket wi' them The Twa Dogs. 20.
This life has joys for you and I;	The joy can scarcely reach the heart
And joys that riches ne'er could buy;	And joy and music pouring forth,
And joys the very hest	In ev'ry grove, . The Vision. D. II. 14.
And sing their pleasures hopes an' joys, In some mild sphere, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 18.	I saw thee leave their evining joys,
The sun of all his joy S. Farewell, dear Mistress †	And lonely stalk,
And with him all the joys are fled,	And every new cork is a new spring of joy; The Whistle. 12. But hawks will rob the tender joys
	That bless the little lintwhite's nest; S. There was a lass
That blasts each bnd of hope and joy; S. Forloru, my Love t	And did na joy blink in here'e;
And uncle John who wedlock's jour	Sorrowing joy, adien's last action, To a Kiss.
Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys, Sin' Mar's-year did desire,	An' lea'e ns nought but grief an' pain, For promis'd joy! To a Mouse.
Gude Night and joy be wi' thee: S. Here's to thy health, †	For promis'd joy! To a Mouse. All blameless joys on earth we find, . To a young Lady.
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me, S. I dream'd I lay t	The joys refin'd of sense and taste, To Chloris.
My dismal months no joys are crowning, Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	And doubly were the poet blest
Content and love bring peace and joy. S. In simmer when †	These joys could he improve
And still the more and more they drank,	Because thy joy in both would be To share them with a friend To John M'Murdo.
Their joy did more abound John Barleycorn.	To share them with a friend To John M'Murdo. dear, deluding woman, The joy of joys! . To J. S., 14.
'Twill heighten all his joy:	Like school-hoys, at th' expected warning.
And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.	Like school-boys, at th' expected warning, To joy and play 16. 15.
Lament on leaving Nat, Land.	Nae joy her bonie huskit nest Can yield ava, To W. Creech.
O wilt thou share its [Nature's] joys wi' me, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	But every joy and pleasure's fled, Willie's awa! Ib.
Then a' twad gie o' joy to me,	With joy, with rapture, I would toil; S. Twas even-the dewy
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite † Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me, The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy. S. Montgomerie's Peggy. With multiplying joys	And ev'ry day has joys divine
With multiplying joys, Nature's Law.	With the bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle
And now beneath the withering blast	You think I'm glad; oh, I pay weel For a' the joy I borrow, V.s, under Grief.
My youth and joy consume. S. Now spring has clad	Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me:
The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry, The flutt'ring, gory pinion! S. Now westlin winds†	Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me: S. Wae is my heart t
Its joys and griefs alike resign. S. O bonie was you rosy	My joy, my pride, my Hoggie! . S. What will I do gin t
And evining's tears are tears o' joy : S. O Logan! sweetly t	Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys †
The milder sun, and bluer sky	Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between;
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy, S. O Phely, †	Why am I loth t
What's a' the joys that gowd can gi'e?	To light and joy the good restore,
O bless her with a mother's joys, . O Thou dread Pow'r † But my delight in you town,	To light and joy unknown before. Wr. in Friars-Carse H Thou mind st me of departed joys,
And dearest joy is Lucy fair S. O wat ye wha's in t	Departed, never to return S. I'e banks and braes t
Without my love, not a' the charms	Joy-surrounded.
Of Paradise could yield me joy;	Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
And n' my tears be tears of joy, S. O how can I be blythe † Why disturb your social joys, . On scaring Water-fowl.	Gaudy Day to you is dear. S. Musing on the roaring
Why disturb your social joys, . On scaring Water-fowl. Scream your discordant joys; . On Death of Lap-dog.	Joy, to. All Creatures joy in the suns returning, S. Bonie Bell.
Come, bumpers high, express your joy, On W. Stewart.	The simmer joys the flocks to follow; S. By Allan stream
Thine be ilka joy and treasure, . S. One fond kiss †	[Think not] I joy my lonely days to lead in
Thy and damned elbow yeaks wi' joy, Poem on Life.	This desert drear; The Hermit.
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . S. Raving winds †	Joyful.
Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin': Second Ep. to Davie.	Make, all and every one, A joyful noise, New Psalmody.
Hear the woodlark charm the forest,	The weary night o' care and grief May have a joyful morrow; . S. The noble Maxwells
Telling o'er his little joys: S. Sensibility, †	I hae heen joyfu' gath'rin gear; . S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Numbering ev'ry bud which nature Waters wi' the tears of joy S. Sleep'st thou,†	Joyless. She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
The lav'rock, to the sky Ascends wi' sangs o' joy; . Ib.	A Winter Night, S.
'Tis then-'tis then, I wake to life and joy! Ib.	Meet ev'ry sad-returning night, And joyless morn the same. Despondency, an Ode. 2.
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,	The joyless day, how dreary; S. How lang and dreary
Sound, writ. on Birthday.	Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days, S. O Logan! sweetly
Friendship's pure and lasting joys S. Talk not of Love † Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear, Tam o' Shanter. 19.	Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul. On Death of R. Dundas.
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe [is woman],	I joyless view thy rays adorn. The faintly-marked distant hill:
	The faintly-marked distant hill: I joyless view thy trembling horn,
The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares; The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	Reflected in the gurgling rill The Lament. 2.
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.
Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy, Ib. 13.	S. The small birds rejoice t
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys; S. The Contented Cottager.	
With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,	When shall my soul, in silent peace, Resign Life's joyless day?
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	The joyless winter-day,
The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy, Ib. 8. While joys above my mind can move, S. The day returns t	Joyous.
Companions of my social joy! The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.	See Social-life and Glee sit down, All joyons and nathinking Add. to Unco Guid. 5.
From ev'ry joy and pleasure tora, The Lament.	All joyons and unthinking, Add. to Unco Guid. 5. Three joyons good fellows with hearts clear of flast in the control of
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see; . S. The lovely lass t	The Whistie. 6.
An' pour divine libations For joy this day. The Ordination.	Bright Phæbus ne'er witnessed so ioyons a corps, Ib. 13.
•	

Judge. The Judge that's mighty in thy law, New Pealmody. Witness my heart, how of with panting fear, As on this night, I've met these judges by Woods. Yerl Galloway · Made me the judge of strife; Prologue, sp. by Woods. Yerl Galloway · Made me the judge of strife; The Election Ballads. V. The Clark the same of the Holy Fair. 14. An aged Judge, I saw him rove, Dispensing good. (y.A.4) The I'lition. D. I. Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers, Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir. To Capt. Riddel. Judge, to Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive. Prologue, sp. by Woods. Judge, to Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive. Prologue, sp. by Woods. With knowledge so mortar and stone, Sir. To Capt. Riddel. Judge, to. Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive. Prologue, sp. by Woods. With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong, Fragment, inser. to Forget each grief and pain. Despondency, an Order of the Company of the Strife of the William of the Justiling. You, bustling and justling. Toget each grief and pain. Despondency, an Order of the Company of the Strife of the Strife of the Company of the Strife of
For a' the real judges rise, The Election Ballads. V. For a' the real judges rise, They canna sit for anger. An aged Judge, I saw him rove, Dispensing good. [v.A.4] The I'ision. D. I. Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers, Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir. To Capt. Riddel. Judge, to. Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive. Prologue, sp. by Woods. Judgment. Is there a man whose judgment clear, Can others teach the course to steer, A Bard's Epit. With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong, Fragment, inser. to Fox. Judiclous. He wales a portion with judicious care: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. Jug. 1 sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, In glass or jug. Scotch Drink. Jugglln'. Their jugglin' bouse-poens arts To cheat the crowd. To Rev. J. M. Math. Jugglln'. Their jugglin' bouse-poens arts To cheat the crowd. To Rev. J. M. Math. Juley. Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows, Adown the glade. The Vision. D. II. 20. Jumble. In formless jumble, right an' wrang, The Airs. to the Guidwife. Jump, 10. An' jump out owere the chimile The Kirk's Alarm. Jump, 10. Near lav'rock-height she jumpet, Halloween. 7. Jumpet, -it. Near lav'rock-height she jumpet, Halloween. 20. Till coward Death behind him jumpit, Tam Samson's El., 10. Jumpjing, -in, -an. The lang lad they ca' jumpan! The Holy Fair. 13. The Holy Fair. 14. The Isos in My justifies that ill opinion. Which makes thee startle, To a M. And gather gear by ev'ry wile, That's justify's Mar justifies that ill opinion. Which makes thee startle, To a M. And gather gear by ev'ry wile, That's justify's My Honor: Ep. 10 Voung Friet Justify. And gather gear by ev'ry wile, That's justifies. Wall goule ave your justiogs, your jars, and your quarrel Justify's An justifies that ill opinion. The Justify that bleave gear your justiogs, your jars, and your quarrel Justify's An justifies that ill opinion. The Justify that bleave your justiogs, your jars, and your quarrel Justify's An justifies that ill opinion. The Justify that bleave your justiogs, your jars, and
For a' the real judges rise. The yearn ast for anger. An aged Judge, I saw him rove, Dispensing good, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I. Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers, Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir. To Capt. Riddel. Judge, to. Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive. Prologue, sp. by Woods. Judgment. Is there a man whose judgment clear, Can other teach the course to steer, With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong, With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong, Judiclous. He wales a portion with judicious care: The Cotter's Sal. Night. 12. Jug. I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, In glass or jug. Scotch Drink. Jugglin'. Their jugglin' hocus-poeus arts To cheat the crowd. To Rev. J. M'Math. And fill them high with generous juice, Adown the glade. The Vision. D. II. 20. Jumble. In formless jumble, right an' wrang, The Ains. to the Guidwife. Jump, to. An' jump out owre the chimile Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumpet, -it. Near lav'ock-height she jumpet, He stampan, an' he's jumpan! The Halp falt hy ca' jumpin John, The Halp falt hye ca' jumpin John, The Halp falt hye ca' jumpin John, The Holy Fair. 13. Which makes thee startle, No Midel. And gather gear by ev'ry wile, That's justify'd by Honor: To justify'd by Honor: The Sign's Riddel. And gather gear by ev'ry wile, That's justify'd by Honor: The Sign's Riddel. And gather gear by ev'ry wile, That's justify'd by Honor: The Carl Riddel. And gather gear by ev'ry wile, That's justify'd by Honor: The Sign's Riddel. Self-th And and ster gear by ev'ry wile, That's justify'd by Honor: The Laig shell gear and proved the startle. Self-th And and gather gear by ev'ry wile, That's justify'd by Honor: The Carl Riddel. And gather gear by ev'ry wile, That's justify'd by Honor: The Carl Riddel. And gather gear by ev'ry wile, That's justify'd by Honor: The Carl Riddel. Suttling. You, bastling ad justling, Forget each grief and pain. Dependency, an O. He justify dy Honor: The Laig self-th All and justling. Scotch Drink. Ju
An aged Judge, I saw him rove, Dispensing good. [v.A.4] The l'ision. D. I. Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers, Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir.; To Capt. Riddel. Judge, to. Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive. Prologue, sp. by Woods. Judgment. Is there a man whose judgment clear, A Bard's Epit. With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong, Can others teach the course to steer, A Bard's Epit. With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong, Fragment, inser. to Fox. Judicious. He wales a portion with judicious care: The Coefer's Sat. Night. 12. Jug. 1 sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, Scotch Drink. Juggilln'. Their jugglin becus-poeus the crowd. To Rev. J. M'Math. Judge, I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, Scotch Drink. And fill them high with gener can mak us, Scotch Drink. And fill them high with gener can mak us, Scotch Drink. Juley. Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows, Adown the glade. The Vision. D. II. 20. Jumble. In formless jumble, right an' wrang, The Kirk's Alarm. Jump, to. An' jump out owree the chimite Fu'high that oight. Halloween. 26. Till coward Death behind him jumpit, Tam Samson's El., 10. Jumping, -inan. Jumpage, an'thempole, Scotch bernetation of the fail of the distribution of the stampan, an' he's jumpan! The Holy Fair. 13. Willies Prayer Kill and Potatoes. Hollower, 26. Kail an' Potatoes. Hollower, 27. Core the his bow-kail runt, Cores the units basket and his store, Willies Prayer Kill on the Cores of the Holy Willie's Prayer Kill on the Cores of the Holy Willie's Prayer Kill on the Cores of the Holy Willie's Prayer Kill on the Cores of the Holy Willie's Prayer Kill on the Cores of the Holy Willie's Prayer Kill on the Cores of the Holy Willie's Prayer Kill on the Cores of the Holy W
Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers, Are judges of mortar and stone, Str.; To Caft. Riddel, Judge, 10. Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive. Prologue, 5p. by Woods. Judgment. Is there a man whose judgment clear, Can others teach the course to steer, A Bard's Epit. With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong, Fragment, inser. to Fox. Judicious. He wales a portion with judicious care: Fragment, inser. to Fox. Judicious. He wales a portion with judicious care: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. Jug. 1 sing the juice Scotch hear can mak us, In glass or jug. Scotch Drink. Juggilln'. Their juggill' bours poeus arts To cheat the crowd. To Rev. J. M'Math. Juggilln'. Their juggill' bours poeus arts To cheat the crowd. To Rev. J. M'Math. Juley. Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows, Adown the glade. The Vision. D. 11. 20. Jumble. In formless jumble, right an' wrang, The Kirk's Alarm. Jump, to. An' jump out owre the chimlie Fu'high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumpet, -it. Near lav'rock-height she jumpet, Halloween. 26. Till coward Death behind him jumpit, Tam Samson's El., 10. Jumping, -inan. The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad He's stampan, an' he's jumpan! The Holy Fair. 13. Wi jumping, an' thumping, 20. On Cross's Pererina.
Fragment, insert to Fragment, insert to Fragment, insert to Justling. Judgment. Is there a man whose judgment clear, Can others teach the course to steer, A Bard's Epit. With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong, Fragment, insert to Fox. Judiclous. He wales a portion with judicious care: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. Jug. 1 sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, Scotch Drink. Jugglin'. Their jugglin' bocus-poens arts To cheat the crowd. To Kev. J. M'Math. Julee. I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, Scotch Drink. And fill them high with generous juice, To a Lady. Juley. Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows, Adown the glade. The Vision. D. II. 20. Jumble. In formless jumble, right and wrangs, The Kirk's Alarm. Jump, to. An' jump out ower the chimlie Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumpet, -it. Near lav'rock-height she jumpet, Halloween. 26. Till coward Death bebind him jumpit, Tam Samson's El., 10. Jumping, -inan. The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad the's stampan, an' he's jumpan! The Holy Fair. 13. Wou, bustling and justling, Forget each grief and pain. Despondency, an One justly 1 may fear! Noe, besting and justling, Toeget each grief and pain. Despondency, an One justly 1 may fear! Noe, besting and justling, Toeget each grief and pain. Despondency, an One justly 1 may fear! Noe, besting rear van down his honest face! The Vo Sust Prot Justly. What sorrows yet may piece me thro'. Too justly 1 may fear! And where ye justly can commend—commend them: Too justly 1 may fear! And where ye justly can commend—commend them: Too justly 1 may fear! And where ye justly can commend—commend them: Too justly 1 may fear! And You, farewell! whose merits claim. Justly What sorrows yet may piece me thro'. Too justly 1 may fear! And where ye justly can commend—commend them: Too justly 1 may fear! And Won farewell! whose merits claim. Justling. You, bustling and justling. Too justly 1 may fear! And where ye justly can commend—commend them: Too justly 1 may fear!
Sugging on the star of the course to steer, A Bard's Epit. Can others teach the course to steer, A Bard's Epit. With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong, Fragment, inser. to Fex. Judicious. He wales a portion with judicious care: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. Jug. 1 sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, Scotch Drink. In glass or jug. Scotch Drink. Juggilin'. Their juggilin' bocus-poens arts To cheat the crowd. To Rev. J. M'Math. Juggilin'. Their juggilin' bocus-poens arts To cheat the crowd. To Rev. J. M'Math. Julee. I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, Scotch Drink. And fill them high with generous juice, To a Lady. Juley. Yet green the juicy Hawthom grows, Adown the glade. The Vision. D. II. 20. Jumble. In formless jumble, right and wrang, The Ans. to the Guidwife. Jump. W'a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul, The Kirk's Alarm. Jump, to. An' jump out ower the chimlie Fu'high that right. Halloween. 7. Jumpet, -it. Near lav'rock-height she jumpet, Halloween. 26. Till coward Death behind him jumpit, Tam Samson's El., 10. Jumping, -inan. The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad the's stampan, an' he's jumpan! The Holy Fair. 13. Curs thou his basket and his store, Willie's Praye. Kill an' Potatoes. Holy Willie's Praye. Kill an' Po
Can others teach the course to steer, A Bard's Epit. With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong, Fragment, inser. to Fex. Judiclous. He wales a portion with judicious care: The Cotte's Sat. Night. 12. Jug. 1 sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, In glass or jug. Scotch Drink. Jugglin'. Their jugglin' bours-poens arts To cheat the crowd. To Rev. J. M'Math. Julee. I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, Scotch Drink. And fill them high with generous juice. To a Lady. Juley. Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows, Adown the glade. The Vision. D. 11. 20. Jumble. In formless jumble, right an' wrangs, The Ans. to the Guidavife. Jump. Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul, The Kirk's Alarm. Jump, to. An' jump out owre the chimlie Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumpet, -it. Near lav'rock-height she jumpet, Halloween. 26. Till coward Death behind him jumpit, Tam Samson's El., 10. Jumping, -inan. The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad the's stampan, an' he's jumpan! The Holy Fair. 13. Wi' jumpings, an' thumping, He halloween and the stampan and he's jumpan! The Holy Fair. 13. The langs lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad the's stampan, an' he's jumpan! The Holy Fair. 13. The langs lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad the's stampan, an' he's jumpan! The Holy Fair. 13. The langs lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad the's stampan, an' he's jumpan! The Holy Fair. 13. To cheat the crowd. To Fex. I. Maloween. 20. To justly I may feat? Despondency, an And where ye justly can commend—commend them; To commend—commend them; To che and where ye justly can commend—commend—commend them; To che and where ye justly can commend—commend them; To che and where ye justly can commend—commend them; To che and where ye justly can commend—commend them; To che and where ye justly can commend—commend them; To che and where ye justly can commend—commend them; To che and where ye justly can commend—commend them; To che and where ye justly can commend—commend t
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong, Fragment, insert. to Fox. Judicious. He wales a portion with judicious care: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. Jug. 1 sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, In glass or jug. Scotch Drink. Jugglin' bocus-poeus arts To cheat the crowd. To Rev. J. Mr. Math. Judgel. I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, Scotch Drink. And fill them high with generous juice, To a Lady. Juley. Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows, Adown the glade. The Vision. D. 11. 20. Jumple. In formless jumble, right an' wrang, The Ans. to the Guidwife. Jump, Wi'a jump, yell, and howl, alarm wery soul, The Kirk's Alarm. Jump, to. An' jump out owre the chimile. Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumptet, -it. Near lav'rock-height she jumpet, Halloween. 26. Till coward Death behind him jumpit, Tam Samson's EL, to. Jumping, -in, -an. The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad the's stampan, an' he's jumpan! The Holy Fair. 13. Curse thou his basket and his stoket and his staket and his sta
Jug. 1 sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, Inglations of the Vision of Inglass or jug. Scotch Drink. Jugglin' bocus-pocus arts To cheat the crowd. To Rev. J. M. Math. Juice. I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, Scotch Drink. Juice. I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, Scotch Drink. Juice. I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, Scotch Drink. And fill them high with generous juice. To a Lady. July. Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows, Adown the glade. The Vision. D. II. 20, Jumble. In formless jumble, right an' wrant of the Guidwife. Jump. Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul, The Ans. to the Guidwife. Jump, to. An' jump out owre the chimite. Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumpt, to. An' jump out owre the chimite. Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumpt, to. An' jump out owre the chimite. Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumpt, to. An' jump out owre the chimite. Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumpt, to. An' jump out owre the chimite. Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumpt, to. An' jump out owre the chimite. Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumpt, to. An' jump out owre the chimite. Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumpt, to. An' jump out owre the chimite. Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumpt, to. An' jump out owre the chimite. Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumpt, to. An' jump out owre the chimite. Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumpt, to. An' jump out owre the chimite. Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumpt, to. An' jump out owre the chimite. Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumpt, to. An' jump out owre the chimite. Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumpt, to. An' jump out owre the chimite. Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumpt, to. An' jump out owre the chimite. Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumpt, to. An' jump out owre the chimite. Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumpt, to. An' jump out owre the chimite. Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumpt, to. An' jump out owre the chimite. The Author's Cry and Praye Kail (coleworts; broth)
Jugglin'. Their jugglin' bocus-pocus arts To cheat the crowd. To Rev. J. M. Math. Juice. I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, Scotch Drink. Juice. I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, Scotch Drink. And fill them high with generous juice. To a Lady. July. Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows, Adown the glade. The Vision. D. II. 20. Jumble. In formless jumble, right an' wrans, the Guidwife. Jump. Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul, The Ans. to the Guidwife. Jump, to. An' jump out owre the chimite Fu' high that night. Hallowen, 7 Jumpte, -it. Near lav'ock-height she jumpet, Hallowen, 2. Till coward Death behind him jumpit, Tam Samson's El., to. Jumping, -in, -an. The lang lad they ca' jumpin Joha, S. Her Daddie forbad† He's stampan, an' he's jumpan! The Holy Fair. 13. Wi jumping, an' thumping,
The Fareworld. To Rev. J. M*Math. Juice. I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, Scotch Drink. And fill them high with generous juice. To a Lady. Juley. Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows, Adown the glade. The Vision. D. H. 20. Jumble. In formless jumble, right an' wrang, The Ans. to the Guidwife. Jump, Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul, The Kirs's Alarm. Jump, to. An' jump out owre the chimite Fu' high that night. Hallowen. 7. Jumpet, -tt. Near lav'rock-height she jumpet,
Juice. I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, Scotch Drink. And fill them high with generous juice. To a Lady. Juley. Yet green the juicy Hawthorn grows, Adown the glade. The Vision. D. II. 20. Jumble. In formless jumble, right an' wrans, The Ans. to the Guidwife. Jump. Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul, The Kirk's Alarm. Jump, to. An' jump out owre the chimite Fu' high that night. Hallowen. 7. Jumpet, -it. Near lav'rock-height she jumpet,
Junipy. Vet green the juicy Hawthorn grows, Adown the glade. The Vision. D. II. 20. Jumble. In formless jumble, right an' wrang, Jump. Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soul, The Kirk's Alarm. Jump, to. An' jump out owre the chimie Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Jumpet, -tt. Near lav'rock-height she jumpet Halloween. 26. Till coward Death bebind him jumpit, Tam Samson's El., to. Jumping, -in, -an. The lang lad they ca' jumpin Joha, S. Her Daddie forbad† He's stampan, an' he's jumpan! . The Holy Fair. 13. Wi' jumping, an' thumping,
Jumple. In formless jumble, right an' wrang, The Ann. to the Guidwife. Jump, Wi' a jump, yell, and howl, alarm every soil, The Kirk's Alarm. Jump, to. An' jump out owre the chimlie Fu' high that night. Halloween, 7. Jumpet, -it. Near lav'rock-height she jumpet. Halloween, 26. Till coward Death bebind him jumpit, Tam Samson's EL, 10. Jumping, -in, -an. The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad the's stampan, an' he's jumpan! The Holy Fair, 13. Wi' jumping, an' thumping, The Holy Fair, 13. Kae [a daw]. In spite o' a' the thievish kaes That haunt St. Jamie's ! The Author's Cry and Praye Kall [coleworts; broth]. scarce as lang's a guid kail whittle, Adam A-'s Pr (could lay my bread and kail . Ep, to H. Pa Then first and foremost, thro't he kail, T
Jump, to. An' jump out owre the chimlie Fu' high that night. Hallowen, 7. Jumpet, -it. Near lav'rock-height she jumpet. Hallowen, 26. Till coward Death bebind him jumpit, Tam Samson's EL, 10. Jumping, -in, -an. The lang lad they ca' jumpin Joha, S. Her Daddie forbad† He's stampan, an' he's jumpan! The Holy Fair. 13. Wi jumping, an' thumping,
Sumpet, -it. Fu' high that night. Halloween. 7. Kear law rock-height she jumpet,
Near law Yock-height she jumpet,
Till coward Death bebind him jumpit, Tam Samson's El., 10. Jumping, -In, -an. The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad the stampan, an' be's jumpan! The Holy Fair. 13. Wi jumping, an' thumping, Or lang-kail guille. Our Crass's Perserina
Jumping, -in, -an. The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad † He's stampan, an' he's jumpan! The Holy Fair. 13. W' jumping, an' thumping, W' jumping, an' thumping, Or lang-kail guilie. On Grass's Perserina
He's stampan, an' he's jumpan! . The Holy Fair. 13. Kail an' Potatoes. Holy Willie's Praye Wi' jumping, an' thumping, Or lang-kail gullie On Gross's Percerina
Wi' jamping, an' thumping, Or lang-kail gullie On Grose's Peregrina
The Petition of Br. Water. Wi' sowps o' kail and brats o' claise,
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle, To a Louse. Jundie (to justle, jog with the elbow). At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail. The Death of M
The warly race may drudge an' drive, For lapfu's large o' gospel kail
June. O my Luve's like a red. red rose, Be't water-brose, or muslin kail, To J. S
That's newly sprung in June; S. A red. red Rose. But whigs cam like a frost in June, S. Awa, whigs, awa. Wi' welcome canna bear me; . To Mr. M'A
Upon a bonie day in June, The Twa Dogs. Kall-blade [a leaf of colewort].
Jurr [a journeyman; a servant of either sex]. For Geordie's jurr we're in disgrace, Adam A—'s Prayer. Just sh— in a kail-blade and send it, Death and Dr. Hornboo
As for the jury, poor worthless body. Kail-runt [the stem of the colewort].
Just, adv. And just to stop, and just to move, Of a kail-runt. Death and Dr. Hornboo.
With self-respecting art: Despondency, an Ode. 4. Just. Kail-yard [a kitchen garden]. For building cot-houses sae fam'd,
Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just! Add. to Edinburgh. 6. And christening kail-yards. The Election Ballace
Th' ungodly o'er the just prevailed. New Psalmody. To kail-yards green, . The Vision.
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast, If the ass was the king of the brutes. The Kirk's Alarm. There grows a honie brief bush in our kail yard, [rz.] S. There grows a b
Which I in just proportion have abused . Tragic Frag. And they're busy, busy courtin in our kail-yard
Wr. on Leaf of H. More. Kame [a comb].
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise, There solid self-enjoyment lies; . Wr. in Friars-Carse H He claw'd her wi' the riplin-kame, Kane [fowls, &c., paid as rent by a farmer].
Justice. To death she's dearly pay'd the kane, Tam Samson's
Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is, In moral Mercy, Truth and Justice! . A Ded. to G. H., 7. Use coals, his kane, an' a his stents: . The Twa Do
Here Justice, from her native skies, High wields her balance and her rod; Kate. respects 1 sen' it, To cousin Kate, Auld Contr
Add. to Edinburgh. 2. Justice, alas! has gi'en him o'er, . Epit. on Holy Willie. Add. to Edinburgh. 2. As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice! . Tam o' Shant
Justice, the high vicegerent of her God. In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Her doubtful halance eyed, and sway'd her rod; On Death of R. Dundas. Kate soon will be a woefn' woman! There came a pure the play'd our cousin Kate a spring, There came a pure the play'd our cousin Kate a spring,

Katharlne.	But still keep something to yoursel
And Katharine Jaffray was her name, Katharine Jaffray.	Ye scarcely tell to ony. Ep. to Young Friend. 5. And resolutely keep it's [Honor's] laws, Ib. 8.
Katy, -ie. Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy? [re.] S. Canst thou leave me t	And resolutely keep it's [Honor's] laws, 1b. 8. It's hardly in a lody's pow'r,
An' kissin my Katie when a' was done. [re.]	To keep, at times, frae being sour, . Ep. to Davie. 2.
S O merey has I been t	My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase
My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity, S. What can a yng lassie †	The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7. Satan, gie him thy gear to keep, Epit. on Ruling Elder.
Will ye go and marry, Katie? [re.] S. Will ye go and marry +	He whistl'd up lord Lenox' march,
Kebar [a rafter].	To keep his courage cheary; Halloween. 19.
He ended: and the kehars sheak,	Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill. S. In simmer when t
Alloon the chords roat; . The Jolly Beggars, R. 11.	God keep thee frae thy mother's faes, Lament of Mary of Scots.
Kebbuck [a cheese; "kebbuck-heel," end of a	And I'll keep it until the hour I die S. My Sandy gied †
Cheese]. To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,	But wha wad keep the handless coof, S. O can ye labour lea †
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.	Gude ale keeps my heart aboon. [re.] S. O gude ale comes †
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife; The Holy Fair. 24.	And her two eyes like stars in skies.
An' dinna, for a kebbuck heel,	Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck. S. O Mally's meck.
Let lasses be affronted On sic a day! Ib. 25.	Peaceful keep your dimpling wave, On scaring Water-fowl.
Keckle [to cackle; to laugh aloud].	Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence . Poor Mailie's El
As round the fire the giglets keckle, To see me loup; . Add. to Toothache.	My poverty keeps me in awe, man, Ronalds of Bennals.
Keek [a peep, a stolen glance].	Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin: Scotch Drink. 5.
He hy his showther gae a keek,	From ev'ry danger keep him free, S. Somebody. Nursing her wrath to keep it warm Tam o' Shanter.
Keek, to [spy narrowly; take a stolen glance; peep].	Must wayward fortune's adverse hand
But keek thro' ev'ry other man, Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection. Ep. to Young Friend. 5.	For ever, ever keep me here? . S. The Banks of Nith.
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection. Ep. to Young Friend. 5.	if e'er again he keep As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
An' now the sinn keeks in the west, Third Ep. to J. Lap Keekit [took a stolen glance; peeped].	The Death of Mailie.
I cannily keekit hen,	But ay keep mind to moop an' mell, Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel!
The gossip keekit in his loof, . S. There was a lad t	Gude keep thee frae a tether string! Ib.
Keekin' glass [a looking-glass].	Our flatt'ry we'll keep for some ither,
My face was but the keekin' glass	The Election Ballads. III. That you may keep th' unerring line,
And there ye saw your picture In Defence of a Lady. Keel [ruddle, a red clayey rock].	Still rising by the plummet's law,
And wow! he has an unco slight	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
O' cauk and keel. On Grose's Peregrinations.	On the bonie banks of Ayr to meet, And keep this Fête Champetre. The Fête Champetre
Keen. Ill-satisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call, A Winter Night. q.	(L-d keep me ay frae a' temptation!) The Inventory
Young-Guidmen, fond, keen, an' croose;	With woe I nightly vigils keep, The Lament
Add. to the Deil. 11.	Keep watchings with the nightly thief:
And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song †	And nought but his labour to keep them up all. S. The Poor Thresher.
There keen indignation shall dart on her prey,	And do our endeavour to keep us from want Ib.
Monody, on a Lady. Can thy keen inspection trace	We still keep the ravening wolf from the door Ib.
Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace?	To keep that right inviolate's the fashion, The Rights of Woman.
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs	An' nought but his han'-daurk, to keep
When pale the morning rises keen, S. On Cessnock banks † Sett II.	Them right an' tight in thack an' raep. The Twa Dogs. 10.
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,	Wha now will keep you frae the fox, . The Twa Herds.
On Death of R. Dundas.	'While ye [Pow'rs] are pleas'd to keep me hale, 'I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,
Or worser far, the pangs of keen remorse; Remorse. A Frag Is there nae Poet, burning keen for Fame, Scots Prologue.	Heaven keep you free frae care and strife, V.s to Landlady.
As keen as a heagle, The Black-Headed Eagle.	Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din; S. Wha is that at my t
Keen Recollection's direful train, The Lament. 7.	Keep the name of man in mind, Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.
Wi' dancing keen, S. The tither morn t	Keep His goodness still in view,
Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space, Beam'd keen with Honor. The Vision. D. I. 10.	Keeper.
Beam'd keen with Honor. The Vision. D. I. 10. The Pedant stifles keen the Roman sound . The Vowels.	Keeper of Mammon's iron chest, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,	I am a keeper of the law In some sma' points, altho' not a'; I's to J. Kanken.
Baith snell an' keen! To a Mouse.	Keepit, -et [kept].
Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace; To J. S., 18.	For I am keepit by thy fear
Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures? Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.	Free trae them a Holy with a Frayer.
Keen-shivering.	Was keepet for his Honor's pleasure; . The Twa Dogs.
'Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along, The Vision, D. II. 16.	Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight, And trig an' braw: To W. Creech.
Keener. O burning hell! in all thy store of torments There's not a keener lash! . Kemorse. A Frag.	Keith. And blooming Keith's engaged with Gray;)
Keenly. And keenly felt the friendly glow,	Sketch. New-Yr's Day. Kellyburn-braes.
And softer flame; A Bard's Epit. But ah! those pleasures, Loves and Joys,	There liv'd ance a carle in Kellyhurn-braes, S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Which I too keenly taste, Despondency, an Ode. 4.	Kelple is kind of mischievous spirit, said to haunt
Keep. An' threaten'd labor back to keep, . A Guid New-year † 13.	rivers at night, especially in storms. Then, Water-Kelpies haunt the foord
To keep the Highland hounds in sight! Add. of Beelzebub.	By your direction, Add. to the Deil. 12.
They'll keep their stubborn, Highland spirit Ib. 4.	By your direction, Add to the Det. 12. Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them, The Erigs of Ayr. 4.
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill, To keep me sicker; Death and Dr. Hornbook, 5.	Kemble, Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief
But Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith, . S. Duncan Gray.	Of Moses and his rod; Lns on Mrs. Kemble.

Kempleton.	Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
And there will be Kempleton's birkie,	Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor, The Cotter's Sat, Night. 7.
A boy no sae black at the bane; The Election Ballads. III.	
Ken. And hope has left my aged ken, Lament for Glencairn.	Ye weel ken, kimmers a', The Election Ballads. I.
Ken, to [to know].	But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels, A man we ken, and a' that
Wha kens, before his life may end,	"Sweet lass, I think ye seem to ken me; The Holy Fair. 4.
What his share may be o' care, man? A Bottle and Friend.	I ken the devils dare na touch me The Inventory.
That kens or bears about you, Sir. A Ded. to G. H., 13.	
And now thou kens our waefu' case, Adam A-'s Prayer.	Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense, Wi' people wha' ken ye nae better. The Kirk's Alarm.
An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkan, Add. to the Deil. 20.	There's no a callant tents the kye, But kens o' Westerha', Jamie S. The Laddies by †
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—	
Still hae a stake	She kens her father is a laird, . The Tarbolton Lasses.
An' few there be that ken me, O; S. Behind you hills !	She kens hersel she's bonie
We darena weel say't, though we ken wha's to blame,	It maks him ken himsel, man
S. By yon castle wa' †	Haith lad ye little ken about it; The Twa Dogs. 22.
Gin a body kiss a body Need the warld ken! S. Comin thro' the rye t	Ve little ken what cursed speed
'Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the Clachan,	The blastie's makin! To a Louse.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.	Ye ken, ye ken, That strang necessity supreme is
Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens; El. on Capt. M. H., 4.	To Dr. Blacklock.
Ye [ministers] ken yoursels, for little feck! El. on Year 1788.	Ye ken yoursels my beart right proud is, Ib. I ken he weel a Snick can draw, To Gav. Hamilton.
And ken na how to wair't: Ep. to Davie. 2.	I ken he weel a Snick can draw, To Gav. Hamilton. I see ye upward cast your eyes—Ye ken the road. To J. S., 28.
They [Misfortunes] let us ken oursel;	To J. S., 28.
The words come skelpan, rank and file, Amaist before I ken!	ye ken fu' well, To Mr. M'Adam.
You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,	We poor sons of metre
Ef. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 10.	Are often negleckit, ye ken; To Mr. P. Stuart.
Quo' she, 'Ye ken we've been sae busy Ih., Ap. 21st. 3.	(The second sight, ye ken, is given To ilka Poet) To Terraughty.
tak that, we lea'e them naething. To ken them by,	Why if they led me Con easy will a single wordie
Ep. to J. R., 4.	Wha, if they ken me, Can easy, wi' a single wordie, Lowse h-ll upon me. To Rev. J. M'Math.
And as the twilight was begun, Thought cane wad ken. Ib. 7.	An' then cry zeal for gospel laws, Like some we ken Ib.
Whae'er desires to ken [his religion], To some other warl Maun follow the carl, Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.	I hope we, Bardies, ken some better
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief	Than mind sie brulzie. To W. Simpson, P.S.
Wha got my young Highland thief S. Hee balou, †	Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture, That thy presence gies to me. S. Turn again, thou †
I ken thy friends try ilka means Frae wedlock to delay thee; S. Ilere's to thy health, †	Ken'd, Kend, Kenn'd, Ken't, Kent.
Frae wedlock to delay thee; S. Here's to thy health, † I ken they scorn my low estate.	I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep
I ken they scorn my low estate,	For that or simmer. A Guid New-year † 13.
When drinkers drink and swearers swear, [v.A.11] Holy Willie's Prayer,	The mair they tauk I'm kent the hetter,
	Add. to Illegit. Child.
O L-d! yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg,	Far kend an' noted is thy name; Add. to the Deil. 3.
Or else, thou kens, thy servant true Wad ne'er ha'e steer'd her	Ev'n Ministers they have been kenn'd, In holy rapture,
	Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, [v. A.6] Death and Dr. Hornbook.
There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,	An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes kenn'd av
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore, 1b. 12. There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess, S. I'll ay ca' in †	Frae ghaists an' witches
And lassie ye're but young, ye ken: S. In simmer when t	'Altho' their face he ne'er had kend it,
Fancy only kens nae cheat S. Jockey fou, †	Wi' one kend face but Jenny Geddes Ep. to H. Parker.
For weel ye ken the way to woo S. John, come kiss.	Then a' that kent him round declar'd.
Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose? Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. † To ken what French mischief was brewin; Kind Sir, I've read †	He had ingine, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 5.
10 Ken What French mischief was brewin; Kind Sir. Fry read †	A coof like him wou'd stain your [Sir deil's] name.
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet. S. Lady Mary Ann.	If it were kent ye did it Epit. on Holy Willie.
S. Lady Mary Ann.	I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd, S. Last May a braw wooer †
But Ob! I fear the kintra soon Will ken as weel's mysel! . S. My heart was ance †	His faults they a' in Latin lay,
Will ken as weel's mysel! S. My heart was ance t	In English nane e'er kent them. On W. Cruikshanks.
We seek but little, L-, from thee; Thou kens we get as little New Psalmody.	But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie, Tam o' Shanter. 15.
And that their faes shall ken. S. O Kenmure's on and awa t	1
O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten? [re.]	(Lang after kend on Carrick shore; 1b. Ah! little kend thy rev'rend grannie,
S. O ken ye what Meg †	And Eels weel kend for souple tail, Tam Samson's El., 6.
But little thinks my love I ken brawlie, S. O meikle thinks my love †	But bashing and dashing, I kend na how to tell.
O weel ken I my ain lassie, . S. O this is no my ain t	The Ans. to the Guidwife. Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the sterlin; The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.
It is the moon,-I ken her born, . S. O Willie brew'd t	Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the sterlin;
To bim be given to ken the heav'n	I kend no where to lodge till day:
He gains in Polly Stewart! S. Polly Stewart.	I kend na where to lodge till day: S. The Lass that made the bed.
In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men, Ronalds of Bennals.	I ken't her heart was a' my ain; . S. The Rigs o' Earley.
But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals, Ib.	gin the truth were a' but kent, The Ruined Maid's Lament.
The last Halloween I was wankin	For weel he kend the way, O, S. The Taylor †
My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken; S. Tam Glen.	And weel he kend the way to woo,
Some o' you nicely ken the laws, To round the period an' pause, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	But how it comes, I never kent yet, They're maistly wonderfu' contented; The Twa Dogs. 11.
And [Bards] ken the lingo of the sp'ritual folk;	Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood, The Twa Herds. 6.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	He kend the Lord's sheep ilka tail,
And ev'n the vera deils they [the Bards] brawly ken them). Ib.	
As yet ye little ken about the matter,	I ken'd it still your wee bit jauntie, Wad bring ye to: To Dr. Blacklock.

2 K

**	*** **
Kenmure. O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie!	Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot, The Rights of Woman.
S. O Kenmure's on and awa t	Nor kick your rickles aff their legs, Third Ef. to J. Lap.,
Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord That ever Galloway saw	Kick'd.
Success to Kenmure's band;	Baptiz'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. The Vowels.
There's no a heart that fears a Whig,	Kickin'. Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin', To W. Creech. Kilbaigie [the name of a particular whisky].
That rides by Kenmure's hand	And by that dear Kilbaigie, . The Jolly Beggars. S. 17.
Here's Kenmure's health in wine; There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,	Kilburnie.
O Kenmure's lads are men;	A d-n'd red wud Kilburnie hlastie; The Inventory.
But soon wi' sounding victorie	Kilkerran. aith-detesting, chaste Kilkerran:
May Kenmure's Lord come hame	The Author's Cry and Frayer.
The Election Ballads. III.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. And there will be maiden Kilkerran, The Election Ballads, III.
In case that worth should wanted be. O' Kenmure we had need	Kill. 'D-n'd haet they'll kill! Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15.
Kenna [know not].	'Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay,
And ken na how to wair't: Ep. to Davie. 2.	'An's weel pay'd for't:
Ithers seek they kenna what, S. Jockey fou, †	S. Last May a braw wooer t
Kennedy. K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name A Ded. to G. H., 14.	Wha kills me wi' disdaining. S. O stay, sweet warbling t
K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name A Ded. to G. H., 14. Now Kennedy, if foot or horse	Now colic-grips. an' barkin hoast, May kill us a'; Scotch Drink. 19.
E'er briog you in by Mauchline Corss, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	He has nae thought but how to kill
Kennin [a little bit].	Twa at a blow, The Author's Cry and Prayer, P. Kill'd.
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang, To step aside is human: Add. to the Unco Guid. 7.	'Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae-death,
Kent v. Ken'd.	Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Kep [to catch; to receive in the act of falling].	An unco tyke lap o'er the Dyke, And maist has kill'd my Hoggie. S. What will I do gin†
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear: . El. on Capt. M. H., 12.	Killie [Kilmarnock].
Kept. Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage Was kept at Boston-ha', man; A Fragment. 3.	Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie,
Or how our merry lads at hame, In Britain's court kept up the game: Kind Sir, I've read t	Tam Samson's El., Per C.
	That aft has borne me hame frae Killie, . The Inventory.
And kept the country-side in fear.) . Tam o' Shanter. 13. When Superstition's hellish brood	Simper James, Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames, The Kirk's Alarm.
Kept France in leading-strings, man. The Tree of Liberty.	1 e sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,
Kernel. The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel, Enhusked by a fog infernal: . Ep. to H. Parker.	S. The Sons of old Killie.
Kerroughtree [Mr. Heron of].	Has auld K[ilmarnock] seen the Deil? . Tam Samson's El
Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett?	K[ilmarnock] lang may grunt an' grane, 1b.
The Election Ballads, II. Wha ever wi Kerroughtree's met,	Elackguarding frae K[ilmarno]ck For fun The Holy Fair. 9. K[ilmarnock] Wabsters, fidge an' claw, The Ordination.
And has a doubt of a' that?	Now auld K[ilmarnock], cock thy tail
Theo let us drink the Stewartry,	Kiln. To lye in kilns and barns at e'en. Ep. to Davie. 3.
Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,	An' for the kiln she goes then,
Ket [a matted, hairy fleece of wool].	Kilt [to tuck up the clothes]. I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
Wi' tauted ket, an' hairy hips; Poor Mailie's El.	And follow my love through the water.
Kettle. The kettle o' the Kirk and State,	S. Braw lads of G. Water. Her tartan petricoat she'll kilt,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't; . S. Does haughty Gault	The Author's Cry and Prayer, 17.
Our father's blude the kettle bought! 1b.	Kimmer [a young girl; a gossip]. But yet, despite the kittle kimmer [fortune].
O merry hae I been cloutin a kettle, S. O merry hae I been † Arouse my boys! exert your mettle,	I, Rob, am here. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 10.
To get auld Scotland back her kettle!	Gudeen to you Kimmer, . S. Gudeen to you Kimmer !
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15. Key [quay].	Hiccup, quo' Kimmer, The better that I'm fou 1b.
from Glenbuck, down to the Ratton-key, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	How's a' wi' you, Kimmer, [re.]
Key.	S. O merry hae I been t
you paughty dog, That bears the Keys of Peter, A Dream, 12.	And the Kimmers o' Largo, And the lasses o' Leven S. The Carls of Dysart.
She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw,	Ye weel ken, kimmers a', The Election Ballads. I.
In social key; On Scot. Eard gne to W.I.	The bride went to bed wi'the silly bridegroom, In the midst o' her kimmers a'. S. The last brase bridal?
in an arioso key, The wee Apollo The Jolly Beggars. R. V.	I'm tald they're loesome kimmers! . To Mr. M'Adam.
Key-stane [keystone]. That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,	Kin' [kind]. Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin': Halloween.
Tam o' Shanter, 7.	Tell him, he was a Master kin', . The Death of Mailie.
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg, And win the key-stane of the brig;	Kin', s. [kind].
But ere the key-stane she could make.	This chap will dearly like our kin', S. There was a lad t Kin [kindred].
The fient a tail she had to shake!	I'll learn my kin a rattling sang, [re.]
Kiaugh [carking anxiety]. Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile, [v.A.5]	S. And O for ane and twenty † At kith or kin I need na speir,
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Gin I saw ane and twenty
Kick. [The honest heart] However Fortune kick the ba', Has ay some cause to smile: . Ep. to Davie. 3.	And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude, S. My Lord a hunting t
tho' a Minister grow dorty, An' kick your place, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 23.	And meikle thinks my love o' my kin; S. O meikle thinks † Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin. Ronalds of Bennals.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 23.	Sae knit in alliance are kin The Election Bullads. III.
I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse b-h. The Henpecked Husband.	thro' Albion's farthest kio, . The Petition of Br. Water.
This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure, . The Ordination. 3.	I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly: S. Tibbie Dunbar.

Kindred.	Within whase bosom save Despair
The pride of her kindred the heroine grew; S. Caledonia.	Nae kinder spirits dwell. S. Now Spring has clad
To reach their native, kindred skies, Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 21st. 18.	And fly to meet a kinder beart! S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Let my Mary's kindred spirit	What tho' their Phœbus kinder warms, The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
Draw your choicest initiative down. S. 1112/11/11/19.	Kindest.
Parent, filial, kindred ties? On scaring Water-fowl.	My kindest, best respects I sen' it, Auld comrade dear †
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear Of kindred sweet, . The Vision. D. II. 1.	rich in kindest, truest love, . S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
In the hands of old friendship and kindred so set.	O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The Whistle. 12.	The kindest and the best! . Man was made to Mourn. For she, as fairest is her form,
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle, To a Louse.	She has the truest, kindest heart. S. O wat ye wha's in †
Kind. The heart benevolent and kind The most resembles God. A Winter Night. 11.	Kindle. Some [nits] kindle, coutbie, side by side,
Thy sons, Edina, social, kind, . Add. to Edinburgh. 3.	Halloween. 7.
Autumn, benefactor kind, . Add. to Shade of Thomson.	It kindles Wit, it waukens Lear, The Holy Fair. 19.
An' her kind stars hae airted till her,	Kindllest. With every kindliest, best presage, Of future bliss, To a young Lady.
A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: . Auld Comrade dear †	Kindling.
The it should serve nae other end Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend.	Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, 'Willie, rise! . A Fragment. 8.
That some kind husband had addrest,	A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.
To some sweet wife: Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 1st.	The kindling lustre of an eye; . S. My Mary's face †
They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel About Muirkirk. Ib. To own I'm debtor, To honest-bearted, auld L[aprai]k,	At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath. The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
For his kind letter Ib., Ap. 21st.	To mark the mutual-kindling eye The Lament. 9.
1 crave thy friendship at thy kind command:	Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts, The Twa Dogs. 18.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5. If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,	'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore,
It would be kind; Friend of the Poet †	They ardent, kindling spirits pour; The Vision. D. II. 5.
She was couthy, he was kind, S. Jockey fou, †	Kindly. O Thou, who kindly dost provide For every creature's want! A Grace before Dinner.
Ye're ay the same kind man to me, S. John Anderson †	Kindly stood the milking-shiel, . S. As I came o'er t
Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read †	But my white pow, nae kindly thowe
Young man, gin ye should be sae kind, S. Lass, when yr mither t	Shall melt the snaws of age; S. But lately seen † 'Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts
Kind Fortune case a breaking heart, S. My Harry was a gallant	'An thank him kindly?' Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 21st. 5.
Spirits kind again attend me, S. Musing on the roaring †	O, do thou [death] kindly lay me low With him I love at rest S. Fate gave the word †
Kind Nature's care had given his share,	With him I love at rest S. Fate gave the word † How kindly thou would'st cheer me, S. Forlorn, my Love †
Large, of the flaming current; Nature's Law.	And as a brother kindly greet: S. How can my poor heart
Kind love is in her e'e. [re.] S. O this is no my ain † So kind may fortune be, S. Phillis the Fair.	But the chearful Spring came kindly on, John Barleycorn.
by a generous Public's kind acclaim, Prologue, sp. by Woods	My kindly blythesome wee thing, S. My Love's a winsome †
Yet humbly kind, in time o' need, Scotch Drink. 7.	First shore her wi' a kindly kiss, S. O steer her up t
God bless your Honors, can ye see't,	Had we never lov'd so kindly, S. One fond kiss †
The kind, auld, canty Carlin greet, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 11.	Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him, She ran wi' speed: Poor Mailie's El.
And should some Patron be so kind.	Till bairns' bairns kindly cuddle
As bless you wi' a kirk,	Your auld gray hairs. Second Ep. to Davie.
some kind, connubial Dear	The marked plaid ye kindly spare, By me should gratefully be ware; The Ans. to the Guidwife.
An' when ye think upo' your Mither, Mind to be kind to ane anither The Death of Mailie.	If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
wi' a curchie low did stoop, Fu' kind The Holy Fair. 3.	Wad kindly seek. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 20.
couthie fortune, kind and cannie, To Terraughty.	Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them. The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
but for kind, tho' ill-requited friends, Tragic Frag. Ae kind blink before we part; S. Turn again, thou fair †	The sun blinks kindly in the biel', S. The Contented Cottager.
Ae kind blink hefore we part; S. Turn again, thou fair † Under friendship's kind disguise	And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5. With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben; Ib. 8.
Thou flattering mark of friendship kind,	When kindly you mind me,
My am kind dearte O. [vr.] S. When o'er the hill† Thou flattering mark of friendship kind, Wr. on Leaf of "H. More." But kind still 171 mind still The given in the sife.	O then befriend my Jean! The Farcwell.
But kind still, I'll mind still The giver in the gift; . Ib. Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,	And kindly she did me invite, To walk into a chamber fair. S. The Lass that made the bed.
There solid self-enjoyment lies: Wr. iv Evigre-Caree H	"O welcome most kindly, the blythe carle said,
Kind, s. ["a" kind coin," every kind of coin; "has't by kind," has it by nature].	"O welcome most kindly, the blythe carle said, S. There liv'd ance a carle †
A creature of another kind, A Winter Night. 7.	But I'se believe ye kindly meant it, . To W. Simpson. 2.
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan', Death and Dr. Hornbook, 8	Whether the summer kindly warms, Wi' life an' light, Ib. 14. And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance
'A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, an' bottles, 'He's sure to hae;	That dwalt on me sae kindly! S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
'He's sure to hae;	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams
Man then is useful to his kind, Man was made to Mourn.	Kindness. Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms, Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 1st. 21.
Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find, S. Now westlin winds †	For gen'rous patronage, and meikle kindness, Scots Prologue.
A woman has't by kind S. She's fair and fause t	We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet, S. Should auld acquaintance †
Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, Of a' kind coin. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	I ask no kindness at thy hand, For thou hast none to give
Of a kind coin. The Author's Cry and Prayer. Nae kind of licence out I'm takin'; The Inventory.	
Nae kind of licence out I'm takin'; The Inventory. Keep the name of man in mind,	Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness. S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e†
And dishonour not thy kind Wr. in Hermitage F.C.	But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e.
Kinder. And love a kinder-tbat's your grand specific.	Has lustre outshining the diamond to me; S. You wild mossy mountains †
My son! my son! may kinder stars Upon thy fortune shine! Lament of Mary of Scots.	Kine. He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine,
Upon thy fortune shine! . Lament of Mary of Scots.	S. There's auld Rob M. †

771	Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
King. To serve their King an' Country weel, A Ded. to G. H., 14.	The Whistle,
"God save the King" 's a cukoo sang That's unco easy said ny:	He's the king of gude fellows, and wale of auld men; S. There's auld Rob M.; Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour, To R. G. of F.,
'Tis very true, my sovereign King, My skill may weel be doubted;	King David o' poetic brief, What alls ye now t
For Kings are unco scant ay,	I've serv'd my king and country lang, S. When wild War's † And reign'd resistless king of love. S. Young Jamie †
Scotia's King's of other years, Fam'd heroes! Add. to Edinburgh. 6.	Kingdom. O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
The next in succession, I'll give you the King, At Meet. of D. Volunteers.	Who glaum'd at kingdoms three, man. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween, To shepherds as to kings. S. Behold, my Love †	That ruled Albion's kingdoms three, S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
Coggie, an' the king come. S. Carl, an the king come. Who will not sing, God save the King, Shall hang as high's the steeple; S. Does haughty Gaul	Kingly. Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes, Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine. S. The day returns t
We will hig a wee, wee house, And we will live like king and queen, S. Duncan Davison.	Kingship. Your Kingship to bespatter; . A Dream. 3.
For Lords or Kings I dinna mourn, . El. on Year 1788.	King's-hood [the second stomach in ruminants, so called from its resemblance to a puckered head-
bauld L[aprai]k, the king o' hearts, Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 21st. 5. I'd better gaen nn' sair't the king, Ep. to J. R., 6.	dress formerly worn by persons of quality]. 'Deil mak his king's-hood in a spleuchan!'
The King's most humble servant, I Extem. to an Intimate.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14. Kinsman.
Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe, S. Farewell, thou fair day \tau	This was a kinsman o' thy ain, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.
Our King and our Country to save,	And thereto was his kinsman join'd <i>The Election Ballads. V.</i> Kintra, -y. Tho' he was bred to kintra wark,
Fragment inser, to Fox.	El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux, And dree the kintra clatter: S. Here's his health in water,
Who nobly perished in the glorious cause, Your king, your country, and her laws! Fragment of Ode.	And no a perfect kintra cooser Kind Sir, I've read t
For freedom and my King to fight, S. Highland Laddie. And for your lawful King his crown,	But O! I fear the kintra soon Will ken as weel's mysel! S. My heart was ance
It was a' for our rightfu' King We left fair Scotland's strand; . S. It was a' for t	wi' uncouth, kintra fleg, The Election Ballads. VI
There was three kings into the east,	An' tease my name in kintry clatter: Add. to Illegit, Child Kipples. In hopes to see Tam Kipples . Halloween, 21
Three kings both great and high, . John Barleycorn. God bless the King And the companie! S. Landlady, count †	Kirk [a church, the Church]. Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin.
Kings and nations, swith awa! . S. Louis what reck It	Tirlan the kirks; Add. to the Deil. 4.
A scepter'd hand, a king's command, Is in her darting glances: S. Lovely Davies.	The kettle o' the Kirk and State, Perhaps a clout may fail in't; S. Does haughty Gaul
But now I've found a treasure Too rich for a king to huy S. My Love's a winsome †	Had Kirk and State been in the gate, I lighted when she bade me. S. Had I the wyte
even for the king His restoration New Psalmody. An' a' the lang night as happy's a king. S. O merry hae I been †	The way to me lies through the kirk: S. Lass, when yr mither
Wha first beside his chair shall fa',	Pity our Kirk also; New Psalmody
He is the king amang us three. S. O Willie brew'd † Still in prayers for K—G—I most heartily join,	I wat the kirk was in the wyte, . S. O wat ye what my At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Poet. Add. to Tytler. Leeze me on thee John Barleycorn,	Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie; S. O whistle A cauld kirk, and in't but few; On Kirk of Lamington
Thou King o' grain!	Or kirk deserted by its riggin, On Grose's Percgrinations
Freedom's sword will strongly draw? S. Scots, ruha ha'et	Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk, By Alloway's auld haunted kirk Tam o' Shanter. 3
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious, O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!	And should some patron be so kind, As bless you will a kirk,
He was the king of a' the Core, . Tam Samson's El., 5. kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,	The kirk and state may join, and tell To do such things I maunna:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16. Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,	The kirk and state may gae to hell, S. The gowd. Locks of A
With your Honours and a certain King, The Dean of Fac	The Kirk an' you may tak' you that, . The Inventory 1, ance, was abus'd i' the kirk, The Jolly Beggars, S. III
God grant the King and ilka man May look weel to themsel The Election Ballads. I.	Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a', . The Ordination
And where is our King's Lord-lieutenant, 1b. 111.	This day the Kirk kicks up a stoure,
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,	Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' airn, Has shor'd the kirk's undoin,
Is king o' men, for a' that S. The Honest Man. Yet to worth let's he just, royal blood ye might boast,	At kirk and fair, I'se ay be there, . S. The tither morn
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast, If the ass was the king of the brutes. The Kirk's Alarm. But be'll sair them as he sair'd the King.	At Kirk or Market, Mill or Smiddie, . The Twa Dogs. They lay aside their private cares,
But he'll sair them, as he sair'd the King, Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie. S. The Laddies by t	To mind the Kirk and State affairs;
Mak haste an' turn King David owre, . The Ordination. 3. The fate of empires and the fall of kings, The Rights of Woman.	At kirk and market to be seen; S. There was a lass
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration	An' gar him follow to the kirk To Gav. Hamilton. Kirk-Alloway.
Most humbly own—tis dear, dear admiration! Ib. But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions, Ib.	Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh, Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. Tam o' Shanter. 9.
A king and a father to place on his throne? S. The small birds †	When glimmering thro' the groaning trees, Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
A prison built by kings, man, . The Tree of Liberty.	Kirk-folk. if kirk folks dinna clutch me. The Inventory.
King Loui' thought to cut it down, Ib.	But let the kirk-folk ring their hells, Third Ep. to J. Lap. Kirk-hammer [tongue of a church bell].
net Beteri's mine Nor Kings regard.	The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31,
Can give a hliss o'ermatching thine, The Vision. D. II. 21.	Death and Dr. Hornocok. 31.

Kirk-yard. And in kirkyards renew their leagues,	Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast; S. On a bank of flowers †
Owre howcket dead. Add. to the Deil. 9. Kirk-yards will soon be till'd eneugh,	Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast; S. On a bank of flowers that And mony a friend that kiss't his caup, Is now a fremit wight: The Election Ballads. I.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.	1 kiss'd her owre and owre again.
Kirkeudbright.	Is now a fremit wight: The Election Ballads. I. 1 kiss'd her owre and owre again. S. The lass that made the bed. I kiss'd her owre and owre again.
Fy, let us a' to Kirkcudbright, The Election Ballads. III. Beside Kirkcudbright's towers, Ib. V.	I kiss'd her owre and owre again, Amang the rigs o' barley S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Kirkton Jean.	Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore, To Mary in Heaven.
	O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter. 3.	I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly! S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams
Kirn [the feast of harvest-home].	Kissing, -in', -in.
11 - 11 - 11 - 11 - 11 - 11 - 11 - 11	She's down in the yard, she's kissin the Laird;
At Kirns an' weddins we'se be there, The Jolly Eeggars. S. V.	S. Eppie M'Nab. An' kissin my Katie when a' was done. S. O merry hae I been t
They get the jovial, rantan Kirns, . The Twa Dogs. 19.	And kissin a Collier lassie an a'? S. O when she cam ben
Kirn [a churn].	Abjuring their democrat doings,
Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,	By kissin' the a- of a peer. The Election Ballads. III.
May plunge an plunge the kirn in vain; Add. to the Deil. 10.	And kissing barefit bunters
Kirs'n [to christen].	Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie, Kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary. S. T. Mencie's bonie Mary.
The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter, An' kirs'n him wi' reckin water; Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 1st. 19.	But Charlie gat the spring to pay
Kiss.	
While many a kiss the seal imprest, S. By Allan stream	Kist [a chest, a shop-counter]. Behind a kist to lie an' sklent, Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 21st. 11.
O let me steal one liquid kiss! Delia. An Ode. Dusty was the kiss That I got frae the miller.	Kitchen [to make more palatable and nutritive].
S. Hey, the dusty miller†	His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss, . S. Jockey's ta'en t	Thou kitchens nue Scotch Drink. 7.
"Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet "As is a kiss o' Willy	Kith [circle of acquaintance]. At kith or kin I needna speir,
First shore her wi'n kindly kiss, S. O steer her up	Gin I saw ane and twenty. S. And O for ane and twenty t
A flatt'ring ardent kiss he stole; . S. On a bank of flowers t	And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude, S. My Lord a-hunting †
One fond kiss, and then we sever; One fond kiss †	Kittle [ticklish; trying, vexatious; likely, apt].
A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss Sir Politics to fetter, The Fète Champetre.	I wad be kittle To be mislear'd, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10. But yet despite the kittle kimmer.
An' ay he gies the tozie drab	I, Rob, am here. Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 21st. 10.
The tither skelpan kiss, The folly Beggars. K. I.	Her pauky smile, her kittle e'en, S. The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Syne to salute her wi' a kiss, I flang my arms about her neck.	Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle: The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
S. The Lass that made the bed.	To paint an angel's kittle wark
For it's like a banmy kiss o' her sweet bonie mon; S. The Posie.	Kittle, to itckle; "kittle up," enliven, excite in a vivid manner].
Kiss, to.	a vivid mannerj. Come, kittle up your moorlan harp
I, fatherly will kiss an' daut thee, Add. to Illegit. Child.	Wi gleesome touch! Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 21st. 8.
An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet, An' I'll kiss thee o'er again; [re.] S. An' I'll kiss thee yet	It never fails, on drinkin deep,
Come kiss me at your leisure S. As I gaed up by t	To kittle up our notion,
The mair I kiss she's ay my dearie. S. Braw lads of G. water.	1 kittle up my rustic reed; It gies me ease. To W. Simpson.
Gin a body kiss a body Need a body cry?	Kittlen [a kitten].
S. Comin thro' the ryet	As cantie as a kittlen;
Gin a body kiss a body Need the warld ken? Ib. Gin a body kiss a body, need a body tell;	Kiutlan [cuddling, fondling]. When kiutlan in the Fause-house
S. Comin thro' the ryc.	Wi' him that night Halloween. 6.
Gin a body kiss a body, need a body gloom; Ib.	Knaggie [having protuberances].
A man may kiss a bonie lass, And ay be welcome back again S. Duncan Davison.	Tho' thou's howe-backet, now, an' knaggie, A Guid New-Year, †
When I did kiss and dawte her, S. Had I the wytet	Knappin-hammer [a hammer for breaking stones].
Thy favors are the silly wind	Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
That kisses ilka thing it meets S. I do eonfess † If thou should kiss me, love, Wha could espy thee?	Or knappin hammers. Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 1st. 11. Knapsack.
S. Jamie come try me t	Knapsack. Ane sat; weel brac'd wi' mealy bags, And knapsack a' in order; The Jolly Beggars. R. I. My humble knapsack a' my wealth. S. When wild War's t
O John, my luve, come kiss me now, O John, come kiss me by and by, S. John come kiss.	And knapsack a' in order : The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
And ither some will kiss and daut;	
An' come to my arms and kiss me again! S. O merry hae I been t	Knave. The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools, Add. to Toothache.
Wha will kiss me where I lie? S. O wha my babie-clouts	While titled knaves and idjot greatness shine
Wha will kiss me o'er again?	Lus on Fergusson.
(Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows.)	And fools may tyne, and knaves may win; S. O Phely† Not one of them a knave On Lord G.
The Election Ballads. VI. I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse h—h.	A Knave an' fool are plants of ev'ry soil: Scots Prologue.
The Henpecked Husband.	Wha will be a traitor knave? S. Scots, wha ha'e †
Phoebus, low, Shall kiss the distant, western main. The Lament.	They [bis looks] say their master is a knave— And sure they do not lie That there is falsehood \tau
Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath O' mony flow'ry simmers! To Mr. M'Adam.	
Then we'll kiss and clap at pleasure, S. Will ye go and marry t	An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat, By gallows knaves? The Author's Cry and Prayer. 9.
Kiss'd, -'t.	For fools will prate o' right and wrang, While knaves laugh them to scorn:
The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife, S. My love she's but t	For fools will prate o' right and wrang, While knaves laugh them to scorn; The Election Ballads. I.
And when she cam ben she kiss'd Cockpen, S. O when she cam ben t	Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine, S. The Honest Man.
3. O when she cain ben	5. The Honest Man.

Sir Knave is a fool in a Session, The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	Knit. Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her, The Ordination. 3.	Each passing year! Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 21st. 18.
We labour soon, we labour late, To feed the titled knave, man; . The Tree of Liberty.	knit with curious tracery, On Lincluden. Sae knit in alliance are kin The Election Ballads. III.
Knead. She [nature] kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,	Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
Knee. I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee, And follow my love through the water.	In favour wi' some gentle Master, The Twa Dogs. 21. Knock. But every shot and every knock,
S. Braw lads of G. Water,	My heart it gae a stoun. S. My heart was ance † She took the rock, and wi' a knock,
And cut him by the knee; John Barleycorn. The mother may forget the child	She brak it o'er my pow S. The weary Pund. Knock, to.
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee; Lament for Glencairn. Aft has he doudl'd me upon his knee; S. O whare did ye get t	For wi' the rock she wad him knock, S. Duncan Davison.
On bended knees most fervently, S. The bonie Lass of Albany.	Knock'd.
Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee, And still the second dread command be free,	And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground! The Vowels. Knockhaspie [a part of Mossgiel Farm].
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	1 wou'd gie a' Knockhaspie's laud,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.	Knot. Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse, On Young-Guidmen, fond, keen, an crouse, Add. to the Deil. 11.
His garters knit below his knee, . S. The Ploughman † The youngest ay chiefly does dance on my knee; . 1b.	On Young-Guidmen, fond, keen, an' crouse, Add, to the Deil, 11,
A feather in his bonnet and a ribbon at his knee,	Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour, S. Adown winding Nith †
Knee-deep. S. There grows a bonie t	He took my heart as wi' a net.
And knee-deep in claret he'd die or he'd yield. The Whistle. 9. Kneel.	In every knot and thrum S. My heart was ance t
And kneel, 'Ye Pow'rs, and warm implore, To J. S., 21.	Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Kneeling.	Knotless. Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread, S. O meikle thinks my love!
But, had I in my glory been, He, kneeling, wad ador'd me. The Petition of Br. Water.	Knotted.
Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King, The Saint, the Father, and the Husband prays:	wooer-babs, Weel knotted on their garten, . Halloween. Know. quick to learn and wise to know, A Bard's Epit.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16. Knell. Say pell and mell, wi' muskets knell	Know, prudent, cautious, self-controul
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16. Say pell and mell. wi' muskets knell How Tories fell and Whigs to h-ll Flew off S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	O thou great Being! what Thou art,
Knew. (For none that knew him need be told) Epit. for R.A.	Surpasses me to know: . A Prayer under Anguish. Till God knows what may be effected, Add. of Beelzebub. 2.
A Scot still, but blot still, I knew no higher praise The Ans. to the Guidwife.	"I know your hent—these are no laughing times:
He wander'd out he knew not where nor why)	Add. sp. by Fontenelle. I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it; Ib.
The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Ilk wimpling burn, ilk chrystal spring,	He knows each chord its various tone, Add, to Unco Guid. 8.
The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Ilk wimpling burn, ilk chrystal spring, Ilk glen and shaw she [Mirth] knew, man: The Fite Champetre.	What's done we partly may compute, But know not what's resisted
That eer your face I knew The Kuinea Maia's Lament.	Know thy form was once a treasure; Blue Bonnets.
Knife. But at New-York, wi' knife an fork, Sir Loin he hacked sma', man A Fragment.	For well I know thy gentle mind Disdains art's gay disguising; S. Could aught of song †
May twin auld Scotland o' a life	(Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?) S. Caledonia.
She likes—as Butchers like a Knife! . Add. of Beelzebub. after viewing knives and garters, Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	Ye little know the ills ye court, When Manhood is your wish! Despondency, an Ode. 5.
The knife that nicket Abel's craig On Grose's Peregrinations.	We wander out, we know not where, . Ep. to Davie. 4.
A knife, a father's throat had mangled, Tam o' Shanter. 11. Frae dogs an' tods, an' butchers' knives! The Death of Mailie.	But come ye who the godlike pleasure know, Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!
Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
And eke my hangman's knife. The Election Ballads. V.	I know my need, I know thy giving hand, Ib. 5. Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know,
Syne draws her kebbuck an' her knife; The Holy Fair. 24. Auld Sootie then swore by the edge of his knife,	That death has murder'd Johoie; Epit. on wee Johnie.
S. There livid ance a carle t	No love but thine my heart shall know. S. Fairest maid † Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
His knife see Rustic-labour dight, To a Haggis. You've gi'en us walth for horn and knife,	No terrors hast thou to the brave.
V.s to Landlady of Inn. What makes heroic strife?	I know thou doom'st me to despair, S. Farewell, thou fair day t S. Farewell, thou stream t
To whet th' assassin's knife, S. Ye Jacobites †	
Knight. The caput mortuum of gross desires Makes a material, for mere knights and squires;	Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will show him. Fragment, inser, to Fox.
Ep. to R. Graham. 2. Ye Irish lords, ye knights an' squires, Wha represent our Brughs an' Shires, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	My cheerless suns no pleasure know; Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. And mony a knight and mony a laird,	I know its worst—and can that worst despise. In vain wild Prudence†
And mony a knight and mony a laird, That errand fain would gae. [re.] The Election Ballads. I. The first page was a belief builty.	We'll be constant while we can— You can he no more, you know S. Let not woman †
The first ane was a belted knight, Bred of a border band,	Who but knows they all decay! S. My Mary's face t
That she wad vote the border knight,	Who but knows they all decay! S. My Mary's facet Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot, Nae ruder visit knows, S. Now Spring has clad t
But I hae tried this border knight, I'll try him yet again	I know I nou with the near
Where is the laird or belted knight That best deserves to fa' that?	Who know them best despise them most. On Window at Stirling.
And also Barskimmin's gude knight; Ib. III.	Who knows how the fashions may alter, Poet. Add. to Tytler.
A prince can make a belted knight, A marquis, duke, and a' that; . S. The Honest Man.	But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question; Prologue at Th., D
So uprose bright Phœbus-and down fell the knight. The Whistle. 16.	Cheerless night that knows no morrow. S. Raving winds † Dost not know that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
And prouder than a belted knight,	Says the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel's Reproof by Himself.
I'd be my Jeanie's lover S. When first I saw t	Acproof by trinisely.

Well you know how much you grieve me: S. Stay, my charmer† Why urge the only, one request.	Know'st. Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me, With Passions wild and strong;
Why urge the only, one request, You know I will deny! S. Talk not of Love †	A Prayer in prosp. of Death
But few enjoy the calm I know in This desert wood. The Hermit.	Well thou know'st my aching heart, S. Canst thou leave me Thou know'st, the virtues cannot hate thee worse, Ep. fr. Esopus Thou know'st my work in your terms.
The world then the love should know	Ep. fr. Esopus
I hear my Highland lassie, O. S. The Highland Lassie.	I find know st my words sincere: Ep. to Davie. G
I know her heart will never change, Ib.	Full well thou know'st I love thee dear; S. Fairest maid
My Lord, I know, your noble ear Woe ne'er assails in vain; . The Petition of Br. Water.	Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand, O Thou dread Pow'r Knurlin [dim. of knurl, a dwarf].
And now I have lived-I know not how long,	Wee Pope, the kourlin, 'till him rives
The Jolly Beggars, S. II.	Horatian fame; Poem on Pastoral Poetry
Then know all ye whom it concerns, Subscripsi huic, Robert Burns The Inventory.	Korah-like. Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin, Straught to auld Nick's. Ep. to J. R
And gone I know not whither: S. The Joyful Widower.	Kye [cows].
I know my doom must be despair, S. The last time I t	Our auld Guidman delights to view His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, . S. Behind yon hills
For in this world Rest or Peace I never more shall know! S. The sun he is sunk †	While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake, Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 21st
Nae real joys we know, man The Tree of Liberty.	Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye . Ep. to J. R., II
Was made lang syne, lord knows how lang. The Twa Dogs. 4.	He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
'Know, the great Genius of this Land.	He has nae love to spare for me: S. In simmer when
Has many a light, aerial band, . The Vision. D. 11.3.	And gear will buy me sheep and kye;
And then all the world, Sir, should know it! To Capt. Riddel.	Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear, Be hetter than the kye
By all on high adoring mortals know! To Clarinda.	The father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye.
By all on high adoring mortals know! To Clarinda. God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be, To Rev. J. M'Math.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8
nowe [a hillock, a knoll, a slope].	And sae the kye might stray. The Election Ballads. V.
Till Willie H—e took o'er the knowe	Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew, Were bound to stakes like kye, man: The Fête Champetre
For Philadelphia, man: A Fragment. 3.	For then I had a score o' kye
Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' risket, A Guid New-year † 12.	Were bound to stakes like kye, man: The Fête Champetre For then 1 had a score o' kye, S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. There's no a callant tents the kye,
And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating:	There's no a callant tents the kye, But kens o' Westerha', Jamie. S. The Laddies by
S. As I came o'er †	
the rapturous charm o' the bonie green knowes,	The kye stood rowtan i' the loan; . The Twa Dogs. 35. And he had owsen, sheep, and kye, S. There was a lass
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †	Till kye be gaun without the herd, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Ca' the ewes to the knowes, S. Hark! the mavis † Meet me on the warlock knowe, . S. Now rosy May †	His gear may buy him kye and yowes, S. To daunton me
C .11 .: .: .: .:	Kyles [kayles, the game of nine-pins; also, nine-
Comes meating till nim, owre the knowe, Poor Maitte's Et Skipping on yon honic knowes, S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. Until wi' daffin weary grown.	noies],
S. The Highl, Widow's Lament.	They hough'd the Clans like nine-pin kyles The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Until wi' daffin weary grown, Upon a knowe they sat them down. [v.A.1] The Twa Dogs.	Kyle [the middle district of Ayrshire; v. Coil].
At last her feet, I sang to see't,	For nane in Carrick or Kyle
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe; . S. The weary Pund.	Can please a lassie better S. O gie my love brose †
His gear may buy him glens and knowes, S. To daunton me.	Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe Ye'll find ane plac'd; To W. Simpson, P.S	There was a lad was born in Kyle, S. There was a lad t
Ance lightly lap ye owre the knowe, S. I'e hae lien wrang.	Kyle-Stewart [the district, in Ayrshire, between
nowledge.	the rivers Ayr and Irvine].
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd: Epit. on a Friend.	Kyle-Stewart I could hragged wide, For sic a pair A Guid New-year † 6.
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,	Kyte [the belly; the stomach].
Fragment, inser. to Fox.	Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve
If haply Knowledge, on a random tramp, Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,	Are bent like drums; To a Haggis,
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	Kythe [to discover, to manifest]. Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe
It kindles Wit, it waukens Lear, It pangs us fou o' Knowledge The Holy Fair. 19.	Hearts leal, au' warm, au' kiu': Halloween. 3.
Sad knowledge makes me know that your hearts are full of woe,	Labor, Labour.
S. The winter it is past †	Are frae their nuptial labors risen: A Ded. to G. II., 14.
nown. Yet aft a ragged Cowte's been known, To mak a noble Aiver; A Dream. 11.	When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep, An' threaten'd labor back to keep, A Gude New-Year † 13.
Vet sure I am, that known to Thee	Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked, A Winter Night. 2.
Are all thy works helow A Prayer under Anguish.	The young dogs-swinge them to the labour
As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.	Add. of Bcelzebub. 4.
El. on Miss Burnet.	As husy Trade his labours plies; . Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
Weel known to many men, O Katharine Jaffray. The weeping blood in woman's breast	But ere she [nature] gave creating labour o'er, Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more.
Was never known to thee; Lament of Mary of Scots.	Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
So Peggy ne'er I'd known! . S. Now Spring has clad t	For one, he said, to labour bred, Was a match for fortune fairly, O.
Only known to wandering swains, On scaring Water-fowl.	S. My father was a farmer 1
Where every science—every nohler art That can inform the mind, or mend the heart, Is known;	When sometimes by my labour
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Thou strings the nerves of Labor-sair Scotch Drink. 6.
But distress, with horrors arming,	The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes,
military in the second	The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes, The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Thou hast also known too well! S. Sensibility †	
Thou hast also known too well! S. Sensibility †	And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil Ib. 3.
Thou hast also known too well! S. Sensibility †	And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil Ib. 3. And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand, Ib. 6.
Thou hast also known too well! S. Sensibility f if thou hast known false love's vexation, . The Hermit. He never was known for to idle or lurk; S. The Poor Thresher. But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,	And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil Ib. 3. And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand, Ib. 6.
Thou hast also known too well! S. Sensibility† If thou hast known false love's vexation, The Hermit. He never was known for to idle or lurk; S. The Poor Thresher.	And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil Ib. 3.

As Arts or Arms they understand,	While my dear lad mann face his faes, S. O Logan! sweetly t
Their labors ply. The Vision. D. II. 3. His knife see Rustic-labour dight, To a Haggis.	The lad I love's the lad for me, S. O Phely,
Labour, to.	Although a lad were e'er sae smart,
On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,	O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad, [re.] S. O whistle t
Fragment, inser. to Fox.	the bonie lad that I lo'e best . S. Oh, how can I be blythe t
Where hundreds labour to support	The bonie lad that's far awa
A haughty lordling's pride; Man was made to Mourn.	S. Out over the Forth †
And labour to sustain me, O: S. My father was a farmer † O can ye labour lea, young man, S. O can ye labour lea †	But Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit; Second Ep. to Davie.
O can ye labour lea, young man, S. O can ye labour lea † He couldna labour lea	The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen S. Tam Glen.
But wha wad keep the handless coof,	I he red-coat lads wi black cockands
That couldna labour lea?	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Or labour hard the panegyric close, . The Brigs of Ayr.	The Angus lads had nae gude will,
An' aften labour them completely The Inventory.	And the lads o' Buckhaven, S. The Carls of Dysart. Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,
We labour soon, we labour late,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
To feed the titled knave, man; . The Tree of Liberty. Labor'd. The muse should tell, in labor'd strains,	To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell, . Ib. 11.
S. Could aught of song t	They fell upon a scheme,
Lab'rer. Some soothe the Lab'rer's weary toil.	To send a lad to London town . The Election Ballads. I.
For humble gains, The Vision. D. II. 9.	To send a lad to London town, They met upon a day,
Lab'ring. The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind,	And she wad send the sodger lad,
The Artisan; The Vision. D. II. 7. Lace. Ty'd up in godly laces, Add. to Unco Guid. 6.	Whatever might betide
I canna say but ye struct rarely,	And there will be lads o' the gospel, Ib. III.
Owre gawze and lace; To a Louse.	And Quentin o' lads not the worst
Lac'd.	O' the merry lads of Ayr, man? The Fête Champetre.
Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist. S. A. Mastrtn's bonie Anne.	Our lads gaed a hunting, ac day at the dawn,
weel lac'd up in silken shoon, . S. O Mally's meek.	S. The heather was blooming † The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill;
Lack. For lack o' thee I've lost my lass, For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass. Lns, on Back of Bank Note. For lack o' thee I leave this much loved chorn.	An' there, a batch o' Wabster lads,
Lus. on Back of Bank Note.	Blackguarding frae K[ilmarno]ck . The Holy Fair. 9.
For lack o' thee, I leave this much loved shore, Ib.	The lads an lasses, blythely bent
For lack o' gear ye lightly me, S. O Tibbie! †	To mind baith saul an' body,
Lad. An' [Heaven] gie you lads a plenty: . A Dream. 14.	O Wives be mindfu', ance yoursel, How bonie lads ye wanted,
The Saxon lads, wi' lond placads, A Fragment. 7.	Observ'd ye yon reverend lad
A' the lads o' Thornie-bank S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †	Mak faces to tickle the Moh; The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug, Add. to Unco Guid. 6.	A highland lad my Love was born,
O my bonie Highland lad, S. As I came o'er t	There's not a lad in a' the lan' Was match for my John Highlandman
I think on my bonie lad, And I blear my een wi' greetin S. Ay waukin, O.	And by them lies the dearest lad
Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley. [re.]	That ever blest a woman's ee! . S. The lovely lass t
S. Bannocks o' bear meal †	The Ploughman he's a bonie lad, . S. The Ploughman †
A country lad is my degree, S. Behind you hills †	Then up wit n', my Ploughman lad,
Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes t	Did least expect, To see my lad sae near me, S. The tither morn t
Can match the lads o' Galla water	But now as glad 1'm wi' my lad,
The bonnie lad o' Galla water	As shortsyae broken-hearted
Braw, braw lads of Galla Water; S. Braw lads of G. Water.	Haith lad ye little ken about it; The Twa Dogs. 22.
When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town,	Till piper lads were was and weary, S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.
S. Cock up yr beaver.	And below the bonie brier bush there's a lassie and a lad,
Hey, brave Johnie lad, cock up your beaver! Ib.	S. There grows a bonie † What will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa? Ib.
But a' the lads they loe me, and what the wanr am 1. S. Comin thro' the rye.	And see an onie bonie lad will fancy me
'The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets.	There was a lad was born in Kyle, S. There was a lad †
'The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets, 'Was Laird himsel. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.	Young Robie was the brawest lad, S. There was a lass t
There was a lad that follow'd her, . S. Duncan Davison.	There's a boatfu' o' lads Come to our town to sell,
Duncan was a lad o' grace, S. Duncan Gray †	S. There's news, lasses †
Ye'll try the world soon my lad, . Ep. to Young Friend. 2.	Was here to hire you lad away . To Gavin Hamilton. "Come hither lad, an' answer for't, What ails ye now t
But Davie lad, ne'er fash your head, . Ep. to Davie. 2. Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,	And come, my faithful sodger lad, When wild War's †
The lads in black; Ep. to J. R. 3.	There lives a lad, the lad for me, . S. Where Cart rins †
And ilk loyal, bonie lad	My daddy sign'd my tocher band,
Cross the seas and win his ain. S. Frae the friends t	To gie the lad that has the land, Ib.
Lads like lasses weel, And lasses lads too. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †	Young Jockey was the blythest lad In a' our town or here awa; . S. Young Jockey †
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,	
An' monie lads an' lasses fates	Laddie [dim. of lad]. But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,
Are there that night decided:	I'm thine at one and twenty, S. And O for ane and twenty †
The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad	My winsome, weel-far'd Highland laddie; S. As I came o'er t
The bonniest lad that e'er I saw, Wore a plaid and was fu' braw, . S. Highland Laddie.	Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,
When absent from my sailor lad? S. How can my poor heart	S. Here's a health to them t
Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad! [re.] S. Killiecrankie.	Bonie Laddie, Highland Laddie, [re.] S. Highland Laddie.
Or our merry lads at hame,	My bonie laddie's young but be's growin yet. S. Lady Mary Ann.
In Britain's court kept up the game: Kind Sir, I've read t	1
	And send my laddie back again. S. My Harry was a gallant f
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad; Lns add. to J. Ranken.	And send my laddie back again. S. My Harry was a gallant † My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
And mony a guitt-nespotted lad; Ins aca. to j. Kanken. A bonie, westlin weaver lad [re.] S. My heart was ance t O Kenmure's lads are men; S. O Kenmure's on and awa t	And send my laddie back again. S. My rarry was a gattant f My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller, He canna ha'e love to spare for me. O, meikle thinks my love f

Laird

Y	Lames (the engle between the side and the bettern
I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie, S. O whare did ye get † O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't!	Laggen [the angle between the side and the bottom of a wooden dish]. But or the day was done, I trow,
May heaven protect my bonie Scots Laddie, Ib.	The laggen they hae clautet Fu' clean . A Dream. 15.
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe Sodger laddie, Ib. And aiblins gowd and honour baith	Laid, Lay'd. But thoughtless follies laid him low, . A Bard's Epit.
Might be that laddie's share The Election Ballads. I.	A heapet Stimpart, I'll reserve ane Laid by for you. A guid New-Year † 17.
No wonder I'm fond of a Sodger laddie. [re.] The folly Beggars, S. II.	The winds were laid, the air was still, A Vision.
Her Love had been a Highland laddie, Ib., R. IV., The Laddies by the banks o' Nith S. The Laddies by t	"Has laid your rocky hosom bare, As on the banks † And mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
The honiest sight that e'er I saw Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. S. The Ploughman †	To stap or scar me; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13. That the worms ev'n d—d him
He's a bonie, bonie laddie and yon be he.	When laid in his grave Epit. on Walter S In dust dishonor'd laid : S. Fate gave the word t
And she lo'ed her bonie laddie dear; S. There was a bonie lass †	They laid him down upon his back, . John Barleycorn.
Till war's long alarms	They laid him out upon the floor,
Tore her laddie frae her arms,	"Which laid my benefactor low! Lament for Glencairn. Whare 1 am laid my lane, Lass, when yr mither †
S. There's a youth † But th' laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a' Ib.	O raging fortune's withering blast Has laid my leaf full low, [re.] . S. Luckless Fortune.
I hae a wife and twa wee laddies, To Dr. Blacklock.	Welcome the hour, my aged limbs
That beardless laddles Should think they better were inform'd, Than their auld dadles, To W. Simpson, P.S.	Are laid with thee at rest! Man was made to Mourn. She laid me in a saft hed, [re.] . S. O wat ye what my †
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.	Relentless fate has laid their guardian low. On Death of Sir J. Blair.
S. Wandering Willie.	They laid the twa i' the bed thegither, S. Scroggam.
I hear alane my lade o' care, Lament for Glencairn. As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure, Tam o' Shanter. 6.	I gae him some pye, and he lay'd the crust by, S. The auld man †
Laden. With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction On Aquavitae; The Author's Cry and Prayer.
To see the new [year] come laden, groaning,	His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. An' ye have laid nae tax on misses; The Inventory,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin To thee and thine; Friend of the poet †	And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum. The folly Beggars. S. I.
Laden with years and meikle pain, Lament for Glencairn. Laden with unhonoured years, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.	An' laid the loud uproar
Ladle. Then lng out your ladle, deal brimstone like adle, The Kirk's Alarm.	Then turn'd, an laid a smack on Grizzie . Ib. R. III. Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid,
Lady. I see ye're complimented thrang, By many a lord an' lady; A Dream. 2.	His heart she ever miss'd it
Lady Onlie, honest lucky, [re.] S. A' the lads o' Thorn. †	I laid her 'tween me and the wa', S. The Lass that made the bed.
My sweet wee lady, Add. to Illegit. Child. O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa',	Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid, [v. A.4] The Vision. D. I. His cheek to her's he fondly laid, S. There was a lass t
S. Lady Mary Ann. Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew: Ib.	Till she, like thee, all soil'd is laid
Ladies, would it not be strange Man should then a monster prove? S. Let not woman †	Low i' the dust To a Mountain-Daisy. Thou saw the fields laid hare an' wast, To a Mouse.
My Lady's gown there's gairs upon't, S. My Lord α-hunting t	The hest laid schemes o' Mice an' Men, Gang aft agley,
My Lady's white, my Lady's red,	Gang aft agley,
And Lady Jean was never sae braw. S. O when she cam ben t	For me! sae laigh I needna how, A Ded. to G. H., 2.
Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love Sketch. An' send him to his dicing box, An' sportin lady. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19.	Bye attour, my Gutcher has A hich house and a laigh ane; S. Gat ye me, †
An' sportin lady. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19. O mount and go,	Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie, S. Hee baloù, † While laigh descends the simmer sun, S. The Contented Cottager.
And he the Captain's Lady. S. The Captain's Lady. Anhank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste, The Fête Champetre.	S. The Contented Cottager. Laigh Kirk [the Church built down the hill or in
my bonny sweet wee lady, The Inventory.	Laigh Kirk [the Church built down the hill or in the lower quarter of the town, in contrast to the High Kirk, built at the top of the hill, or in the upper quarter of the town].
The ladies' hearts he did trepan, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV. An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay: Ib.	the upper quarter of the town]. Swith to the Laigh Kirk, and an a, The Ordination.
Nay even thus invade a lady's quiet. The Rights of Woman. But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,	Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch, Ib. 10. Laimpet [limpet].
Wi'ev'n down want o' wark are curst The Twa Dogs. 30.	Triumphant crushan't like a muscle
How daur ye set your fit upon her,	Or laimpet shell. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Sae fine a Lady! To a Louse. And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan	O had your tongue now, Luckie Laing, [re.] S. Gat ye me † Lair. Now Robin lies in his last lair, El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux. Lairing [wading and sliking in snow or mud]
A lady fair: To Dr. Blacklock. Then please sir, to lea'e sir,	
The orders wi' your lady. To Gav. Hamilton. My heart was caught before I thought,	And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle, Beneath a scar. A Winter Night. 3.
And by a Mauchline lady S. When first I came † Lag [sluggish, slow].	Laird [an owner of land or houses].
An' faith! thon's neither lag nor lame, Nor blate nor scaur. Add. to the Deil. 3.	Altho' his daddie was nae laird, S. Eraw lads on Yar. braest 'A countra Laird had ta'en the batts,
Lag, to. It only lags the fatal hour; . Fragment of Ode.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27. 'The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets, 'Was Laird himsel 1b. 27.
But now he lags on death's hog-score, Tam Samson's El., 5.	Was Laird himsel Ib. 27.

2 L

'Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift, 'la a' their pride!' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 13.	Blythe ha'e I been on you hill, As the Lambs before me; S. Blythe ha'e I been †
She's down in the yard, she's kissin the laird;	Her looks are like the sportive lamb, S. On Cessnock banks !
S. Eppie M'Nab. Whare three Lairds' lan's met at a burn, Halloween. 24.	She was the flower o' Fairlee lambs, A famous breed: [v.A.19] Poor Mailie's El
Then came the Laird o' Lochinton Katharine Jaffray. A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird,	As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither, Was ae day nibbling on the tether, The Death of Mailie.
S. Last May a braze wooer †	To scores o' lambs, an' packs of woo'!
The man wha hoasts o' warld's wealth,	My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him
Is aften laird o' meikle care; . S. Now bank and brae† Some gapin' glowrio' countra laird, . On W. Chalmers.	My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir,
Some gapin' glowrin' countra laird, . On W. Chalmers. Afton's Laird, Afton's Laird, P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm."	We live like two lambs and we seldom provoke; S. The Poor Thresher.
trusty auld worthy Clackleith, Afton's Laird, Ib.	As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,
Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare't,	S. There's auld Rob M. t
Ronalds of Bennals.	Lamb-tail.
The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire, . 16.	And a' like lamb-tails flyin Fu' fast . The Ordination. 7.
The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed, Ib.	Lambie, Lammie [dim. of lamb].
The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board, 1b. There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller, S. Tam Glen.	When linnets sang, and lammies play'd. As on the banks t
	As light as ony lambie, The Holy Fair. 3.
An' that glib-gahhet Highland Baron, The Laird o' Graham;	Lambkin.
The Laird o' Graham; The Author's Cry and Prayer. 13.	A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war S. Caledonia.
And mony a knight and mony a laird,	And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes, S. My Nanie's Awa,
That errand fain would gae. [re.] The Election Ballads. I. Where is the laird or belted knight	Where Lambkins wanton through the broom! S. The Banks of Nith.
That hest deserves to fa' that?	And little lambkins wanton wild,
Then let us drink the Stewartry, Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that,	In playful hands disporting S. Young Peggy †
A pair o' trusty lairds,	Lame.
Or buy a score o' lairds, man? . The Fête Champetre.	An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame, . Add. to the Deil.
She kens her father is a laird, . The Tarbolton Lasses.	Lamely. And just as lamely can ye mark,
Our Laird gets in his racked rents The Twa Dogs. &.	How far perhaps they rue it Add. to Unco Guid. 7.
I've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day, 1b. 13.	Lament.
It wad for ev'ry age be better, The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter! 1b. 26.	In loud lament hewail'd his lord, Lament for Glencairn.
	Lament, to.
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respekit, . The Twa Herds. 4.	Lament 'im Mauchline husbands a', Epit. on Wag.
Come join your counsel and your skills, To cow the lairds,	So I, for my lost darling's sake, Lament the live-day long S. Fate gave the word,
And Susie whase daddy was laird o' the Ha'; S. There's a youth †	Lament him a' ye rantan core, On Scot. Bard gue to W. I.
But oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird;	And mony shall lament him; On W. Cruikshanks.
S. There's auld Rob M.	Lament in rhyme, lament in prose, . Poor Mailie's El
Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds, To J. S., 22.	Scotland lament frae coast to coast! . Scotch Drink. 19.
And God hless young Dunaskin's laird, To Mr. M'Adam.	Oh! how must thou lament thy station, And envy mine! The Hermit.
Till Lairds forbad, by strict commands, Sie bluidy pranks. To IV. Simpson. P.S.	Lamentable.
Lairdship.	"O thou, whase lamentable face
And my Freedom's my lairdship and monarch dare touch. S. Contented wi' little, t	Appears to mourn my woeld case! The Death of Maille.
[sith [loath].	Lamentation.
1 wad be laith to ria an' chase thee, Wi' murd'riag pattle! . To a Mouse.	And mourn, in lamentation deep, How life and love are all a dream! The Lament.
Wi' murd'ring pattle! To a Mouse. I sud be laith to think ye hinted	Lamented.
Ironic satire, To W. Simpson.	Riddell, much lamented man! Lns on Window in F.'s C. II.
Laithfu' (bashful, backward, shrinking).	Lamenting.
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	The winds, lamenting thro' their caves, Lament for Glencairn. Lamentings.
Lake. Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes, A Fragment.	No idly faign'd poetic pains.
And waff them in the infernal wherry	My sad, lovelorn lamentings claim: . The Lament.
Straught through the lake, Adam A—'s Prayer.	Lammas. Bonie was the Lammas moon, S. Duncan Gray.
Then up amang thae lakes and seas They'll mak what rules and laws they please.	It was upon a Lammas night, When corn rigs are honie, S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Add, of Beelzebub,	Lammie v. Lambie.
To gnash my gams, to weep and wail, In harnin' lake, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.	Lamp. The lamp of day with ill-presaging glare, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Why, ye tenants of the lake,	Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp,
For me your watry haunt forsake? On searing Water-fowl. Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,	. Int Drigs of Ayr. 10.
Other lakes and other springs; 16.	Lan' [land]. Where three Lairds' lan's met at a burn. Halloween, 24.
Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the hills, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Whare three Lairds' lan's met at a burn, Halloween, 24. There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Lallan, Lalland (lowland).	Was match for my John Highlandman.
Wad ding a' Lallan tongue or Erse, Add. to the Deil. 19.	The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
The lalland laws he held in scorn: The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan' S. What can a young lassie t
For a lalland face he feared none,	Lan' afore [the horse on the left, not in the furrow,
Lallans [the language of the Lowland Scotch].	of the fore pair in the plough.
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans, Like you or me. To W. Simpson. P.S.	My Lan' afore's a gude auld has been, The Inventory.
Lamb. And o'er the knowes the lambs were bleating :	My Lan' afore's a gude auld has been, The Inventory. Lan' ahin (the horse directly behind the "lan' afore"].
Her bonie face it was as meek,	My Lan' ahin's a weel gaun fille,
As ony lamb upon the lee! S. Blythe was she t	Lance. taught by the hright Caledonian lance, S. Caledonia.

Land	
Land.	What are your landlords' rent-rolls? taxing ledgers: Lus on Window, K.'s Arms.
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip, Woe, Want, and Murder o'er the land! A Winter Night. 7.	But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd up stairs, S. No Churchman am I †
Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land! Add, sp. by Fontenelle.	The landlord's laugh was ready chorus: Tam o' Shanter. 5.
A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear, Was left me by my auntie, S. And O for ane and twenty	Landscape-glow. 'To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow;
They [the eagles] darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the	The Vision. D. 11. 19.
In this strange land, this uncouth clime,	Landsman. Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main!
A land unknown to prose or rhyme: . Ep. to H. Parker. A land that prose did never view it,	Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Lane (lone, alone; "her lane," "my lane," &c.,
Except when drunk he stacher't thro' it; 16.	herself alone, myself alone, &c.].
Frae the friends and Land I love, S. Frae the friends † When in distant lands I roam; S. Highland Mary.	To shiver in the hlast their lane." As on the banks † My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin, Auld comrade †
O gear will buy me rigs o' land, . S. In simmer when t	But for to meet the Deil her lane,
It was a' for our rightfu' king, We e'er saw Irish land, S. It was a' for t	She pat hut little faith in:
My Love and Native land fareweel, Ib. I faught at land, I faught at sea,	Wha will crack to me my lane? S. O wha my babie-clouts †
But Oh! what crouds in ev'ry land,	An' sigh an' sob, an' greet her lane, . Tam Samson's El Though she should vote her lane. The Election Ballads. I.
All wretched and forlorn, . Man was made to mourn. I won'd gie a' Knockhaspie's land,	Though she should vote her lane. The Election Ballads. I. There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane, S. The Taylor fell †
For Loyal Harry hack again, S. My Harry was a gallant † ber tenpund lands o' tocher gude S. My Lord a-hunting †	I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,
Lang may she [Coila] stand to prop the land, Nature's Law.	S. There's auld Rob M. † But Mousie, thou art no thy lane, To a Mouse.
The sons of Belial in the Land . New Psalmody. The fallow land is free: S. O can ye labour leat	Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane! S. Will ye go and marry t
And from thee many a parent stem	Lanely [lonely]. In lanely glens ye like to stray; Add. to the Deil. 5.
Arise to deck our land. On Eirth of Posth. Child. O sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave,	Lanely night comes on,
On Death of fav. Child. The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea. S. Out over the Forth	A' the lave are sleepin; S. Ay waukin, O. For oh, her lanely nights are lang; S. How lang and dreary;
S. Out over the Forth † Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land!	Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence . Poor Mailie's El
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek, I sat and ey'd the spewing reek, The Vision. D. I. 3.
My native land sae far awa S. Sae far awa. As ye have generous done, if a' the land	An' teach the lanely heights an' howes My rustic sang
Would take the Muses' servants by the hand, Scots Prologue. Wou'd a' the land do this, then I'll be caition,	there, by a lanely, sequestered stream. S. You wild mosty mountains †
Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation, Ib.	Lang [long].
When shall I see that honour'd land, S. The Banks of Nith. Who now commands the towers and lands—	Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang: . A Ded. to G. H., 5. Wi' weel spread looves, an' lang, wry faces; Ib. 9.
The royal right of Albany, . S. The bonie Lass of Albany. The Precepts sage they wrote to many a land:	Lang heet his hymeneal flame, 16. 14.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land	I will not wind a lang conclusion, With complimentary effusion:
Was, the deil's awa' wi' th' Exciseman. S. The Deil cam fiddlin't	C-rnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought A Fragment, 4.
Our land wha wi' chapels has stored: The Election Ballads, III.	C-rnw-ll-s lought as lang's he dought. A Fragment, 4. When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep, A Guid New-year
Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land, Ib. V.	scarce as lang's a guid kail whittle, Adam A—'s Prayer. Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap, S. Awa, whigs, awa.
And for my dear-lov'd Land o' Cakes, I pray with holy fire:	A three-tae'd leister on the ither [shouther] Lay, large an' lang. Death and Dr Hornbook. 6.
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie, Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',	Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa, 1b. 7.
To other lands I now must go	'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed 'Sin' I began to nick the thread,
To sing my Highland lassie O. S. The Highland Lassie.	'Horn sent her aff to her lang hame, 1b. 28.
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop Their honour'd native land! The Petition of Br. Water.	I lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend, A Something to have sent you, Ep. to Young Friend.
For the lands of Virginia-ginia, O: [re.] S. The Slave's Lament.	We're fit to win our daily bread, As lang's we're bale and fier: Ep. to Davie. 2.
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view, A well-known Land. The Vision, D, I. 12.	Nae treasures, nor pleasures Could make us happy lang;
And He whom ruthless Fates expel His native land. [v.A.4]	But to conclude my lang epistle, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 22.
'Know, the great Genius of this Land, 'Has many a light, aerial band,	I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg, As laug's I dow! Ib., Ap. 21st, 9.
Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,	Lang may your elbuck jink and diddle, Ef. to Maj. Logan. 3. The lang lad they ca' jumpin John, S. Her Daddie forbad
S. Their groves of † 1 care na thy daddie, his lands and his money, S. Tibbie Dunbar.	I dinna care, How lang ye look about ye. S. Here's to thy health,
This game was play'd in monie lands, To W. Simpson, P.S	How lang and dreary is the night, S. How lang and dreary
And now what lands between us lie, . When I think on † Ny daddie sign'd my tocher band.	For oh, her lanely nights are lang;
My daddie sign'd my tocher band, To gie the lad that has the land, . S. Where Cart rins †	But lang or noon, loud tempests storming A' my flowery bliss destroy'd S. I dream'd I lay
Landlady. The landlady and Tam grew gracions, Tam o' Shanter. 5.	A' my flowery bliss destroy'd S. I dream'd I lay And nights are lang in winter, Sir, S. I'm o'er young to marry
Landlady, count the lawin, S. Landlady, count † Landlord.	Common motives lang sinsyne, S. Jockey fou
As Master, Landlord, Hushand, Father,	Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen. S. Last May a braw wooer
He does na fail his part in either A Ded. to G. H., 5	He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess, Ib

Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple, . Letter to J. Goudie.	I left the lines, and tented field,
My heart was ance as hlythe and free	Where lang I'd been a lodger, . S. When wild War's t
As simmer days were lang, S. My heart was ance t	I've serv'd my king and country lang, 1b.
Lang may she stand to prop the land, , 16. O a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,	A short sword, and a lang, S. 1'e Jacobites t
An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing;	As lang's he has a breath to draw. S. Young Jockey t
An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing; O a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,	Lang, to [to long].
An' a' the lang night as happy's a king. S. O merry hae I been t	Go on, my Lord! I lang to meet you, Add. of Beelsebub. 5.
Where first I own'd that virgin love	Langer [longer].
I lang, lang had denied S. O mirk, mirk †	The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're carest. S. Awa wi' yr witchcraft †
And [she] lang has had my heart in thrall,	Now one langer sport and play,
S. O this is no my ain t	Mirth or sang can please me; S. Blythe ha'e I been t
He loosed on me a lang man, [re.] S. O wat ye what my† Lang-mustering up a hitter hlast; On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	But secret love will break my heart,
An sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa, On dining with Daer.	If I conceal it langer S. Craigie-burn Wood.
Or lang-kail gullie On Grose's Peregrinations.	And the langer it blossom'd, the sweeter it grew; S. Lady Mary Ann.
A lang half-mile she could descry him; Poor Mailie's El.,	It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Lang may your elbuck jink an' diddle, Second Ep. to Davie.	Wad make me langer wish to tarry; S. My bonie Mary.
I lo'ed her meikle and lang; S. She's fair and fause t	And time nae langer spill, jo: S, O steer her up †
We think na on the lang Scots miles, . Tam o' Shanter.	Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory, In plain, braid Scots hold forth a plain, braid story:
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;	In plain, braid Scots hold forth a plain, braid story:
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd: Ib. 8.	Nae langer thrifty Citizens, an douce, Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;
(Lang after kend on Carrick shore;	The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
K[ilmarnock] lang may grunt an' grane, Tam Samson's El	under favor o' your langer heard,
Farewell then, lang hale then, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle, Ye'll see't or lang, The Author's Cry and Prayer, 15.	The mair admiration they draw, man; Ronalds of Bennals.
Ye'll see't or lang, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.	But secret love will break my heart, If I conceal it langer S. Sweet fa's the eve †
In lines extended lang and large,	The scarcely langer than your leg, . The Inventory.
Ye'll see't or lang, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15. In lines extended lang and large, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. He seem'd as he wi' Time had warsti'd lang,	There's peace and rest nae langer; . The Holy Fair. 14.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Ve maist wad think a wee touch langer,
This seven lang years I hae lien by his side,	An they mann starve o' cauld and hunger: The Twa Dogs. 11.
S. The deuks dang o'er.	Langest [longest].
Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land, [re.] The Election Ballads. V.	The langest thong, the fiercest growler Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
The Election Ballads. V. Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin, The Holy Fair. 3.	There simmer first unfauld her robes,
The state of the s	And there the laugest tarry: S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang,	Lang syne [long since].
	Lang sync in Eden's bonie yard, . Add. to the Deil. 15.
An gies them't, like a tether, Fu lang	"There was a time, it's nae lang syne, . As on the banks †
The Petition of Br. Water.	Should auld acquaintance he forgot,
But for how lang the flie may stang, Let inclination law that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	And days o' lang syne? . S. Shid auld acquaintance t
Lang may his whistle hlaw, Jamie; S. The Laddies by	We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
The lossie thought as long till day	For auld lang syne, my dear, [re.]
The lassie thought na lang till day. S. The lass that made the bed.	But we've wander'd mony a weary foot, Sin' auld lang syne. [re.]
Lang, Patropage, wi' rod o' airn,	Was made lang syne, [re.]
Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin, The Ordination. 8.	The Twa Dogs. 4.
Was made lang syne, lord knows how lang. The Twa Dogs. 4.	An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
Whiles scour'd awa in lang excursion,	O' lang syne saunts. What ails ye now
An' there began a lang digression	Lang-tocher'd [having a large marriage portion].
He draws a honie silken purse As lang's my tail,	There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy S. There's a youth †
Their night's unquiet, lang an' restless Ib. 30.	Langside.
D-e has been lang our fac, The Twa Herds. 12.	And dire the discord Langside saw, . The Dean of Fac
Auld W-w, lang has hatch'd mischief, Ib. 13.	Language. May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the Soul;
Wi' the hurn stealing under the lang, yellow broom:	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.
S. Their groves of †	Languid. How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
Ae day as the carle gaed up the lang glen, S. There liv'd ance a carle t	S. The lazy mist †
And lang ere witless Jeanie wist,	Languish.
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown!	Can I cease to languish, While my darling fair Is on the couch of anguish? S. Ay waking, O†
S. There was a lass t	Wishfully I look and languish
Weel are ye wordy of a grace As lang's my arm To a Haggis.	In that bonie face of thine; . S. Bonie wee thing t
'As lang's the Muses dinna fail	They who but feign a wounded heart,
'To say the grace.' To J. S., 24.	May teach the lyre to languish; S. Could aught of song
Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath	In love to lie and languish, . S. Craigie-burn Wood.
O' mony flow'ry simmers! To Mr. M'Adam.	Condemn'd to drag a secret chain, And yet in secret languish; S. Farewell, thou stream t
desolation's lang teeth'd harrow, To Terraughty.	Condemn'd to see my rivals reign,
howls, in gusty storms, The lang, dark night! To W. Simpson. Adown some trottin burn's meander,	While I in secret languish; S. The last time I †
Adown some trottin burn's meander, An' no think lang:	To thy bosom lay my heart,
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither: Ib. 17.	There to throh and languish; . S. Thine am I †
An' muckle din there was about it,	Lank.
Eaith loud an lang 10. F.S.	They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy; . The Twa Dogs. 30.
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn, S. Up in the morning.	Lap. In Pleasure's lap carest; Man was made to Mourn.
Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me; S. Wae is my heart †	Reclined on the lap of thy mother, On Death of fav. Child.
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang: S. What can a yng lassie †	An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps, Was dealt about in lunches, An' dawds The Holy Fair. 23.
5,	

Lap [did leap]. Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastet, A Guid New-Year' 14.	O gi'e me the lass that has acres o' charms, O gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms.
But by gude luck I lap a wicket,	S. Awa wi' your witcheraft †
And turn'd a neak. Friend of the poet † P.S. Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling,	Then hey for a lass wi' a tocher, [re.] 1b.
Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefo' fling,	But Phemie was a bonier lass
Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool;	Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw S. Blythe was she † But Phemie was the blythest lass,
To sing how Nannie lap and flang, Tam o' Shanter. 16.	That ever trode the dewy green
Than ony ermine ever lap, . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	'A bonie lass, ye kend her name, 'Some ill-brewn drink bad hov'd her wame,
He hirpl'd up an' lap like daft, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	'Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame,
But he sae trig Lap o'er the rig, . S. The tither moru!	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.
He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,	There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg, S. Duncan Davison. A man may kiss a honie lass,
As ever lap a shengh or dyke The Twa Dogs. 5. We lap an' danced the lee-lang day. S. T. Menas' bonie Mary. Llap and cry'd fo' loud.	And ay be welcome back again
We lap an danced the lee-lang day,	Ye bonnie lasses dight your een, El. on Year 1788.
I lap and cry'd fu' loud To Mr. M'Adam.	I like the lasses—Gude forgie me! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 17.
An unco tyke lap o'er the Dyke, . S. What will I do gin †	The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Ance lightly lap ye owre the knowe, S. Ye hae lien wrang.	Are spent among the lasses, O. [v.A.24] S. Green grow the Rashes.
Lapfu'. lapfu's large o' gospel kail The Ordination. 6.	What signifies the life o' man.
Lapland.	What signifies the life o' man, An' 'twere na for the lasses, O ,
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms, And welcome Lapland's dreary sky. S. O wat ye wha's in †	The wisest Man the warl' saw,
Lapse. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse	He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. [v.A.24]
To the sun-brown'd Arah's lip: Delia, An Ode.	An' then she made the lasses, O
Lapwing.	Lads like lasses weel,
Thou green-crested lapwing thy screaming forbear,	And lasses lads too S. Gudeen to you Kimmer†
Large. An', large upon her quarter,	The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat, Mair braw than when they're fine; Halloween. 3.
Come full that day A Dream. 13.	Gar lasses hearts gang startin Whyles fast at night 1b.
A three-tae'd leister on the ither [shouther] Lay, large an' lang. Death and Dr. Hornbook.	The lasses staw frae 'many them a'.
Kind Nature's care had given his share,	To pou their stalks o' corn;
Large, of the flaming current; Nature's Law.	Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
And bless auld Coila, large and long, Ib.	An' monie lads an' lasses fates
	Are there that night decided:
In lines extended lang and large,	'Come after me an' draw thee
A toware tyke, black, grim, and large, Tam o' Shanter. 11. In lines extended lang and large, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Squadrons extended long and large,	O once I lov'd a bonie Lass, S. Handsome Nell.
The Election Ballads, VI.	As honie Lasses I ha'e seen,
And for a mantle large and broad, He wrapt him in Religion The Holy Fair, Mott.	A bonie Lass, all will confess, Is pleasant to the e'e,
Enjoying large each spring and well	The lass wi' the bonie black e'e, . S. Her Daddie forbad†
	Here's to thy health my bonie lass, S. Here's to thy health †
As Nature gave them me, . The Petition of Br. Water. And many a question he ask'd him at large, The Poor Thresher. The Regiment at large for a husband Lag.	And the lasses o' Leven. S. Hey ca' thro',
	Wi' Lizie's lass, three times I trow; Holy Willie's Prayer. 8.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	I met a lass, a honie lass, S. I met a lass †
lapfu's large o' gospel kail	But she my fairest faithfu' lass, S. I'll ay ca' in t
Her Mantle large, of greenish hue, The Vision. D. I. II.	There liv'd a lass is yonder dale,
Explore at large Man's infant race, Ib. D. II. 10.	
Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws His army shade,	Lass, when your mither is frae hame, S. Lass when yr mither †
And large, before Enjoyment's gale,	Sweet lass, may I do that?
Let's tak the tide To J. S., 11.	Whare live ye my bonie lass, S. My Collier Laddie.
Largo. And the Kimmers o' Largo, . S. Hey ca' thro'.	There wons and Colia's bonie lass, S. My Lord a hunting t
Largs.	O lay thy loof in mine, lass, S. O lay thy loof
But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd, As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell. S. Caledonia.	And swear on thy white hand, lass,
Lark. And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,	There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side, S. Again rejoie. Nature†	That for a blink I hae lo'ed best,
Sweet the lark's wild-warhled lay, Delia. An Ode.	There's nane again sae bonie. S. O saw ye bonie L.
So, to beaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,	I doubt na, lass, but ye may think, S. O Tibbie! †
But groveling on the earth the carol ends.	But Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice:
While larks with little wing, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	There lives a lass in yonder park,
Fann'd the pure air, S. Phillis the Fair.	The bonie lasses weel may wiss him,
The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,	On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. On Cessnock banks there lives a lass, S. On Cessnock banks t
The Brigs of Ayr. The bonie Lark, companion meet! To a Mountain-Daisy.	I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenned name
That dane'd to the lark's early song? S. Where are the joys	May cost a pair o' blushes; On W. Chalmers.
Lash. O burning hell! in all thy store of torments	Bright wines and honnie lasses rare,
There's not a keener lash! Remorse. A Frag	To put us daft; Poem on Life. Where bonnie lasses bleach their claes;
Lash, to. Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash; To J. S., 5.	Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Lash't.	And proper young lasses and a', man; Ronalds of Bennals.
Then wi' a rhyme or song he lash't 'em [poverty, care], And thought it sport. El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.	As bonie a lass or as braw, man,
Lass. Five bonie Lasses round their table, A Ded. to G. H., 14	If I should detail the pick and the wale
bonie blossoms a', Ye royal Lasses dainty, . A Dream. 14.	O' lasses that live here awa', man,
As fair art thou, my bonie lass,	Sae let the bonie lass gang S. She's fair and fause †
So deep in luve am 1; S. A red, red Rose. If he's a parent, lass or boy, Auld comrade †	(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
If he's a parent, lass or boy, Auld comrade †	For honest men and honny lasses.) . Tam o' Shanter. 2.

Could rank my rig and lass; The Ans. to the Guidwife.	That I may drink before I go A service to my honie lassie S. My bonie Mary.
And the bonie Lass of Albany. S. The bonie Lass of Albany. They've wranged the Lass of Albany. [re.] Ib.	But the Lassie that man loes best,
While he, sub rosa, play'd his part	O that's the Lass to mak him blest. S. My Lord a-hunting t
Among their wives and lasses. The Election Ballads. VI.	My love she's but a lassie yet, S. My love she's but t
"Sweet lass, I think ye seem to ken me; The Holy Fair. 4.	Wi' her the lassie dear to me, S. Now bank and brac† Can please a lassie better S. O gie my love brose†
The lasses, skelpan barefit, thrang, In silks an' scarlets glitter;	O Lassie, art thou sleeping yet, S. O Lassie, art thou sleep.
Thrang winkan on the lasses To chairs	O wha can prudence think upon,
Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,	And sic a lassie by him; . S. O poortith cauld,
Comes clinkan down beside him!	Then lea'e the lassie till her fate, S. O steer her up † gin the lassie winna do't, Ye'll fin' anither will, jo Ib.
The lads an' lasses, blythely bent To mind baith saul an' body,	O this is no my ain lassie,
The lasses they are shyer	Fair tho' the lassie be:
Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,	O weel ken I my ain lassie, S. O this is no my ain † O that's the lassie o' my heart,
Or lasses that hae naething!	My lassie, ever dearer; . S. O wat ye wha that loes †
Let lasses be affronted On sic a day! Ib.	a lassie In grace and beauty charming; That even the chosen lassie
At slaps the hillies halt a blink, Till lasses strip their shoon:	That e'en thy chosen lassie,
How monie hearts this day converts,	O never look down, my lassie at a', [re.] 1b.
O' sinners and o' Lasses!	For there the bonie lassie lives, The lassie 1 lo'e best S. Of a' the airts t
The grace be-"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonnie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water.	The lassie 1 lo'e best
For towsing a lass i' my daffin. The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	S. On Cessnock Banks † Sett. II.
My bonie lass 1 work in brass, Ib. S. VI.	Our lassies a' she far excels,
By my good luck a lass 1 met, S. The Lass that made the bed.	That never did a lassie wrang; On Window of C. Inn, F
The lass that made the bed to me	Say, Lassie, why thy train amang Scarce age has tried the shepherd-sang
The braw lass made the bed to me,	Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
The bonny lass made the hed to me,	That while a lassie she had worn,
The lovely lass of Inverness, S. The lovely lass of I.	Gie me my Highland lassie, O S. The Highl. Lassie. To sing my Highland lassie, O
Or leaves the faithfu' lass he lo'ed, To wear a ragged coat The Ruined Maid's Lament.	To sing my Highland lassie, O
There was a bonie lass,	My faithful Highland lassie, O
And a boaie, bonie lass, . S. There was a bonie lass t	That Indian wealth may lustre throw
And nocht could him quail, Or his bosom assail, But the bonie lass he lo'ed sae dear	Around my Highland lassie, O
Guid faith, quo' scho, I doubt you gar,	I in thine, my frightand moste, or
The bonie lasses lie aspar, S. There was a lad t	The lassie thought na lang till day, S. The Lass that made the bed.
There was a lass, and she was fair, S. There was a lass, and †	And said, Sweet lassie dinna cry,
That he from our lasses should wander awa; S. There's a youth †	Ye ay shall mak the bed to me
There's news, lasses, news, S. There's news, lasses +	Besides a handsome fortune: . The Tarbolton Lasses.
Now thou'st left thy lass for ay-1 must see thee never. S. Thou hast left me, †	The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill;
Auld Reckie dings them a' to sticks,	The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still, S. The Taylor fell t
For rhyme-inspiring lasses To Miss Ferrier.	For weel he kend the way. O,
L—d man there's lasses there wad force A hermit's fancy, . To Mr. J. Kennedy.	The lassie's heart to wia, O! S. The Taylor he cam! For ay he pree'd the lassie's mou
And bless your bonie lasses baith, To Mr. M'Adam.	And below the honie brier bush there's a lassie and a lad,
Baith bonest men and lasses bonie, . To Terraughty.	And below the bonie brier bush there's a lassie and a lad, S. There grows a bonie †
An honest man may like a lass, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	And ae bonie lassie, his darling and mine. S. There's audd Rob M. †
Or lasses gie my heart a screed, . To W. Simpson.	What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle. [re.] S. Twas even—the dewy	What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie, What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man? S. What can a yng lassie†
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief What ails ye now t	Lassie, say thou lo'es me; S. Wilt thou be my t
Than garren lasses cowp the cran	Let me, lassie, quickly die,
Clean heels owre body,	Trusting that thou io es me : [re.]
'When next wi' you lass I forgather, Ib. Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass,	Ye're greener than the grass, lassie; S. Ye hae lien wrang. Vet pe'er an inch the less, lassie, [re.]
Sweet as you hawthorn's blossom, S. When wild War's t	Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie. [re.]
The bonie lass that I loe best She'll be my ain for a' that S. Women's Minds.	O, lassie, ye hae played the fool,
	Resides a sweet Lassie, my thought and my dream. S. You wild mossy mountains t
A bonie lass, 1 like her best, And wha a crime dare ca' that?	
Thro' a' our lasses he did rove, S. I'oung Jamie t	For there, wi' my Lassie, the day-lang I rove, 18. But I lo'e the dear Lassie hecause she lo'es me 18.
Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass, S. Young Peggy †	O, these are my Lassie's all-conquering charms Ib.
Lassie.	Last.
Boule lassie, will ye go To the birks of Aberfeldy? [re.] S. Bonie lassie, will ye go	The last, sad, mournful rites bestow! A Ded. to G. H., 14.
The lassie lost a silken snood, S. Braw lads of G. Water.	For my last fow,
Beguil'd the bonie lassie, S. Her Daddie forbad †	A heapet Stimpart, I'll reserve ane A Guid New-year 17. In my last plack thy part's be in't, Add. to Illegit. Child.
And lassie ye're but young, ye kea; S. In simmer when t	In my last plack thy part's be in't, Add. to Illegit. Child. "E'en here, I took the last farewell; S. Behold the hour †
Oh! thoughtless lassie, life's a fecht, The canniest gate, the strife is sair;	Due Will may lost moreous my words are the same.
Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks,	3. Dy you tustic wa
Bonie lassie, artless lassie! . S. Lassie wi the untionite	Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose, . S. Caledonia.
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest,	Has clad a score i' their last claith, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25,

N. D. Lie Verievie Leville Et an Deed of R. O. Jersey	Tank dan furakandan
Now Robin lies in his last lair, El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux. The last o't, the warst o't,	Last day [yesterday]. Last day I grat wi' spite and teen, The Petition of Br. Water.
Is only but to beg	Last day my mind was in a bog, To Miss Ferrier.
And fram'd her last, best work, the human-mind,	Last, to.
Ep. to R. Graham.	For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.
Last, she [nature] suhlimes th' Aurora of the poles, . Ib. 2.	At Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Though thanks to heaven I dare even that last shift, . Ib. 5.	Hast thou found that beauty's lillies Were not made for aye to last? Blue Bonnets.
Taks up its last abode; Epit. on Holy Willie. Who in his life did little good	Were not made for aye to last?
Who in his life did little good And his last words were Dem my blood! Epit, on Mr. Burton.	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands.	Lasting.
O, who would not die with the brave!	But friendship's pure and lasting joys
S. Farewell, thou fair day † 'Mid circling horrors sinks at last	My heart was form'd to prove : . S. Talk not of love t
In overwhelming ruin. S. Farewell, thou stream †	There, low he lies, in lasting rest; [v.A.15] Tam Samson's El.
Your blood shall with incessant cry	Thus, resigned and quiet, creep To the hed of lasting sleep; Wr. in Friars Carse H.
Awake at last th' unsparing power Frag. of Ode. Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,	Lastly.
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown, S. Gloomy December.	1 lastly was with Curtis among the floating batt'ries
Till my last hope and last comfort is gone: Ib.	The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
An' tho' at last they catch them [riches] fast,	Late. Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is: Add, to the Deil. 13.
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O. S. Green grow the rashes.	And late or early never grumbled? . Ep. to H. Parker.
My last hour I am near it; . S. Husband, husband †	Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,
And my last hald of earth is gaue: Lament for Glencairn.	Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.
Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!	Whate'er thou hast done, he it late he it soon,
my last, hest, only friend,	Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab. S. Eppie M'Nab.
Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,	Hope and Fear's alternate billow Yielding late to Nature's law, S. Musing on the roaring †
S. Last May a braw t	When soon or late they reach that coast.
Soor Bigotry, on her last legs, . Letter to J. Goudie.	O'er life's rough ocean driven, O Thou dread Pow'r
This partial view of human-kind Is surely not the last! Man was made to Mourn,	But late she flourished, rooted fast, On Birth of Posth. Child.
tir'd at last With fortune's vain delusion, O,	Farewell, hours that late did measure Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . S. Raving winds
S. My father was a farmer †	Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; S. Raving winds † An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think
'Till my last weary sand was run, S. O were I on Parnass. †	Braw sober lessons. Second Ep. to Davie.
Some sairie comfort still at last, S. O ay my wife she dang.	As market-days are wearing late, Tam o' Shanter.
A Jillet brak his heart at last, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	She prophesied that late or soon,
The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; . Poor Mailie's El	Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon; Ib. 3.
Last, the not least in love, ye youthful fair, Prologue, at Th., D	An' he paidles late an' early, O! . S. The deuks dang o'er. And cuddled me late and early, O:
There Isabella's spotless worth	And cuddled me late and early, O;
Shall happy be at last, Sad thy tale, †	How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear, S. The lasy mist †
Now a sad and last adieu. [re.] S. Scenes of weet	I will mak my Ploughman's bed,
The last Halloween I was wankin My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken; S. Tam Glen.	And chear him late and early S. The Ploughman †
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last; Tam o' Shanter. 8.	The time flew by, wi' tentless head, Till 'tween the late and early; . S. The Rigs o' Barley.
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses; 1b. 11.	De'il tak the war! I late and air Hae wish'd
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape; 16.	S. The tither morn t
My prenticeship I past where my Leader breath'd his last,	We labour soon, we labour late, To feed the titled knave, man; . The Tree of Liberty.
The Jolly Beggars, S. I.	I'm weary sick o't late and air! To Dr. Blacklock.
But Och! they catched him at the last, Ib. S. IV.	Late crippled of an arm, and now a leg, . To R. G. of F.
Dearest of Distillation! last and best! The Author's Cry and Prayer. Mott.	Where late with careless thought I rang'd.
Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,	S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
	I wha sae late did range and rove, . S. Young Jamie t
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath,	Lately. Ye've lately come athwart her; . A Dream. 13.
The Brigs of Ayr. 13. And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath.	But lately seen, in gladsome green, . S. But lately seen † Which lately on a night hefel, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 2.
And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath, I len'e my blessin wi' you baith: The Death of Mailie.	Twas ae night lately, in my fun, Ep. to J. R., 7.
A last request permit me here, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	How note is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened:
The last braw bridal that I was at, 'Twas on a Hallowmass day, . The last braw bridal t	How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened; Monody, on a Lady.
The last time I came o'er the moor, S. The last time I came +	As lately F-nw-ck, sair forfairn, Has proven to its ruin: The Ordination. 8.
For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,	Later. Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion,
The Rights of Woman.	That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion:
Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce, [v.A.1] The Twa Dogs. 6.	The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
For gear to gang that gate at last! 1b. 25.	Latest. "There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail." S. Behold the hour t
But pith and power, till my last hour, I'll mak this declaration;	Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day, . Blest be M'Murdo t
rhyme-proof Till my last breath	As Willie drew his latest breath; Epit. on W
At last her feet, I sang to see't,	The wretch beneath the dreary pole.
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe; S. The weary pund.	So marks his latest sun S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,	the latest throb that leaves my heart, S. From thee, Eliza, †
By your dear self!-the last great oath I swear, To Clarinda.	And thine that latest sigh!
Thy image at our last embrace; Ah! little thought we 'twas our last! To Mary in Heaven.	"Awake, resound thy latest lay, . Lament for Glencairn.
till her last roon Gaed past their viewin, To W. Simpson. P.S.	And sigh for this life's latest morrow. On Death of fav. Child.
Ye mann conceal till your last hour! S. Wha is that at my t	Your course to the latest is bright. Poet. Add. to Tytler. A wish, that to my latest hour
For these Levels the level formula	Shall strongly heave my breast; The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Of my sweet Highland Mary. S. Ye banks, and bracs, and streams †	His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
S. Ye banks, and bracs, and streams t	In faint huzzas. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

May there my latest hours consume, S. The Banks of Nith. That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove, S. The Posie.	Go bid him lay his laurels down, . S. The capt. Ribband. (Th' enamour'd laurels kiss her brows.) The Election Fiallads, U.I.
Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath,	"So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay; The Whistle, 18.
To R. G. of F., 9.	Did warlike laurels crown my brow, S. When first I saw t
An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled, Auld comrade dear †	Laurel-boughs.
'Their Latin names as fast he rattles As A B C Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.	Then farewel hopes of Laurel-boughs, To J. S., 9. Laurell'd, 'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder.
What's a' your jargon o' your Schools,	Laurell'd, 'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder. Epig. on E.'s "Martial."
Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 11.	Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head Bring our Banish'd hame again; S. Frae the Friends †
His faults they a' in Latin lay, . On W. Cruickshanks,	Lave [the rest, the remainder].
There, Learning, with his Greekish face,	(What's aft mair than a' the lave) . Add. to Unco Guid. 3.
Grunts out some Latin ditty; The Ordination, 11, worthy G[regor]y's latin face, To W'. Creech.	Lanely night comes on, A' the lave are sleepin': S. Ay waukin, O.
But the' dull prose-folk latin splatter	When a' the lave gae to their play, S. Duncan Gray.
In logic tulzie,	But whistle o'er the lave o't. [re.] . S. First when Maggy †
Latter. He weeping wail'd his latter times; A Vision. Lauderdale.	And as for the lave, let the deil do his best. Jenny M'Craw † When a' the lave gae to their bed S. My Harry was a gallant†
Out came the Lord of Landerdale,	It's [wealth's] pride, and a' the lave o't; S. O poortith cauld, †
Out frae the south countrie, O Katharine Jaffray.	An' with the lave ilk merry morn
Laugh. Mony a laugh and mony a drink, Auld comrade † The creature grain'd an eldritch laugh.	Could rank my rig and lass; The Ans, to the Guidwife. Weel-pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
An athiest-laugh's a poor exchange For Deity offended! Ep. to Young Friend. 9.	An' then your every care an' fear May whistle owre the lave o't. The Jolly Beggars. S. I'.
Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs Poem on Life.	The sweetest still to wife or maid,
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus: Tam o' Shanter. 5.	Was whistle owre the lave o't. [re.] Ib.
Laugh, to.	I'll get a blessin wi' the lave, An' never miss't! To a Mouse.
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	But there is ane aboon the lave, S. Women's minds.
Laugh in Misfortune's face-the beldam witch! Ib.	Lave, to.
Would'st thou be cured, thou silly moping elf, Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself:	How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, S. Afton Water. Busy feed, or wanton lave; On scaring Water-foul.
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,	Give me the stream that sweetly laves
As lang's I dow! Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 21st, 9.	The banks by Castle Gordon S. Streams that glide†
Laugh o'er thy perjury S. Had I a cave † Tho' Heretics may laugh; The Calf.	Who hy Castalia's wimplin streamies. Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies, To Dr. Blacklock,
We'll laugh, sing, and rejoice, man;	Laverock, Lav'rock, Lavrock [the lark].
S. The Deil cam fiddlin' †	The lavrock shuns the palace gay, And o'er the cottage sings; . S. Echold, my love †
For fools will prate o' right and wrang, While knaves laugh them to scorn; The man of independent wind.	Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
The man of independent mind,	Aloft on dewy wing; Lament of Mary of Scots. The lav'rock in the morning she'll rise frae her nest,
He looks and laughs at a' that S. The Honest Man.	S. Lns on a Ploughman,
And laugh at a' the pangs I dree; . S. Young Jamie, Laugh'd.	Thou lavrock that starts frae the dews of the lawn, S. My Nanie's Awa,
She [nature] laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.	The waken'd lay'rock warbling springs
Ep. to R. Graham. 4.	And climbs the early sky, . S. Now Spring has clad † The lav'rock lo'es the grass, . S. O gie my love brose †
these are no laughing times: Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	The lay rock to the sky
And love said, laughing in her looks, Come kiss me at your leisure S. As I gaed up by t	Ascends wi' sangs o' joy; S. Sleep'st thou t
Come kiss me at your leisure S. As I gaed up by † Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers	Nae lav'rock sang on hillock green, S. The Catrine woods † The lav'rocks they were chantan Fu' sweet The Holy Fair.
In double pride were gay S. But lately seen †	The soher laverock, warbling wild, The Petition of Br. Water.
'The weans hand out their fingers laughin, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.	Lav'rock-height.
As set the warld in a roar O' laughin' at us; Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.	Near lav'rock-height she jumpet,
Where laughing love sae wanton swims,	Ye lavish woods that wave around, S. Slow spreads the gloom †
S. My Lord a-hunting †	Law [low]. O when she cam ben she bobbed fu' law,
Twn laughing een o' honie blue S. Sae flaxen† Quo' she, an' laughan as she spak, The Holy Fair. 4.	S. O when she cam ben † Law. An' did nae less, in full Congress,
"We will get famous laughin At them this day." Ib. 5.	Than quite refuse our law, man A Fragment.
Wi' quaffing, and laughing, They ranted an' they sang; The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	held up his cheek, Conform to Gospel law, man: 1b. 6.
While new-light herds wi' laughin' spite.	An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood, To mak it guid in law, man
Say neither's liein' The Twa Herds. 9.	They'll mak what rules and laws they please. Add. of Beelzebub.
A tear may wet thy laughin' e'e, For Scotia's son . Verses under Grief.	Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just! Add. to Edinburgh. 6.
Laughter. That so much laughter, so much life enjoyed. Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Wha hae nae check but human law, Ep. to Young Friend. 3.
Laureat.	Law, physics, politics and deep divines : Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
He was her Laureat monie a year, On Scot. Bard gne to IV.I.	By love, and by beauty, By law, and by duty; S. Eppie Adair.
To phrase you an' praise you, Ye ken your Laureat scorns: To Gav. Hamilton.	But what his common sense came short, He eked it out wi' law, Extem. in Court of Session.
Laurel, Laurels.	Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction
Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels. Fragment, inser, to Fox.	Frag. inser, to Fox. Who nobly perished in the glorious cause,
In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle, . Ib.	Your king, your country, and her laws! . Frag. of Ode.
That clarty barm should stain my laurels; Searching auld †	That lives at the lug o' the law! S. Here's a health to them t

For hroken laws, Five thousand years fore my creation,	Lay. Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays; S. Afton Water.
Holy Willie's Prayer. 3. Nature's mighty law is change; Let her crown my love her law, S. Louis what reck †	Sweet the lark's wild-warhled lay, Delia. An Ode. Shall venal lays their [princes'] pompous exit hail: El, on Miss Burnet.
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law, Man was made to Mourn.	Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays, They persecute you all your future days!
If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave, By Nature's law design'd,	Ep. to R. Graham. 5. No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay,
Hope and Fear's alternate billow Yielding late to Nature's law, S. Musing on the roaring † The Judge that's mighty in thy law, New Psalmody.	Inscrip, on Tomb of Fergusson. "Awake, resound thy latest lay, Lament for Glencairn. We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;
And laws for Scotland's weel ordained; On Window at Stirling. With decency and law beneath his [Riot's] feet;	Monody, on a Lady. A hapless lover courts thy lay, S. O stay, sweet warbling. Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
Prologue, sp. by Woods. By conquering beauty's sovereign law; S. Sae flaxen†	S. O were I on Parnass. Where blackhirds join the shepherd's lays
Wha for Scotland's king and law, Freedom's sword will strongly draw? . S. Scots, wha ha'e t	Poem on Pastoral Poetry In twining hazel howers, His lay the linnet pours; S. Sleep'st thou,
Some o' you nicely ken the laws. To round the period an 'pause, <i>The Author's Cry and Prayer</i> . But why should we to nobles jouk?	This lay the finnet pours;
And its against the law that: The Election Ballads. II. Wha's honour was ever his law;	The sweetest far of Scotta's nory rays: 10.13
Wha's honour was ever his law; Ib. III. Still rising by the plummet's law, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L The lalland laws he held in scorn: The lalla Research S. IV.	Fir'd at the simple, artless lays Of other times, Determines Till the control of the Vision. D. II. 12
A fig for those by law protected! Ib. S. VIII.	But tune their lays, Till echoes a' resound again Her weel-sung praise To W. Simpson Lay v. Lea.
And equal rights and equal laws Wad gladden every isle, man. The Tree of Liberty. To Nature's God and Nature's law	Lay. When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep. A Guid New-year † 12
They gave their lore, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I. Craigdarroch so famous for wit, worth, and law:	Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep, A Winter Night. 9
The Whistle. 6. In vain the laws their feeble force oppose; To Clarinda.	They lay aside a' tender mercies, . Add. of Beelzebub. 4 His cheek to hers he aft did lay, . S. As down the burn
An' then cry zeal for gospel laws, Like some we ken. To Rev. J. M'Math.	There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay: S. Damon and Sylvia Lay, large an' lang Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6
They durst me mair than he allow'd, That was a law: Enthron'd in her eye he delivers his law;	where poor Francis lay moaning, . Epig. on Capt. Grose Light lay the earth on Billy's breast, Epig. on a Coxcomb
S. True hearted was he†	I could lay my bread and kail Ep. to H. Parker There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 17
In some sma' points, altho' not a'; . V.s to J. Ranken. What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law, [re.] S. Ye Jacobites †	Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 17 To lay strong hold for help on hounteous Graham. Ep. to R. Graham. 4
	Wha cheerfully lays down the pack, Epit. on Tam the Chapman
Law, to [rule, determine]. But for how lang the flie may stang. Let Inclination law that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. Lawful, -fu'. 'Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.	Wilt thon lay that frown aside, S. Fairest maid O, do thon [death] kindly lay me low With him I love at rest S. Fate gave the word,
And for your lawful King his crown, S. Highland Laddie. Lawin [reckoning, bill].	When you lay me in the dust,
Then guidwife count the lawin, S. Gane is the day† Landlady, count the lawin,	Think, think how you will bear it. S. Husband, husband I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing, S. I dream'd I lay Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
The day is near the dawin; . S. Landlady, count † Lawlands [Lowlands].	To her two een sae bonie blue S. I gaed a waefu' Light is the burden love lays on; . S. In simmer when
And o'er the Lawlands I ha'e heen; S. Blythe was she,† Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border, S. Hee balou.†	As blythe lay down at e'en: . Lament of Mary of Scots Till down my weary bones I lay S. My father was a farmer
Lawless. An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless l-g Again upon her. Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.	O lay thy loof in mine, lass, S. O lay thy loof The youthful blooming Nelly lay, S. On a bank of flowers
Lawn. The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn. S. How pleasant the banks t	His faults they a' in Latio lay . On W. Cruickshanks But cold successive noontide hlasts
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn, S. It was the charming † Thou lavrock that starts frac the dews of the lawn, S. My Nanie's Awa.	May lay its beauties low Sad thy tale, And warsle Time, and lay him on his back. Scots Prologue
When dewdrops twinkle o'er the lawn; S. On Cessnock banks † I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,	Lay the proud usurpers low, S. Scots, wha ha'e Sing and Cowl, lay you down by me, [re.] . S. Scroggam Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck, Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. [v.A.16] Tam o' Shanter
On seeing wounded Hare. And eye the smoking, dewy lawn, The Petition of Br. Water. The lawns wood fringed in Netwel's policy total.	
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15
Lawn-sleeve. Nane set the lawn-sleeve sweeter, A Dream. 12. Lawson. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold,	Vestreen lay on this breast o' mine The gowden Locks of Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.
The Election Ballads. VI. Lawyer. It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee To taste the harrel. Scotch Drink. 13.	S. The heather was bloom. I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O. S. The Highland Lassie His doxy lay within his arm; The Jolly Beggars, R.1
To taste the harret. Scotch Drink. 13. Three lawyers' tongues, turn'd inside out, Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout; [v.A.16] Tam o' Shanter.	Till some ane by his honnet lays, The Holy Fair. 24. I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead, The Kirk's Alarm.

The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still,	I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,
They lay aside their private cares,	The Kirk's Alarm. Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him. The Twa Dogs, 22,
To mind the Kirk and State affairs; . The Twa Dogs. 18.	This leads me on, to tell for sport, . What ails ye now t
I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,	Thou whom chance may hither lead, Wr. in Friars-Carse II.
Forgot and gone! To J. S., 10.	That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Through frosty hills the journey lay, To J. Taylor.	Lead to be wretched, vile, and base 1b.
She lay like some unkend-of isle Beside New Holland, . To W. Simpson.	Where the grous lead their coveys through the heather, to feed,
To thy bosom lay my heart, S. Thine am I †	S. You wild mossy mountains
Now let us lay our heads thegither,	Leader.
In love fraternal: To W. Simpson, 17.	My Prenticeship I past where my Leader breath'd his last, The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet, . S. When first I saw t	Leading-string.
Lay'd v. Laid.	When Superstition's hellish brood
Layest.	Kept France in leading-strings, man. The Tree of Liberty.
Thou layest them with all their cares	Lea'e [leave], tak that, ye lea'e them naething, To ken them by, Ep. to J. R., J.
In everlasting sleep; The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.	She lea'es them gashan at their cracks,
Lazy, Lazle.	Then lea'e the lassie till her fate, S. O steer her up t
She's saft at best an' something lazy, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 3.	His latest draught o' breathin lea'es him
The melancholious, lazie croon	In faint huzzas. The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
O' cankrie care Ep. to Blaj. Logan. 4.	I lea'e my blessia wi' you baith: . The Death of Mailie.
Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure, She's seldom lazy. Second Ep. to Davic.	What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
She's seldom lazy. Second Ep. to Davie.	And ev'n Devotion! To a Louse.
She's seldom lazy. Second Ep. to Davie. The lazy mist hangs from the hrow of the bill, S. The lazy mist †	An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain, For promis d joy! To a Mouse.
They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy : The Twa Dogs. 30.	Then please sir, to lea'e sir,
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone, 1b. 35.	The orders wi' your lady . To Gazi Hamilton
Lea, Lee, Lay, Ley [land under grass, or untilled].	An' when the anld Moon's gaun to lea'e them, The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them. To W. Simpson. P.S.
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie	The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
Out owre the lay A Guid New-Year †	Leaf.
There oft as mild evining weeps over the lea. S. Afton Water.	Amang the fresh, green leaves bedew'd, S. A Rosebud by t
Her bonie face it was as meek, As ony lamb upon the lee! S. Blythe was she †	1 see the spreading leaves and flowers, S. Craigie-burn Wood.
As ony lamb upon the lee! S. Elythe was she † Mourn little harebells o'er the lee; El. on Capt. M. H., 5.	Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Or nwre the lays, in splendid blaze,	Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
On sprightly coursers prance; Halloween.	S. Gloomy December.
While clover blooms white o'er the lea, S. In simmer when t	And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower, That steals on the evening, each leaf to renew.
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white	S. How pleasant the banks †
Out o'er the grassy lea: . Lament of Mary of Scots.	The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green, S. Lady Mary Ann.
Now Nature cleeds the flow'ry lea, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	S. Lady Mary Ann.
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers: S. Now Spring has clad t	"Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring, Lament for Glencairn.
O can ye labour lea, young man, S. O can ye labour lea t	Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf,
He couldna labour lea	Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
the handless coof, That couldna labour lea? Ib.	O raging fortune's withering blast
in the cauld blast, On yonder lea, S. O wert thou in t	Has laid my leaf full low, O! . S. Luckless Fortune.
November hirples o'er the lea, On Birth of Posth. Child. The auld man be came over the lea, S. The auld man t	How pure, among the leaves sae green ; S. O bonic was you rosy †
The auld man be came over the lea, . S. The auld man † The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea, S. The Catrine woods †	And I mysel' the zephyr's breath,
The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley, S. The Contented Cottager.	Amang its bonie leaves to play S. O were my love †
As Robie tauld a tale o' love	With flow'rs so white and leaves so green,
Ae ev'ning on the lily lea? . S. There was a lass t	S. On Cessnock banks †
As blythe and as artless as the lambs on the lea,	Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing, . S. Raving winds †
S. There's auld Rob M. †	When you green leaves fade frae the tree, Around my grave they'll wither. S. Sweet fa's the eve t
And o'er the lea I leak fu' fain . S. Young Jockey t	Around my grave they'll wither. S. Sweet fa's the eve to Through and through the inspired leaves,
Lea-rig [a ridge under grass, unploughed land].	Ye maggots make your windings; . The Book-Worms.
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig, My ain kind dearie O S. When o'er the hill †	When lyart leaves bestrow the yird, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
Ley-crap (lea-crop).	The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning.
And waly fa' the ley-crap	S. The small birds †
For I maun till'd again S. There's news, lasses †	The polish'd leaves, and berries red, Did rustling play; The Vision. D. II. 23.
Lead. The lead and buoy are needful to the net:	
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	The trees now naked groaning, Shall soon wi'leaves be hinging, S. The young Hight. Rover.
A' the wale o' lead The Election Ballads, IV.	That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble, To a Mouse.
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead. The Kirk's Alarm.	
4	Unmindful that the thorn is near, Among the leaves; To J. S., 16.
Or some Montgomery, fearless, lead them; Add. of Beelzebub. 2.	Never never rentile thief
Add, of Beelzebub, 2.	Riot on thy virgin leaf:
Youth, grace, and love attendant move, And pleasure leads the van. S. A. Mastrin's bonie Anne.	Inspir'd, 1 turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf, This natal morn. To Terraughty.
The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer, S. Bonie Bell.	
V- vet may follow where a Donglas leads! [v.A. 12]	Leaf-clad. Green slender leaf-clad Holly-boughs The Vision. D. I. 9.
Scots Protogue.	Orecin, steinter, real area area,
To Evan-hanks, with temp'rate ray,	Leafless. Sharp shivers through the leafless bow'r; A Winter Night.
Home of my youth, he leads the day. S. Slow spreads the gloom †	Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
Liov my lonely days to lead in	Plane through the leafless timmer.
1 joy my lonely days to lead in This desert drear; The Hermit.	3. I'm ver young to marry
If we lead a life of pleasure,	Beneath the blasts the leafless forests groan; On Death of R. Dundas,
"Tis no matter bow or where, The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	On Dynnin of It. Daniele.
2 11	

And learn to tent the farms wi' me? S. There was a lass t

An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' brunt. To W. Simpson. P.S..

lest he learn the callan tricks,

The boy might learn to swear;

I dread ye'll learn the gate again

To Gavin Hamilton.

. S. Wha is that at t

. . . Ib.

Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,	Learned, -'d, Learnt.
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday. The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,	He learned to fear in his own native wood. S. Caledonia, 5. But tell him he was learn'd and clark,
The leafless trees my fancy please,	Ve roos'd him then! El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux. But by your leaves, my learned foes,
Leafy.	Ye're maybe wrang. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 10.
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze S. Again rejoicing Nature †	It may escape the learned clerks; S. O this is no my ain † Learn'd vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour; . Sketch.
The birds rejoice in leafy how'rs, S. O Logan! sweetly †	The learned Sire and Son I saw, The Vision. D.I.
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw, S. Sae flaxen? While birds rejoice in leafy bowers; S. Where Cart rins?	Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art; The Vowels. Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
League.	Adown some trottin burn's meander, . To W. Simpson,
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues, Owre howcket dend. Add. to the Deil. 9.	Some herds, weel learn'd upo' the heuk,
Their leagues and their covenants a' she has ta'en; Jenny M'Craw †	There Learning, with his eagle eyes. Seeks Science in her coy abode. Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
Some social join, and leagues combine; S. Now westlin winds †	An' hae to Learning nae pretence, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 9.
The Solemn League and Covenant Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears:	Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire, That's a' the learning I desire;
The League and Covenant.	For genius, learning high, as great in war Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Leagu'd. Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes, S. Now Spring has clad † Leal [loyal, true, faithful].	Learning and Worth in equal measures trode. The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
Friend of the poet tried and leal, Friend of the Poet †	But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store, Commandment tenth remember'd The Dean of Fac.
Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin':	There, Learning with his Greekish face,
May he who wins thy matchless charms Possess a leal and true heart; S. Polly Stewart.	Grunts out some Latin ditty; The Ordination. 11. And learning in a woody dance, . The Twa Herds. 16.
But Foorsday, Sir, my promise leal, Expect me o' your party,	Learning.
A leal, light heart was in my breast. S. When wild War's t	Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough; The Brigs of Ayr. Lease.
Lean'd. He lean'd him to an ancient aik, . Lament for Glencairn.	For me, tbank God, my life's a lease,
Leap.	Nae bargain wearing faster, A Dream. b. Least.
Peerest to meditate the healing leap: Add. sp. by Fontenelle, Lear [lore, learning].	There, watching high the least alarms, Add. to Edinburgh, 5.
It's no in books; it's no in Lear	Last, the not least in love, ye youthful fair, Prologue at Th., D.,
To make us truly blest:	At least to see thee blest S. It is na, Jean †
Tho' hardly he, for sense or lear,	If love for love thou wilt na gie, At least be pity to me shown; S. O Mary at thy †
Be better than the kye	At least some pity on me shaw, If love it mayna be S. O mirk, mirk †
Thou clears the head o' doited Lear; . Scotch Drink. 6.	Or sing a sang at least The Ans. to the Guidwife.
An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear, To get remead. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least The Inventory. Leather.
It kindles Wit, it waukens Lear, It pangs us fou o' Knowledge The Holy Fair. 19.	Whare ye may nobly rax your leather, A Guid New-year † 18.
Or one reflection on your lear.	Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet, Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet, . S. Ca' the Ewes,
Ye may commence a Shaver; . The Ordination. 9. tired o' sauls to waste his lear on To Dr. Blacklock.	Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather [v.A.2] The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
Learn. Was quick to learn and wise to know, A Bard's Epit.	An' ye wha leather rax an' draw,
Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces, A Ded. to G. H., 9.	Of a' denominations;
Young, royal Tarry-Breeks, I learn, Ye've lately come athwart her; A Dream. 13.	Leave.
Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Nae canker worms get leave to dwell. As on the banks † But by your leaves, my learned foes,
I'll learn my kin a rattling sang, [re.] S. And O for ane and twenty †	Ve're maybe wrang. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 10. But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave, Letter to J. Goudie,
An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn! El. on I'car 17SS.	To give him leave to toil; . Man was made to mourn.
But, thanks to Heaven, that's no the gate We learn our creed. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 14.	To crown your happiness he asks your leave, Prologue, at Th., D
Would thou hae nobles' patronage, "First learn to live without it!"	About to beg a pass for leave to beg; To R. G. of F. Leave, to.
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson. Thro' weary life this lesson learn, Man was made to Mourn.	O ye wha leave the springs o' C-lv-n,
Then from his Lordship I shall learn, On dining with Daer.	For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin! A Ded. to G. H., 10. And canst thou leave me thus for pity [re.]
An' tho' fu' foughten sair eneugh, Yet unco proud to learn, . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	S. Canst thou leave me thus t leaves the tartaned lines, For other wars, Ep. fr. Esopus.
An' may they never learn the gaets, Of ither vile, wanrestfu' Pets! . The Death of Mailie.	Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels,
Nor learns their guilty lore! The 1st Psalm.	Fragment, inscr. to Fox. the latest throb that leaves my heart, S. From thee, Eliza, †
To learn bon ton and see the worl' The Twa Dogs. 22. 'Thou canst not learn, nor I can show,	To leave ber [my mammy] 1 am eerie, Sir. S. I'm o'er young to marry t
'To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow; The Vision. II. 19.	For lack o' thee, I leave this much loved shore,

The more in this [wealth, &c.] you look for bliss,
You leave your view the farther, O;
S. My father was a farmer t

Lns. on Back of Bank Note.

. S. My bonie Mary.

S. My Collier Laddie.

And I mann leave my honie Mary.

Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie.

Ol and have Manchiller beller	77 17.1 1
O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles, O leave novels† Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,	Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night, Ve wadna found in Christendie. S. O Willie brow d t
While the star of hope she leaves him? S. One fond kiss† To leave me a hundred or twa, man, Ronalds of Bennals.	The Thresher's weary flingin'-tree, The lee lang day had tir'd me; The Vision. D. I. 2.
But for the muse, she'll never leave ye,	Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks, Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks; The Twa Dogs. 33.
Tho' e'er sae puir, . Second Ep. to Davie. Stay, my charmer, can you leave me?	Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day, S. The yng Highl. Rover.
Cruel, cruel to deceive me! S. Stay my charmer t	We lap an' danced the lee-lang day, S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.
Do not, do not leave me so! [re.]	The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
These, their richly-gleaming waves, I leave to tyrants and their slaves; S. Streams that glide †	Lecr. S. What will I do gin t
Woods that ever verdant wave,	with a would-be-rognish leer and wink, Prologue, at Th., D.,
I leave the tyrant and the slave,	Leesome [pleasant, gladsome].
When chapmen billies leave the street, . Tam o' Shanter. Oh wha wad leave this humble state	But the tender heart o' leesome love, The gowd and siller canna buy: S. In simmer when †
For a' the pride of a' the great! S. The Contented Cottager.	Leest [lest]. Leest neebours might say I was saucy:
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road, The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind:	Leeward. S. Last May a braw wover t
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.	Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,
These hleed afresh, those ties I tear, To leave the honie banks of Ayr S. The gloomy night †	I took a bicker. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5.
Simper James, Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames,	But in the teeth o' baith [wind and tide] to sail, It maks an unco leeway Add. to Unco Guid. 4.
Or leaves the faithfu' lass he lo'ed,	Leeze me on [a phrase of congratulatory endear-
To wear a ragged coat The Ruined Maid's Lament.	ment, blessings on, recommend me to].
'I saw thee leave their evining joys, 'And lonely stalk, . The Vision. D. II. 15.	Leere me on thy bonie craigie, S. Hee balon t
And [Phoebus] yound that to leave them he was quite forlorn.	Leeze me on the calling Fills the dusty peck. S. Hey the dusty miller
And [Phœbus] vowed that to leave them he was quite forlorn, The Whistle, 13.	Leeze me on thee, John Barleycorn.
Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot, S. There was a lass † And leave auld Scotia's shore? To Mary.	Thou king o' grain! . Scotch Drink. 3. Leeze me on rhyme! its ay a treasure, Second Ep. to Davie.
O plight me your faith, my Mary,	Oh leeze me on my spinning-wheel,
Before I leave Scotia's strand	Oh leeze me on my rock and reel; [re.] S. The Contented Cottager.
Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene? Why am I loth to And leave a man undone To his fate. S. Ye Jacobites t	Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair
Leaving.	Than either School or Colledge: . The Holy Fair. 19.
It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary! S. My bonic Mary.	So leeze me on thee, Robin S. There was a lad † Leezie. A wanton widow Leezie was,
In leaving the dochter of a lord, . S. O when she cam ben t	Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool; 16. 20.
Lecture. Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell. The Henpecked Husband.	Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay, [re.] Leezie Lindsay.
Led. Led him a sair faux pas, man: . A Fragment. 7.	Left. To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
And list'ning to their witching voice Has often led me wrong. A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,
Bold-following where your Fathers led!	S. Last May a braw wover† On right, on left, and every hand,
Add, to Edinburgh, 7.	We saw none to deliver New Psalmody.
great Dundee, who smiling victory led, . Fragment of Ode. goavan, as if led wi' branks, On dining with Daer.	And down by Simpson's wheel'd the left about: The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
While you wild flowers among,	The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast, The Vowels.
Chance led me there; S. Phillis the Fair.	To right or left, eternal swervin,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led; S. Scots, wha hae† The great Argyle led on his files, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Allschearing Plenty, with her flowing born.	She's twisted right, she's twisted left, . S. Willie Wastle † Left. Haply my Sires have left their shed.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,
	Add. to Edinburgh. 7. A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear,
Led yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn; The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	A glebe o' land, a claut o' gear, Was left me by my auntie, S. And O for ane and twenty †
And there led I the Bushby's a'; The Election Ballads. I'. Led on the Loves and Graces;	Weel, since he has left me. may pleasure gae wi' him, S. As I was a-wand ring
Led on the Loves and Graces;	Altho' he has left me for greed o' the siller,
Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'	"And twa-three stinted birks are left, "To shiver in the blast their lane." . As on the banks
The meikle Ursa-Major? The Fête Champetre.	In what a pickle thou hast left us! . El. on Year 1788.
That fell remorse, a conscience bleeding Hath led me here The Hermit.	I bless and praise thy matchless might,
I might, by this, hae led a market, The Vision. D. I. 5.	Whan thousands thou hast left in might, Holy Wellie's Prayer. 2.
'But yet the light that led astray, 'Was light from Heaven Ib. D. II. 17.	It was a' for our rightfu' king We left fair Scotland's strand; . S. It was a' for t
Leddy.	And hope has left my aged ken, . Lament for Glencairn.
She kens her father is a laird, And she forsooth's a leddy, The Tarbolton Lasses.	The Man of Worth and has not left his neer, [v. A. 10]
Ledger. What are your landlord's rent-rolls? taxing ledgers:	Sonnet on Death of Riddel. Ae spring brought off her master hale,
Lus. on Window, K.'s Arms.	But left behind her ain gray tail: Tam o Shanter. 18.
Lee, adj.	And left poor Maggie scarce a stump
A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,	And my fause luver staw the rose, But left the thorn wi' me. S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.
And barley-scone shall cheer me To Mr. M'Adam. Leech.	He left his bed and took his wayward rout,
Thae curst horse leeches o' th' Excise, Scotch Drink. 20.	The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Who left the all-important cares
Lee-lang [live-long].	Of fiddles, wh-res, and hunters: The Election Ballads. VI.
Then I maun sit the lee-lang day, S. Duncan Gray.	But cautious Queensherry left the war,
I think on him that's far awa', The lee-lang night, and weep, S. It was a' for t	A faithful brother I have left,
a' the lee-lang simmer's day, . S. O were I on Parnass.	The Hunter now has left the moor, S. The gloomy night †
-	1

They're left, the whitening stanes amang,	An' at our leisure when ye like We'll whistle owre the lave o't. The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
The Petition of Br. Water. And there I left for witness, an arm and a limb;	Come kiss me at your leisure [re.] S. As I gaed up by t
The folly Beggars. S.I. But the godly old Chaplain left him in the lurch; Ib. S. II.	Leisure-moment. Hae ye a leisure-moment's time
They scarcely left to coor their fuds, 1b. R. VIII.	To hear what's comin? To J. S., 4.
The last time I came o'er the moor, And left Maria's dwelling, S. The last time I came t	Leith. The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith, . S. My bonic Mary.
He left the foul business to folks less divine. The Whistle. 15. Thou hast left me ever, Tam, thou hast left me ever, S. Thou hast left me †	Len' [lend]. Some counsel unto me come len'; S. Tam Glen.
S. Thou hast left met Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—I must see thee never. Ib.	Lend. Ought he can lend he'll not refus't, A Ded. to G. H., 5.
Still much is left hehind; To Chloris.	Could'st thou to malice lend an ear! . S. Fairest maid † I have naething to lend, I'll horrow frae naehody, S. Nachody.
And left us darkling in a world of tears:) To R. G. of F., 9.	I've little to spend, and naething to lend, Ronalds of Bennals.
I said 'Gude night,' and cam' awa', And left the Session; What ails ye now t	Length. At length, says I, 'Friend, whare ye gaun, Death and Dr. Hornbook. S.
I left the lines, and tented field, . S. When wild War's † Quo'she, my grandsire left me gowd,	At length we had a hearty yokin, At sang about. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 2.
Now she's left by ilka creature; S. Will ye go and marry t	To run the twelvemonth's length again: Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me S. I'e banks and bracs t	At length his lonely Cot appears in view.
Left-hand. His sanl has ta'en some other way,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. At length poor Mailie silence brak. The Death of Mailie.
1 fear, the left-hand road. Epit. on Holy Willie. Their left-hand General had nae skill;	At length wi' drink an' courting dizzy,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
Left'st. Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears. El. on Miss Burnet.	Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan, . A Ded. to G. H., 9.
Leg. Forjesket sair, with weary legs, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 2.	How mony lengthen'd sage advices, The husband frae the wife despises! . Tam o' Shanter. 4.
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg.	Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea; The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
As lang's I dow!	His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snout, The Holy Fair. 13.
Again upon her. Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.	If envious buckies view wi' sorrow Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow, To Terraughty.
Bare her leg and hright her een, S. I met a lass † Soor Bigotry on her last legs, . Letter to J. Goudie.	Lenox. He whistl'd up lord Lenox' march, . Halloween. 19.
She was noe get o' runted rams, Wi' woo' like goats, an' legs like trams; [v.A.19]	Lent. Thae honie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent, A Dream. 9. We bless thee, God of nature wide,
Poor Maine's Et.,	For all thy goodness lent: . A Grace before Dinner. He lent them his name to the firm. The Election Ballads. III.
My hest leg foremost, I'll set up my hrow, Scots Prologue. A hetter [mare] never lifted leg, Tam o' Shanter. 9.	Lente largo.
His manly leg with garter tangle bound. The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	May still your life from day to day, Nne "lente largo" in the play, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg, The Election Ballads. VI. Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken, The Inventory.	Lesley. Lesley is sae fair and coy, S. Blythe ha'e I been t
Tho' scarcely langer than your leg, 1b.	Thou art a queen, fair Lesley, Thou art divine, fair Lesley, [re.] S. O saw ye bonic Lesley †
tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and leg. The folly Beggars. S. I.	Less. And now the third part o' the string, An' less, will gang about it A Dream. 4.
His leg was so tight and his cheek was so ruddy, Ib. S. II.	An' did nae less, in full Congress, A Fragment.
Snaw-white stockins on his legs, . S. The Plonghman † Till half a leg was scrimply seen;	That now perhaps thou's less deservin, A Guid New-Year † 17. Far less [right] to riches, pow'r or freedom,
And such a leg! my Bess, I ween, Could only peer it; The Vision. D. I. 11.	Add. of Beelzebub. 3.
Nor kick your rickles aff their legs, Third Ep. to J. Lap	And not less anxious sure this night than ever, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned, Like taps o' thrissle To a Haggis.	'Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.
On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub, I independent stand ay To Mr. M'Adam.	Less fit to play the part, Despondency, an Ode. 4.
And when those legs to gude, warm kail,	I tent less, and want less Their roomy fire-side; Ep. to Davic.
Wi' welcome canna hear me;	Think ye, are we less blest than they, Wha scarcely tent us in their way,
"If that your right hand, leg or toe,	To say aught less wad wrang the cartes, Ib. S.
"Should ever prove your spritual foe, What ails ye now to Ae limpin leg a hand breed shorter; S. Willie Wastle to	Nor make our scanty Pleasures less, By pining at our state:
Legal.	And Death was nae less pleased wi' Thomas, Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving; A Ded. to G. II., S. But shall thy legal rage pursue	True it is, she had one failing, Had ae woman ever less? . Lns under Pict. of Miss B.
The Wretch already crushed low A Winter Night. 9. In legal mode an' form: To Gav. Hamilton.	For my pair, silly, rhymin' clatter
Legion.	Some less maun sair. Second Ep. to Davie. Nor makes the hour one moment less. Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
When out the hellish legion sallied. Tam o' Shanter. 10.	Her sorrows share and make them less? The Lament. 5.
Legislation. Far be't frae me that I aspire	They're ay in less or mair provided; . The Twa Dogs. 16. An' ay the less they had to sturt them,
To blame your Legislation, A Dream. 5.	In like proportion, less will hurt them 1b. 29.
Leister [a three-pronged spear for sticking fish].	Ought less is little,
A three-tae'd leister on the ither [shouther] Lay, large an' lang. Death and Dr. Hornbook.	Yet love to friendship shall give way,
Leisure.	I cannot wish it less
when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14. At hame, a-fiel, at wark or leisure, Second Ep. to Davie.	Your coatie's shorter by a span,
At hame, a-fiel, at wark or leisure, Second Ep. to Davie.	Vet ne'er an inch the less, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang.

Lessen. An' lessen a' your charges; A Dream. 7.	Levee. My Bardship here, at your Levee, . A Dream.
Though 'twad my sorrows lessen, . V.s, under Grief.	Nae mair we see his levee door
Detraction's eye no aim can gaiu,	Philosophers and Poets pour, To W. Creech.
Her winning powers to lessen; . S. Young Peggy †	Level. The Brethren o' the mystic level Tam Samson's El
Lesser. And many a lesser torrent scuds, With seeming roar. The Vision. D.I. 14.	Levell'd. He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae S. The heather was blooming \(\)
Less'ning.	Leven. And the lasses o' Leven S. Hey ca' thro'.
Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray, S. To Mary in Heaven.	Lexicon.
Lesson. Tho' losses, and crosses,	But oh! what signifies to you
Be lessons right severe, . Ep. to Davie. 7.	His lexicons and grammars; On W. Chalmers,
Thro' weary life this lesson learn, Man was made to Mourn. Let simple maid the lesson read, . S. O Lassie, art thou t	Ley v. Lea. Libation. An' pour divine libations
An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think	For joy this day The Ordination.
Braw soher lessons, Second Ep. to Davie.	Libbet [castrated].
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	How libbet Italy was singin; . Kind Sir, I've read t
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning, . To J. S., 15.	Libel. Says the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel? Reproof by Himself.
Lesson'd. The hizzies, if they're oughtlins faussout,	7 11 1 - 1
Let them in Drury Lane he lesson'd! Jdd of Reelrehuh	Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind, Above the narrow, rural vale: . Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
Let. Than let them ance out owre the water; Add. of Beelzebub.	Above the narrow, rural vale: . Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
Add. of Beclzebub.	Or gathered lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisius. The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
E'eu let them clash; Add. to Illegit. Child. Au' let poor, damued bodies bee; Add. to the Deil. 2.	A caudid lib'ral baud is found
An' it [her e'e] winna let a body be!	Of public teachers, To Rev. J. M'Math.
S. Again rejoicing Nature t	Liberty, -ie. The sacred posie—Libertie! A Vision.
She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly, S. Caledonia.	And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal, May his sou be a hangman and be his first trial.
She lets thee to wit, that she has thee S. Eppie M'Nab.	At Meet. of D. Volunteers,
forgot, (S. Saw ye my Phely. Maybe thou lets this fleshly thoru,	May liberty meet wi' success! S. Here's a health to them t
Beset thy servant e'en and morn, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.	Liberty's in every blow! S. Scots who ha'e †
We'll let her stand a year or twa, . S. My love she's but t	Liberty's a glorious feast! . The Jolly Beggars, S. VIII. Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit; The Kirk's Alarm,
Thou'rt like themsels sae lovely,	She sang a sang o' liberty, The Tree of Liberty
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee. S. O saw ye bonie L.† O let me in this ae night, [re.] S. O Lassie, art thou †	And blythe we'll sing, and hail the day
I winna let you in, jo	That gave us liberty, man
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank.	Libra.
He let them taste, The Twa Herds. 5.	The third [day] of Libra's equal sway, Nature's Law.
When simple bodies let him; To Gav. Hamilton.	Licence. Nae kind of licence out I'm takin'; . The Inventory.
Gif I rise and let you in, Let me in, quo' Findlay; S. Wha is that at †	Licentious.
O wilt thou let me chear thee? . S. Wilt thou be my t	Licentious Passions burn ; . Man was made to mourn,
Then let your schemes alone, in the state, [re.]	Licks [a beating].
S. 1'e Jacobites †	An' monie a fallow gat his licks, Wi' hearty crunt; . To W. Simpson. P.S.
To honest-hearted, auld L[aprai]k,	Wi' hearty crunt; . To W. Simpson. P.S. Licket [beaten, vanquished].
For his kind letter. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st.	Ye've beard this while how I've been licket.
But please transmit the enclosed letter,	Friend of the Poet † P.S.
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt, G.	An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket . Second Ep. to Davie.
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck; S. No Churchman am I †	Licket, -it [licked].
For your auld-farrent, frien'ly letter; Second Ep. to Davie.	Our Mess John, wi' his auld grey pow, His haly lips wad licket at her S. Donald Brodie
Forswore it, every letter, The Fête Champetre.	Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins
For your braw, nameless, dateless letter. Third Ep. to J. Lap	O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave : S. O merry hae I écen †
Wow, but your letter made me vauntie! To Dr. Blacklock.	Lie. Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie, . A Ded. to G. H.
He tald mysel by word o' mouth, He'd tak my letter; . Ib.	Some books are lies frae end to end,
I gat your letter, winsome Willie; . To IV. Simpson.	And some great lies were never penn'd: Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Letters. Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters, To J. S., S.	Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, [v.A.6] Ib
Letter'd.	Three lawyers' tougues turn'd inside out,
His locked, letter'd, braw brass-collar . The Twa Dogs. 3.	Wi' lies seam'd, like a beggar's clout; [v. A. t6] Tam o' Shanter
thro' the steeks, The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks Ib. S.	An' tellin' lies about them; To Gav. Hamilton.
Leugh [laughed]. How graceless Ham leugh at his Dad, . The Ordination. 4.	And give all his hopes the lie? . S. Why, why tell thy
Leuk (look).	Lie, to.
And ay a westlin leuk she throws, Ep. to H. Parker.	I winna lie, come what will o' me) A Ded. to G. II., 4.
On this ane's dress, an' that ane's leuk,	Behint a kist to lie an' sklent, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 11.
They're makin observations; The Holy Fair. 20.	I scorn'd to lie;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks, Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks; . The Twa Dogs. 33.	They [his looks] say their master is a knave And sure they do not lie That there is falsehood
An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,	I scorn'd to lie; What ails ye now
She grew mair bright. To W. Simpson, P.S.	Lie, Lye, Ly, to.
Leuk, Luke, to [look].	And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep, . S. Ca' the Ewes.
She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't: Halloween. 10.	In love to lie and languish, S. Craigie-burn Wood.
Royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him! Kind Sir, I've read t	Now Robin lies in his last lair, El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux. To lye in kilns and barns at e'en, Ep. to Davie. 3.
Nor for my ten white shillings luke, . The Inventory.	To lye in kilns and barns at e'en, Ep. to Davie. 3. An houest man bere lies at rest, Epit. on a Friend.
While frighted rattons backward leuk, The Jolly Beggars. R. II.	Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains
And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain . S. I'oung Jockey t	Epit, for Author's Father
	I .

Here lyes a man a woman rul'd, Epit. on Henpecked Squire.	Lien [lain]. This seven lang years I hae lien by his side, S. The deuks dang o'er.
Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes; Epit. on noisy Polemic. Here lies in earth a root of Hell, Epit. on D. C.	My auld grey head had lien in clay,
Here lies with death auld Grizel Grim.	Ye hae lien wrang, lassie Ye've lien a' wrang ;
O Death, how horrid is thy taste	Ye've lien in some unco bed, . S. Ye hae lien wrang.
To lie with such a b——?	Liege. Adieu, my Liege! A Dream. S. Lieutenant.
Here lies Johnny Pidgeon, . Epit. on J. Dove. Innkeeper.	Jamy Goose, Jamy Goose, ye ha'e made but toom roose,
Here cursing, swearing Burton lies, Epit. on Mr. Burton.	In hunting the wicked Lieutenaut; . The Kirk's Alarm. Lieve [lief].
An' here his body lies fu' low Epit. on wee Johnie. Here lies a mock Marquis Extem. on 'the Marquis.'	As lieve then I'd have then.
Wi cannie care, they've plac'd them [the stocks]	Your clerkship he sould sair, To Gav. Hamilton. Life. life's mad career, Wild as the wave, A Bard's Epit.
To lye [ahoon the door] that night. Halloween. 5. I restless lie frae e'en to morn, S. How lang and dreary t	Who kens before his life may end
I restless lie frae e'en to morn, S. How lang and dreary † There the Lover's treasure lies S. Jockey fon †	What his share may be o' care man? A Bottle and Friend. When ebbing life one mair shall flow, A Ded. to G. H., 14.
"But I maun lie before the storm.	in the vale of humble life, 16. 16.
"And ithers plant them in my room. Lament for Glencairn. "For silent, low, on beds of dust.	For me, thauk God, my life's a lease, Nae bargain wearing faster, A Dream. 6.
For silent, low, on beds of dust, Lie a that would my sorrows share. 1b.	Nae bargain wearing faster, A Dream. 6. But ere the course o' life be through,
"My noble master lies in clay;	It may be bitter sautet:
That fast in durance lies Lament of Mary of Scots.	If I have wander'd in those paths Of life I ought to shun; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
Maun lie in prison straug	While the sands o' life shall run S. A red, red Rose.
The way to me lies through the kirk :	Long life, my Lord, and health he yours, Add. of Beelzebub. May twin auld Scotland o' a life
S. Lass, when yr mither † Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies! Liberty.	She likes—as Butchers like a knife!
He who of R-k-n sang, lies stiff and dead,	That so much laughter, so much life enjoyed. Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Lns while on Deathbed.	Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill, . Add. to Unco Guid.
Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect. What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam:	See Social-life and Glee sit down, All joyous and unthinking,
Monody, on a Lady. Epit And lie down wi' my Collier laddie. S. My Collier Laddie.	But life to me's a weary dream,
By Colin's cottage lies his game, . S. My Lord a hunting t	A dream of ane that never wanks. S. Again rejoicing Nature t
Wha will kiss me where I lie? S. O wha my babic-clouts †	Life to me how dreary! S. Ay waking, Ot
Here lie Willie M—hie's banes, On a Schoolmaster. With echo silent lies On Death of Lap-dog.	Nae ither care in life have I, But live, an' love my Nanie, . S. Behind you hills †
Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,	Thus sensons dancing, life advancing, Old Time and Nature their changes tell, . S. Bonie Bell.
Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride! On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Now life is a burden that bows me down, S. By you castle wa't
My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung, Ib.	And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life: S. Caledonia. 5.
Here lies a rose, a hudding rose, . On Poet's Daughter. Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic roar. Once fondly lov'd †	If I had twenty thousand lives, I'd die as aft for Charlie S. Come boat me o'er.
th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies. Sonnet, on Death of R	I ask for dearest life alone,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles, That lie between us and our hame, Tam o' Shanter.	That I may live to love her. S. Come, let me take thee † But man is a soldier, and life is a faught:
There, low he lies, in lasting rest; [v.A.15] Tam Samson's El.,	S. Contented wi' little † And a' my days o' life to come
Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies, Ib. Epit.	I'll gratefully adore thee S. Craigie-burn Wood.
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie: The Brigs of Ayr.	O Life, thou art a galling load, Along a rough, a weary road,
'Here lies a famous Bullock!' The Calf.	To wretches such as I! Despondency, an Ode.
Or how the royal Bard did grouping be	Happy! ye sons of Busy-life,
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.	Life's dreary bound! El. on Capt. M. H., 15.
There, groaning, dying, she did ly, The Death of Mailie.	If thou at Friendship's sacred ca' Wad life itself resign,
But long ere night cut down it lies All wither'd and decay'd The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize, El. on Miss Burnet.
Her way may lie thro' rough distress The Lament.	O Death hadst thou hut spar'd his life, Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
And by them lies the dearest lad That ever blest a woman's ee! S. The lovely lass of In.	For still th' important end of life,
There lies the dear partner of my breast, S. The sun he is sunk t	They [wha fa'] equally may answer: Ep. to Young Friend. 4. But when on life we're tempest driven, 1b. 10.
There lie my sweet babies in her arms,	This life has joys for you and I; Ep. to Davie. S.
The bonie lasses lie aspar, S. There was a lad	For life and spunk like ither Christians, I'm dwindled down to mere existence. Ep. to H. Parker.
But now the share uptears thy bed. And low thou lies! . To a Mountain-Daisy.	It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the breast, A' to the life. Ep, to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 3.
Lies, senseless of each tugging hitch's son. To R. G. of F., b.	May still your life from day to day,
Gleucairn, the truly noble, lies in dust;	Nne "lente largo" in the play, . Ep. to Maj. Logan, 5.
You, a charming lovely creature.	A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife, Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane! S. Will ye go and marry † Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,	Weak, timid laudsmen on life's stormy main! 1b. 5. Who life and wisdom at one race begun, 1b.
There solid self-enjoyment lies; . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Who life and wisdom at one race begun,
Lie'd. To hear the Moon sae sadly lie'd on By word an' write. To W. Simpson. P.S.	Seek not the proofs in private life to find; Ib.
Liein' [lying]. While new-light herds wi' laughin' spite,	Who in his life did little good, . Epit. on Mr. Burton. When they wha wad hae starv'd thy life
Say neither's liein' The Twa Herds, 9.	Thy senseless turf adorn! Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.

Depriv'd of thee, his life and light, S. Farewell, dear mistress t Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy for	that grim foe of life below, S. The day returns t
S. Farewell, dear mistress t Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe, S. Farewell, thou fair day t	O bid him save their harmless lives, The Death of Mailie. Friend o' my muse, friend o' my life,
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,	The Election Ballads, VI.
O, who would not die with the brave! !b. I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife, S. Farewell, ye dungeons t	in life where ever plac'd,
And with him all the joys are fled.	The Henpecked Husband.
Life can to me impart S. Fate gave the word, †	And hither came, with men disgusted, My life to end The Hermit.
And by that life, I'm promised mair o't, Friend of the Poet † P.S.	I wear away My life, and in my office holy
What signifies the life o' man, An' 'twere na for the lasses, O. S. Green grow the Rashes.	Consume the day
Such was my life's deceitful morning, S. I dream'd I lay	"Let me, O Lord! from life retire,
Oh, thoughtless lassie, life's a fecht,	If we lead a life of pleasure,
The canniest gate, the strife is sair: S. In simmer when † And still as signs of life appear'd,	Tis no matter how or where. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. Life is all a variorum.
They toss'd him to and fro John Barleycorn.	She made me weary of my life,
For all the life of life is dead, Lament for Glencairn.	By one unruly member S. The Joyful Widower.
So e'en to preserve the poor hody in life, S. Last May a brazo wooer †	But, to my comfort be it spoke, Now, now her life is ended
There's nae life like the Ploughman in the month o' sweet May.	And your life like the new driven snaw, The Kirk's Alarm.
Lns on a Ploughman. To think life's sun did set ere well begun	How life and love are all a dream! The Lament,
To shed its influence on thy bright career. Lns on Fergusson.	Alas! Life's path may be unsmooth!
But see him [man] on the edge of life,	Life's weary vale I'll wander thro';
Man was made to mourn. Thro' weary life this lesson learn,	How little of life's scanty span may remain: S. The lacy mist †
What once was a butterfly gay in life's beam !	Life is not worth having with all it can give Ib.
Monody, on a Lady. Epit	I'll make thy days easy the rest of thy life:
Monody, on a Lady. Epit Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, Thro life I'm doom'd to wander, O. S. My father was a farmer† And other Poets sing of wars.	S. The Poor Thresher. That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove, S. The Posie.
And other Poets sing of wars, The plagues of human life;	There taste that life of life-immortal love.
* Life's cares they are comforts '-a maxim laid down	The Rights of Woman. When, gin the truth were a' but kent,
By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown; S. No Churchman am I †	Her life's been waur than mine.
My life was ance that careless stream,	The Ruined Maid's Lament.
S. Now Spring has clad† Amid life's thorny path o' care. S. O bonic was you rosy†	Now life's poor support, bardly earn'd, My fate will scarce bestow: . S. The sun he is sunk †
Amid life's thorny path o' care. S. O bonic was you rosy † O why should Fate such pleasure have,	Without this tree, alake this life
Life's dearest bands untwining? 3. O poortith cauld †	Is hut a vale o' woe, man; The Tree of Liberty. What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
O'er life's rough ocean driven, S. O Thou dread Pow'r t	An' when the gentry's life 1 saw, The Twa Dogs. 7.
while life's dearest blood is warm, S. O wat ye wha's in † The frost that freezes the life at my breast,	The dearest comfort o' their lives,
S. Oh, open the door t	Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives: 16. 17. When rural life, of ev'ry station,
And life's poor season peaceful spend. On scaring Water-fowl.	Unite in common recreation; 1b. 19.
The bitter little that of life remains: On seeing wounded Hare.	Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure? Ih. 27.
Who heals life's various stounds, On Birth of Posth. Child. And sigh for this life's latest morrow. On Death of fav. Child.	Niest day their life is past enduring
Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign,	But this is Gentry's life in common 16. 34. I think my wife will end her life,
On Death of R. Dundas.	Before she spin her tow S. The weary Pund.
Dame life, the' fiction out may trick her, . Poem on Life.	I hae heen a de'il now the feck o' my life, S. There liv'd ance a carle t
Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye, Poet. Add. to Tytler.	What is life when wanting love? S. Thine am 1†
Nor even the man in private life forgot;	On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	To a Mountain-Daisy.
Load to misery most distressing, S. Raving winds †	Since, thy gay morn of life o'ercast, Chill came the tempest's lour; To Chloris.
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin, When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin, Scotch Drink. 5.	Since life's gay scenes must charm no more, 1b.
The wheels o' life gae down-hill scrievin,	Nor life nor soul was ever half so dear! . To Clarinda.
	To make a happy fire-side clime To weans and wife, That's the true pathos and sublime Of human life.
Thou art the life o' public haunts;	To Dr. Blacklock.
A Douglas follow'd to the martial strife, [v.A.12]	This life, sae far's 1 understand, Is a' enchanted fairy-land,
That future-life in worlds unknown	Is a 'enchanted fairy-land,
Must take its hue from this alone; Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	O Life! how pleasant in thy morning.
(A sight life's sorrows to repulse,	Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning:
'Tis then—'tis then, I wake to life and joy! S. Sleep'st thou or wak'st †	Your lives, a dyke!
Life's poor day I'll musing rave, S. Streams that glide †	His well-won bays, than life itself more dear, To R. G. of F., 5.
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious! Tam o' Shanter. b.	The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life Ib.
Put life and mettle in their heels	Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown;
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,	Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath, 1b. And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd,
Is rapture-giving woman. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	While life a pleasure can afford,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene; The Cotter's Sat. Night.	When shall my soul, in silent peace, Resign Life's joyless day?
And in his Book of Life the inmates poor enroll 1b. 17.	I see thy life is stuff o' prief.
And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent	Scarce quite half-worn To Terraughty.
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile! 1b. 20.	Summer kindly warms, Wi' life an' light, To W. Simpson.

While the life beats in my hosom, Thou shalt mix in ilka three: . S. Turn again, thou t	Sits meek content with light unanxious heart,
Thou shalt mix in ilka three: . S. Turn again, thou † And, while I toddle on through life,	Sonnet, wr. on Birthday. There's some great folks set light by me,
I'll ne'er gang by your door V.s to Landlady.	I set as light by them; The Election Ballads. I.
As fill'd his after life wi grief	For Murray's light horse are to muster, Ib. III.
An' bloody rants, What ails ye now t Where early life I sported; S. When wild War's t	As light as ony lambie,
Life is but a day at most,	'Know, the great Genius of this Land, 'Has many a light, aerial band, The Vision. D. II. 3.
Sprung from night, in darkness lost; Wr. in Friars-Carse H	But did na Jeanie's heart lowp light, S. There was a lass t
Life's meridian flaming nigh	Maks Hours like Minutes, band in band,
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?	Dance by tu light To J. S., 12.
As life itself becomes disease Seek the chimney-nook of ease	A leal, light heart was in my breast, S. When wild War's † My purse is light, I've far to gang,
Till Future Life, future no more,	My purse is light, I've far to gang,
To light and joy the good restore,	S. Where are the joys t
For dear to me as light and life Was my sweet Highland Mary,	Light-arm'd.
S. Ye banks, and bracs, and streams †	Craigdarroch led a light-arm'd core, The Election Ballads. VI. Light, s. The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights.
Or hunt a Parent's life Wi' bludie war S. I'e Jacobites †	A Vision. 4.
Life-blood.	They !they be dd! what right has they To meat, or sleep, or light o' day? Add. of Beelsebub. 3.
The life-blood streaming thro' my heart, Ep. to Davie. 9.	The stars shot down wi' sklentan light, Add. to the Deil. 7.
And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted I'd bear't in mind Friend of the poet †	And when the lark, tween light and dark,
While subtile Litigation's pliant tongue	Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:	S. Again rejoic. Nature † A burning an' a shining light. Auld comrade, †
On Death of R. Dundas, Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes, S. Raving winds †	A burning an' a shining light Auld comrade, † His soul was like the glorious sun,
Life-giving.	A matchless Heavenly Light! El. on Capt. M. H.
Life-giving wars of Venus Lns on Window, Gl. Tav.	Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light; 1b. 14.
Life-guard.	If thou on men, their works and ways, Canst throw uncommon light, Ib. Epit.
Gie fine braw claes to fine Life-guards, To J. S., 22.	And virtue's light that beams beyond the spheres:
Lifeless. No fear more, no tear more, To stain my lifeless face, To Ruin.	El. on Miss Burnet.
Lift [the sky].	Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine In glorious light, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 16.
Athort the lift they [northern lights] start and shift, A Vision.	Or [their soul] in some day-detesting owl
When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r,	May shun the light, Ib. 17.
Far south the lift, A Winter Night.	Be't light, be't dark, Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.
While day blinks in the lift sae hie; . S. Ca' the Ewes. Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift, . S. Lovely Davies.	Depriv'd of thee, his life and light, S. Farewell, dear mistresst
Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift, . S. Lovely Davies. That's blinking in the lift sae hie; S. O Willie brew'd†	No other light shall guide my steps 1b.
When lightnings fire the stormy lift, The Election Ballads, 17.	Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,
I'll bless her and wiss her	S. Farewell, ye dungeons † But we'll ne'er stray for faute o' light, S. Gane is the day †
A Friend above the Lift Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."	A burnin' an' a shinin' light, Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.
Lift [a large quantity, as much as one may lift]. Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st.	More sweet than the light to my eye. S. My Love's a winsome t
Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. Lift, Ramsay an' famous Fergusson	But gleg as light are lovers' een, . S. O this is no my ain t
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; . To W. Simpson.	Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus' light S. O were my love t
To gie the jars an' barrels A lift The Holy Fair. 14.	Fair beaming, and streaming, Her silver light the boughs amang; S. Sae flaxen †
Lift, to. An' I'll ne'er lift a lawless l-g Again upon her. Holy Willie's Prayer, 7.	When skirlin weanies see the light, . Scotch Drink, 12,
If sae, thy han' maun e'en he borne,	In pride of beauty's light ; . S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st !
Until thou lift it	She ventured forward on the light; . Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye, . S. O Logan, sweetly †	Each in its cauld hand held a light Ib.
Lifts high its roof and arches wide, On Lincluden.	Presided o'er the Sons of light: The Farewell. To St. I's L.
Rosy morn now lifts his eye, . S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st † The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,	The rising sun, our Galston Muirs, Wi' glorious light was glintan; The Holy Fair.
The Rights of Woman.	Beneath the moon's unclouded light.
Thou lifts thy unassuming head In bumble guise: . To a Mountain-Daisy.	I held awa to Annie: S. The Rigs o' Barley.
In bumble guise: . To a Mountain-Daisy. Lifted. With grateful lifted eyes, . Epit. on a Laird.	Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw A lustre grand; . The Vision. D. I. 12.
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried;	But yet the light that led astray,
On Death of Sir J. Blair,	was light from rieaven 10. D. 11. 17.
Fu' lifted up wi' Hebrew lore, And band upon his breastie; . On W. Chalmers.	And, like a passing thought, she fled, In light away
A better never lifted leg,	Though Fate said, a hero should perish in light;
Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted ban's, . The Death of Mailie.	The Whistle. 16. And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.
If I may dare a lifted eye to thee, Why am I loth †	S. There's auld Rob M. †
Light, adj., adv	Beneath what light she has remaining,
Your Hand's owre light on them, I fear; Add. of Beelzebub.4. Are their hearts as light as ours	Let's sing our sang To J. S., 20. Never baleful stellar lights,
Beneath the milkwhite thorn? . S. Behold, my love, †	Taint thee with untimely blights! To Miss C.
As light's a bird upon a thorn, S. Blythe was she, †	And hear him curse the life be first surveyed, To R. G. of F.
Light lay the earth on Billy's breast, . Epig. on Coxcomb.	Thou orb of day! thou other paler light! To R. Graham
As light as the air, and fause as thou's fair, S. Eppie M'Nab.	Whether the summer kindly warms, Wi' life and light, To W. Simpson.
Upon that night, when Fairies light, On Cassilis Downaus dance,	To light and joy the good restore,
'An' he made unco light o't :	To light and joy unknown before. Wr. in Friars Carse H.,
Light is the burden love lays on ; . S. In simmer when †	For dear to me as light and life Was my sweet Highland Mary.
Her robes, light waving in the breeze, S. On a bank of flowers	S. Ye banks and braes and streams †

2 N

Light, to.	Like, to.
O! soon, to me, may summer-suns	She likes—as Butchers like a Knife! . Add. of Beelzebub,
Nae mair light up the morn! Lament of Mary of Scots. When Cynthia lights wi' silver ray,	In lanely glens ye like to stray; Add, to the Deil. 5.
The weary shearer's hameward way, Lassie wi the lintwhite	"Love, I like the burn, And ay shall follow you." S. As down the burn t
Me, no cheerful twinkle lights me; S. One fond kiss t	As ill I like my fauts to tell; . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 16.
We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,	I like the lasses—Gude forgie me! 16. 17.
We'll rin them aff in fusion Like oil, some day. The Ordination, 14.	1 dinna like to see your face,
Light, to [alight].	Nor hear your crack
I'll light now, and dight now, His sweaty wizen'd hide Ep. to Davie. 11,	Wha dearly like a jig or sang, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.
His sweaty wizen'd hide	But still, but still, I like them dearly Ib. 9.
Upon a line lat lodgel wight, Un Grose's l'eregrinations.	Lads like lasses weel, And lasses lads too.
She'll gie ye a beck, and bid ye light, The Tarbolton Lasses.	S. Gudeen to you Kimmer † And that's the way I like to do S. John, come kiss.
Lighted.	That ye can please me at a wink,
Let minstrels sweep the skilful string, In lordly, lighted ha': S. Behold, my love t	Whene'er ye like to try S. O Tibbie!
Whose soul of fire, lighted at heaven's high flame,	I dearly like the west, S. Of a' the airts †
Fragment of Ode.	Wha dearly like a random-splore; On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Yestreen, when to the trembling string The dance gaed thro' the lighted ba',	We're your ain bairns, e'en guide us as ye like, Scots Prologue. But I will send to London town
S. O Mary at thy window †	Whom I like hest at hame The Election Ballads. I.
I see her yet, the sonsy quean, That lighted up my jingle; The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best,
Lighted [alighted].	Comes clinkan down beside him! . The Holy Fair. 11.
Had Kirk and State been in the gate,	Enough of ought ye like but grace : The Inventory.
I lighted when she hade me S. Had I the wyte† At gloamin-shote it was, I wat,	An' at our leisure when ye like We'll whistle owre the lave o't The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
I lighted on the Monday; ,	I like the jads for a' that Ib. S. I'II.
Lighten. It lightens, it brightens,	He rises when he likes himsel; The Twa Dogs. S.
The tenebrific scene, Ep. to Davie. 10.	This chap will dearly like our kin', S. There was a lad t
Not the Poet in the moment Fancy lightens in his ce', . S. Turn again thou fair t	As them who like to taste the drappie There's naethin like †
Lightened, Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild;	It's no I like to sit an' swallow, Then like a swine to puke an' wallow, To Mr. J. Kennedy.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	An honest man may like a glass,
There's no a heart in a' the land.	An honest man may like a lass, . To Rev. J. M'Math.
But's lighter at the news o't The noble Maxwells †	While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; To W. Simpson. 'Or gin ye like to end the bother, What ails ye now !
Does the train-attended Carriage Thro' the country lighter rove? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	Or gin ye like to end the bother, What ails ye now to A bonie lass, I like her best, S. Women's Minds.
The blythest hird upon the bush,	Liked, -'d. I said he might die when he liked for Jean;
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.	S. Last May a craw wooer t
S. There was a lass, and †	And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid, And sell their skin The Twa Herds. 6.
Or lightly flit on wanton wing S. Bonie lassie, will ye go t	Liken.
As o'er the moor they lightly foor, S. Duncan Davison.	m 121 - dans to come out descended accorded
O tread ye lightly on his grass, Epit. on Wag.	I must needs say, comparisons are odd. The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Fu' lightly rase I on the morn, Lament of Mary of Scots.	Likeness.
For summer lightly dress'd, S. On a bank of flowers †	His likeness cam' up the house stalking, . S. Tam Glen. Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
Or speakin lightly o' their Limmer, . The Twa Dogs. 26. lightly tripping among the wild flowers, S. Their groves of t	The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Ance lightly lap ye owre the knowe, S. Ye hae lien wrang.	Liking.
Fu' lightly danc'd he in the ha' S. Young Jockey t	The more incapacity they bring, The more they're to your liking The Dean of Fac
Lightly-jumping. The lightly-jumping, glowrin trouts,	Lilac.
The Petition of Br. Water. Lightly, to [depreciate, slight].	O were my love you lilac fair.
For lack o' gear ye lightly me, S. O Tibbie!	With purple blossoms to the spring; S. O were my love † Lilt [sing]. An' lilt wi' holy clangor; The Ordination. 3.
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee; S. O whistle †	Lily.
Lightning. The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.	How fair and how pure is the lily, S. Adown winding Nith †
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Hast thou found that beauty's lillies
The lightnings flash from pole to pole; Tam o' Shanter. 10. When lightnings fire the stormy lift,	Were not made for aye to last?
The Election Ballads, VI.	Let Bourbon exult in his gay, gilded lilies, S. How pleasant the banks †
Lightsome.	Her heaving bosom, lily white, S. I gaed a waefu't
Come let us spend the lightsome days In the birks of Aberfeldy. S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go	For the lily in the had will be bonier yet.
When I think on the lightsome days	S. Lady Mary Ann.
I spent wi' thee, my dearie; S. How lang and dreary t	Now blooms the lily by the bank, Lament of Mary of Scots. A lily in a wilderness S. My Lord a lunting †
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.	The lily's hue, the rose's dye, . S. My Mary's face t
And I hae lost my lightsome heart,	The my situation construenced
The Ruined Maid's Lament.	Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast; S. On a bank of flowers †
As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad, The Holy Fair. 2.	But may ye flourish like a lily, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Tike Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,	While peoples, and cherries, and roses and lilies,
Fragment inser, to Fox,	They lade and they wither awa, main Trondate of Demonstra
Let them do the like, S. Hey ca' thro'.	Fairest flow'r! behold the lify,
The like has been that you may wear A noble head of horns	Blooming in the sunny ray; And decks the lily fair in flow ry pride, The Cotter's Sat. Night, 18.
As whiles they're like to be my dead, . To IV. Simpson. 5.	The Cotter's Sat. Night, 18.
Bout which our herds sae aft hae been Maist like to fight,	Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine, S. The Lass that made the bed,
Maist the to fight, , 10. F.S.	

And in her lovely bosom III place the lily there; Ae evining on the lily lea? S. The Peak. Ae evining on the lily lea? S. There was a law; And weet is the lily at evening close. There hearted was he to the lily at evening close. The hearted was he to the lily at evening close. The hearted was he to the lily at evening close. The hearted was he to the lily at evening close. The hearted was he to the lily at evening close. The hearted was he to the lily at evening close. The hearted was he to the lily at evening close. The hearted was he to the lily at evening close. The hearted was he to the lily at evening close. The hearted was he to the lily at evening close. The hearted was he to the lily at evening close. The hearted was he to the lines and rose's dye. Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle. S. Two Mary, the life was the like of the lines and tented field, S. When wild War's thing. White head; S. When wild War's things. The Peak of the lines and tented field, S. When wild War's things. The Peak of the lines and tented field, S. When wild War's things. The Peak of the lines and tented field, S. When wild War's things. The Peak of the lines and tented field, S. When wild War's things. The Peak of the lines and tented field, S. When wild War's things. The Peak of the lines and tented field, S. When wild War's things. The Peak of the lines and tented field, S. When wild War's things. The Peak of Mark the lines and tented field, S. When wild War's things. The Peak of the lines and tented field, S. When wild War's things. The Peak of the lines and tented field, S. When wild War's things. The Peak of Mark the lines and tented field, S. When wild War's things. The Peak of Mark the lines and tented field, S. When wild War's the lines and tented field, S. When wild War's the lines and tented field, S. When wild War's the lines and tented field, S. When wild War's the lines and tented field, S. When wild War's the lines and tented field, S. When wild War's the lines and tented field, S. When wild War's the lines and t		
And in her lovely bosom III place the lify there: The simmer littles bloom is naw, And were it the lify lea? The simmer littles bloom is naw, And were it the lify at evening close; S. True was a last the latest statement liftles bloom is naw, And were it the lify at evening close; S. True heart was the latest	The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair.	in her rough imperfect line To Rev. J. M Math.
As evening on the lify lea? S. Trachearted was het to the sinner illies beloom is name. As disset is the lify at evening close; S. Trachearted was het to the seed of the se	And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there:	Glide sweet in monie n tunefu' line ; . To W. Simpson.
The simmer illies bloom in naw, and weet is the lijv at evening close S. Trucharated was het Unseen is the lijv, unbeaded the rose		To rule their torrent in th' allowed line; Why am I loth †
And week is the filly an evening close: S. Truchearted was het. Unseen is the filly unheeded the rose. S. Truchearted was het. Unseen is the filly unheeded the rose. S. Truchearted was het. Twice a filly flower will be him sark and cravat; Syne pale like ony lily. S. We and the filly the region of the state and cravat; S. Truchearted was het. S. Truchearted was het. Syne pale like ony lily. Syne pale like ony lily. S. We have will livery the life of the file. And pilph me your lily-white hand; S. Truchearted was het. Man was made to mourn, the treated limbs enbrace. S. O were lored the part limbs, S. Jay Lerd admittige to the ling ring hours, Add. to Edibusys the week of the work in ling ring lips no more must plot; The wast see jimp, thy limbs see clean. S. O were lored the for winces, an arm and a limb; The first for winces, an arm and a limb; The strappan limb and gassy middle. S. The Last that made the bed; timble (dim. of limb). When by Castain's wimplin streamies, Lowy, sing, and law your pretty limbs. The Last flow made het. The Ling. And limbed and we took the sands. The your loyest (Eph to J. — & Ap. 21st. to. We little Skelple-limmer's face: Hallowen. 14. Or speakin lightly of their Limmer, Frac your to year; Eph to J. — & Ap. 21st. to. The Jumpan, 4. See the hours, in long arm, It was the ling and the craw of the file of the line. Ye little Skelple-limmer's face: Hallowen. 14. Or speakin lightly of their Limmer, Jimpan, 4. Nor speak in lightly of their Limmer, Frac your to year; Eph to J. — & Ap. 21st. to. The Jumpan, 4. See the limmer should be supplying drink. The Twa Dogs. 26. And pours his weapt hap le liming. The Twa Dogs. 26. And pours his weapt hap le liming. The man the side hap and the chief of her line, S. Letter Linday. The limit of the sparke. The speak the sparke. The provided of Normal and a man the pride that color has limited. The pride of the limited in the limited in the limited for the limited in the lames. The week Caledonia, the chief of her	The simmer lillies bloom in span.	
The lifty's has and rose's dye Bespothe the lase's Pallockmyle. S. Twas seven—the decay't Twice a lifty flower will be him sark and gravet; Twice a lifty flower will be him sark and gravet; Twe pale like ony lifty. S. When wild War's Hy-white. And plight me your lifty-white lead: S. The MILL of the Mills of the Mi		leaves the tartaned lines, For other wars, Ep. fr. Esopus.
The lifty's has and rose's dye Bespothe the lase's Pallockmyle. S. Twas seven—the decay't Twice a lifty flower will be him sark and gravet; Twice a lifty flower will be him sark and gravet; Twe pale like ony lifty. S. When wild War's Hy-white. And plight me your lifty-white lead: S. The MILL of the Mills of the Mi	S. True-hearted was he †	In lines extended lang and large,
The lip's has and rose's dye. Beophet the base o' Ballochmyle. S. Trout row—the deapy Twice a lip' down will be him sark and crosset; Twee a lip' down will be him sark and crosset; Stype pale like only lip. S. When will War's this white. And pight me your lip-white hand; Man vess made to mourn. Sare laid with the at rest! Man vess made to mourn. Sare laid with the at rest! Man vess made to mourn. Sare weetly move the genty limbs, S. My Lord a Junutilet; Thy waist see jimp, thy limbs sac clean. The feet left for winess, an arm and a limb; The restard limbs each clean. The feet left for winess, an arm and a limb; Her strappan limb and gausy middle. Men ill limbs, S. The Last that made the bed. Imbie [clim. of limb]. When by Castalia winglin streams of stan and lime. Vor wind formless hallo of stan and lime. The John great of the limbs of the sprige of Ayr. o. O sweet grows the lime and the orange, We limbs show of the limer, We little Skelpie-limmer's face! O sweet grows the lime and the crange, The John greater, Hallwown. It. Ha		1 left the lines and tented field. S. When wild War's t
Twice a lily dower will be him sark and cravat; S. We let will be him sark and cravat; S. We let will be him sark and cravat; And pight me your lily white hand; Two a pight me your lily white hand; Two a pight me your lily white hand; S. To And singing, lose, the ling ring bours, Add, to Edinburgh and a ling. Two a pight me your lily white hand; The July said said in the at rest it and a case made to mourn. Soe sweetly move her genty limbs, S. My Lord a doubting the your state of the said and lining. The July Beggars. S. I. Her strappan limb an gassy middle, M. R. I.' Her into the polish'd manble state. Inthe John of Jimb). The July Beggars. S. I. Soe weet grows the lime and the orange, The Brigs of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange, The Tree year to year; Ye little Skeiple-limmer's face! Ye little Skeiple-limmer's face! Ye little Skeiple-limmer's face! Ye little Skeiple-limmer's face! Ye spakin lightly o their Limmer, The Two Dogs. Some backless the said was the Spaking. The July beggars. R. P.II. Na, even the'limpan wit the Spaking. The July Beggars. R. P.II. Na and hand-breed shorter: S. Will the Wastlet Limpan, The July Beggars. R. P.II. The limpan of the strangels timpid hapse Frace dorn ta door. The July Beggars. R. P.II. Add intended the said white said the said was the strangels timpid hapse September of the said of the said of the said of the said where shorters: S. Will the Wastlet Limban, The July Beggars. R. P.II. The limpan wit the Spaking. The Hermit hand the said of the	The lily's hue and rose's dye	
S. We will the Cary type of the power of the world War's to the War's to the War's to the power of the world war's to the power of the world war's to the power of the world war to the world war		The Petition of Br. Water.
Some pale like ony lily. Some pale like ony lily, S. When would War's tand play white. And plight meyour lily-white hand; S. To Blary. Most part of the best process of the state of	S. Wee Willie Grav †	
And plight me your lily-white hand; John J. Twas neither horken wing nor limb, Ep. to J. K. J. E. J.		
And pight me your lily-white hand; S. To Mary. Welcome the hour, my aged limbs Are hald with the ear rest! Man was made to mourn. Sae sweetly move her genty limbs, S. My Lord administig thry waits see jings, the property limbs, S. My Lord administig thry waits see jings, the property limbs, S. My Lord administig thry waits see jings, the property limbs, S. My Lord administig thry waits see jings, the property limbs, S. My Lord administig thry waits see jings, the property limbs compared to the property limbs compared to the strappan limb and gausy middle. Her strappan limb and gausy middle.	ily-white.	That I must suffer, lingering, slow, . The Lament, 7.
S. The unall brider place words are seeded more may aged limbs. S. As Least made to mourn. See weetly move her genty limbs. S. As Least and mourn. The whole me has been been seeded move the genty limbs. S. As Least and mining the seeded move that the seeded may be the standard limbs. S. As Least that made the least that the left for winces, an arm and a limb. It. Her strappan limb and gausy middle. It. R. F. I. Her strappan limb and gausy middle. It. R. F. I. Her strappan limb and gausy middle. It. R. F. I. Her strappan limb and gausy middle. It. R. F. I. Her strappan limb and gausy middle. It. R. F. I. Her strappan limb and gausy middle. It. R. F. I. Her strappan limb and gausy middle. It. R. F. I. Her strappan limb and gausy middle. It. R. F. I. Her strappan limb and gausy middle. It. R. F. I. Her strappan limb and gausy middle. It. R. F. I. Her strappan limb and gausy middle. It. R. F. I. Her strappan limb and gausy middle. It. R. F. I. Her strappan limb and gausy middle. It. R. F. I. I. I. Was had made the lings of the spiritud folk: The limb the polity distribution. It. R. F. I.	And plight me your lily-white hand; . S. To Mary.	
Are laid with thee at rest! Man coar made to mourn. So seeweed prove her genty limbs, S. My Lord a-luming; Thy waits sao jimp, thy limbs sao clean, And there I left for witness, an arm and a limb; S. O were I on Parmans.† Her tender limbs embrace. S. O. on a hank of flowers? And there I left for witness, an arm and a limb; Mr. And there I left for witness, an arm and a limb; Mr. Election Ballads. IV. Her simbs the polish d marble stame. R. R. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. R. R. R. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. R. R. R. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. R. R. R. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. R. R. R. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. R. R. R. I. Her strappan limb and marble stame. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. The Lass that made the bed. Imble (dim. Cover mid-t) formless bulk of stane and lime. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. The Strappan limb and law year pertyl limbies, To Dr. Blackleck. Ime. Vour mid-t, formless bulk of stane and lime. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. The Mary time of the Strappan limbin limbin. The Strappan limbin limbin limbin. The Strappan limbin li	imb. 'Twas neither broken wing nor limb, Ep. to J. R., 12.	S. The small birds rejoice †
In waste sae jump, try minus as e cean. In the render limbs embrace. S. On a bank of flowers! And there I left for witness, an arm and a limb! And there I left for witness, an arm and a limb! It was had manteeles of olderfor black. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. K. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. K. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. K. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. K. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. K. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. He himbs the polish d marble strang. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. He himbs the polish d marble strang. It k. I. He himbs the polish d marble strang. It k. I. He himbs the polish d marble strang. It k. I. Her himbs the polish d marble strang. It k. I. Her hair was like the limbs of good. It k. I. Her hair was like the limbs of good. It k. I. Her hair was like the limbs of good. It k. I. Her hair was like the limbs of good. It k. I. Her hair was like the limbs of good. It k. I. Her hair was like the limbs of good. It k. I. Her hair was like the limbs of good. It k. I. Her hair was like the limbs of good. It k. I. Her hair was like the limbs of good. It k. I. Her hair was lik	Welcome the hour, my nged limbs	When ling'ring lips no more must join; To a Kiss.
In waste sae jump, try minus as e cean. In the render limbs embrace. S. On a bank of flowers! And there I left for witness, an arm and a limb! And there I left for witness, an arm and a limb! It was had manteeles of olderfor black. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. K. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. K. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. K. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. K. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. K. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. He himbs the polish d marble strang. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. Her strappan limb an gausy middle. It k. I. He himbs the polish d marble strang. It k. I. He himbs the polish d marble strang. It k. I. He himbs the polish d marble strang. It k. I. Her himbs the polish d marble strang. It k. I. Her hair was like the limbs of good. It k. I. Her hair was like the limbs of good. It k. I. Her hair was like the limbs of good. It k. I. Her hair was like the limbs of good. It k. I. Her hair was like the limbs of good. It k. I. Her hair was like the limbs of good. It k. I. Her hair was like the limbs of good. It k. I. Her hair was like the limbs of good. It k. I. Her hair was like the limbs of good. It k. I. Her hair was lik		Thou ling ring star, with less ning ray,
Her tender limbs embrace. S. On a hank of flowers that there is left for witness, an arm and a limb. And there I left for witness, an arm and a limb. Her strappan limb and gausy middle. I. R. R. I. Her limbs the polish'd marble stane, When by Castalin's wimplin streamies, Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies. To Dr. Blacklock, limb. (Our mid. Gromless hills) of stane and limb. O's tran and limb. O's tr		Lining. Here's the stuff and lining.
And there I left for witness, an arm and a limb; The Jalby Beggars. S. I. Her strappan limb an' gausy middle, R. R. V. Her limbs the polish'd marble stane. S. The Last that made the bed. S. The Last that made the bed. S. The Last that made the bed. Imply Castalin's wimplin streamles, Lowp, sing, and lawe your pretty limbies, To Dr. Blacklock. Imply Castalin's wimplin streamles, Lowp, sing, and lawe your pretty limbies, To Dr. Blacklock. Imply Castalin's wimplin streamles, Lowp, sing, and lawe your pretty limbies, To Dr. Blacklock. Imply Castalin's wimplin streamles, Lower may a dark by the limmer of the pring of Ayr. 6. The Jalby Beggars. R. P. J. L.—k, Ap. 21st, 10. Ye little Skelple-limmer to year; Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 21st, 10. Ye little Skelple-limmer for Castaliner, The Root Dogs. 2. On speakin lightly of their Limmer, The Twa Dogs. 2. On yearshin lightly of their Limmer, The Twa Dogs. 2. On yearshin lightly of their Limmer, The Twa Dogs. 2. On yearshin lightly of their Limmer, The Twa Dogs. 2. On yearshin lightly of their Limmer, The Twa Dogs. 2. On yearshin lightly of their Limmer, The Twa Dogs. 2. On yearshin lightly of their Limmer, The Twa Dogs. 2. On yearshin lightly of their Limmer, The Twa Dogs. 2. On yearshin lightly of their Limmer, The Twa Dogs. 2. On yearshin lightly of their Limmer, The Twa Dogs. 2. On yearshin lightly of their Limmer, The Twa Dogs. 2. On yearshin lightly of their Limmer, The Twa Dogs. 2. On yearshin lightly of their Limmer, The Twa Dogs. 2. On yearshin lightly of their Limmer, The Twa Dogs. 2. On yearshin lightly of their Limmer, The Twa Dogs. 2. On yearshin lightly of their Limmer, The Twa Dogs. 2. On yearshin lightly of their Limmer, The Twa Dogs. 2. On yearshin limmer, The Twa Dogs.	S. O were I on Parnass. †	O' Cardoness' head; The Election Ballads. IV.
Her strappan limb an' gausy middle. Her limbs the polish'd marble stane. S. The Lass that made the bed. Imbie [dim. of limb]. Wha by Castain's wimpiln streamies, Lowp, sing, and lawe your pretty limbies. To Dr. Biacklock. Imbie, Your mid. formless bulk o' stane and line. The Brigs of Ayr. o. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigs of Ayr. o. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigs of Ayr. o. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigs of Ayr. o. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigs of Ayr. o. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigs of Ayr. o. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigs of Ayr. o. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigs of Ayr. o. Inked. Itinkan [tripping]. Some luckless hour will send him linkan. The your black pit; Add. to the Deil. so With linked lands we took the sands, S. As I gaed up by Linked. Linkan [tripping]. Some luckless hour will send him linkan. The your black pit; Add. to the Deil. so With linked lands we like the mands. The Hallowcen. 11 Linked. With linked hands we took the sands, S. As I gaed up by Linked [tripped deftly]. And linket at it in her sank! Add. to the Deil. so White o'er the lims the burnie plane. The spot they crid it Linkum-doddie. The spot they crid it Linkum-doddie. S. Willie Wastle Linkun. Include lands we then the spavie. Frace you are the streamlet's limpid langs. The spot they crid it Linkum-doddie. S. Willie Wastle Linkun. Includens and was the spavie. Frace foor tack of the surface o	Her tender limbs embrace, . S. On a bank of flowers t	Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black,
Link. Her hair was like the links of gowd. Link and the head. What by Castain's wimpiln streamies. Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limibes. To Dr. Blacklock. Ime. Your mind, formless bulk of stane and line. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the line and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. The limpid of Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or forming strang. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming ay. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The limpid and least of the Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The Brigg of	And there I left for witness, an arm and a limb;	But ane wi' lyart lining; The Holy Fair, 2.
Link. Her hair was like the links of gowd. Link and the head. What by Castain's wimpiln streamies. Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limibes. To Dr. Blacklock. Ime. Your mind, formless bulk of stane and line. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the line and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. The limpid of Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or forming strang. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming ay. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The limpid and least of the Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The Brigg of Ayr. 6. Or to forming strang. The Brigg of		Lingo. And [Bards] ken the lingo of the sprittual lolk;
S. The Lass that made the bed. Who by Castalia's wimplin streamies, Lowy, sing, and law your pretry limbies, To Dr. Blacklock, ime. Your ruin'd formless bulk o' stane and lime. The brigg of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange, To Mary, immer [a streamies, Letter of Mary, 1988] The system of year's E.p. to J. Lk. Ap. 21st. to. With linked hands we took the sands, S. As I gaed up by Linked the stanks of the sanks of the		Link. Her hair was like the links o' gowd.
imble [dim. of limbl.] Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamles, Lowp, sing, and lave your prietty limbles. To Dr. Blacklock, lame. Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime. The Brigs of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. To Mary. Immer [a strumpet; a kept mistress]. Still persecuted by the limmer and the orange. To Mary. Immer [a strumpet; a kept mistress]. Still persecuted by the limmer and the orange. The Market [tripped deftly]. And linket at it in her sark! Tamo o' Shanter. 12 Linkum-doddie. The speak of the more of the lime and linket at it in her sark! Death of the sark of the lime. The Two Dogs. 26. Imp. My spavet Persaus will limp. Till anne he's fairly thet; Ept. to Davie. 11. Impan, in. Ma, even tho' limpan wi' the spavie Frae door tae door. Second Ep. to Davie. 11. Impan, in. Nor limpan wi' the Spavie. The Jelly Beggars. R. 171. Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter: S. Willie Wastlet timpet, it [limped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles; Ep. to H. Parker. Owre mony a weary hag he limpit. Tam Samono's El., to, impid. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-browed Arab's lip; Delia, an Ode. "Thou founds the like the morning sun" "That melts the fogs in limpid air, Lament for Glencairn. Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well. On Death of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streamlet yonder flowing Supplying dink, The Hermit. In v. Linn. Includen. Lincluden's ugly witch; Epit. on Grized Grim. Indisay. Will ye go to the Highlands, Leerie Lindsay, [v.] S. Leetie Lindsay. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, And crosses o'er the sultry line; S. The day returned fine, Face and the fogs in limpid air, Lament for Clencairn. On The injur'd Shaman's line Bear and the sunting line, Ep. fr. Esopu. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, And crosses o'er the sultry line; S. The day returned fine, Face and the line of the line of the lines. S. Now westlin winds and pours his vengeance in the burning line, S. Acknowner's on and awat Nice free year of the sultry line; S. The day returned fine, S.	S. The Lass that made the hed	S. The Lass that made the bed.
ime. Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime, The Brigs of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigs of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigs of Ayr. 6. Still persecuted by the limmer Frae year to year; Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 21st, 10. Ye little Stelpie-limmer's face! Halloween, 14. Or speakin lightly o' their Limmer, Jimpan, Jimpan, Jim, Na, even the limpa spaie Till ance be's fairly bet; Ep. to Davie, 11. Jimpan, Im, Na, even the limpa wi' the spaie Frae door tae door. Second Ep. to Davie. The limpa wi' the Spavie. The limpa is pand-breed shorter: S. Willie Wastlet Simpet, -tt [limped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: Ep. to H. Parker. Own mony a weary hag he limpit, Tam Samon's El., 10. Jimpid. Sweet the streamlet's limpid hapse To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; The limpid streams once hallow'd, well. Or Dath's Sir J. Blair. The limpid streamlet yonder flowing The meta's the fogs in limpid air, Jament for Glencairn. Or Line. Line. Line. Caledonia, the chief of her line. S. Chemel's and awat fire, banks, Lectic Lindsay. Line, Lane. Caledonia, the chief of her line. S. Or Kennwer's on and awat Eright ran thy line, O G— The injur'd Stuart line is gone, Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. Or Kennwer's on and awat Eright ran thy line, O G— The injur'd Stuart line is gone, Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. Or Kennwer's on and awat Eright ran thy line, O G— Window at Stirling. The han, to the Guidavife. That yo may keep th' unerring line, S. Hit Hanked hands we took the sands. Link then care of read to me, or and awat Eright and the orange of the sailty line; And pour's her the sailty line; And pour's hit the rank! Il to some the sailty line; Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. Or Kennwer's on and awat Eright and the line. S. Or Kennwer's on and awat Eright and the line. S. Or Kennwer's on and awat Eright and the line. S. Or Kennwer's on and awat Eright and thy line, of the Holl, or the Holl, or the Holl, or the line of the line. S. Or the Gordon		Linkan [tripping].
ime. Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime, The Brigs of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigs of Ayr. 6. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. The Brigs of Ayr. 6. Still persecuted by the limmer Frae year to year; Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 21st, 10. Ye little Stelpie-limmer's face! Halloween, 14. Or speakin lightly o' their Limmer, Jimpan, Jimpan, Jim, Na, even the limpa spaie Till ance be's fairly bet; Ep. to Davie, 11. Jimpan, Im, Na, even the limpa wi' the spaie Frae door tae door. Second Ep. to Davie. The limpa wi' the Spavie. The limpa is pand-breed shorter: S. Willie Wastlet Simpet, -tt [limped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: Ep. to H. Parker. Own mony a weary hag he limpit, Tam Samon's El., 10. Jimpid. Sweet the streamlet's limpid hapse To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; The limpid streams once hallow'd, well. Or Dath's Sir J. Blair. The limpid streamlet yonder flowing The meta's the fogs in limpid air, Jament for Glencairn. Or Line. Line. Line. Caledonia, the chief of her line. S. Chemel's and awat fire, banks, Lectic Lindsay. Line, Lane. Caledonia, the chief of her line. S. Or Kennwer's on and awat Eright ran thy line, O G— The injur'd Stuart line is gone, Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. Or Kennwer's on and awat Eright ran thy line, O G— The injur'd Stuart line is gone, Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. Or Kennwer's on and awat Eright ran thy line, O G— Window at Stirling. The han, to the Guidavife. That yo may keep th' unerring line, S. Hit Hanked hands we took the sands. Link then care of read to me, or and awat Eright and the orange of the sailty line; And pour's her the sailty line; And pour's hit the rank! Il to some the sailty line; Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. Or Kennwer's on and awat Eright and the line. S. Or Kennwer's on and awat Eright and the line. S. Or Kennwer's on and awat Eright and the line. S. Or Kennwer's on and awat Eright and thy line, of the Holl, or the Holl, or the Holl, or the line of the line. S. Or the Gordon	Who by Castalia's wimplin streamies.	To your black pit: Add, to the Deil, 20.
The Brigs of Ayr. 6. Immer [a strumpet]; a kept mistress]. Still persecuted by the limmer Frace year to year; Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 21st. 10. Ye little Skelpie-ilmmer's face!	Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies, To Dr. Blacklock.	Linkeu.
O sweet grows the line and the orange, immer [a strumpet; a kept mistress]. Still persecuted by the linemer [Frie year to year; Ep, to J. L.—k. Ap. 21st, 10. Ye little Skelple-limmer's face! Halloween. 14. Or speakin lightly of their Limmer, The Tea Dogs. 20. Manp. My spavet Pegasses will limp, Ep, to Davie. 11. Simpan, In May savet Pegasses will limp, Spavet Pegasses will limp, Spavet Pegasses will limp, Spavet Pegasses will limp, Na, even the limpan wi' the spavie Frae door the door Frae foot ne door Frae foot ne door The Jelly Beggara. R. IVII. As limpin laps a hand-breed shorter: Willie Wastlet dimpet, it [limped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: Ep, to H. Parker. Owre mony a weary hap he limpit, Tam Samon's El., 10. Simplid. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse. To the sun-brownd Arab's lip; Delia, an Ode Tho founds the like the morning sun The Hermit The Hermit In v. Linn Linn Chest of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streams once hallow'd, well. On Death of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streams once hallow'd, well. On Death of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streams once hallow'd, well. On Death of Sir J. Blair Linn Linn The Hermit S. Cheedenia, had pours his vengeance in the burning line, S. Lectic Lindsay, [re.] S. Lectic Lindsay, [re.] S. Lectic Lindsay, [re.] S. Lectic Lindsay, Line, the. S. Caledonia, he here for her line, S. Caledonia, and pours his vengeance in the burning line, S. The day returns the pride that loads the tide, And crosses o'er the sultry line; S. The day returns the pride that loads the tide, And crosses o'er the sultry line; Line, Line. S. O'endon's line. Souther lines gone, O'endon's line. Souther lines gone, O'endon's lin	.ime. Your ruin d. formless bulk o' stane and lime,	
immer [a strumpet; a kept mistress]. Still persecuted by the limmer Frae year to year; Ep, to J. L.—k, Ap, 21st, 10. Ye little Skelpie-dimmer's face; Halloween, 14. Or speakin lightly o' their Limmer, The Tean Dags, 20. Imp. My spavet Pegasus will limp, Till ance he's fairly het; Ep, to Davie, 11. Impan, -in. Na, even tho' limpan wi' the spavie Frae door tae door. Tho' limpan wi' the Spavie. The Jolly Beggars, R. VII. Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter: S. Willie Wastlet' simpet, -it [limped]. Nor limpet in peetic shackles; Ep, to H. Parker. Owre mony a weary hag he limpit, Tam Samien's Et, 10. Impid. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse. To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; Delia, an Ode. "Thou founds the like the morning sun "That melts the fogs in limpid air, Lament for Glencairn, Or Death of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streamlet yonder flowing Supplying drink, The Hermit, in e. Linn. And pours his vengeance in the burning lime, Ep, fr. Esphu, And crosses o'er the sultry line; S. The day returns' time, brave Caledonia, the chief of her line, S. Caledonia, And pours his vengeance in the burning lime, Ep, fr. Esphu, Sordid sons o' Mammon's line. The ne'er was a coward o' Kemmure's blade. Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. O Keemme's on and awat Firight ran thy line, O G— Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. O' Kenmure's on and awat Firight ran thy line, O G— Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. O' Kenwure's on and awat Firight ran thy line, O G— Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. O' Kenwure's on and awat Firight ran thy line, O G— Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. O' Kenwure's blade. Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. O' Kenwure's blade. Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. O' Kenwure's blade. Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. O' Kenwure's blade. Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. O' Kenwure's blade. Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. O' Kenwure's blade. Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. O' Kenwure's blade. Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. O' Kenwure's blade. Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. O' Kenwure's on and awat Firight and thy line; S. O' Kenwure's blade. Nor y		
Still persecuted by the linmer Frae year to year; Ep, to J. L.—k, Ap. 21st, to. 'Ye little Skelpie-limmer's-face!		
Ye little Skelpie-limmer's face! Hallowen. 14. Or speakin lightly of their Limmer, The Trea Dogs. 26. Imp. My spared Pegasswill limp. Na, even the limpan wi' the spavie Ep. to Davie. 11. Na, even the limpan wi' the spavie The Jelly Beggars. R. 1711. As limpin leg a hand-breed shorter: **Econd Ep. to Davie. 11. Scoond Ep. to Davie. 11. Or torrents owre a linn, **Exten. in Coart of Session Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays, **Halloween. 25. Impet, -it [limped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: **Ep. to H. Parker. **Owre mony a weary hap he limpit, **Tam Samon's El., 10. Implied. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse **Too foundst me like the morning sun **That melts the fogs in limpid air, Lament for Glencairm. Or musa' where limpid streams once hallow'd, well. **On was' where limpid streams once hallow'd, well. **On was' where limpid streams once hallow'd, well. **On was' where limpid streams once hallow'd, well. **On Linn. Lincluden's ugly witch; **Epit. on Grizel Grim. Lincluden's	Still persecuted by the limmer	
Or speakin lightly o' their Limmer, The Troa Degit 20. Imp. My sparet Pegasus will limp, Than Lance he's fairly het; Supparet Pegasus will limp, Than Lance he's fairly het; Supparet Pegasus will limp, Than Lance he's fairly het; Supparet Pegasus will limp, Than Lance he's fairly het; Supparet Pegasus will limp, Than Lance he's fairly het; Supparet Pegasus will limp, Than Lance he's fairly het; Supparet Pegasus will limp, Than Lance he's fairly het; Supparet Pegasus will limp, Than Lance he's fairly het; Supparet Pegasus will limp, The Jelly Beggars. R. VII. A limpin leg a hand-breed shorter; Supparet Pegasus will limp, The Jelly Beggars. R. VII. A limpin leg a hand-breed shorter; Supparet Pegasus will limp he limpin leg a hand-breed shorter; Supparet Pegasus will limped. Supparet Pegasus		
Jimp. My spavet Pegasus will limp. Till ance he's fairly bet; Ep. to Davie. 11. Keyen tho' limpan wi' the spavie Frae door tae door. Tho' limpan wi' the Spavie. The fally Eggara. R. 17.1. As el impin leg a hand-breed shorter: S. Willie Watelt impet, -it [Himped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: Ep. to H. Parker. Owre mony a weary hag be limpit. Tam Samson's El., to, impid. Sweet the streamler's limpid lapse To the sun-browned Arabis lip; Delia, an Ode. "Than founds't me like the morning sun "That melts the fogs in limpid air. Lament for Glencairm. Or must where limpid streams once hallowd, well. The limpid streamler yonder flowing Supplying drink, The limpid streamler yonder flowing Supplying drink, The limpid streamler yonder flowing Supplying drink, The Limn. Linculden's ugly witch; Epit. on Grizel Grim. Includen. Lincluden's ugly witch; Epit. on Grizel Grim. Includen. Lincluden's ugly witch; Epit. on Grizel Grim. Includen's ugly witch; Epit. on Grizel Grim. Includen'		
Jimpan, -in. Na, even the limpan wi' the spavie Frae door tae door. Scoond Ep. to Davie. The limpan wi' the Spavie. The Jolly Beggars. R. 1974. Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter: S. Willie Wastle tampet, -it [Himped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: S. Willie Wastle tampet, -it [Himped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: S. Willie Wastle tampet, -it [Himped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: S. Willie Wastle tampet, -it [Himped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: S. Willie Wastle tampet, -it [Himped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: S. Willie Wastle tampet, -it [Himped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: S. Willie Wastle tampet, -it [Himped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: S. Willie Wastle tampet, -it [Himped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: S. Willie Wastle tampet, -it [Himped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: S. Willie Wastle tampet, -it [Himped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: S. Willie Wastle tampet, -it [Himped]. "The morning simple tampet is limpid laine." "That melts the fogs in limpid air, Lament for Glencairn. On the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; S. O merry has I been been an object of limpet. The Hermit. In c. Linn. Includen. Lincluden's ugly witch; Falt of Massley in the Highlands, Leerie Lindsay, [re.] S. Leerie Lindsay, [re.] S. Leerie Lindsay. Interest limpid lames sang, and lamsmore, Like linnet fondly prest, S. A Rozebud by When linnets sang, and lamsmore, Like linnet fondly prest, S. A Rozebud by When linnets sang, and lamsmore, Like linnet fondly prest, S. A Rozebud by When linnets sang, and lamsmore, Like linnet fondly prest, S. A Rozebud by When linnets sang, and lamsmore, Like linnet fondly prest, As on the banks, Leering linnet, S. Leerie Lindsay, [re.] Linnet. Within the bush, her covert nest A Rittle linnet fondly prest, A son the banks, line; Linnet. Within the bush, her covert nest A Rittle linnet fondly prest, A son the banks line; Linnet. Within the bush, her covert nest A Rittle linnet fondly prest, and where full linnet, and the print of the bush, her covert	Or speakin lightly of their Limmer, . The Twa Dogs. 26.	S. Bonnie Lassie, will ye go t
Jimpan, -in. Na, even the limpan wi' the spavie Frae door tae door. Scoond Ep. to Davie. The limpan wi' the Spavie. The Jolly Beggars. R. 1974. Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter: S. Willie Wastle tampet, -it [Himped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: S. Willie Wastle tampet, -it [Himped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: S. Willie Wastle tampet, -it [Himped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: S. Willie Wastle tampet, -it [Himped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: S. Willie Wastle tampet, -it [Himped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: S. Willie Wastle tampet, -it [Himped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: S. Willie Wastle tampet, -it [Himped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: S. Willie Wastle tampet, -it [Himped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: S. Willie Wastle tampet, -it [Himped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: S. Willie Wastle tampet, -it [Himped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: S. Willie Wastle tampet, -it [Himped]. "The morning simple tampet is limpid laine." "That melts the fogs in limpid air, Lament for Glencairn. On the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; S. O merry has I been been an object of limpet. The Hermit. In c. Linn. Includen. Lincluden's ugly witch; Falt of Massley in the Highlands, Leerie Lindsay, [re.] S. Leerie Lindsay, [re.] S. Leerie Lindsay. Interest limpid lames sang, and lamsmore, Like linnet fondly prest, S. A Rozebud by When linnets sang, and lamsmore, Like linnet fondly prest, S. A Rozebud by When linnets sang, and lamsmore, Like linnet fondly prest, S. A Rozebud by When linnets sang, and lamsmore, Like linnet fondly prest, S. A Rozebud by When linnets sang, and lamsmore, Like linnet fondly prest, As on the banks, Leering linnet, S. Leerie Lindsay, [re.] Linnet. Within the bush, her covert nest A Rittle linnet fondly prest, A son the banks, line; Linnet. Within the bush, her covert nest A Rittle linnet fondly prest, A son the banks line; Linnet. Within the bush, her covert nest A Rittle linnet fondly prest, and where full linnet, and the print of the bush, her covert	Till ance he's fairly het: Et to Davie 11	Spak o' louping o'er a linn; S. Duncan Gray †
Na, even the limpan wi' the spavie Frae door tac door. The limpan wi' the Spavie. The Joly Beggars, R. 1911. Nor limpat, -It [limped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles; S. Willie Wastle' timpet, -It [limped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles; S. Willie Wastle' to Mere and powers a linn to burnie plays, Am Samon's El., 10. Tom Samon's El., 10. The sun-brown'd Arab's lip; Delia, an Ode. "Thou foundst me like the morning sun "That melts the fogs in limpid air, Lament for Glencairm. On mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well, On Death of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streamlet yonder flowing Delia, an Ode. The limpid streams once hallow'd, well, On Death of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streams once hallow'd, well, On Leath of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streams once hallow'd, well, On Leath of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streams once hallow'd, well, On Leath of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streams once hallow'd, well, On Leath of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streams once hallow'd, well, On Leath of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streams once hallow'd, well, On Leath of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streams once hallow'd, well, On Leath of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streams once hallow'd, well, On Leath of Sir J. Blair. The Hermit. In vi. Ilin house lines is converted the hours he coord in her linenes. S. What will do gain of the hours of the hours he covert nest A little limet fondly precive the S. O. Research of Sir J. Blair. Line, the Within the bush, her covert nest A little limet fondly precive the Sir J. Blair. Line the within the bush, her covert nest A little limet fondly precive the Sir J. Blair. Line the within the bush, her covert nest A little limet sang, and lammies play'd. As on the banks We hen linnets sang, and lammies play'd. As on the banks We try yelves that aguiltless sport. Like linnets sang, and lammies play'd. S. Leave Lindsuy, [r.] S. Leave Lindsuy, [r.] In the met sang, a		Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,
The limpan wit he Spavie. The Jolly Beggars. R. 1911 Ae limpin leg a hand-breed shorter: Jumpet, -tt [Himped]. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: S. Willie Wastle ty imped. Nor limpet in poetic shackles: Ep. to H. Parker. Owre mony a weary hag he limpit, Tam Samion's Et., 10. Jumpit. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse. To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; That melts the fogs in limpid air, That melts the fogs in limpid air, That melts the fogs in limpid air, The Hermit. In v. Linn. The Hermit. In v. Linn. And pours his vengeance in the burning lime, S. Lettle Lindsay, [ve.] S. Lettle Lindsay, [ve.] S. Lettle Lindsay, [ve.] Line, the. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, And crosses o'er the sultry line; S. The day returnst ine. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, And crosses o'er the sultry line; S. The day returnst ine. The pours his vengeance in the burning line, Ep. fr. Esoput. The limps are you wad gar me fissle, Ep. to J. Lek, Ap. 1st, 25, sordid sons o' Nammon's line. The ree'er was a coward o' Kennure's on and awat three high limps line, S. O Resmure's on and awat three high limps line, The high of Gordon's line. S. O Resmure's on and awat three high limps line, S. O Resmure's on and awat three high limps line, S. O Resmure's on and awat three high limps line, S. O Resmure's on and awat three high limps line, S. O Resmure's on and awat three high limps line, S. O Resmure's on and awat three high limps line, S. O Resmure's on and awat three high limps line, S. O Resmure's on and awat three high limps line, S. O Resmure's line, S. O Resmure's blade, Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. O Resmure's on and awat three high limps line, S. O Resmure's limps line, S. O Resmure's limps line, S. O Resmure's limps limps line, S. O Resmure's limps li		Frae lin to lin El. on Capt. M. H., 4.
There, high my boiling torrent smokes, which repeated the provided ration of Br. Water Water Mileraring of ear a linn: The Petition of Br. Water Water Mileraring of ear a linn: The Petition of Br. Water Water More mony a weary hag he limpit, Tam Samson's El., to. Mileraring of ear a linn: The Petition of Br. Water Water More mony a weary hag he limpit, Tam Samson's El., to. Mileraring linn. To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; Delia, an Ode. Those founds the like the morning sun. That melts the fogs in limpid air, Lament for Glencairn. On mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well. On Death of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streamed once hallow'd, well. On Death of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streamed once hallow'd, well. On Death of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streamed on the Highlands, Leenie Lindsay, [vr.] St. Linnets in the bush, A can the bank, and crosses of the sairty line; S. The day returns the Miles. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, And pours his vengeance in the burning line, Ep. fr. Esopus. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, And pours his vengeance in the burning line, Ep. fr. Esopus. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, And pours his vengeance in the burning line, Ep. fr. Esopus. Twa lines fire you wad gar me fissle, Ey. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st, 2s. sordid sons o' Mammon's line from the finite of the colour of linnet, or the mellow thrush. The Errigs of Ay May have charms for the linnet, or the mellow thrush. The Errigs of Ay May have charms for the linnet, or the mellow thrush. The Errigs of Ay May have charms for the linnet, or the mellow thrush. The Errigs of Ay May have charms for the linnet, or the mellow thrush. The Errigs of Ay May have charms for the linnet, or the mellow thrush. The Errigs of Ay May have charms for the linnet, or the mellow thrush. The Errigs of Ay May have charms for the linnet, or the mellow thrush. The Errigs of Ay May have charms for the linnet, or the mellow thrush. The Errigs of Ay May have charms for the linnet, or the mellow thrush. The Errigs of Ay May have charms for t	Frae door tae door. Second Ep. to Davie.	Whole owe a lim the humin land. In Court of Session.
Minpet, -it [Himped]. Nor limped in poetic shackles;	The limpan wi' the Spavie, The Jolly Beggars. R. 1'II.	
We heard nought but the roaring linn. Nor limpet in poetic shackles; . Ep. to H. Parker. Owre mony a weary hag he limpit, . Tam Samson's El., to. impid. Sweet the streamler's limpid lapse. To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; . Delia, an Ode. "Thon founds the like the morning sun. "That melts the fogs in limpid air, . Lament for Glencairn. On The Blimpid streams once hallow'd, well. On Death of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streamlet yonder flowing Supplying drink, . The Hermit. In e. Linn. Includen. Lincluden's ugly witch; Epit, on Grizel Grim. Includen. Lincluden's ugly witch in the bush, the Cust while Includent in the bush, the Cust whe linnet in the bush. Intenting the linnet tonus the lintent of t	Ae impin leg a hand-breed shorter: S. Willie Wastle †	Wild-roaring o'er a linn: . The Petition of Br. Water.
Owre mony a weary hag he limpit, Tam Samson's El., Io, impid. Sweet the streamler's limpid language. To the sun-brown'd Arab's fip; Delia, an Ode. "Thon founds the like the morning sun "That melts the fogs in limpid air, Lament for Cleneairn. On Death of Sir J. Blair. On mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well. The limpid streamler yonder flowing Supplying drink, Inc. Linn. Linn. The Hermit. In a Linn. L		We heard nought but the roaring linn.
impid. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; Who for sun-drown'd Arab's lip; That melts the fogs in limpid air, Lament for Gleneairn, Or mus'd where limpid streams one hallow'd, well, Or mus'd where limpid streams one hallow'd, well, In v. Linn. On Death of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streamlet yonder flowing Supplying drink, In v. Linn. In cluden. Lincluden's ugly witch; Epit, on Grizel Grim, Indisday. Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay, [re.] S. Leezie Lindsay, Line, the. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, And crosses o'er the sultry line; S. The day returns; Line, brave Caledonia, the chief of her line, S. Catedonia, And pours his vengeance in the burning line, Ep, fr, Esopus, Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle, Sordid sons o' Mammon's line In the free e'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blade. Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. O' Kenwire's on and awa't Bright ran thy line, O G O' no same Lord G. The inju'd Sturnt line is gone O' no same Lord G. That you may keep th' unerring line, Sill rising by the plummer's law, Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, The Hermit. "Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce. S. Again rejoicing Nature Eeen snaw-white seventeen hunder linnent? In O. A. A Rittle linnet fondly press, A. A Rozebud by Ween linnets aguitless sport, Like linnets in the bush, be covert nest A fluttle linnet fondly press, A. A Rozebud by Ween linnets aguitless sport, Like linnets in the bush, be covert nest A fluttle linnet fondly press, A. A Rozebud by Ween linnets aguitless sport. Like linnets in the bush, be covert nest A fluttle linnet fondly press, A. A Rozebud by Ween innets angulted sport, As on the banks Ye tiny elves that guitless again lammies play'd, As on the banks Ye tiny elves that guitless again lammies play'd, As on the banks Ye tiny elves than guitles have the bush, be covert nest A flute linnet in the bush		
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; "Thon founds the like the morning sun "That melts the fogs in limpid air, Lament for Glencairn. On musd' where limpid streams once hallow'd, well. On Death of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streamlet yonder flowing Supplying drink, Includen, Lincluden's ugly witch; Epit, on Grizel Grim. Includen. Lincluden's ugly witch; Epit, of S. Lectic Lindsay, [vc.] Inne, the. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, And crosses ofer the saltry line; Excelledonia, the chief of her line, And crosses ofer the saltry line; I'me, brave Caledonia, the chief of her line, Excelledonia, Excelle		Linnen. Elest he the hour she coold in her linnens,
"That melts the fogs in limpid air, Lament for Glencairm. Or must a where limpid streams once hallow'd, well. On Death of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streams once hallow'd, well. On Death of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streams once hallow'd, well. On Death of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streams once hallow'd, well. On Death of Sir J. Blair. The limpid streams once hallow'd, well. On the Hermit. In v. Linn. In v.	To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; Delia, an Ode.	Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen! Tam a' Shanter 12
A fittle linnet fondly prest, S. A Resebut by the linnet sang, and lamnies play'd. As on the banks of the linnet lind streamlet younder flowing Supplying drink, The Hermitt. In the Linnet line in the bank. The Hermitt. Includen. Lincluden's ugly witch; Epit. on Grizel Grim, and say. Will ye go to the Highlands, Lecrie Lindsay, [rc.] S. Lecrie Lindsay, [rc.] S. Lecrie Lindsay, [rc.] S. Lecrie Lindsay, [rc.] S. Lecrie Lindsay. The mother linnet in the brake Beasils her ravisid dyonng; S. Fate gave the word, Nae ruder visit knows. S. Now Writing has clad The spreading through the Linnet. S. Now westlin winds the strength of the spreading through the linnet. S. Now westlin winds the spreading through the linnet. S. Now westlin winds the spreading through the linnet song, with linnet song, with linnet song, S. The wing farse powers. S. The wing farse powers are constituted by the spreading through the linnet of the mellow thrush, The Briggs of Ary May have charms for the linnet and the bee; S. The wings and lamnies play'd. As on the banks Ve tiny elves that guildees sport. Like linnets in the bush. The mother linnet in the brake Beaulis her ravisid dyonng; S. Fate gave the word, Nae ruder visit knows. S. Strew Spring has clad The spreading through the linnet. S. Strew word in the spreading through the linnet. S. Strew word in the spreading through the linnet. S. Strew words word in the spreading through the linnet visit knows. S. Strey String, Nae ruder visit knows. S. Strew words was ruder with knows. S. Strey String, Nae ruder visit knows. S. Strew words was considered the spreading through the word. Nae ruder visit knows. S. Strew words was ruder visit knows. S. Strew words was considered the spreading through the word. Nae ruder visit knows. S. Strew words. Nae ruder visit knows. S. Strew words. Nae ruder visit knows. S. Strew words. Nae ruder visit knows. S. Strew strew of the seals be words. Nae ruder visit knows. S. Strew words. Nae ruder visit knows. S. Strew String, words words which [Flowerel], save the li	"Thou foundst me like the morning sun	Linnet. Within the bush, her covert nest
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing Supplying drink, Includen, Lincluden's ugly witch; Includenty Incl	Or must ments the logs in limpid mir, Lament for Glencairn,	A little linnet fondly prest, . S. A Rosebud by †
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing Supplying drink,	On Death of Sir I, Blair.	When linnets sang, and lammies play'd, As on the banks †
The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word, Which [Floweret], save the linnet's flight, I wot, Includen. Lincluden's ugly witch; Epit. on Grizel Grim, Includen. Lincluden's ugly witch; Epit. on Grizel Grim, Indisay. Will ye go to the Highlands, Lecrie Lindsay, [re.] S. Leccie Lindsay. Line, the. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, And crosses o'er the sultry line; S. The day returns the And crosses o'er the sultry line; S. The day returns the pride that loads the tide, And pours his vengeance in the burning line, Ep. fr. Esopus. Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle, Ep. for, Lek, Ap. 1st, 22, 5 ordid sons o' Mammon's line Int., Ap. 2sts, 16. There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blade. Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. O. Kenmure's on and awa! Fright ran thy line, O G— On same Lord G. The injur'd Stunrt line is gone, On Window at Stirling. In thy sweet Caledonian lines; Poem on Pastoral Poetry, Thanks to you for your line. The Ans. to the Guidwiffe. That you may keep th' unerring line, Still rising by the plummer's law, Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, The Hermit. Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, The Hermit. "Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce. S. Pagain rejoicing Nature	The limpid streamlet yonder flowing	Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport, Like linnets in the bush Destandance on Ode of
lineluden. Lincluden's ugly witch; Epit. on Grizel Grim. Lindsay. Will ye go to the Highlands, Leerie Lindsay, [re.] S. Leerie Lindsay, [re.] S. Leerie Lindsay, [re.] Line, the. S. Leerie Lindsay, [re.] S. Leerie Lindsay, [re.] Line, brave Caledonia, the chief of her line, And crosses o'er the sultry line; And pours his vengeance in the burning line, Ep. fr. Esoptus. Twa lines frace you wad gar me fissle, Sordid sons o' Mammon's line Line, Larve Caledonia, the chief of her line, S. Caledonia, And pours his vengeance in the burning line, Ep. fr. Esoptus. Twa lines frace you wad gar me fissle, S. The winner, or the mellow thrush. The Briggs of Ayr May have charms for the linnet, and the bee; S. The winner is law, S. The winner is law, S. The winner is law, In thy sweet Caledonian lines; Poun on Pastoral Poetry, That you may keep th' unerring line, Sill rising by the plammer's law, Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, The Hermit. Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, The Hermit. The mavis and the lintwhite locks, S. Again rejoicing Nature	Supplying drink, The Hermit.	
And course in the bride that loads the tide, And crosses ofer the sultry line; S. The day returns the sprace Caledonia, the chief of her line, And pours his vengeance in the burning line, E. No. Catedonia, And pours his vengeance in the burning line, S. Catedonia, And pours his vengeance in the burning line, E. A. A. 1st, 22, sordid sons o' Mammon's line I. 1b, Ap. 2st, 16. There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blade. Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. O' Kenwure's on and awa't Bright ran thy line, O G O' Sordon's line. S. O' Kenwure's on and awa't Bright ran thy line, O G O' Sordon's line. S. O' Kenwure's on and awa't Bright ran thy line, O G O' Sordon's line. S. O' Kenwure's on and awa't Bright ran thy line, O G O' Sordon's line. S. O' Kenwure's on and awa't Bright ran thy line, O G O' Sordon's line. S. O' Kenwure's on and awa't Bright ran thy line, O G O' Sordon's line. S. O' Kenwure's on and awa't Bright ran thy line, O G O' Sordon's line. S. O' Kenwure's on and awa't Bright ran thy line, O G O' Sordon's line. S. O' Kenwure's on and awa't Bright ran thy line, O' Sordon's line. Sordon's line of the cloud was a townood auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell. How 'twas a townood auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell, Still fishing by the plummer's law, That you may keep th' unerring line, Still rising by the plummer's law, Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, The Hermit. "Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce, "The line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce, S. Again rejoicing Nature		Bewails her ravish'd young ; . S. Fate gave the word,
Than at one yield that loads the tide, And crosses o'er the sultry line; S. The day returns the land consess o'er the sultry line; S. The day returns the line that loads the tide, And crosses o'er the sultry line; S. The day returns the line that loads the tide, And crosses o'er the sultry line; S. The day returns the line that loads the tide, And pours his vengeance in the burning line, Ep. fr. Esopus. Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle, to f. L-k, Ap. 1st, 22. sordid sons o' Mammon's line Ep. to f. L-k, Ap. 1st, 22. sordid sons o' Mammon's line Ep. to f. L-k, Ap. 1st, 22. sordid sons o' Mammon's line S. The winter it is past A-listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean. Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. The winter it is past A-listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean. S. The winter it is past A-listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean. S. Their groves of chearful peace, with linnet song, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Lint (flax, '*1' the bell,' in flower). How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell, when the lock is the lint winter looks, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite looks S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite	Lincluden. Lincluden's ugly witch; Epit. on Grizel Grim.	Which [Floweret], save the linnet's flight, I wot,
And crosses o'er the sultry line; S. The day returns; the heat coases o'er the sultry line; S. Catedonia, And pours his vengeance in the burning line, Ep. fr. Esopus, Twa lines frae you wad gar Ep. to f. L.—k. Ap. 1st., 2s. Sordid sons o' Mammon's line I. M. Ap. 21st, 16. There ne'er was a coward o' Kemmure's blade, Nor yet o' Gordon's line S. O' Kemmure's an and awat Fright ran thy line, O G— The injur'd Stunt line is gone, On Window at Stirling, Thanks to you for your line. The Ap. 1st. the Guidwife. That you may keep th' unerring line, Still rising by the planmet's law, Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, The Hermit. Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, The Hermit. They line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce, They line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce, They line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce, The mavis and the lintwhite sing. S. Now westlin winds In twining hazel bowers, His lay the linnet pours; S. S. Steps of Ay. May have charms for the linnet and the bee; S. The winter it is past Adistening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean. Lint (flax; "i' the bell," in flowers. How 'twas a towmond anald, sin' Lint was i' the bell. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11 Lint (flax; "i' the bell," in flowers. How 'twas a towmond anald, sin' Lint was i' the bell. The tintwhite loft the colour of lint or flax). Lint white [a linnet]. Lasse wi' the linneth; liows with the lintwhite looks, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite looks, S. Again rejoicing Nature	S. Leezie Lindsay.	
In an 'the prote that loads the tide, And crosses o'er the sulty line; S. The day returns!, the brave Caledonia, the chief of her line, S. Catedonia. And pours his vengeance in the burning line, Ep. fr. Esophus, Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle, to f. Lek, Ap. 1st, 22, sordid sons o' Mammon's line Ep. to f. Lek, Ap. 1st, 22, sordid sons o' Mammon's line Ib., Ap. 2st, 16. There ne'er was a coward o' Kemmer's blade. Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. O Kenmer's blade. Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. O Kenmer's blade. Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. O Kenmer's blade. Nor yet o' Suturat line is gone, Iright ran thy line, O G— On same Lord G. The injur'd Sturat line is gone, In thy sweet Caledonian lines; Poem on Pasteral Pactry. Thanks to you for your line. The Ans. to the Guidavife. That you may keep th' unerring line, Still rising by the plummer's law, Still rising by the plummer's law. The Farewell. To St. f.'s L. That was in the line that o' line to flax. Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks. S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite la linnet). In twining hazel howers; The sharting linet, or the mellow thrush. The Erigs of Ayr May have charms for the linnet and the bee; S. The winter it is past A-listening the linnet, of twanders my Jean. S. Their groves of chearful peace, with linnet song, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Intwining hazel howers; S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st The chanting linet, or the mellow thrush. The Erigs of Ayr May have charms for the linnet and the bee; S. The winter it is past A-listening the linnet, of twanders my Jean. S. Their groves of chearful peace, with linnet song, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Intwining lanet, or the mellow thrush. The Erigs of Ayr May have charms for the linnet and the bee; S. The winter it is past A-listening the linnet, of twanders my Jean. S. Their groves of chearful peace, with linnet song, Wr. The Erigs of Ayr The Start Intwining linet, or the mellow thrush. The Erigs of Ayr May have charms for the linnet on the linnet and the bee; S. The winter it is past A-listening the linnet, or the ellow the	Line, the.	I he spreading thorn to erhangs the Linnet.
Line. brave Caledonia, the chief of her line. S. Cakedonia. And pours his vengeance in the burning line, Ep. fr. Esopus. Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle, Sordid sons o' Mammon's line I. Le, Ap. 1st, 22. Sordid sons o' Mammon's line I. Le, Ap. 1st, 22. Sordid sons o' Mammon's line I. Le, Ap. 1st, 22. Sordid sons o' Mammon's line I. Le, Ap. 1st, 22. Sordid sons o' Mammon's line I. Le, Ap. 1st, 22. Sordid sons o' Mammon's line I. Le, Ap. 1st, 22. Sordid sons o' Mammon's line I. Le, Ap. 1st, 22. Sordid sons o' Mammon's line I. Le Court o' Sort line I. Lessie wi' the lintwhite locks, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite la linnet. I. Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite la linnet. I. Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite la linnet. I. Whoe' er thou art, these lines now reading, I'm let multi- I. Whoe' er thou art, these lines now reading, I'm let multi- I. Whoe' er thou art, these lines now reading, I'm let multi- I. Whoe' er thou art, these lines now reading, I'm let multi- I. Vanious and the lintwhite sorts. I. Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite line line the lintwhite lintwhite lintwhite lintwhite locks S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite	Than a' the pride that loads the tide,	In twining hazel howers,
And pours his vengeance in the burning line, Ep. fr. Esopuz. Twa lines fine you wad gar me fissle,	And crosses o er the sultry line; S. The day returns	
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st, 22, sordid sons o' Mammon's line Ib., Ap. 21st, 16. Nor yet o' Gordon's line. So. O' Kemmure's on and awat Bright ran thy line, O. G— On same Lord G. The injur'd Stunt line is gone, In thy sweet Caledonian lines; Pean on Pastoral Peetry, Thanks to you for your line. The Ans. to the Guidwife. That you may keep th' unerring line, Still rising by the plummet's law, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L The Value of the colour of line of flax). Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks, S. The wanter it is past S. The wanter it is past Alistening the linnet, oft wanders song, Wr. in Friars-Carse H Lint (flax; ''i' the bell,' In flower]. How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell. The totter's Sat. Night. 11 1 bought my wife a stance o' lint. S. The wanter it is past S. The wanter it is past S. The wanter it is past Alistening the linnet, oft wanders song, Wr. in Friars-Carse H Lint (flax; ''i' the bell,' In flower]. How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell. To totter's Sat. Night. 11 1 bought my wife a stance o' lint. Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite Lintwhite [a linnet]. In vai to me, in glen or shaw, The mavis and the lintwhite sing. Alistening the linnet, oft wanders may Jean. S. The wanter it is past Charling processing the linnet, oft wanders may Jean. S. The wanter it is past Charling processing the linnet, oft wanders may Jean. S. The wanter it is past Charling processing the linnet, oft wanders may Jean. S. The wanter it is past Charling processing the linnet, oft wanders may Jean. S. The wanter it is past Charling processing the linnet, oft wanders may Jean. S. The wanter it is past Lint (flax; ''i' the bell,' In flower]. How 'twas towmond auld, sin' Lint was it the bell. The totter's Sat. Night. 11 1 to use if the colour of lint or flax). Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks or the lint of the colo	And pour his rengages is the huming line, S. Caledonia.	
A-listening the linnet, of wanders my Jean. Nor yet of Gordon's line Lint, A, A. 211, 16. There ne'er was a coward o' Kemmue's blade. Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S. O. Kemmue's en and awat the bright ran thy line, O. G. In thy sweet Caledonian lines; Pown on Pastoral Poetry, Thanks to you for your line. The Auss. to the Guidwife. That you may keep th' unerring line, Still rising by the plammet's law, Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading. The Hermit. Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading. The Hermit. The mavis and the lintwhite sing. S. Again rejoicing Nature	Two lines free you wad gar me fiele	May have charms for the linnet and the bee;
sordid sons o' Mammon's line	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 22.	
There ne'er was a coward o' Kemmure's blade, Nor yet o' Gordon's line. S.O. Kennwe's en and awa! Bright ran thy line, O.G.— On same Lord G. The injur'd Stuart line is gone, In thy sweet Caledonian lines; Pown on Pastoral Poetry, Thanks to you for your line. The Auss. to the Guidwife. That you may keep th' unerring line, Still rising by the plammet's law, Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, The Hermit. Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, The Hermit. The line of the colour of lint or flax). The mavis and the lintwhite locks, saise wi't the linetthic leading the line of the colour of lint or flax. The mavis may the pill unant to me, in glen or shaw, The mavis and the lintwhite sing. S. Again rejoicing Nature	sordid sons o' Mammon's line Ib., Ap. 21st, 16.	S. Their groves of
Bright ran thy line, O G— On same Lord G. The injur'd Stunat line is gone, On Window at Stiriling. In thy sweet Caledonian lines; Pown on Pastoral Poetry, Thanks to you for your line. The Auss. to the Guidwife. That you may keep th' unerring line, Still rising by the planmer's law, Still rising by the planmer's law, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L. The Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, The Hermit. "Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce." "The line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce." "The line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce."	There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,	chearful peace, with linnet song, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
The injur'd Stuart line is gone, In thy sweet Caledonian lines; Poem on Pastoral Poetry, Thanks to you for your line. That you may keep th' unerring line, Still rising by the plummer's law, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, The Hermit. "Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce, S. Again rejoicing Nature S. Again rejoicing Nature		Lint [flax; "i' the bell," in flower].
In thy sweet Caledonian lines; Poem on Pastoral Pactry, Thanks to you for your line. The Ans. to the Guidwife. That you may keep th' unerring line, Still rising by the plummet's law, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L The Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, The Hermit. "Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce, "Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,		How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell.
Thanks to you for your line. The Ans. to the Guidwife. That you may keep th' unerring line, Still rising by the plument's law, The Farewell. To St. f.'s L Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, The Hermit. "Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce, "Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,	In the sweet Coledonian lines: Posses on Posses In	
That you may keep th' unering line, Still rising by the plummer's law. Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, The Hermit. Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce, S. Again rejoicing Nature S. Again rejoicing Nature		
Still rising by the planmet's law. The Farewell. To St. J.'s L Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, The Hermit. "Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce. S. Again rejoicing Nature.		
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, The Hermit. "Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce, "Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,	Still rising by the plummet's law.	
Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, The Hermit. "Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce, "Again rejoicing Nature"	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	In vain to me, in glen or shaw.
The Whistle. S. Again rejoicing Nature The lintwhites in the hazel braes, S. The Contented Cottages	Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading, The Hermit.	The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
The whistle. 1 he lintwhites in the hazel braes, S. The Contented Cottages	"Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce,	S. Again rejoicing Nature †
	The Whistle.	incumities in the hazel braces, S. The Contented Cottager.

The Petition of Br. Water.

283

And listen mony a grateful bird Return you tuneful thanks.

The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear, The Petition of Br. Water.
The Petition of Br. Water. But hawks will rob the tender joys That bless the little lintwhite's nest; S. There was a lass and † When lintwhites chant among the buds. To W. Simpson.
S. There was a lass and † When lintwhites chant among the buds, To W. Simpson.
Lion. Old Scotia's bloody lion hore: Add. to Edinburgh. 7. Whyles, ranging like a roaran lion, Add. to the Deil.
A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war, S. Caledonia. The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
Like Æsop's Lion, Burns says, sore I feel All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel.
Reply to a Reproof. Whistling his [combustion's] roaring pack abroad, Of mad, unmuzzled lions; The Election Ballads, VI.
The lion and the hull thy [Nature's] care have found, To R. G. of F
Lioness.
My voice, a lioness that mourns Her darling cub's undoing! The Election Ballads. VI. Lip. The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
Her sweet halmy lip when 'tis prest : S. Adown winding Nith †
And on thy lips I seal my vow, S. An' I'll kiss thee yet t
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; Delia, an Ode.
But, Delia, on thy balmy lips Let me, no vagrant insect, rove!
His haly lips wad licket at her S. Donald Brodie† Her lips are roses wet wi' dew! . S. Her flowing locks†
wi' hingin' lips and snakin', Holy Willie's Prayer.
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew, . S. I gaed a waefu't
'Compar'd wi' my delight is poor 'Upon the lips o' Phely
Thy tempting lips, thy glancing e'en, S. O were I on Parnass.†
Thy lips are as sweet and thy figure compleat, S. O when she cam ben †
Her lips still as she fragrant hreath'd, It richer dy'd the rose. S. On a bank of flowers †
Her lips are like the cherries ripe. Unto these rosy lips to grow: S. On Cessnock banks † S. Sae flaxen †
Was naething to my hinny bliss Upon the lips o' Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A.
She put the cup to her rosy lip S. The Lass that made the bed.
Take away these rosy lips, Rich with halmy treasure: S. Thine am I†
When ling ring lips no more must join; . To a Kiss.
O pale, pale now, those rosy lips I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly! S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Her lips more than the cherries bright, S. Young Peggy † Lippen'd [trusted].
I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth, To Dr. Blacklock.
Lippie [dim. of lip]. My blessins upon thy sweet, wee lippie! S.O whare didyc get †
Liquid. O let me steal one liquid kiss! Delia, an Ode.
The liquid fire of strong desire Nature's Law. In these savage, liquid plains, . On scaring Water-fowl.
Liquor.
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid, Scotch Drink. Mott. daily weet their weason Wi' liquors nice, Ib. 14.
Lisp. Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink, To sing thy name!
Lisping. The lisping infant prattling on his knee, The Cotter's Sat. Night.
List. But gif ye want ae friend that's true, 1'm on your list. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 15.
1 send you here a faithfu' list, O' gudes an' gear an' a' my graith, The Inventory.
Listed. He was a care-defying blade, As ever Bacchus listed! . The folly Beggars. R. VII.
Listen. She'll aiblius listen to my vow: S. I gaed a waefu't
And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes, S. My Nanie's Awa.

Sing on sweet hird, I listen to thy strain,

Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.

Therefore while ye're blooming Katie,

S. Will ye go and marry t Listened. I listen'd to a lover's sang, . S Ru Allan stream t How dull is that ear which to flattery so listened. Monody, on a Lady. And list ning to their [Passions] witching voice

Has often led me wrong.

4 Prayer in Prosp. of Death. List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle, A Winter Night. 3. Listening to the doubling roar, S. How can my foor heart \ List'ning to the wild birds singing. S. I dweam'd I lant By a falling, chrystal stream; on either hand the list ning Bard, . The Brigs of Ayr. 4. All nature list ning seem'd the while,

S. Twas even—the dewy† Listless. I, listless, yet restless,
Find ev ry prospect vaiu. Despondency, an Odc. 2. Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and deprest, To R. G. of F., Litigation. While subtile Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:

On Death of R. Dundas. Litter'd. And vermined gipsies litter'd heretofore. Eb. fr. Esobus. Littie. For prayin I hae little skill o't; A Ded. to G. H., 13. A little linnet fondly prest, . . S. A Rosebud by my t Adam A-'s Prayer. Gude pity me, because I'm little, . Which we so little merit, . . . At Globe Tav., D. The little birdies blythely sing, S. Bonie lassie, will ye go t Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair, S. Contented wi' little \$ Ye little know the ills ye court, . Despondency, an Ode. 5. Mourn little harebells o'er the lee; El. on Capt. M. H., 5. Ye ken yoursels, for little feck! . . El. on Year 1788. An' little to be trusted; . . . Ep. to Young Friend. Or if she [Religion] gie a random-sting, It may be little minded; . . . Ib. 10. Ep. to Davic. 2. The we hae little gear, . The poor, wee thing was little hurt; . . . Ep. to J. R., S. An' that there is I've little swither . . Ep. to Maj. Logan. S. An' that there is I ve have sware.

The little fate allows, they share as soon

Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Wha in his life did little good, Epit. on Mr. Burton. . Halloween. 14. Ye little Skelpie-limmer's face! But for to meet the Deil her lane, 16. 21. She pat but little faith in : . S. Here is the glen t His little faithful mate to chear, His little faithtui mate to early,
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flow'r,
S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite † . S. My father was a farmer t 1 earn a little money, O. . We seek but little, L-, from thee; . New Psalmody. The little floweret's peaceful lot In vonder cliff that grows, . S. Now Spring has clad t As little reckt I sorrow's power, But little thinks my love I ken brawlie, My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.

S. O meikle thinks my love t The little swallow's wanton wing, . . . S. O Phely t Say, was thy little mate unkind. . S. O stay, sweet warb. To bless his little filial flock, . . O Thou dread Pow'r t And she, a lovely little flower . . S. O wat ye wha's in t And she, a lovely little flower . And I a bird to shelter there, When wearied on my little wing. . S. O were my love t . On Death of fav. Child. My dear little angel, for ever, While larks with little wing, S. Phillis the Fair. Fann'd the pure air, . For making o' rhymes, and working at times, Ronalds of Bennals. Does little or naething at a', man. I've little to spend, and naething to lend, Ib. Telling o'er his little joys: . . . S. Sensibility † A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight, . . . Sketch.

Much specious lore, but little understood; . . . Ib. Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie. Tam o' Shanter. 15. But little wist she Maggie's mettle . . . Ib. 18.

How can ve chant, we little hirds	They'll live, or die wi' fame, Willie!
How can ye chant, ye little birds, And I sae fu' o' care! S. The Banks of Doon.	S. O Kenmure's on and awa †
Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,	I only live to love thee S. O were I on Parnass.
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink,
As yet ye little ken about the matter,	A' ye wha live by crambo-clink, A' ye wha live and never think, On Scotch Bard gne to W. I.
As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little, 16.	On Cessnock banks there lives a lass, S. On Cessnock banks †
And little fishes' caller rest: . S. The Contented Cottager.	Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
For them and for their little ones provide; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.	The bitter little that of life remains:
And, for the little songster's nest,	On seeing wounded Hare.
The close embowering thorn. The Petition of Br. Water.	For far in the west lives he I lo'e best, S. Out over the Forth †
Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel band Ib.	But still the hope Experience taught to live,
It puts but little in your pat ; The Inventory.	Lives there a man so firm who
tho' his little heart did grieve, The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.	Lives there a man so firm, who, Can reason down its [his heart's] agonizing throbs;
The ve can do little skaith, we'll be in at the death	Remorse. A Frag
	But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals, Ronalds of Bennals.
How little of life's scanty span may remain; S. The lazy mist †	If I should detail the pick and the wale
	O' lasses that live here awa, man,
For sense they little owe to frugal Heaven, To please the Moh they hide the little giv'n.	Let us th' important now employ,
The Ordination. Mott.	And live as those who never die. Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Here's a little wadset	Whose image lives within my breast; S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Buittles scrap o' truth, . The Election Ballads. IV.	It shall upon my bosom live, . S. The capt. Ribband.
That little wist a fa' The Ruined Maid's Lament.	While joys above my mind can move,
I've little to say, but only to pray, S. The sons of old Killie.	For thee, and thee alone I live: S. The day returns t
Wha canna win her in a night,	In your heretic sins may you live, and die, The Dean of Fac
Has little art in courting The Tarbolton Lasses.	An' if he live to be a heast.
That's little short o' downright wastrie The Twa Dogs. q.	To pit some havins in his breast! The Death of Mailie.
L—d man, our gentry care as little For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;	To live but her I canna; . S. The gowd. Locks of A.
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,	For something beyond it poor man sure must live.
The view o't gies them little fright	S. The lazy mist † We live like two lambs and we seldom provoke;
Haith lad ye little ken about it;	S. The Poor Thresher.
Fond, on thy little, early ways, . The Vision. D. 11. 12.	In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
Their little love's are blest, and their little hearts at rest,	The Rights of Woman.
S. The winter it is past †	But surely poor-folk mann he wretches! The Twa Dogs. 14.
Just ae hauf muchkin does me prime, Ought less is little, . There's nacthin like †	Sic twa, O! do I live to see't, The Twa Herds. 9.
Ought less is little, . There's naethin like † Clarinda, take this little hoon, To a Lady.	Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof, S. There was a lad †
	What then? poor beastie, thou mann live! . To a Mouse.
Ye little ken what cursed speed The blastie's makin! To a Louse.	O ye, donse folk, that live by rule, To J. S., 26.
With little admiring or blaming: To Capt. Riddel.	In quiet let me live: To Lord G.
And then my fifty pounds a year	To live one day of parting love! . To Mary in Heaven.
And then my fifty pounds a year Will little gain me To Dr. Blacklock.	Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives,
Not the little sporting fairy, . S. Turn again, thou fair	But still within my hosom's core
How can ye chant, ye little birds, . S. I'e banks and bracs †	Shall live my Highland Mary.
I little thought the time was near,	S. Ye banks, and bracs, and streams
Repentance I should buy sae dear: . S. Young Jamie	Lived, -'d. On eighteen pence a week I've liv'd before.
And little lambkins wanton wild, S. Young Peggy † Live. Nae ither care in life have I,	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
But live, an' love my Nanie, S. Behind you hills †	I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife, S. Farewell, ye dungcons †
Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,	'For monie a ane has gotten a fright, 'An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret,
And live or die wi' Charlie S. Come boat me o'er.	'That liv'd in Achmacalla: 16. 16.
I ask for dearest life alone,	There liv'd a lass in yonder dale, Katharine Jaffray.
That I may live to love her S. Come let me take thee †	And now I have liv'd—I know not how long,
And we will live like king and queen, S. Duncan Davison.	The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
That live sae bien an' snug:	An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay: Ib. S. IV.
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give, Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	We liv'd full one and twenty years
If there's another world, he lives in hliss; Epit. on a Friend.	A man and wife together; The Joyful Widower.
Would thou hae nobles' patronage.	How long I have liv'd,—but how much liv'd in vain; S. The lazy mist †
rifst learn to five without it:	A Nobleman liv'd in a village of late, The Poor Thresher.
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.	There liv'd ance a carle on Kellyburn-braes.
How we live, my Meg and me, S. First when Maggy †	S. There liv'd ance a carle t
O Thou, in whom we live and move, Grace after Dinner.	Live-day.
And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie S. Hee balou,† That lives at the lug o' the law! S. Here's a health to them †	So I. for my lost darling's sake, Lament the live-day long S. Fate gave the word t
	Livedst. Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unlov'd.
O dinna think my pretty pink, But I can live without thee: . S. Here's to thy health,	Monody, on a Lady.
We'll live a' our days, S. Hey ca' thro'.	Livid. The paly moon rose in the livid east, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,	Living, -in.
For thee I'd bear to die S. It is na, Jean,	O may it ne'er be a livin' plague Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.
"Why did I live to see that day? . Lament for Glencairn.	If sleekit Chatham Will was livin, Kind Sir, I've read t
Grant me, indulgent heaven, that I may live,	Her living image in her yowe, Poor Mailie's El
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give; Lns extm. in Lady's Pocket-bk.	Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin'; Scotch Drink. 5.
Give me with gay folly to live; Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.	Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
Whare live ye my bonie lass, S. My Collier Laddic.	Second Ep, to Davie, For vet, unskaith'd by Death's gleg gullie.
I live to-day as well's I may, Regardless of to-morrow, O. S. My father was a farmer †	For yet, unskaith'd by Death's gleg gullie, Tam Samson's livin! Tam Samson's El., Per C
Regardless of to-morrow, O. S. My father was a farmer †	Just now we're living sound an' hale; To J. S., 11.

Livistana An' Livistana the hauld Sir Willia	Ladge
Livistone. An' Livistone, the bauld Sir Willie; The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.	Lodge. Death's gien the Lodge an unco devel, . Tam Samson's El
Liv'st.	Lodge, to. I kend us where to lodge till day:
Thou liv'st on high for ever. The Election Ballads. V1. Lizie.	Lodger. S. The Lass that made the bed.
Wi' Lizie's lass, three times I trow; Holy Willie's Prayer. S. Lo I When, lo, in form of minstrel auld,	I left the lines, and tented field, Where lang I'd been a lodger, S. When wild War's
A stern and stalwart ghaist appear'd. [v.A.20] A Vision. And lo! the hard, a great reward,	My purse is light, I've far to gang, And fain wad be thy lodger;
Has got a double portion!	Lo'e, Loe, Loo [to love]. O dearly do I lo'e thee Annie. S. By Allan stream t
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —. When lo! on either hand the list ning Bard, The Brigs of dyr. 4.	I lo'e weel my Charlie's name, . S. Come boat me o'er. But a' the lads they loe me, and what the waur am I. S. Comin thro' the rye.
Lo, from the shades of death's deep night, Departed Whigs enjoy the fight, The Election Ballads. VI.	Say, thou lo'es nane before me; . S. Craigic-burn Wood.
Load. I rather wou'd hear a' the load o' my sorrow S. As I was a-wandring †	Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear, S. Here's a health to ane To tell thee that I loe thee. S. Here's to thy health
Beneath the load of years and cares, Auld comrade dear t	He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye, He has uae love to spare for me: S. In simmer when t
O Life! Thou art a galling load, . Despondency, an Ode. I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d—ble load.	And weel I wat he lo'es me dear;
Epig. on Capt. Grose. But, a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road,	But the Lassie that man loes best,
If your stuff he as rotten's her heart. Extem. pinned to Coach.	O that's the Lass to mak him blest. S. My Lord a-hunting † I'll flee to's arms I lo'e the best, S. Now rosy May †
Load to misery most distressing, S. Raving winds † What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,	The lav'rock lo'es the grass, The muirhen lo'es the heather; . S. O gic my love brose †
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.	And here's the flower that I lo'e hest S. O Kenmure's on and awa t
Than a' the pride that loads the tide, S. The day returns t	O ken ye what Meg o' the mill loes dearly? [re.]
Loan [lane]. He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,	S. O ken ye what Meg to O wat ye what that lo'es me, S. O wat ye wha that lo'es to
S. Last May a braw wooer† Loan, Loanin [the place of milking].	O sweet is she that lo'es me,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin To thee and thine; Friend of the Poet †	For there the bonie lassie lives, The lassie I lo'e best S. Of a' the airts
And up the loan she shaw'd me. S. Had I the wyte	the bonie lad that I lo'e best S. Oh, how can I be blythe
The Kye stood rowtan i' the loan; The Twa Dogs. 35.	For far in the west lives he I lo'e best, S. Out over the Forth
Loaves. That griens for the fishes and loaves. The Election Ballads, III.	I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel tell, Ronalds of Bennals. And ay my Chloris' dearest charm, She says she lo'es me best of a'
Loch. Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs, The Election Ballads. I.	She says she lo'es me best of a'
Lochinton.	The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen S. Tam Glen.
Theu came the Laird o' Lochinton Out frae the English horder, Katharine Jaffray.	I lo'e him best of onie yet S. The cardin o't.
Locked, -'d.	O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear; S. There was a lass But th' laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'.
Poor labour sweet in sleep was locked, A Winter Night. z. And in his arms he lock'd her sicker. S. Donald Brodie †	S. There's a youth †
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,	Her darling bird that she lo'es best To W. Creech. The hunter lo'es the morning sun, . S. When o'er the hill!
For then I am lock'd in thy arms, Jessy. S. Here's a health to ane †	Lassie, say thou lo'es me; . S. Wilt thou be my t
I lock'd her in my fond embrace; S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Let me, lassie, quickly die, Trusting that thou lo'es me:
His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar The Twa Dogs. 3.	The honie lass that I loe best
Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace, Ye banks, and bracs, and streams †	She'll he my ain for a' that S. Women's Minds. But I lo'e the dear Lassie because she lo'es me.
Locks. Her leafy locks wave in the breeze	
S. Again rejoicing Nature †	But there is ane, a secret ane, Aboon them a' I loo him better; S. Braw lads on Yar, bracs Load, Lload we gar and late: S. John Anderson'
Exten. on W. Smellie. Her flowing locks, the raven's wing, S. Her flowing locks †	Lo eu. I lo cu ye chi ana late i
Your locks were like the raveu, S. John Anderson†	But her tenpund lands o' tocher gude Were a' the charms his Lordship lo'ed.
your locks are like the snow	S. My Lord a hunting to Or leaves the faithfu' lass he lo'ed,
Lament for Glencairn. The grouping trees untimely shed their locks.	To wear a ragged coat. The Ruined Maid's Lament. And she lo'ed her bonic laddie dear; S. There was a bonic lass
Winter's time-bleach'd locks The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	But the bonie lass he lo'ed sae dear 16.
though his locks be lyart gray, S. The cardin o't.	I never lo'ed a dearer, S. My Love's a winsome that for a blink I hae lo'ed best, S. O lay thy loof
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine The gowden locks of Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A.	I lo'ed her meikle and lang; S. She's fair and fause
In all her [Autumn's] locks of yellow. The Petition of Br. Water.	Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
What the, with heavy locks I must stand the winter shocks,	I hae lo'ed the Fair, the Gowden; S. Wantonness one's he, a sodger auce I lo'ed,
The hawthoru I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey, S. The Posie.	Forget him shall I never: . S. When wild War's t Lo'esome (lovable, lovely).
Her haffet locks as brown's a herry, S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.	I'm tald they re lo'esome kimmers! To Mr. M'Adam. Lofty. With lordly honor's lofty brow, A Winter Night. 8.
Crush the locusts, save the flower. Wr. in Hermitage, F. C.	How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Loda. Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal, The Whistle. The son of great Loda was conqueror still,	The braes ascend like lofty wa's, S. Bonie lassie, will ye go

Mark, how their lofty independent spirit Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!	Far dearer to me you lone glen of green breckan, S. Their groves of †
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell: Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Thro' lofty groves, the Cushnt roves, S. Now westlin winds † On the lofty ether horne,	Lonely.
Man with all his powers you scorn; On scaring Water-fowl. Where, braving angry winter's storms,	lonely Hermit plac'd Where never human footstep trac'd, Despondency, an Ode. 4.
The lofty Ochils rise, S. Peggy Chalmers. Ye lofty banks that Evan bound! S. Slow spreads the gloom!	The Woodcock hannts the lonely dells; S. Now westlin winds† Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
Give me the groves that lofty brave	On Death of R. Dundas. As one who by some savage stream,
The storms, by Castle Gordon. S. Streams that glide † On lofty aiks the cushats wail, S. The Contented Cottager.	A lonely gem surveys, S. Peggy Chalmers.
Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,	Gi'e me the lonely valley, The dewy eve, and rising moon; S. Sae flaxen†
My lovely banks o'erspread, The Petition of Br. Water. There, distant shone, Art's lofty boast, The Vision. D. I. 13.	At length his lonely Cot appears in view, The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Where fame and honours lofty shine; S. Twas even-the dewy †	Along the lonely hanks of Ayr S. The gloomy night †
You wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide, S. You wild mossy mountains †	I joy my lonely days to lead in This desert drear; The Hermit.
Logan. And there will be Logan M'Dowall; The Election Ballads. III.	I saw thee leave their ev'ning joys, And lonely stalk, . The Vision. D. II. 15.
Logan, Logan-water.	Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, Roaring by my lonely cave S. Thickest night †
O Logan! sweetly didst thon glide, S. O Logan! sweetly † And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,	When musing in a lonely glade, S. Twas even—the dewy t
Like Logan to the simmer sun	Or wand'ring in the lonely wild:
Far, far frae me and Logan braes [re.] 1b. Her face wad fyle the Logan-water; S. Willie Wastle †	Long.
Logic. Wi' Logic, an' wi' Scripture, They raise a din,	Long life, my Lord, and health be yours, Add. of Beelzebub. Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;
The Holy Fair. 18. In days when mankind were hat callans, At Grammar, Logic, an' sic talents, To W. Simpson. P.S.	So long, sweet Poet of the Year,
But tho' dull prose-folk latin splatter In logic tulzie,	Shall bloom that wreath thon well hast won; Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Till with their Logic-jargon tir'd, Auld comrade dear †	Long, long the night, S. Ay waking, O† Long quiet she reign'd; S. Caledonia.
Loiter. They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy; The Twa Dogs. 30.	Repeated, successive, for many long years, 1b.
Loncartie [village near Perth, scene of a decisive	Long since, this world's thorny ways
defeat of the ancient Danes].	'Twas four long nights and days to shaving-night.
But brave Caledonia in vain they assuil'd, As Largs well can witness, and Loncartic tell. S. Caledonia.	Extem. on W. Smellie. M'Pherson's time will not be long
London, Lon'on. It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,	On yonder gallows-tree S. Farewell, ye dungeons t
To purchase peace and rest; Ep. to Davie. 5.	So I, for my lost darling's sake, Lament the live-day long S. Fate gave the word †
What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on? Scots Prologue. In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a':	They've taen a weapon, long and sharp, And cut him by the knee; John Barleycorn. 7.
The Belles of Mauchline. That he, at Lon'on, frae ane Adams got; The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	That long has stood the wind and rain; Lament for Glencairn.
They fell upon a scheme,	And bless auld Coila, large and long, Nature's Law. The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke, Long, long he pleas'd to spare; . O Thou dread Pow'r†
To send a lad to London town The Election Ballads. I. To send a lad to London town	Long, long he pleas'd to spare : O Thou dread Pow'r † The forms of ages long gone hy . On Lincluden.
They met upon a day,	And ushers the long dreary night; Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Might nae man him withstand	But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds Succeeding hopes heguil'd Sad thy tale †
And ilka ane at London court Would bid to him gude day	And long pursued me with her eye. S. Slow spreads the gloom
And he wad gang to London town, If sae their pleasure was	Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil, Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
For the auld gudeman o' London court	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20. Squadrons extended long and large, The Election Ballads. VI. But long ere night cut down it lies
She didna care a pin;	
His back's heen at the wa';	All wither'd and decay'd The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps. Long did I hear the heavy yoke, . S. The Joyful Widowcr.
Whom I like hest at name	And now I have lived—I know not how long, The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
Whom will you send to London town, To Parliament and a that? 1b. 11.	I see the hours, in long array, That I must suffer, lingering, slow. The Lament. 7.
But Garlies was to London gane,	How long I have liv'd,—but how much liv'd in vain;
Twixt London and the Tweed, man. The Tree of Liberty.	S. The lazy mist † And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. The Whistle.
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on The Twa Dogs. 18. Lone.	Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
Lone from your savage homes exil'd, A Winter Night. 5.	To a Mountain-Daisy.
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours, Add. to Edinburgh. O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountains straying,	Mayst thon long, sweet crimson gem, Richly deck thy native stem; F[intry], my other stay, long bless and spare!
Lament on leaving Nat. Land. Lone on the bleaky hills the straying flocks	Thro'a long life his hopes and wishes crown; To R. G. of F., q. Yet long, long too well have I known: S. Where are the joys †
On Death of R. Dundas. Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell,	Beck'ning thee to long repose; . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
On Death of Sir J. Blair. in lone poverty's dominion drear, Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	In uproar and riot rejoice the night long; Ye true "Loyal Nat.s" †
lone in Patmos banished, . The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	Long, to. The water rins o'er the hengh,
In this lone cave, in garments lowly, The Hermit	And I land for many the little in the little

Longer.	That looks sae proud and high S. O Tibbie!
And longer with Politics, not to be cramm'd,	Ye need na look sae high
Nor longer idly rave, Sir; . S. Husband, husband †	O never look down, my lassie at a', S. O when she cam ben t
	Yet look as ye were na looking at me, [re.] . S. O whistle, †
In window fair, the painted pane No longer glows with holy stain On Lincluden.	Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a', As I look o'er my sonnet On dining with Daer.
Where suffering no longer can harm thee,	Out over the Forth I look to the north, S. Out over the Forth
On Death of fav. Child.	But I look to the West when I gae to rest,
Shall no longer appear in the records of fame; Reproof by Himself.	Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
the transfer of the Western D. H. a.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage; The Whistle. 15.	God grant the King and ilka man May look weel to themsel The Election Ballads. I.
The Whistle, 15.	The man of independent mind,
Longing. Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan, Et., to R. Graham. 3.	He looks and laughs at a that S. The Honest Man.
Longitude.	Looks round him an' found them Impatient for the Chorus The Jolly Beggars. R. I'III.
In longitude the sorely scanty,	To mak bimsel look fair and fatter, . The Twa Dogs. 23.
It was her best, and she was vauntie. Tam o' Shanter. 15.	A reekit wee deevil looks ower the wa',
Long-lov'd. Learning and Worth in equal measures trode, From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode:	S. There liv'd ance a carle
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view On sic a dinner? To a Haggis.
Lon'on v. London.	And look through Nature with creative fire;
Lonsdale. Why, Lonsdale thus, thy wrath on vagrants pour,	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Loof [the palm of the hand].	Looked, -'d.
Wi' weel spread looves, an' lang wry faces;	That when I looked to my dart, It was sae blunt, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 17.
A Ded. to G. H., 9.	Look'd asklent and unco skeigh, S. Duncan Gray
But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,	By fits the sun's departing beam
But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loot, I'm thine at one and twenty. S. And O for one and twenty t	Look'd on the fading yellow woods Lament for Glencairn.
U lay thy loof in mine, lass, 3. U lay thy loof †	I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, S. The auld man
An's loof upon her bosom Unkend The Holy Fair. 11.	And there, sae grave. Squire Cardoness Look'd on till a' was done; The Election Ballads. V.
And heav'd on high my wauket loof, The Vision. D. I. 6.	I look'd her in her bonny face, S. The lass that made the bed.
The gossip keekit in his loof, S. There was a lad t	His twisted head look'd backward on his way, The Vowels.
And wi' her loof her face a washin; S. Willie Wastle† Look. His darin look bad dannted me; A Vision.	Looking.
Look. His darin look bad dannted me; A Vision. And love said, laughing in her looks,	Now looking over firth and fauld,
Come kiss me at your leisure. S. As I gaed up by t	Her born the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd; [v.A.20] A Vision.
Her looks were like a flow'r in May, . S. Blythe was she, t	Loom. Sat working at his loom; . S. My heart was ance † Loon 7. Loun.
A look of pity hither cast, . El. on Capt. M. H. Epit.	Loose. Unknown each guilty worldly fire,
But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet, S. Handsome Nell.	Remorse's throb, or loose desire; . The Hermit.
The gentle look that rage disarms; S. My Mary's face t	Loose, to. An' loose a man on me, jo. S. O wat ye what my
Her looks are like the sportive lamb, S. On Cessnock banks †	Loosed.
Her looks are like the vernal May, When ev'ning Phœbus shines serene, Ib. Sett. II.	He loosed on me a lang man, [re.] . S. O wat ye what my
An' at his lordship steal't a look . On dining with Daer.	Loot [did let]. An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke,
That there is falsehood in his looks	I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
I must and will deay: That there is falsehood t	S. Last May a braw wooer
And tak a look o' Mysie; . The Tarbolton Lasses. Ah, though my looks betray,	Loove [love].
I envy your success; To Clarinda.	Loove for loove is the bargain for me, S. My Collier Laddie. Looves v. Loof.
Her look was like the morning's eye.	Lord [the Supreme Being].
S. Twas even—the dewy t	For, Lord be thanket, I can plough; . A Ded. to G. H., 2.
Ae look deprived me o' my heart, . S. When first I saw †	Then, Lord be thanket, I can beg;
Look, to. Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide; A Winter Night. 7.	And ony De'il that thinks to get you,
And gar me look like bluntie, S. And O for ane and twenty t	Good Lord deceive him A Farewell
Wishfully I look and languish	L-d, we thank an' thee adore A Grace Lord bless us with content! A Grace before Dinner
In that bonie face of thine; . S. Bonie wee thing t	Lord grant, nae duddie, desperate heggar, Add. of Beelzebub
Look something to your credit; Epit. on Holy Willie. Good L-d, what is man! for as simple he looks.	O Lord, when hunger pinches sore,
Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks:	Do thou stand us in stead, At Globe Tav., D
Fragment, inser. to Fox.	O Lord, since we have feasted thus,
And then there's something in ber gait Gars ony dress look weel S. Handsome Nell.	An' L-d, remember singing Sannock, Auld comrade dear
	The Lord their God, his Grace. Epig. on being neglected at I. Inn
I vow and swear, I dinna care, How lang ye look about ye. S. Here's to thy health,†	But by the L-d, tho' I should beg Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 9
Innocence Looks gaily-smiling on; Innocence.	L-d, I'se hae sportio by an' by, Ep. to J. R., 11
O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa', S. Lady Mary Ann.	This worthless body damn'd himsel,
Look abroad through Nature's range, . S. Let not woman †	To save the Lord the trouble Epit. on D-C-
Soor Bigotry, on her last legs,	Good L-d, what is man! . Fragment inser. to Fox
Girnin looks back, Letter to J. Gouate.	Guid L-d! but she was quankin! . Halloween. 12 An' she cry'd, L-d preserve her!
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore, S. Lovely Davies.	An' she cry'd, L—d preserve her!
Look not alone on youthful Prime, Man was made to Mourn.	Where'er he he the Lord he near him:
The more in this [wealth, &c.] you look for bliss,	S. Ken ye ought o Capt. G.
You leave your view the farther, O: S. My father was a farmer †	Royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him! Kind Sir, I've read
Look down with gracious eyes: Nature's Law.	The Lord forgi'e me for lying, [re.] S. Last May a braw wooer
[The Deil] He'd look into thy bonie face, And say, "I canna wrang thee." S. O Saw ye bonie Lesley †	But gin the Lord's ain focks gat leave, . Letter to J. Goudie
And say, "I canna wrang thee." S. U Saw ye bonte Lesley	Dut gin the Lord's and tooks gat leave, a metter to f. donate

"L-d, G-d!" quoth he, "I have it now, Lns to J. Ranken.	T.C. and Y. and Dominate to all to
O sing a new song to the L-, New Psalmody.	I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Princes and lords are but the breath of hings.
We seek but little, L-, from thee;	Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
Thou kens we get as little	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19. Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix. The Election Ballads. II.
On Com. Goldie's Brains.	The Election Ballads, II.
Wi' deils, they say, L—d safe's! colleaguin On Grose's Peregrinations.	Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that
The Lord preserve us frae the devil! Poem on Life.	A lord may be a lousy loun,
That at the L-d's house, even on Sunday,	Wi' ribhon, star, and a' that
That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter. 3.	Come, will ye court a noble lord, . The Fête Champetre. Ve see you hirkie ca'd a Lord,
'L—d, five!' he cry'd, nn' owre did stagger;	Wha struts and stares, and a' that; S. The Honest Man.
Tam Samson's Fl. 11.	My Lord, I know your noble ear
An' I.—d! if ance they pit her till't, Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Woe ne'er assails in vain; . The Petition of Br. Water.
The L-d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!	Delighted doubly then, my Lord, You'll wander on my hanks,
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gav :
And O! he sure to fear the Lord alway! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.	You'll wander on my hanks,
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.' Ib.	Tree lord, a wight of fromer strate, 10. A. VII.
He founder'd his horse among harlots,	Now was to thee, thou cruel lord, S. The lovely lass †
But gied his auld naig to the Lord. The Election Ballads, III.	Gif ance the peasant taste a hit, He's greater than a lord, man, . The Tree of Liberty.
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell	About the lords o' the creation The Twa Dogs. 6.
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell,	Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur, The Whistle. 4.
"Let me, O Lord! from life retire, The Hermit.	All hail! inexorable lord!
But now the L-'s ain trumpet touts, . The Holy Fair. 21.	Lord-Lieutenant. And where is our King's Lord-lieutenant,
(L-d pardon a' my sins an' that to!) The Inventory.	The Election Ballads. III.
(L—d keep me ay frae a' temptation!)	Lordling.
B' the L-d! ye'se get them a' thegither	A haughty lordling's pride; . Man was made to Mourn.
But the Doctor's your mark, for the L—d's haly ark, He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't.	If I'm design'd you lordling's slave,
The Kirk's Alarm.	Disguising off the wretch of human kind.
To crush common sense for her sins,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.
But we hae meat and we can ent,	Lordly.
And sae the Lord he thanket The Selkirk Grace.	'Plac'd for her [Luxury's] lordly use thus far, thus vile helow! A Winter Night. 7.
Was made lang syne, lord knows how lang. The Twa Dogs. 4.	lordly Honor's lofty brow,
L—d man, our gentry care as little	Let minstrels sweep the skilful string,
L—d man, were ye but whyles where 1 am,	In lordly, lighted ha': S. Behold, my love, †
He kend the Lord's sheep ilka tail,	Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank hane, Ent lordly stalks, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 12.
Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye, . To Dr. Blacklock.	If 'tis still the lordly word. Service and obedience:
Lord help me thro' this warld o' care! 16.	If 'tis still the lordly word, Service and ohedience; S. Husband, husband †
L-d man there's lasses there wnd force	And see his lordly fellow-worm, The poor petition spurn, . Man was made to Mourn.
A hermit's fancy, . To Mr. J. Kennedy. Fareweel, auld birkie! Lord he near ye,	
And then the Deil he daurna steer ye: . To Terraughty.	the lordly state, The arrogant assuming:
Lord. I see ye're complimented thrang,	Of lordly acquaintance you boast, On an empty Fellow. the lordly state, The arrogant assuming: On dining with Daer.
By many a lord an' lady; A Dream. Long life, my Lord, and health be yours, Add. of Beelzebub.	But lordly will, I hold it still A mortal sin to thraw that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
But hear, my Lord! G[lengarry] hear!	There, distant shone, Art's lofty hoast,
Go on, my Lord! I lang to meet you,	There, distant shone, Art's lofty hoast, The lordly dome. The Vision. D. I. 13.
Wi' common Lords ye shanna mingle,	Lordship.
For Lords or kings I dinna mourn, . El. on Year 1788.	Far less [right] to riches, pow'r or freedom, But what your Lordship please to gie them!
But here we're a' in ae accord. For ilka man that's drunk's a lord. S. Gane is the day t	Add. of Beelsebub. 3.
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord. S. Gane is the day † He whistl'd up lord Lenox' march, Halloween, 19.	His Lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e, Extem. in Court of Session.
I'll desert my sov'reign lord, . S. Husband, husband +	But her tenpund lands o' tocher gude Were a' the charms his Lordship lo'ed.
Out came the Lord of Lauderdale,	S. My Lord a-hunting †
Out frae the south countrie, O, Katherine Jaffray.	Then from his lordship I shall learn, On dining with Daer.
In loud lament hewail'd his lord, . Lament for Glencairn, My Lord a-hunting he is gane, . S. My Lord a-hunting t	An' at his lordship steal't a look
My Lord a-hunting he is gane, S. My Lord a-hunting † But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet,	But, oh! respect his lordship's taste, And spare his golden hindings The Book-Worms.
My Lord thinks meikle mair upon't	He thanked his Lordship S. The Poor Thresher.
I am nachody's lord, I'll be slave to nachody; S. Nachody.	Lore. Ev'n 1 who sing in rustic lore, Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord That ever Galloway saw. S. O Kenmure's on and awa t	Fu' lifted up wi' Hehrew lore, On W. Chalmers.
That ever Galloway saw. S. O Kenmure's on and awa † Lord Gregory ope thy door. [re.] . S. O mirk, mirk †	With manly lore or female heauty bright,
In leaving the dochter of a lord, . S. O when she cam ben !	Prologue, sp. by Woods. Much specious lore, but little understood: Sketch.
Sae far I sprackled up the brae,	Will time, amus'd with proverh'd lore.
I dinner'd wi' a Lord On dining with Dacr.	Add to our date one minute more? Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Eut wi' a Lord—stand out my shin, A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son,	This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
An sic n Lord—lang Scotch ells twa	Among the first was number'd; . S. The Dean of Fac Nor learns their guilty lore! The 1st Psalm.
Would be lord of all below: . On scaring Water-fowl.	To Nature's God and Nature's law
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty Lord, Scots Prologue	To Nature's God and Nature's law They gave their lore, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
Ve Irish lords, ye knights an' squires, Wha represent our Brughs an' Shires, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	To mend the honest Patriot-lore, 1b. D. II. 5.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Unskilful he to note the card Of prudent Lore, . To a Mountain-Daisy.

Lose.	Lot. How blest the Solitary's lot, . Despondency, an Ode. 3.
But when Divinity comes cross me, My readers then are sure to lose me. A Ded. to G. H., 11.	May dool and sorrow he his lot, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,
But he the helpless, needless wretch,	And think my lot divine. S. My Wife's a winsome.
Shall lose the mite he hath. Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.	The little floweret's peaceful lot S. Now Spring has clad † When here your favour is the actor's lot,
For fear by foes that they should lose, Their cogs o' brose, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
The Ribband shall its freedom lose	Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Let them cout about decornil	But, cursed lot! the gates were shut. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Who have character to lose. The Jolly Beggars. S. 1111.	But, if the Lover's raptur'd hour
Losh [an exclamation, or petty oath]. Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch, What ails ye now t	And I never repine at my lot in the least.
Loss. By loss o' blood, or want o' breath, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.	S. The Poor Thresher. The star that rules my luckless lot To J. S., 6.
The losses, the crosses,	Loth.
The losses and crosses.	Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene? Why am I loth
Be lessons right severe, Ep. to Davic. 7.	Lothians, Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets, A towment gude; On Grose's Peregrinations.
My loss 1 mourn, but not repent it, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12. Your heavy loss deplore; On Death of Laf-dog.	Loud. The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads, A Fragment. 7. The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill; S. Behind you hills †
O heavy loss thy country ill could bear! A loss these evil days can ne'er repair!	An' Paitrick's scraichau loud at e'en, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st.
On Death of K. Dunaas.	Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;
To those who for her loss are grieved, This consolation's given On Poet's Daughter.	Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind S. I'm o'er young to marry t
It's no the loss o' warl's gear, That could sae bitter draw the tear, . Poor Mailie's El	In lond lament bewail'd bis lord, Lament for Glencairn.
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet [v.A.10] Sonnet on Death of Riddel.	Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry, S. My bonie Mary. And loud the tempest's roar: S. O mirk, mirk t
May losses and crosses	the scowl of the loud winter storm, On Death of fav. Child.
Ne'er at your hallan ca'. The Ans. to the Guidwife. Like loss o' health or want o' masters, The Twa Dogs. 11.	The holy anthem loud and clear; On Lincluden. While loud the trump's heroic clang, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
May mourn their loss wi' doolfn' clamour; To II'. Creech	Lond deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
Lost. Then lost his way, ae misty day. A Fragment. 4. The branchy shelter lost and gane . As on the banks?	Tam o' Shanter. 8. And loud resounded mirth and dancing
Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost;	The piper loud and louder blew: 1b. 12.
That we lost, did I say, nay, by heav'n that we found, At Meet, of D. Volunteers.	November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh; The Cotter's Sat. Night.
The lassie lost a silken snood, S. Braw lads of G. water.	Lond roars the wild inconstant blast, S. The gloomy night t
And in the mirk and dreary drift The hills and glens are lost. S. Cauld is the e'enin blast t	An' some are busy bleth'ran Right lond The Holy Fair. 8. thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang
Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13.	But up arose the martial Chuck,
So I, for my lost darling's sake, Lament the live-day long S. Fate gave the word,†	An' laid the loud uproar. The Jolly Beggars. R. II. Loud blaw the frosty breezes. S. The yng Highl. Rover.
There seek my lost repose S. Had I a cave t	Till war's loud alarms Tore her laddie frae her arms. S. There was a bonie lass t
But her tap-pickle maist was lost,	I lap and cry'd fu' loud To Mr. M'Adam.
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,	An' muckle din there was about it, Baith loud an' lang. To W. Simpson. P.S.
A Family in Heaven! O Thou dread Pow'r to lost in thought profound On Lincluden.	Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast, S. Up in the morning.
And faith ye'll no be lost a whit.	Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting, S. Wandering Willie.
Tho' waired on Willie Chalmers. On W. Chalmers. An idiot race, to honour lost; On Window at Stirling.	Loud-pouring. Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
He's lost a friend and neebor dear, Poor Mailie's El	S. My heart's in the Highlands t
Thee Ferintosh! O sadly lost! Scotch Drink. 19. Can all the wealth of India's coast.	Still londer shricks, and heavier groans! A Ded. to G. H., 10.
Atone for years in absence lost? S. Slow spreads the gloom 1	The piper loud and louder blew; . Tam o' Shanter. 12.
Dearest of Distillation! last and best! How art thou lost! The Author's Cry and Prayer. Mott.	Loudest. And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar, Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
Her lost Militia fir'd her blaid;	Loudly.
They've lost some gallant gentlemen S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	As something loudly in my breast, Remonstrates 1 have done; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost, That Architecture's noble art is lost! The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	The voice of nature loudly cries, That something in us never dies: Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.	For Freedom, standing by the tree, Her sons did loudly ca, man; The Tree of Liberty.
By a thievish midge They had amaist been lost The Election Ballads. IV.	Where the cannons loudly roar; S. There's was a bonie lass t
I've lost but ane. I've twa behin',	Lough [a loch or lake].
I've wife eneugh for a' that. The Jolly Beggars. S. I'II. And is she ever, ever lost? The Lament.	Wi you, mysel, I gat a fright, Ayout the lough: Add. to the Deil. 7. When to the laugher the Curlers flock. Tam Samson's El
So lost to Honor, lost to Truth,	Louis
For there I lost my father dear, S. The lovely lass of Inv. † And I hae lost my lightsome heart	Louis what reck I by thee, . S. Louis what reck I t
That little wist a fa The Ruined Maid's Lament. Here, rivers in the sea were lost; The Vision. D. I. 13.	King Loui' thought to cut it down, The Tree of Liberty. Loun, Loon, Lown [a fellow, a ragamuffin].
Already one strong hold of hope is lost, To R. G. of F., 9.	Ve're but a nack o' traitor louns, . S. Awa, wags, awa.
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd, To IV. Creech.	Does haughty Gaul invasion threat? Then let the louns beware, Sir, . S. Does haughty Gaul†
Sprung from night, in darkness lost; Wr, in Friars-Carse H.	* ***** *** **** **** **** **** **** *

Till, slap! come in an unco loun, And wi' a rung decide it: S. Does haughty Gaul †	Yet rich in kindest, truest love, S. Braw lads on Yar. bracs.
But deil a foreign tinkler loun	The bands and bliss o' mutual love, O that's the chiefest warld's treasure! 1b.
Shall ever ca' a nail in't: ,	I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee.
And Duncan, ye're an unco loun; S. Duncan Gray. Grim loon! he gat me by the fecket, Friend of the poet † P.S.	And follow my love through the water. S. Braw lads of G. Water.
A coward loon she ca'd me; S. Had I the wyte	But secret love will break my heart
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie, S. Hee balou, †	If I conceal it langer S. Craigie-burn Wood, In love to lie and languish,
Dyvor, beggar louns to me, . S. Louis what reck I †	For oh! my soul is parch'd with love! Delia. An Ode.
Wha first shall rise to gang awa, A cuckold coward loun is he! . S. O Willie brew'd †	But ah! those pleasures, Loves and Ious
A lord may be a lousy loun,	which I too keenly taste, . Despondency, an Ode.
Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that. The Election Ballads. II. Was worth the loon wha wadna eat	Slighted love is sair to bide, S. Duncan Gray †
Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; The Tree of Liberty.	Ye woodland choir that channt your idle loves,
But shortly they will cowe the louns! To W. Simpson. P.S A furnicator lown he call'd me, What ails ve now †	El. on Miss Burnet. In respect for the love and affection he'd show'd her,
A furnicator lown he call'd me, What ails ye now † Lounging.	She reduc'd him to dust and she drank up the powder.
They loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy; . The Twa Dogs. 30.	
Loup, Lowp [to leap].	The sacred lowe o' weel placed love, Luxuriantly indulge it; Line Ep. to Young Friend. 6.
As round the fire the giglets keckle To see me loup; . Add. to Toothache.	O Thou, whose very sell art love! Eb. to Davic. o.
Or loup the ecliptic like a bar; Ep. to H. Parker.	The smile of love, the friendly tear, The sympathetic glow!
But did na Jeanie's heart lowp light, S. There was a lass † Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies,	Ev'n love an' friendship should give place To catch-the plack I Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 20.
Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies, To Dr. Blacklock.	Whose arms of love would grasp the human race:
Louping, Lowping [leaping].	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Spak o' louping o'er a linn; S. Duncan Gray † Lowping and flinging on a crummock, Tam o' Shanter. 14.	By love and by beauty, By law and by duty; S. Eppie Adair.
Lour. Chill came the tempest's lour; To Chloris.	O did not Love exclaim, "Forbear! S. Fairest Maid! No love but thine my heart shall know. 1b.
Lour, Lower, to.	Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties!
See the front of battle lonr; S. Scots, wha ha'e † Fear not clouds will always lour Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	S. Farewell, thou fair day
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.	Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown, S. Farewell, thou stream t
Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Louse. Is instant made no worth a louse	Forlorn, my love, no comfort near, S. Forlorn, my Love
Just at the bit. Add. to the Deil. 11.	Far, far from thee, the fate severe At which I most repine, Love
Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse, What ails ye now t	O wert thou, Love, but near me,
Lousy, -ie. A lord may be a lousy loun,	And mingle sighs with mine, Love
Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that. The Election Ballads, II.	Save in those arms of thine, Love
What ails ye now, ye lousie b-b, What ails ye now	Till the Fates, nae mair severe, Friendship, Love, and Peace restore. S. Frae the friends †
Love [v. also Luve, Loove]. Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe, A Winter Night. 8.	But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Is there, beneath Love's noble name,	Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear, S. Hark! the mavis
Can harbour, dark, the selfish aim,	At once 'tis music, -and 'tis love! S. Here is the glen
To love pretending snares,	O welcome dear to love and me!
Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,	Still my heart is with my love; S. How can my poor heart † He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
I see the Sire of Love on high, And own his work indeed divine! Add. to Edinburgh,	He has nae love to spare for me: S. In simmer subert
And own his work indeed divine! Add. to Edinburgh. 4. An'all the soul of love they shar'd, Add. to the Deil. 15.	But the tender heart o' leesome love, The gowd and siller canna buy:
When Phoebus peeps over the mountains, On music, and pleasure, and love. S. Adown winding Nith †	Light is the burden love lays on;
On music, and pleasure, and love. S. Adown winding Nith † Ah. Chloris, since it may na be,	Content and love bring peace and joy,
That thou of love wilt hear; S. Ah. Chloris	Above the world on wings of love I rise, In vain wld Prudence †
Youth, grace, and love attendant move, S. A. Mastrin's bonic Anne.	The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and bliss! Innocence †
Ine Captive bands may chain the hands	My Love and Native Land fareweel, . S. It was a' for † But I hae parted frae my Love,
But powerful love enslaves the man: 1b. And love was ay the tale. S. As down the horn to	Never to meet again,
"Love, I like the burn, And ay shall follow you."	If thou would win my love, Jamie, come try me [re.]
The Oueen of love could never many	S. Jamie, come try me † If thou should ask my love, Could I deny thee? 15.
With motion more enchanting. S. As I gaed up by † And love said, laughing in her looks	If thou should kiss me, love, Wha could espy thee?
And love said, laughing in her looks, Come kiss me at your leisure. 1b.	Gie me love at ony price; S. Jockey fou † Love alane can gi'e delight
For oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain. S. As I was a-wand ring t	Gi'e me love in her I court :
My heart-warm love to guid huld Glen, Auld comrade t	Love to love maks a' the sport
O this love, this love ! [re.] S. Ay waking, O+	Let love sparkle in her e'e;
Spare, O spare my love! 1b. Behold, my love, how green the groves, S. Behold, my love †	Never can engage my love;
The courtier's gems may witness love	Never can engage my love; Spare my love ye winds that blaw, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting † In love and freedom they rejoice, Lament of Mary of Scots,
But 'tis na love like mine	In love and freedom they rejoice, Lament of Mary of Scots.
Hopeless love declaring; S. Blythe has I heart	No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee S. Bonie lassie, will we got	And talk of love my dearie O. S. Lassic wi' the lintwhite +
Wit. and Grace, and Love, and Beauty, In ne constellation shine; Bonie wee thing	And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;
. Donie wee thing t	S. Last May a braw woocr

And vow'd for my love he was dying; S. Last May a braw wooer †	Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love, On Birth of Posth. Child.
Let not woman e'er complain	Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure! . S. One fond kiss,†
Of inconstancy in love; S. Let not woman	Thy rural loves are nature's sel; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Let her crown my love her law, S. Louis what reck I† And Man, whose heav'n-erected face,	Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell O' witchin love,
The smiles of love adorn, . Man was made to Mourn.	Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
In love's delightful fetters, she chains the willing soul! S. Mark yonder Pomp†	Prologue, at Th., D Nay more, that very love their cause of ruin!
And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll Ib.	Remorse. A Frag How true is love to pure desert,
Loves, graces and virtues, I call not on you; Monody, on a Lady.	So love to her, sae far awa: S. Sae far awa.
The diamond-dew in her een sae blue, Where laughing love sae wanton swims.	Nane other love, nane other dart, I feel, but her's . /b. Her's are the willing chains o' love, . S. Sae flaxen †
S. My Lord a-hunting T	And hear my vows o' truth and love,
My love she's but a lassie yet, S. My love she's but t My love's a winsome wee thing, S. My Love's a winsome t	Death tears the brother of her love
Tho' the love that I owe to thee I darena show,	From Isabella's arms
Yet I love my love in secret, . S. My Sandie gied † Which divides my love and me: S. Musing on the roaring †	S. Saw ye my Phely.
There catch her ilka glance of love [re.]	Bowers adieu! where love decoying, First enthrall'd this heart o' mine, . S. Scenes of weet
But love wi' unrelenting beam	Till he forgets his loves or debts, . Scotch Drink. Mott.
Has scorch'd my fountains dry. S. Now Spring has clad ?	Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink, Second Ep. to Davie.
'till Love has o'er me past, And blighted a' my bloom, Hb. the flowery snare Of witching love,	Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love Sketch.
But love is far a sweeter flow'r	Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love, S. Somebody. By my love so ill requited; S. Stay, my charmer t
Amid life's thorny path o' care. S. O bonte was you rosy 1	Sweetest May let love inspire thee; . S. Sweetest May
O gie my love brose, brose, Gie my love brose and butter; . S. O gie my love brose †	Not high-born, but noble-minded, In Love's silken band can bind it
But gie me a braw moonlight, And me and my love together 1b.	Talk not of Love, it gives me pain,
For Love has bound me, hand and foot, S. O Lassie, art thou t	For Love has been my foe: S. Talk not of Love to There, welcome, win and wear the prize [Friendship],
A slave to love's unbounded sway, S. O lay thy loof !	But never talk of love
If love for love thou wilt na gie, At least he pity to me shown; S. O Mary, at thy window t	Conceal it in that thought;
O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty, And meikle thinks my love o' my km;	Thou shalt sit in state, And see thy love in battle S. The Captain's Lady.
	To the shades we'll go, And in love enjoy it Ib.
S. O meikle thinks my love † My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,	'Twas all my faithful love could gain; S. The capt. Ribband.
He canna ha'e love to spare for me,	In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4
Your proffer o' love's an airle-penny,	O happy love! where love like this is found! 1b. 9
At least some pity on me shaw, If love it mayna be S. O mirk, mirk†	A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth! . Ib. 10 Led on the Loves and Graces; The Election Ballads. I'I
Where first I own'd that virgin love	1 17
I lang, lang had denied	Unite you in the grand Design, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.
O Willy, av I bless the grove	When Love and Beauty heard the news, The Pete Champetre
C- in my tonder horam grows	My peace with these, my love with those S. The gloomy night:
The love I bear my Willy	That he was still deceived who trusted To love or friend; The Hermit
O poortith cauld, and restless love, Ye wreck my peace between ye; S. O poortith cauld †	If thou hast known false love's vexation, Ib
Or why sae sweet a flower as love, Depend on Fortune's shining?	The world then the love should know 1 bear my Highland lassie, O. S. The Highland Lassie
O wha can prudence think upon,	Wi' faith an' hone, an' love an' drink,
And sae in love as I am?	They're a' in famous tune For crack . The Holy Fair. 26 There's some are fou o' love divine;
Sic notes of woe could wanken! S. O stay, sweet waroting	The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
Kind love is in her e'e S. O this is no my ain † It wants to me the witching grace,	The Jolly Eggars. S. II Her Love had been a Highland laddie, ib. R. II.
The kind love that's in her e.e	A highland lad my Love was born,
And ay it charms my very saul, The kind love that's in her e'e	Partly wi' Love o'ercome sae sair,
But gleg as light are lovers' een,	Great love I hear to all the Fair, Ib. S. VII.
Put weel the watching lover marks	In raptures sweet this hour we meet, Wi mutual love an' a' that;
The kind love that's in her e'e	Does the soher hed of Marriage
this scene of peace and love, O Thou dread Pow'r† Thou God of love and truth,	Witness brighter scenes of love? Ib. S. VIII. How life and love are all a dream! The Lament.
Without my love, not a' the charms	These were the pledges of my love!
Of Paradise could yield me joy; S. O wat ye whas in to were my love you lilac fair, S. O were my love t	While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,
O were my love you vi'let sweet,	Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I Fain, fain my crime would cover: . S. The last time I
O gin my love were you red rose,	Their tokens of love, and their true thankfulness; S. The Poor Thresher.
Oh, cold is the blast upon my pale cheek, But colder thy love for me, Oh: S. Oh, open the door,	O Love will venture in, where it dare na weel be seen;
Folce friends folse love, farewel! 16.	O love will venture in, where wisdom ance has been; S. The Posic.
My true love! she cried,—and sunk down by his side, . Ib. With love and sleep oppress'd. S On a bank of flowers!	I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken hand o' love, . Ib.
tritii iote mid sicep oppress -	1

There taste that life of life—immortal love.	While through thy sweets she loves to stray, S. Behold the hour †
The Rights of Woman. O meikle do I rue, fause love, The Ruined Maid's Lament.	Thou may'st find those will love thee dear But not a love like mine, S. Canst thou leave me †
Alas! sae sweet a tree as love, Sic bitter fruit should bear!	I ask for dearest life alone,
May secrecy round be the mystical bound, And brotherly love be the centre. S. The Sons of old Killie.	That I may live to love her. S. Come, let me take thee † The muse should tell it labor'd strains.
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth	O Mary how I love thee S. Could aught of song † To love they thought nae crime, S. Damon and Sylvia.
(Fit baunts for Friendship or for Love,	The rosy banquet loves to sip; Delia. An Ode.
In musing mood) [v.A.4] The Vision. D.I.	Full well thou know'st I love thee dear; S. Fairest maid †
'I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth With boundless love	O, do thou [death] kindly lay me low With him I love at rest S. Fate gave the word, †
youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong, Ib. 16. 'The loves, the ways of simple swains, Ib. 18.	How we love, and how agree; . S. First when Maggy t
'The loves, the ways of simple swains,	Frae the friends and Land I love, . S. Frae the friends † The Friend we trust; the Fair we love; Grace after Dinner.
S. The Winter it is past †	O once I lov'd a bonie Lass,
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest, Ib.	Ay, and I love her still, S. Handsome Nell.
My love is like yon sun, whose bright course is begun, Ib. While his love's like the moon that wanders up and down, Ib.	For the man that loves his mistress weel Nae travel makes him weary. S. Here's to thy health, †
Oh! you that are in love, and cannot it remove Ib.	Something in ilka part o' thee
Save Love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean. S. Their groves of †	To praise, to love, I find, S. It is na, Jean, †
	He will think on her he loves, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting to The hills of the Highlands for ever 1 love.
And love will break the soundest rest. S. There was a lass †	S. My heart's in the Highlands †
So trembling, pure, was tender love Within the breast of bonie Jean	I love my Mary's angel air, S. My Mary's face t
As Robie tauld a tale o' love	The Partridge loves the fruitful fells; The Plover loves the mountains; S. Now westlin winds †
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love	Swear how I love thee dearly: 1b.
And love was ay between them twa	The lad I love's the lad for me, S. O Phely, †
Lest I die with pleasure S. Thine am I†	To see her, is to love her,
What is life when wanting love?	And love but her for ever; S. O Saw ye bonie Lesley † To sing how dear I love thee. S. O were I on Parnass. †
Love's the cloudless summer sun,	And write how dear I love thee
Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss. To a Kiss. A third—"to thee and me, love!" To a Lady.	I cou'dna sing, I cou'dna say
By Love's simplicity betray'd, . To a Mountain-Daisy.	
My faithful love disdains, To Clarinda.	By heaven and earth I love thee , , Ib.
Yet love to friendship shall give way, 1b.	I only live to love thee
Chain'd at his feet they groan,	'Till then—and then I love thee
Love's vanquish'd foes:	But to see her, was to love her,
To live one day of parting love! . To Mary in Heaven.	Love hut her and love for ever S. One fond kiss, † A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
The hirds sang love on ev'ry spray, 1b.	Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Loves and graces all rejected, To Miss Fontenelle.	Let others love the city, And gaudy shew at sunny noon; S. Sac flaxen †
Or love extatic wake his seraph song To Miss Graham.	Whae'er ye be that woman love, . S. She's fair and fause t
Our Sex with guile and faithless love, Is charg'd, perhaps too true; To Miss L., with "Beattie."	Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets, . Sketch.
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,	If thou shalt love another, S. Sweet fa's the eve t
Their loves enjoy, To W. Simpson. 12.	That winding stream I love so dear! S. The Banks of Nith.
Now let us lay our heads thegither, In love fraternal:	That winding stream I love so dear! S. The Banks of Nith. But while my crimson currents flow, I love my Highland lassie, O. S. The Highland Lassie. Each are loves the other way in with the are
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensuaring: S. True hearted was he t	Each one loves the other, we join with the ant, S. The Poor Thresher.
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest!	Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
And thou hast plighted me love o' the dearest! S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †	I still would love my Jean S. Tho' cruel fate t
O Love thou hast pleasures, and deep have I lov'd, O Love thou hast sorrows, and sair have I prov'd;	Thou canst love another maid, While my heart is hreaking; . S. Thou hast left me †
S. Wae is my heart †	"To those who love us!"—second fill;
By whom true love's regarded, . S. When wild War's !	But not to those whom we love; Lest we love those who love not us! To a Lady.
Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,	Your friends ay love, your faes ay fear ye, To Terraughty.
By the treasure of my soul, That's the love I bear thee! . S. Wilt thou be my †	I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes.
Youth and Love with sprightly dance,	S. To thee, lov'd Nith t
Wr. in Friars-Carse H.,	If to love thy heart denies, S. Turn again, thou † The noble ward he loves V.s. below Picture.
And ilka hird sang o' its love, And fondly sae did I o' mine S. Ye banks and braes †	I'll love my gallant sailor S. Where Cart rins t
While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love. S. You wild mossy mountains †	Loved, -'d. When depriv'd of her husband she loved so well.
And the heart beating love as I'm clasp'd in her arms, Ib.	Epig. on Henpecked Squire. this much lov'd, much honor'd name! Epit. for R. A.
And reigned resistless King of Love, . S. Young Jamie,	The wisest Man the warl' saw,
And chang'd with every moon my love, 1b.	He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. S. Green grow the Rashes.
Ye pow'rs of honour love and truth From ev'ry ill defend her; S. Young Peggy †	O once I lov'd a bonie Lass, S. Handsome Nell.
Love, to [v. also, Luve, Loe, Loo].	Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore; Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
And love a kinder—that's your grand specific,	The Friend thou valued'st, I, the Patron, lov'd; Lus sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Altho' I love my Chloris mair	Ens sent Sir J. Whiteford. For lack o' thee, I leave this much loved shore,
Than ever tongue could tell; . S. Ah, Chloris †	Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
Nae ither care in life have I, But live, an' love my Nanie. S. Behind von hills t	Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train;

Learning and Worth in equal measures trode, From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode:	Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more; The Slave's Lament.
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	Lovely Jessie be the name; The Toast.
My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend, The Cotter's Sat. Night. The policy has build at home reputal observed.	Than the sense, wit and taste of a sweet lovely dame. The Whistle.
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad 1b. 19. I lov'd her most sincerely; S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Never may'st thou, lovely Flower, Chilly shrink in sleety shower! To Miss C.
Had we never lov'd so kindly, Had we never lov'd so blindly, S. One fond kiss,	But in the fair presence of lovely young Jessie, Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
The young, the innocent, who fondly loved us,	S. True hearted was he t
Remorse. A Frag. lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains, . S. To thee, lov'd Nith	Turn again thou lovely maiden, S. Turn again, thou fair† You, a charming lovely creature, S. Will ye go and marry†
O Love thou hast pleasures, and deep bave I lov'd,	But my dear and lovely Katie, 16.
Love-gift. S. Wae is my heart t	If ance I had my lovely treasure,
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras. [v.A.13] The Twa Dogs.	Such sweetness would relent her, . S. Young Peggy †
Love-inspiring. And sic twa love-inspiring een, On W. Chalmers.	Lover. Lang syne in Eden's bonie yard,
Lovelier.	When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd, Add. to the Deil. 15. If from the lover thou maun flee,
Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me, And lovelier was than ever; . S. When wild War's †	Yet let the friend he dear S1h, Chloris †
Loveliest. Next came the lovliest pair in all the ring, Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring;	Amang them I spied my faithless fause lover, S. As I was a-wand ring t
The Bries of Avr. 13.	And I long for my true lover! S. Ay waukin, O.
And resign to Pareot Earth The lovliest form she e'er gave birth To Miss C.	I listen'd to a lover's sang, S. By Allan stream † And in the keen, yet tender eye,
Lovelorn. No idly-feign'd, poetic pains,	O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song †
My sad, lovelorn lamentings claim: The Lament.	There's a' the Pleasures o' the Heart, The Lover and the Frien'; Ep. to Davie. 8.
And give a love-lorn maiden rest! . S. To thee, lov'd Nith† Lovely. Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides, S. Afton Water.	"Nor use a faithful lover so?" . S. Fairest maid † The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan
Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair, S. Afton Water.	Betray the hapless lover: . S. Farewell, thou stream †
To hope may be forgiven; . S. Anna, thy charms †	Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure, S. Gloomy December.
Lovely wee thing was thou mine; . S. Bonie wee thing t More lovely far her beauty blows . Delia. An Ode.	To thy new lover hie, S. Had I a cave †
Burnet, lovely from her native skies; El. on Miss Burnet.	Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, S. Here's a health to ane †
by these precious drops, That fill thy lovely eyes! . S. Farewell, dear mistress †	It's plenty beets the lover's fire. S. In simmer when †
Anid Nature swears, the lovely Dears Her noblest work she classes, O:	Let her lo'e nae man but me; There the Lover's treasure lies S. Jockey fou, †
S. Green grow the Kashes.	And wha but my fine fickle lover was there, S. Last May a braw wooer t
Fair and lovely as thou art, S. Hark! the mavis† O what can stay my lovely maid! . S. Here is the glen,†	Like music-notes o' Lover's hymns: S. My Lord a-hunting t
Twa lovely een of honie blue. S. I gaed a waefu't	The merry birds are lovers a', S. Now rosy May † But purer was the lover's vow S. O bonie was you rosy †
And when her lovely form I see, O haith, she's doubly dear again! S. I'll ay ca' in t	A hapless lover courts thy lay, S. O stay, sweet warbling t
Lovely was she by the dawn, S. It was the charming t	But gleg as light are lovers' een, S. O this is no my ain † But weel the watching lover marks
Lovely Burns has charms—confess: Lns under Pict. of Miss B.	My cave would be a lover's bower, S. O wat ye wha's in t
Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is, S. Mark yonder Pomp †	The absent lover, minor heir, In vaio assail him with their prayer, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
My fair, my lovely Charmer! S. Now westlin winds †	By the pangs of lovers slighted, . S. Stay, my charmer t
The lovely Mary Morison. S. O Mary at thy window to Thou'rt like themselves [the powers about] sae lovely,	And my fause lover staw the rose, But left the thorn wi' me. S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee. S. O saw ye bonie Lesley t	The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares; The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
She, who her lovely Offspring eyes With tender hopes and fears, . O Thou dread Pow'r	the Lover's raptur'd hour
And she, a lovely little flower . S. O wat ye wha's in † Her lovely form, her native ease, S. On a bank of flowers †	As from the fondest lover part, The plighted husband of her youth? The Lament.
Her lovely form, her native ease, But Jessy's lovely hand in mine, On Miss J. Lewars.	The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,
Chill on thy lovely form; . On Birth of Posth, Child.	Betray the guilty lover. S. The last time I t 'Some hipt the Lover's harmless wile; The Vision. D. II. 9.
Oh still I behold thee, all lovely in death,	Ev'ry pulse along my veins,
On Death of fav. Child. O lovely Polly Stewart, [re.] S. Polly Stewart.	Tells the ardent lover S. Thine am I t See'st thou thy lover lowly laid? . To Mary in Heaven.
To paint the lovely hapless Scottish Queen! Scots Prologue.	But may, dear Maid, each lover prove An Edwin still to you
Such to me my lovely maid. S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st the rainbow's lovely form	Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair.
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men,	S. True hearted was het Grace, beauty, and elegance, fetter her lover, Ib.
That slight the lovely dears: The Ans. to the Guidwife. How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales, S. The Banks of Nith.	Rue on thy despairing lover, . S. Turn again, thou t
This lovely maid's of royal blood S. The bonie Lass of Albany.	How your dread howling a lover alarms! S. Wandering Willie.
M'Murdo and his lovely spouse, (Th' enamour'd langels kiss her brows.)	Ae look deprived me o' my beart, And I became a lover. S. When first I saw t
The Election Battaas, VI.	And prouder than a belted knight, I'd he my Jeanie's lover
The lovely lass of Inverness, Nae joy nor pleasure can she see; S. The lovely lass of I.†	While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there; S. The Posie. Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form,	She'll always find a lover
The Rights of Woman.	S. When wild War's t

Why, why tell thy lover, Bliss he never must enjoy? S. Why, why tell thy †	Low, in a sandy valley spread, . The Vision. D. I. 15.
Bliss he never must enjoy? S. Why, why tell thy † Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,	Who call'd on Fame, low standing by, To hand him on, [v.A.4]
Wake thy lover from his dream? 16.	Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard.
And my fanse lover staw my rose, But ah! he left the thorn wi' me. S. Ye banks and bracs †	But now the share uptears thy bed,
Loving, -in'.	And low thou lies! . To a Mountain-Daisy.
A lovin' father I'll be to thee, . Add. to Illegit. Child. Here lie the loving Hushand's dear remains,	Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid Low i' the dust Ib. Low-sunk.
Epit, for Author's Father.	Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age, . To R. G. of F., 5.
In loving hleeze they sweetly join, Halloween. 10.	Lowan [burning, flaming, blazing].
Whose only fault is loving thee? S. O Mary, at thy window t	An' tho' yon lowan heugh's thy hame,
An exile frae her father's ha', And a' for loving thee; S. O mirk, mirk †	Thon travels far; Add. to the Deil. 3.
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair.	A vast, unbottom'd, boundless Pit, Fill'd fou o' lowan brunstane, The Holy Fair. 22.
In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.	To quench their lowan drouth, The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.
And here, by sweet endearing stealth.	Lowe [a flame].
Shall meet the loving pair, . The Petition of Br. Water.	The sacred lowe o' weel plac'd love, Ep. to Young Friend. 6.
Because thou art loving and kind to thy wife S. The Poor Thresher.	And by my ingle-lowe I saw, Now bleezan bright, The Vision. D. I. 7.
The offence is loving thee: Turn again, thou †	Beyont the ingle lowe; S. The weary fund.
Listen to a loving swain; . S. Will ye go and marry †	Lower. 'This lower world I you resign; Nature's Law.
Lov'st.	To lower Orders are assign'd, The humbler ranks of Human-kind, The Vision. D. II. 7.
That lov'st to greet the early morn, To Mary in Heaven.	O had she but been of a lower degree, S. There's auld Rob†
Low. But thoughtless follies laid him low, A Bard's Epit darkling grubs this earthly hole, In low pursuit, Ib.	Lower v. Lour.
If friendless, low, we meet together,	Lowest.
Then, Sir, your hand—my Friend and Brother. A Ded. to G. H., 16.	Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed S. Twas even-the dewy t
The wretch, already crushed low	Lowly.
By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow? A Winter Night. 9.	And the earth conceals sae lowly; S. My Collier Laddie. A lowly Bard was he, Nature's Law.
Their royal Name low in the dust! Add. to Edinburgh. 6. which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low. El. on Miss Burnet.	nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed,
An' here his body lies fu' low— Epit. on wee Johnie.	The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
And owning heaven's mysterious sway,	The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Submissive, low, adore Fragment of Ode.	In this lone cave, in garments lowly, The Hermit. Let lofty firs, and ashes cool.
I ken they scorn my low estate, S. Here's to thy health, † For silent, low, on heds of dust,	My lowly banks o'erspread, The Petition of Br. Water.
Lie a' that would my sorrow share. Lament for Glencairn,	Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
In Poverty's low harren vale,	Yet all beneath th' unrivall'd Rose, The lowly Daisy sweetly hlows;
O! had I met the mortal shaft Which laid my benefactor low!	Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen; S. Their groves of t
Has laid my leaf full low, . S. Luckless Fortune.	S. Their groves of
For she [our Kirk] by tribulations Is now brought very low New Psalmody.	See'st thou thy lover lowly laid? . S. To Mary in Heaven.
1 scorn not the Peasant, tho' ever so low:	While chearful peace, with linnet song, Chants the lowly dells among. Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
S. No Churchman am I †	Reverence with lowly heart Him whose wondrous work thou art; Wr. in Hermitage, F.C.
The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed, On Death of fav. Child.	Lown v. Loun.
"Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,	Lowp, Lowping, v. Loup, Louping.
"Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride! On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Lowrie (Lawrence).
"Relentless fate has laid their guardian low Ib.	There's Lowrie the laird o' Dumeller, S. Tam Glen.
But cold successive noontide blasts	Lowrie's burn [the river St. Lawrence].
May lay its beauties low	Down Lowrie's burn he [Montgomery] took a turn, A Fragment.
ls in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low. [v.A.10] Sonnet on Death of Riddel.	Low'ring. Then low'ring, and pouring,
Sonnet on Death of Riddel.	The storm no more I dread; To Ruin.
There, low he lies, in lasting rest; [v.A.15] Tam Samson's El.	Lowse [to loose]. To lowse his pack an' wale a sang, The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.
To see her sittan on ber arse Low i' the dust, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Con easy, wi' a single wordie
Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers, Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair; S. The Catrine woods	Lowse h-ll upon me. To Rev. J. M'Math.
Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair; S. The Catrine woods †	Lows'd [loosed].
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low, S. The Highl. Lassie.	An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man. A Fragment. 5. An' lows'd his [Job's] ill-tongn'd, wicked Scawl
An' wi' a curchie low did stoop, The Holy Fair. 3.	Add, to the Deil, 18.
And coward mankin sleep secure, Low in her grassy form: . The Petition of Er. Water.	Loyal. In loyal, true affection, A Dream. 8.
ere Phoebus, low, Shall kiss the distant, western main.	Wha in his wae days were loyal to Charlie? S. Bannocks o' bear meal†
I bow'd fn' low to this sam' maid, The Lament. 7.	And ilk loyal, bonie lad
S. The Lass that made the bed.	Cross the seas and win his ain. S. Frae the friends † To prove our loyal truth—we can no more;
And many a low humble bow to the ground: The Poor Thresher.	Fragment of Ode.
	For Loyal Harry back again. S. My Harry was a gallant t
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration! The Rights of Woman.	For loyal Forbes' Charter'd boast Is ta'en awa! Scotch Drink. 19.
Must I see thee, my youthful pride.	Your faith proved so loyal, in hot bloody trial,
Thus brought so very low! S. The sun he is sunk !	S. The small hirde+
And the Morro low was laid at the sound of the drum. The Jolly Beggars, S, I.	Ye true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song, S. Ye true "Loyal Natives" †

Luve

Loyalty. But loyalty truce! we're on dangerous ground, Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Lug, to [produce, bring forth]. Then lug out your ladle, deal brimstone like adle, The Kirk's Alarm.
The doctrine, to day, that is loyalty found, To-morrow may bring us a halter	Lugar. Behind you hills where Lugar flows [v. A. 26] S. Behind you hills †
Luath.	That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream :
And in his freaks had Lunth ca'd him, The Twa Dogs. 4.	Lament for Glencairn. Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains holl, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Luck. may guid luck hit you! A Farewell. But hy gude luck I lap a wicket, And turn'd a neuk. Friend of the Poet † P.S.	While Irwin, Lugar, Aire an' Doon, Nachody sings To W. Simpson.
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,	Lugget [having a lug or handle].
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause, May never guid luck be their fa'! S. Here's a health to them,	O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath I' the lugget caup! Scotch Drink. 10.
I wish you luck o' the prize, man. S. The deil cam fiddlin † Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie	I' the lugget caup! . Scotch Drink. 10. Luggle [a wooden dish with a lug or handle].
S. What can a young lassie †	In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
Luckily. And there will be roaring Birtwhistle,	The Luggies three are ranged; Halloween. 27. Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
Yet luckily roars in the right. The Election Ballads. III. Luckless.	That jaups in luggies; [v.A.7] To a Haggis,
ye'll stain the mitre Some luckless day A Dream. 12.	Luke v. Leuk. Lum [the chimney].
Some luckless hour will send him linkan,	Till fuff! he started up the lum, Halloween, S.
To your black pit; Add. to the Deil. 20.	Lumber. To slap mankind like lumber! Nature's Law.
luckless fortune's northern storms S. Luckless Fortune. in luckless hour, Made me the thrall of care.	Lume [tool, instrument]. the best wurk-lume i' the house, . Add. to the Deil. 11.
S. Now Spring has clad †	Lump. My Son, these maxims make a rule,
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd! To a Mountain-Daisy.	And lump them ay thegither; Add, to the Unco Guid.
The star that rules my luckless lot, To J. S., 6. And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade. To R. G. of F.	Lumpish. She [nature] kneads the lumpish philosophic dough, Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
No horns but those by luckless Hymen worn, . 1b. 3.	Luna. 1s Fortune's fickle Luna waning?
Lucky.	E'en let her gang! . To f. S., 20. Lunardi (a lady's bonnet named after Lunardi the
The lucky moment to improve, . Despondency, an Ode. 4. Yet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits; Fragment, inser. to Fox.	balloonist]. But Miss's fine Lunardi, fye!
If bringing them over was lucky for us	How dair ye do 't? To a Lonse. Lunch [a large piece of bread, cheese, &c.].
I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them [v.A.g] Poet. Add. to Tytler.	An' cheese an' bread, frae women's laps,
Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot, For which they never toil'd nor swat; To J. S., 17.	Was dealt about in lunches, An' dawds The Holy Fair. 23. Lunt [a column of smoke].
Lucky, -ie [an ale-house mistress; a designation	She fuff't her pipe wi'sic a lunt,
They'll step in and tak a pint	butter'd So'ns, wi' fragrant lunt,
Wi Lady Onlie, honest lucky.	Luntan [smoking],
applied to an elderly woman]. They'll step in and tak a pint Wi Lady Onlie, honest lucky. S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank† Lady Oulie, honest lucky, Brews gude ale, lb.	The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill, . The Twa Dogs. 20, Lurch. But the godly old Chaplain left him in the lurch;
And cheary blinks the ingle-gleede O' Lady Onlie, honest lucky	The Jolly Beggars. S. II. Lure. Nor think to lure us as in days of yore: Fragment of Ode.
sentimental sister Susie, An' honest Lucky; Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.	Turk. Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
And eke the same to honest Lucky To Dr. Blacklock.	
O had your tongue now, Luckie Laing, S. Gat ye met	He never was known for to idle or lurk; S. The Poor Thresher.
And doubly welcome be the spring, The season to my Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in t	Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly, unseen; S. Their groves of
But my delight in you town,	Evils lurk in felon wait: Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
And dearest joy, is Lucy fair	Lust. At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust Holy Willie's Prayer. 6
But gi'e me Lucy in my arms,	lust and pride, The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers, The Hermit
Lug [the ear].	
Altho' a ribban at your lug	Lusted. That few for aught but folly lusted; The Hermit Lustre. The kindling lustre of an eye; S. My Mary's face
Wad been a dress compleater: A Dream. 12. And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang, . Add. to Toothache.	That Indian wealth may lustre throw
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang, Add. to Toothache. But, let me whisper i' your lug, Add. to Unco Guid. 6.	Around my Highland lassie, O S. The Hight. Lassie
They made our lugs grow eerie; . S. Amang the trees †	Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, threw A lustre grand; The Vision. D. I. 12
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,	Put bindness sweet kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e.
Ben to the chimla lug,	Has lustre outshining the diamond to me; S. Von wild mossy mountains
That lives at the lug o' the law! S. Here's a health to them †	Luve [love].
I wad been o'er the lugs in luve; . S. I do confess †	O my Luve's like a red, red rose,
May claw his lug, and straik his beard, On IV. Chalmers.	
An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us, An' grate our lug,	O my Luve's like the melodie That's sweetly play'd in tune
	As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
Ne'er claw your lug, an' fidge your back, An' hum an' haw, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	So deep in luve am I;
How would his Highland lug been nobler fir'd, The Erigs of Ayr. 12.	And 1 will come again, my Luve,
	I wad been o'er the lugs in luve; S. I do confess
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs, . The Twa Dogs.	O John, my luve, come kiss me now, . S. John, come kiss
	I was been out the mag in the ty

And ilka bird sang o' it's luve; And sae did I o' mine. S. The Banks of Doon, Sett. II.	Madden. Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Gif ye hae ony luve for me.	Maddening.
O wrang na my virginity! S. The lass that made the bed.	I saw thy pulse's maddening play, . The Vision. D. II. 17.
Luve, to [to love].	Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night: To Clarinda.
And I will luve thee still, my Dear, Till a' the seas gang dry S. A red, red Rose	Made. D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
Till a' the seas gang dry S. A red, red Rose I will love thee still, my Dear.	Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Is instant made no worth a louse
I will luve thee still, my Dear, While the sands o' life shall run	Just at the bit Add. to the Deil. 11.
Luxuriant.	Who made the heart, 'tis He alone Decidedly can try us, Add. to Unco Guid. 8.
And [pleasure] pours her cup luxuriant; . Innocence †	They made our lugs grow eerie, O . S. Amang the trees t
Luxuriantly. The sacred lowe o' weel plac'd love,	Ask why God made the gem so small,
Luxuriantly indulge it; Ep. to Young Friend. 6.	Ask why God made the gem so small, While huge He made the granite? [v.A.27] Ask why God made †
Luxurious. While Love's luxurious pulse beat high,	May be who made him still support him.
The Lament.	Auld comrade dear †
Luxury. pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side, A Winter Night. 8.	Hast thou found that beauty's lillies Were not made for aye to last?
And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent	The Clachan yill had made me canty,
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20. Or pity's notes, in luxury of tears, . To Miss Graham.	Has made them baith no worth a f-t, Ib. 15.
Lyart [grey, of a mixed colour].	Who called her verse, a parish workhouse made For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed?)
tho' I should beg Wi' lyart pow, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 9.	Ep. from Esopus.
though his locks he lyart gray, S. The cardin o't.	Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel, Et. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 6.
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare;	If honest Nature made you fools,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	What sairs your Grammars?
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black, But ane wi' lyart lining; The Holy Fair. 2.	A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold. Epit. for R. A. If there's another world he lives in bliss;
When lyart leaves bestrow the yird, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	If there is none, he made the best of this, Epit. on a Friend.
Lye v. Lie.	Her prentice han' she try'd on man, An' then she made the lasses, O. S. Green grow the Rashes.
Lying. The Lord forgi'e me for lying, [re.] S. Last May a braw woocr†	I wat she made nae jaukin;
Lying. There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane,	'An' he made unco light o't;
S. The Taylor fell †	"Was made his wedded wife yestreen; Lament for Glencairn.
Lynin [lining].	The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild,
The taylor staw the lynin o't S. The cardin o't. Lyre.	And made my branches grow, S. Luckless Fortune. When chill November's surly blast
They who but feign a wounded heart.	Made fields and forests bare, Man was made to mourn.
They who but feign a wounded heart, May teach the lyre to languish; S. Could aught of song †	Made me the thrall of care S, Now Spring has clad.
Who christened thus Maria's lyre divine; Ep. fr. Esopus.	Again the merry month of May
I'll drap the lyre, and mute, admire, . S. Lovely Davies. Here vanity strums on her idiot lyre; Monody, on a Lady.	Has made our hills and valleys gay; S. O Logan! sweetly† For Nature made her what she is,
Here vanity strums on her idiot lyre; Monody, on a Lady. Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre	And ne'er made sic anither! S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †
Here vanity strums on her idiot lyre; Monody, on a Lady. Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre, The Ans. to the Guidwife. Or other Holy Seers that tune the scored lyre.	A man of fashion too, he made his tour, Sketch.
	Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers, The Brigs of Ayr. q.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. Here Poesy might wake her heaven taught lyre,	Heaven gave me more, it made thee mine. S. The day returns †
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	S. The day returns †
Macedonian.	Made me the judge o' strife; The Election Ballads, V.
Tho', by his banes wha in a tub Match'd Macedonian Sandy! To Mr. M'Adam.	An' soon I made me ready; The Holy Fair. 6. He stoiter'd up an' made a face; The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
Machine.	An' made the bottle clunk
Adjust the unimpair'd machine, . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	To their health that night Ib. R. VII.
Mad. life's mad career, Wild as the wave, A Bard's Epit.	Jamie Goose, ye ha'e made but toom roose, The Kirk's Alarm.
Towns-bodies ran, an' stood ahiegh, An' ca't thee mad A Guid New-year † 8.	The lass that made the bed to me. S. The lass that made the bed.
Or mad Ambition's gory hand, . A Winter Night. 7.	S. The lass that made the bed. For monie a heart thou hast made sair, S. The lovely lass of 1.†
While raving mad, I wish a heckle	S. The lovely lass of I. †
Were in their doup Add. to Toothache.	But Oliphant aft made her [Common-sense] yell, The Ordination. 2.
Her dowf excuses pat me mad; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 4. It pit's me ay as mad's a hare; Ep. to J. R., 13.	How graceless Ham leugh at his Dad.
mi 14 1	Which made Canaan a niger;
The lather and mother and a' should gae mad, S. O whistle,† The warld would think I was mad, S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rehallion's owns.	Was made lang syne, lord knows how lang. The Twa Dogs. 4.
S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.	And a' that she has made o' that,
'Gainst headlong, rutbless, mad Rebellion's arms. Scots Prologue.	Is ae poor pund o' tow S. The weary Pund.
Care, mad to see a man sae happy, E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy: Tam o' Shanter. 6.	I hae as gude a craft rig As made o' yird and stane; S. There's news, lasses†
Whistling his [combustion's] roaring pack abroad	Wow, but your letter made me vauntie! To Dr. Blacklock.
Whistling his [combustion's] roaring pack abroad, Of mad, unmuzzled lions; The Election Ballads, VI.	Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three.
Town of Ayr, town of Ayr, it was mad I declare,	Made Homer deep their debtor; . To Miss Ferrier.
Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring	I trow it made me proud; To Mr. M'Adam. hae made bare My peace, my hope, for ever!
The Kirk's Alarm. Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring. The Twa Dogs. 32.	Verses under Grief.
The carlin gaed thro' them like ony mad bear, S. There liv'd ance a carle t	I made an open fair confession, What ails ye now t
But I gae mad at their grimaces, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	By him who made you sun and sky! S. When wild War's t
Mad-cap.	Madest, -'st, Who mad'st the sea and shore, . Grace after Dinner.
Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train, . To R. G. of F., 8.	Thou madest strong two chosen ones. New Psalmody

Thou madest strong two chosen ones, . New Psalmody.

Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train, . To R. G. of F., 8.

Madgie.	Let simple maid the lesson read, . S. O Lassie. art thou +
O Tinkler Madgie was her mither; . S. Willie Wastle !	A harefit maid I chanc'd to meet S. O Mally's meek.
Madiera.	The fairest maid's in you town That evining sun is strong on [re.] S. O wat ye wha's in t
Balmaghie had better been Drinking Madiera wine. The Election Ballads. V.	He yow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
Madness.	Forgiving all and good. S. On a bank of flowers t
(Not moony madness more astray) Sent to a Gent. offended	My bonie maid, before ye wed On IV. Chilmers. Such to me my lovely mail S. Sleep'st thou, or with t
By blockhead's daring into madness stung; To R. G. of F., 5. Madrid.	This levely maids of royal blood S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
Or by Ma frid he takes the rout,	Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace.
To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt; . The Twa Dogs. 23.	The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Mae (more).	Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction wild! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
Forby sax mae, I've sell't awa A Guid New-year † 15. Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings.	I'd kiss her maids, and kick the perverse h-h.
And mony mae. Death and Dr. Hornbook, 22.	The Henpecked Husband. I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when:
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae than me. S. O meikle thinks my love t	The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
And many mae we hope to be S. O Willy brew'd t	The sweetest still to wife or maid, Was whistle o'er the lave o't
Is th' wish o' mony mae than me: . Tam Samson's El., 14.	I how'd fu' low to this sam' maid, [re.]
Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted The Inventory.	S. The Lass that made the bed. When a' our fairest maids were met,
My only beast, I had use mae, S. What will I do gin to Magellan.	The fairest maid was bonie Jean. S. There was a lass t
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil	Thou caust love another maid, While my heart is breaking; . S. Thou hast left me t
Besouth Magellan, To W. Simpson.	Such is the fate of artless Maid, . To a Mountain-Daisy.
Wha I wish were maggots' meat, S. First when Maggy †	Ge fine hraw claes to fine Life-guards,
Ye maggots, feed on Nicol's hrain,	'And Maids of Honor; . To J. S., 22. Fair maid, you need not take the hint, . To Miss Ainslie.
For few sic feasts you've gotten; For W. Nicol. Ye maggets make your windings; The Book-Worms.	But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove
Ye maggots make your windings; The Book-Worms. Maggy, -ie.	An Edwin still to you, To Miss L.
A Guid New-year I wish you Maggie! A Guid New-Year t	All hail, Religion! maid divine! . To Rev. J. M. Math. And fair are the maids on the banks of the Ayr:
I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep For that, or Simmer. 16. 13.	S. True-hearted was †
Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,	Thee, dear maid, have I offended? S. Turn again, thou t
First when Maggy was my care.	O had she been a country maid, S. Twas even—the dewy t Wha spied I hut my ain dear maid, S. When wild War's t
Heaven, I thought, was in her air; S. First when Maggy t	The slighted maids my torments see, S. I'oung Jamie, †
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd, Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Maiden. An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride Wi' maiden air! A Guid New-Year † 6.
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,	
Hard upon nohle Maggie prest,	Mark Maiden-innocence a prey To love pretending snares, A Winter Night. q.
But little wist she Maggie's mettle 16.	maiden May, in rich array, S. But lately seen t
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump	Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair, Keep mind that ye maun orink the yill. S. In simmer when t
Curst Common-sense, that imp o' h-ll, Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder; The Ordination. 2.	But O the road was very hard.
There was Maggy by the hanks o' Nith	For that fair maiden's tender feet. S. O Mally's meek. Where first I own'd my maiden love, S. O Phely t
A dame wi' pride eneugh The Election Ballads. I. Magic. Who but owns their magic sway, S. My Mary's face t	And there will be maiden Kilkerran.
That breaks the magic of my dream; On Lincluden.	The Election Ballads. III.
But O for Hogarth's magic powr . On dining with Daer.	Some grace the Maiden's artless smile; The Vision. D. II. 9. And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch, The Henpecked Husband.	Are so much nearer Heav'n. To Miss L., with " Beatte."
He circled round the magic ground,	And give a love-lorn maiden rest! S. To thee, lov'd Nith t
But entrance found he nane, man: The Fête Champetre. Magic-wand.	Are lovers as faithful, and maidens as fair. S. True kearted was t
Where Pleasure is the Magic-wand, To J. S., 12.	Turn, again, thou lovely maiden, S. Turn again, thou t
The magic-wand then let us wield; 1b. 13.	A maiden fair I chanc'd to spy; S. Twas even-the dewy
Magistrate. Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd; The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	Maidenhead. To grant a heart is fairly civil,
Magna Charta.	But to grant a maidenhead's the devil! Auld comrade †
The magna charta flag uofurls. The Election Ballads VI.	Maidenkirk.
Magnanimity. O glorious magnanimity of soul! Remorse. A Frag	Frae Maidenkirk to Johny Groats! On Grose's Peregrinations.
Magnum-bonum [a double-sized bottle, containing	Maidenly. And maidenly modesty fixes the chain. S. True hearted was he t
two English quarts].	Mailie. Poor Mailie's dead! [re.] Poor Mailie's El
With Cyclopean fury The Election Ballads, VI.	Now Robin, greetin', chows the hams O' Mailie dead! [v.A.19]
Mahoun [the devii].	As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither
And ilka wife cries auld Mahoun, I wish you luck o' the prize man. S. The deil cam fiddlin t	Was ae day nibbling on the tether, The Delin of Mattie.
Maid.	At length poor Mailie silence hrak
"To sing some favourite Scottish maid. As on the banks t	Mailin fo form!
Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget; El. on Miss Burnet.	"Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket ma: Ins. Add. to Illegit. Child.
Fairest maid on Devon banks! . S. Fairest maid	A west-maked mailin himsel for the laird.
The maid that I adore! S. From thee, Eliza,	S. Last may a trad weter
O what can stay my lovely maid! S. Here is the glen,† All for to court this pretty maid. , Katharine Jaffray.	There's Meg wi' the mailio that fain wad a haen him; S. There's a youth
All for to court this pretty maid Katharine Jaffray. To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids, S. My heart was ance t	A mailin plenish'd fairly; S. When wild War's t

	m
Main. An somebodie were come again, Then somebodie maun cross the main,	The charms o' the min', the langer they shine, The mair admiration they draw, man; Ronalds of Bennals.
S. Carl, an the king come.	'Twou'd been o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair.
Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main! Ep, to R. Graham. 5.	I mean an angel mind S. She's fair and fause t
I maun cross the main. My dear, S. It was a' for t	Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu', . Tam o' Shanter. 11.
The sailor frae the main,	I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap, The Ans. to the Guidwife. (Deil na they never mair do guid.
ere Phrebus, low, Shall kiss the distant, western main.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 16.
The Lament.	And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main. S. Wandering Willie.	The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
For gold the merchant ploughs the main, S. When wild War's †	O, bid him never tye them mair, . The Death of Mailie. Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.
Maintain.	The Election Ballads, 111.
Who boldly dare thy cause maintain	Leeze me on Drink! it gies us mair
In spite of foes: . To Rev. J. M'Math.	Than either School or Colledge: . The Holy Fair. 19.
Maintop. Then top and maintop croud the sail, To J. S., II.	Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token The Inventory. Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented Ib.
Mair [more; v. also, Nae mair].	I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair;
What wad ye wish for mair, man? A Bottle and Friend.	To lay some mair beneath my head.
But may she wintle in a woodie,	S. The lass that made the bed.
If she whore mair Adam A-'s Prayer.	If mair they deave us wi' their din. The Ordination. 14.
Till in some miry slough he sunk is, Ne'er mair to rise Add. to the Deil. 13.	They're ay in less or mair provided: . The Twa Dogs. 16. And ay the mair he hotch'd an' blew,
The mair they tauk I'm kent the better, Add. to Illegit. Child.	The mair that she forbade him. There came a piper
'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't,	While deil a hair yoursel ye're better,
Than stocket mailins 16.	But mair profane Third Ep. to J. Lap
(whats aft mair than a' the lave) . Add. to Unco Guid. 3.	For me I would be mair than proud To share the mercies wi' you To a Medical Gent.
mair Than ever tongue could tell; S. Ah, Chloris † The langer ye ha'e them, the mair they're carest.	You shouldna paint at angels mair, To a Painter.
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †	Wha does the utmost that he can.
The mair I kiss she's ay my dearie. S. Braw lads of G. Water.	Will whyles do mair To Dr. Blacklock.
Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair, S. Contented wi' little †	Mair taen I'm wi' you
'The wife slade cannie to her bed, 'But ne'er spak mair. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.	the mair I'm that way hent, Something cries, "Hoolie! Ib. 7.
'Mair spier na, nor fear na.' Ep. to Davie. 2.	in faith, they're worse And mair unchancy. To J. Kennedy. And if we dinna haud a bouze
It's no in makin muckle, mair:	I'se ne'er drink mair Ib.
Quo' she, 'Ve ken we've been sae busy This month an' mair, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 3.	An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
This month an mair, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 3.	She grew mair bright. To W. Simpson, P.S. Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks: Ib.
A' that I bargain'd for, an' mair; Ep. to J. R., 5. And screw your temper-pins aboon	In hopes to be mair wise, V.s on Window, Carron.
A fifth or mair, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.	And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms.
But now its gane, and something mair, . Extem. Ap. 1782.	S. Wandering Willie.
Never mair to taste delight.	And mair, we'se ne'er be parted S. When wild War's t
Never mair mann hope to find Ease frae toil, relief frae care: . S. Frae the Friends †	Forbids me e'er to see her mair! S. Young Jamie t
And by that life, I'm promised mair o't, Friend of the poet t	Maist [most]. How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted? Kind Sir, I've read †
And bring a coggie mair S. Gane is the day †	There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy
Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December! Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;	S. There's a youth t
S. Gloomy December.	The noblest breast adores them maist, S. Women's Minds. Maist [almost].
Parting wi' Nancy, Oh! ne'er to meet mair	I maist forgat my Dedication; . A Ded. to G. H., 11.
A pint o' the best o't, And twa pints mair. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †	An' gied the infant warld a shog.
Mair braw than when they're fine: Halloween. 3.	An' gied the infant warld a shog, 'Maist ruin'd a'. Add. to the Deil. 16.
As they wad never mair part,	But her tap-pickle maist was lost, Halloween. b.
Her cheeks a mair celestial bue, . S. Her flowing locks t	Poor Leczie's heart maist lap the hool; Ib. 26.
Content and love bring peace and joy,	Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer, An' they mann starve o' cauld and hunger: The Twa Dogs, 11.
What mair hae queens upon a throne? S. In simmer when † A' this and mair I never heard of; Kind Sir, I've read †	maist like to rive, Betbankit hums To a Haggis.
Even they mann dare an effort mair, . S. Lovely Davies.	Bout which our herds sae aft hae been
That maks us mair than princes;	Maist like to fight. To W. Simpson. P.S. And maist has killed my Hoggie. S. What will I do gin†
But Jenny's imps and jirkinet,	
My Lord thinks meikle mair upon't. S. My Lord a hunting +	Maister [master]. The maister drunk—the horse committed: On B.'s Horse Impound.
But Mary she is a' my ain, Ah! Fortune canna gie me mair! S. Now bank and brae †	Maistly [mostly].
It were mair meet, that those fine feet	They're maistly wonderfu' contented; The Twa Dogs. 11.
Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon, . S. O Mally's meek.	Majestic.
As songsters of the early year Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,	The stately swan majestic swims, S. Again rejoicing Nature†
	Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
And charming is my Phely S. O Phely† An'they cry crowdie ever mair S. O that I had ne'er†	
An' they cry crowdie ever mair S. O that I had ne'er to Gin ye crowdie ony mair,	Majesty. Guid-mornin to your Majesty! A Dream. Hail, Majesty most Excellent!
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away	
Mair than an honest ploughman On Dining with Daer.	Let Majesty your first attention summon, Ah! ça ira! The Majesty of Woman! The Rights of Woman.
And every year come in mair dear On W. Chalmers.	Major.
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair Blaw sweetly	(the Major's with the hounds, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh him, Poor Mailie's El	And can we forget the auld Major, Wba'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys, The Election Ballads. III.
For mair than a towmond or twa, man; Ronalds of Bennals.	The Election Ballads. III.
	1

Majority. But accept, ye sublime Majority,	if ye mak' objections at it, Third Ep. to J. Lap Or fricassee wad mak her spew, To a Haggis.
My congratulations hearty The Dean of Fac.	He'll mak it whissle;
Mak [to make].	Ve Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
Yet aft a ragged Cowte's been known, To mak a noble Aiver;	Maks Hours like Minutes, hand in hand, Dance by fu' light
Heav'n mak you guid as weel as braw,	Content with you to mak a pair, Whare'er I gang. 1b. 29.
To mak it guid in law, man A Fragment. 9.	I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer, . To W. Creech.
They'll mak what rules and laws they please. Add. of Beelzebub.	What mak ye sae like a thief? S. Wha is that at t
Let wark and hunger mak them sober ! Ib. 4.	We's mak nae din about your tocher;
Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse, Add. to the Deil. 11. What maks the mighty differ; Add. to Unco Guid. 3.	S. Will ye go and marry t Make, s. In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd Man,
It maks an unco leeway	Fragment, inser. to Fox.
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan', Death and Dr. Hornbook. S.	Bonie and bloomin, and straught was its make; S. Lady Mary Ann.
Diel mak his king's hood in a spleuchan! Ib. 14.	Make, to.
Satan took stuff to mak a swine, . Epig. on A. Turner.	Make you as poor a dog as I am, A Ded. to G. H., 16.
You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,	To make three guineas do the work of five:
To mak a sang? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 10.	Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
An' if ye winna mak it clink, By Jove I'll prose it! Ib., Ap. 21st, 6.	My Son, these maxims make a rule, Add. to the Unco Guid. Nae nightly hogle make it eerie; S. By Allan stream t
Let time mak proof;	Nae nightly hogle make it eerie; S. By Allan stream t Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts, Ep. to J. R., 2.	Will make thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy polled,
The cruel powers reject the prayer	Like hoary bristles to erect and stare
I hourly mak for thee; Fragment.	And make a vast monopoly of hell?
And hade me mak nae clatter; S. Had I the wyte t	Yet then content could make us blest; Ep. to Davie. 3.
Than, if I canna mak thee sae, At least to see thee blest S. It is na, Jean †	The heart ay's the part ay, That makes us right or wrang
Love to love maks a' the sport S. Jockey fou t	That makes us right or wrang
Nae the meat, but appetite	To make us truly blest:
Maks our eating a delight:	Nor make our scanty Pleasures less,
But I will mak o' my gudeman, S. John, come kiss.	By pining at our state:
Her smile's a gift frae 'hoon the lift, That maks us mair than princes; . S. Lovely Davies.	They make us see the naked truth,
But the Lassie that man loes best,	Still take her, and make her, Thy most peculiar care!
O that's the Lass to mak him blest. S. My Lord a hunting t	The caput mortuum of gross desires
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice; S. O Tibbie †	Makes a material for mere knights and squires; Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
Wha will mak me fidgin fain? S. O wha my babie-clouts	Who make poor will do wait upon I should Ib. 5.
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear. S. O whare did ye get †	Von have my choicest model ta'en.
For clever Deils he'll mak 'em! . On a Schoolmaster.	How shall I make a fool again? Epit. on W
'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,	Sad was the parting thou makes me remember, S. Gloomy December.
In flinders flee: On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	For the man that loves his mistress weel
It [a raep] maks guid fellows girn an' gape, Poor Mailie's El	Nae travel makes him weary. S. Here's to thy health, †
I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, . Scotch Drink.	Make the gales you waft around her Soft and peaceful as her breast, S. Highland Mary.
Thon maks the gossips clatter bright, 1b. 12.	To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Wha mak the Whisky stells their prize!	Make her bosom still my home
	Thy strong right hand, L-d make it bare, Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.
"Whase aught that Chiels maks a' this bustle here?" Scots Prologue.	"Yet I'll try to make a shift, . S. Husband, husband t
In poortith I might mak' a fen'; S. Tam Glen.	And tho' you'd fain make me your ain,
An' with rhetoric clause on clause	In troth I'm fear'd to venture, Sir. S. I'm o'er young to marry t
To mak harangues; The Author's Cry and Prayer. 12. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.	Twill make your courage rise. 'Twill make a man forget his woe;
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	'Twill make a man forget his woe; 'Twill make the widow's heart to sing, John Barleycorn.
1 coft a stane o' haslock woo, To mak a coat to Johnie o't; S. The cardin o't.	Makes woodland echoes ring; Lament for Mary of Scots.
We'll mak our mant, and we'll brew our drink,	I'm better pleas'd to make one more.
5. The delt cam paatin	Than he the death of twenty. Lus, on Windows, Gl. Tav
Observ'd ye yon reverend lad Mak faces to tickle the Mob; The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	More pointed still we make ourselves, Regret, Remorse and Shame! Man was made to Mourn.
Ye av shall mak' the bed to me.	Man's inhumanity to Man
S. The lass that made the bed. Mak haste an' turn King David owre, The Ordination. 3.	Makes countless thousands mourn!
Mak haste an' turn King David owre, The Ordination. 3. And Common Sense is gaun, she says,	Or why has man the will and pow'r To make his fellow mourn?
To mak to Jamie Beattie Her plaint Ib. 11.	
I will mak my Ploughman's bed, . S. The Ploughman t	It's not the roar o' sea or shore, Wad make me langer wish to tarry; . S. My bonie Mary.
It maks him ken himsel, man The Tree of Liberty.	And make my hed in the Collier's neuk, S. My Collier Laddie.
And mak us a' content, man	I make indeed my daily bread,
interest in the second	But ne'er can make it farther, O; S. My father was a farmer
Can mak the hodies unco happy; The Twa Dogs. 18. Then howses drumlie German-water,	Make, all and every one, A joyful noise, New Psalmody.
To mak himsel look fair and fatter, 16. 23.	Longe was persuaded a venture to make:
They mak enow [ills] themsels to vex them; . 10, 29.	3. We Charennan am 1
But pith and power, till my last hour,	Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
1'll mak this declaration; S. The Union. But sure as three times three mak nine, S. There was a lad t	They make your youthful fancies reel, . O leave novels: As ye [men o' state] make mony a fond heart mount,
Or what wad mak' her weel again. S. There was a lass t	As ye [men o' state] make mony a tond heart mount, S. O Logan! sweetly
Or make was make not not again.	•

That make the miser's treasure poor:	Malice. Vengeful malice, unrepenting, A Winter Night.
S. O Mary, at thy window † The silly bogles Wealth and State,	Could'st thou to malice lend an ear! . S. Fairest maid
Can never make them eerie. S. O poortith cauld,	With all her [fortune's] wonted malice, O: S. My father was a farmer
1 make my pray'r sincere O Thou dread Pow'r t	The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice? S. The small birds
Thro' future times to make his virtues last. On Death of Sir J. Blair.	S. The small birds
Such make his destiny.	His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung. To R. G. of F.,
He who would injure thee, S. Phillis the Fair.	But mean revenge, an' malice fanse
But why of that epocha make such a fuss, Poet. Add, to Tytler.	
Or make our Bardie, dowie, wear	For what? to gie their malice skouth On some puir wight,
The mourning weed: Poor Mailie's El.	Mall [Moll, Mary].
Wou'd make a wretch forget his woe; S. Sae flaxen† Wou'd make a saint forget the sky;	Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling, Halloween.
Nor makes the bour one moment less.	Mallard.
Nor makes the hour one moment less. Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
Your friendship much can make me blest, S. Talk not of Love †	And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog. To R. G. of F.,
	Mally, -ie [Molly, Mary].
What dangers thou canst make us scorn! Tam o' Shanter. 11. But ere the key-stane she could make,	Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie;
The fient a tail she had to shake!	O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Some useful plan, or book could make,	Mally's modest and discreet, Mally's rare, Mally's fair.
The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Mally's rare, Mally's fair, Mally's ev'ry way compleat S. O Mally's mee.
Ye maggots make your windings; . The Book-Worms. Mount and make you ready; . S. The Captain's Lady.	Malt. O had the malt thy strength of mind. To Mr. Sym.
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.	Malvina.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.	In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms; Ep. fr. Esopu
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave : . 1b. 8.	Mammon.
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad: . Ib. 19.	While sordid sons o' Mammon's line Are dark as night! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, I.
In Sodom 'twould make him a king. The Election Ballads. III.	Keeper of Mammon's iron chest, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
When Politics came there to mix And make his ether-stane, man! . The Fête Champetre.	In other world's can Mammon fail, ,
Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,	No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur, To R. G. of F.,
And makes thee pine, The Hermit.	Mammy, -ie [mother].
A prince can make a belted knight, A marquis, duke, and a' that; . S. The Honest Man.	If ought of thee, or of thy mammy, Shall ever dunton me, or awe me, . Add. to Illegit. Chile
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,	They tell me. Sir, 'twon'd he a sin.
The Petition of Br. Water.	To tak me frae my mammy yet; I am my mammy's ae bairn, S. I'm o'er young
Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock, when the L—d makes a rock To crush common sense for her sins, The Kirk's Alarm. 11.	I'm o'er young, my mammy says,
	And my she wrought her mammie's wark, S. There was a lass
Her sorrows share and make them less? The Lament. 5. I'll make thy days easy the rest of thy life; The Poor Thresher.	And now she works her mammie's wark,
Alas! can I make it no better return!	And my she sighs wi' care and pain;
S. The small birds rejoice †	Man. Is there a man whose judgment clear,
Just what would make suspicion start; . The Tears I shed.	Can others teach the course to steer, A Bard's Epit
To make a tour an' tak a whirl, The Twa Dogs. 22. And make his cottage-scenes heguile	What wad ye wish for mair, man? [re.] A Bottle and Friend
His cares and pains. The Vision. D. II. 9.	He downa see a poor man want; A Ded. to G. H.,
Sad knowledge makes me know that your hearts are full of woe,	the poor man's friend in need,
S. The winter it is past \\ Shall make us baith sae blythe an' witty, Third Ep. to J. Lap	But I se repeat each poor man's pray'r,
An' justifies that ill opinion,	An' did our hellim thraw, man, [re.] A Fragmen.
Which makes thee startle, . To a Mouse.	'Than beaven-illumin'd Man on brother Man bestows!
To make a happy fire-side clime . To Dr. Blacklock.	A Winter Night. 7 'Guilt, erring Man, relenting view!
Gi'e me the hour o' gloamin grey, It makes my heart sae cheery O, S. When o'er the hill t	'Guilt, erring Man, relenting view!
Make content and ease thy aim. Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.	Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
Those that sip the dew alone,	that sorest task of man alive
Make the butterflies thy own;	Thou other man of care, the wretch in love,
Time but the impression stronger makes, S. To Mary in Heaven.	An' play'd on man a cursed brogue, Add. to the Deil. 10
And spunkie, ance to make us mellow To Mr. J. Kennedy.	sklented on the man of Uzz, Your spitefu' joke? 1b. 17 Then gently scan your brother Man, Add. to Unco Guid. 7
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow, Why am I loth †	The section has been a larger to the section of the
What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, fam'd afar? [re.] S. Ye Jacobites †	But powerful Love enslaves the man: S. A. Mastrin's bonic Anne
Maker. Thou that of a' things Maker art, S. Sae far awa.	S. A. Mastrin's bonie Anne "Man! cruel man!" the Genius sigh'd, As on the banks
Making, -In.	"Man! cruel man!" the Genius sigh'd, As on the banks The ace an' wale of honest men; Auld comrade dear
The Pipers and youngsters were making their game,	Ye'll fin' him just an' honest man:
S. As I was a-wand ring t	I heard a man sing tho' his head it was grey;
lt's no in makin muckle, mair: To make us truly blest: Ep. to Davie. 5.	S. By you castle wa'
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,	And every man shall hae his ain. S. Carl, an the king come But man is a soldier, and life is a faught:
Dues little or naething at a', m.m. Ronalds of Bennals. S ill making work his selfish craft must mend. Sketch.	S. Contented wi' little
S ill making work his selfish craft must mend Sketch. On this ane's dress, an' that me's leuk,	If man thou wouldst be named, Despise the silly creature S. Deluded swain.
They re makin observations; The Holy Fair. 20.	The ways of men are distant brought, Despondency, an Ode. 3
Ve little ken what cursed speed The blastie's makin! To a Louse.	The losses, the crosses, That active man engage:

A man may drink and no be drunk; A man may fight and no be slain; A man may kiss a bonie lass, a man may kiss a bonie lass, a man may kiss a bonie lass,	Why then ask of silly Man,
A man may fight and no be slain; A man may kiss a bonie lass.	To oppose great Nature's plan? S. Let not Woman! "Without at least ae honest man, Lns add. to J. Ranken.
And ay be welcome back again S. Dintan Davista.	There's just the man I want, in faith." Ib.
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn, Frae man exil d. El. on Capt. M. H., 2.	Ve men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
O, H[enderson]! the man! the brother! Ib. 15.	Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,	The man in arms, 'gainst female charms, S. Lovely Davies. I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Thou man of worth 10. 10.	Seem'd weary, worn with care; Man was made to mourn.
Matthew was a great man	to mourn The miseries of man
If thou on men, their works and ways,	O Man! while in thy early years, How produgal of time!
Canst throw uncommon light,	Man then is useful to his kind,
Yet that was never Robin's mark To mak a man; El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.	And man whose heav'n-erected face,
Nae waur than he did, honest man! . El. on Year 1788.	The smiles of love adorn, Man's inhumanity to Man
And [Satan] shaped it [the swine stuff] something like a man,	Or why has man the will and pow'r
	To make his fellow mourn?
I'll no say, men are villains a'; . Ep. to Young Friend, 3.	The poor, oppressed, honest man
A man may be an honest heart, The poortith hourly stare him; [re.]	O Death! the poor man's dearest friend, Ib. 11. For without an honest manly heart,
But keek thro' ev'ry other man 16.5.	No man was worth regarding, O.
The social, friendly, honest man, Whate'er he be, Tis be fulfils great Nature's plan, And none but he. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 15.	S. My father was a farmer t
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 15.	But the lassic that man locs best, O that's the lass to mak him blest. S. My Lord a-hunting †
She [nature] form'd of various parts the various man. Ep. to R. Graham.	That Young Man great in Issachar, . New Psalmody.
Where man and nature fairer in her sight.	The man that fears thy name, 1b.
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight. 16.5.	No sly man of business contriving a snare, S. No Churchman am I†
The poor man weeps-here G[avin] sleeps, Epit. for G. H.	The man wha boasts o' warld's wealth,
The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe; Epit. for Author's Father.	Is aften laird o' meikle care; . S. Now bank and brae t
An honest man here lies at rest, Epit. on a Friend.	Is aften laird o' meikle care; S. Now bank and oract Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes, S. Now spring has cladt
The friend of man, the friend of truth :	The path of man to shun it; S. Now westill winus i
Here lyes a man a woman rul'd, Epit. on Henpecked Squire.	Tyrannic man's dominion; 1b.
Here lies J[oh]n B[ushb]y, honest man Epit. on J. E., Writer.	But never honest man's intent, As cursedly miscarry'd. S. O ay my wife she dang.
To whom hae much shall yet be given, Is every great man's faith;	That blooms sae far frae baunt o' man ;
Extent. on Comments of Thomson.	S. O bonte was you rosy (
And there's no a man in all Scotland, But I'll brave him at a word. S. Farewell, ye dungeous	O can ye labour lea, young man, S. O can ye labour lea t
Wiser men than me's beguil'd, . S. First when Maggy t	I fee'd a man at Martinmas,
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong, No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong ; [re.]	Is cought to what poor she endures
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong ; [re.] Fragment, inser. to Fox.	That's trusted faithless man, jo. S. O Lassie, art thou
Good I -d what is man! for as simple he looks,	O wae upon you, men o' state, . S. O Logan! sweetly
Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks: . 10.	Fie, fie on silly coward man. That he should be the slave o't [of wealth].
In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd Man, 1b. For ilka man that's drunk's a lord S. Gane is the day t	S. O poortith cauta
11th and a land for a the fife of man	The hearts of men adore thee. S. O saw ye bonte Lestey T
An' twere na for the lauses, O. S. Green grow the Kashes.	E'en let her tak her will, jo
An' warly cares, an' warly men,	And show what good men are. O Thou dread Pow'r
The wisest Man the warl saw.	He loosed on me a lang man, A mickle man, a strang man, S. O wat ye what my
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. [v.A.24]	An' loose a man on me, jo,
Her prentice han' she try'd on man, An' then she made the lasses, O	And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear.
For the man that loves his mistress weel	Nae honest worthy man need care,
Nae travel makes him weary. S. Here's to thy health	To meet with noble youthful Daer, On alling total Dates
Man with brother man to meet, And as a brother kindly greet: S. How can my poor heart †	Man, your proud usurping foe, Would be lord of all below: . On scaring Water-fowl.
"One of two must still obey,	Man, to whom alone is given
	A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
The man and his wine's sae bewitching! Inscript on Goblet. Now a' is done that men can do S. It was a' for t	it man's superior inight Date thrade your man's
Now a is done that men can do S. It was a fort Let her lo'e nae man but me; S. Jockey fou, t	tahuman man t curse on the harb'rous art.
her [Nature's] master-work was Man; S. John Anderson †	On seeing wounded Truste
Ye're ay the same kind man to me,	For ever,—Oh no! let not man be a slave, His hopes from existence to sever. On Death of fav. Child
'Twill make a man forget his woe; John Barleycorn. Fach man a glass in hand:	Now IV rooms See I gay in hone explore the paths of men.
Each man a game at	
I wender in the ways of pien.	Poor man the flie, aft bizzes by,
Alike unknowing and unknown: Lament for Grantation.	Wae worth that man wha first did shape, That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep! Poor Mailie's El.
Young man, gin ye should be sae kind, S. Lass when yr mither †	Nor even the man in private life forgot; Prologue, sp. by Woods
Young man, do you hear that?	Protogue, sp. by Woods
	And Harley rouses all the god in man
5. 200. 100	O. happy! bappy! enviable man!
	T T Liter on less there are proper VOHOF MEG.
Ladies, would it not be strange Ven should then a monster prove?	Ronalds of Bennals

To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand	It's coming yet, for a' that, That man to man, the warld o'er.
Gow'd guineas a hunder or twa, man. Ronalds of Bennals. The poor man's wine;	Shall brothers be, for a that. S. The Honest Man.
Out owre a glass o' Whisky-punch Wi' honest men! 16. 17.	The grace be-"Athole's honest men, "And Athole's bonnie lasses!" The Petition of Br. Water.
Of a' the thoughtless sous o' man,	For men, I've three mischievous boys, . The Inventory.
Commen' me to the Bardie clan; . Second Ep. to Davie. A man of feshion too, he made his tour Sketch.	And still my delight is in proper young men:
A man of fashion too, he made his tour,	The John Deggars. S. 11.
Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low.	W. U. J. G. II are and twenty years
Sonnet, on Death of Riddel. And bids me beware o' young men; S. Tam Glen.	A man and wife together; S. The Joyful Widower.
And bids me beware o' young men; S. Tam Glen. (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses, For honest men and bonnie lasses.) Tam o' Shanter. 2.	And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye sound." S. The Lass that made the bed.
	Haud aff your hands, young man, said she, Ib.
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,	"Alas! young man, ye've ruin'd me."
Nae man can tether time or tide;	For comothing beyond it poor man sure must live.
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:	S. The lazy mist † A bloody man I trow thou be ; . S. The lovely lass †
In mourning weed : . Tam Samson's El	Our Patron, honest man! Gi[encairn], . The Ordination, 8.
Ae social, honest man want we: Ib. 14.	This poor man was seen to go early to work,
When first among the yellow corn A man I reckon'd was; . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	S. The Poor Thresher.
Ve're wae men, ye're nae men.	Where, like an aged man, it [the hawthorn] stands at break o' day;
That slight the lovely dears:	And even children lisp the Rights of Man:
The auld man he came over the lea, . S. The auld man	The Rights of Woman.
Does ony great man glunch an' gloom? The Author's Cry and Prayer. 5.	Each man of sense has it so full before him, Ib.
Till fey men died awa, man. [re.] S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways; . Ib. Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred— . Ib.
	But beaven's curse will blast the man
doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak, The Brigs of Ayr. And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!) Ib.	Denies the courn he got: . The Kunea Maia's Lument.
There's men of taste wou'd tak the Ducat-stream, . 1b. 6.	
Rev'rend Men, their country's glory, Ib. 9.	Gie me the groat again, cany young man, S. The Taylor fell †
Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers, . Ib.	The Taylor prov'd a man, O S. The Taylor he cam t
Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins, Ib. 10. No man can tell: Ib. 11.	It raises man aboon the brute, . The Tree of Liberty.
No man can tell:	L—d man, our gentry care as little . The Twa Dogs. 12. The Men cast out in party-matches,
To rank amang the Nowte	The Men cast out in party-matches,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	Rejoic'd they were na men but dogs; Ib. 35.
When men display to congregations wide,	O, M[ood]y, man, and wordy R[ussell], The Twa Herds, 3.
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart! Ib. 17.	'All chuse, as, various they're inclin'd,
'An nonest man's the noble work of God: [v.A.30] Ib. 19.	
And he wad gae to London town, Might nae man him withstand The Election Ballads. I.	'Explore at large Man's infant race, 10.10. 'Preserve the dignity of Man, With Soul erect; 10.22.
God grant the King and ilka man	And once more, in claret, try which was the man.
May look weel to themsel	The Whistle. 7.
The independent patriot, The honest man, and a' that. Ib. II. The independent commoner Shall be the man for a' that. Ib.	But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have, S. There liv'd ance a carle t
But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels,	He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife, Ib.
A man we ken, and a' that	He's the king of gude fellows, and wale of auld men; S. There's auld Rob M. †
Though Nabobs, yet men o' the first:	Whanr'll ye e'er see men sae happy, There's naethin like †
That year I was the waest man O' ony man alive. Ib. V. But O! I was a waefu' man Ere toofa' o' the night. Ib.	I'll no gang to my hed Till I get a man.
For woman's wit, or strength o' man,	S. There's news, lasses t
Alas! can do but what they can; Ib. VI.	Ahusin' me for harsh ill nature On holy men, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
That man shall flourish like the trees Which by the streamlets grow; . The 1st Psalm.	I'm truly sorry Man's dominion Has broken Nature's social union, To a Mouse.
But hath decreed that wicked men	The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men, Gang aft agley, Ib.
Shall ne'er be truly blest	And wakeful caution still aware
Thou giv'st the word; Thy creature, man, Is to existence brought;	
Is to existence brought; Again Thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men, 'Return ye into nought!' . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	But an auld man shall never daunton me. [re.] S. To daunton me.
I red you heware at the hunting, young men:	Ye ken, ye ken, That strang, necessity supreme is Mang sons o' men To Dr. Blacklock.
I red you beware at the hunting, young men; S. The heather was blooming	
Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life, The Henpecked Husband.	But why should ae man better fare, And a' men brithers! Ib.
And hither came, with men disgusted.	Come Firm Resolve take thou the van, Thou stalk o' carl hemp in man!
My life to end The Hermit.	And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,
For Donald was the bravest man, And Donald he was mine. S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.	She's wrote, the Man 10 J. S., 3.
O happy is that man, an' blest! The Holy Fair. 11.	"I red you, honest man, tak tent! Ib., 7. "Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters, Ib. 8.
The moral man he does define,	A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,
The man's the gowd for a' that S. The Honest Man	Is ay a blest infection To Mr. M'Adam.
A man's a man for a' that:	
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor, Is king o' men, for a' that	Baith honest men and lasses bonie, . To Terraughty. An honest man may like a glass,
The man of independent mind,	An honest man may like a lass, . To Rev. J. M'Math.
He looks and laughs at a' that	As men, as christians too, renown'd,
But an honest man's aboon his might,	An' manly preachers

May never wicked men bainboozle him! . To W. Creech.	And wad na Manbood been to blame,
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction, Tragic Frag	Had I unkindly us'd her: S. Had I the wyte †
Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch, . What ails ye now t	Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime! Lament for Glencairn. Manhood's active might; Man was made to Mourn.
What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?	In manhood's dawning blush; . O Thou dread Pow'r
S. What can a yng lassie† O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man. [re.] Ib.	Of manhood but sma' is your share; . The Kirk's Alarm.
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste.	Maniaa While mania Winter and ale
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste, She'll always find a lover S. When first I saw †	The hills whence classic Varrow flows, Add. to Shade of Thomson,
I am the man—and thus may still True lovers be rewarded S. When wild War's †	Add. to Shade of Thomson. Mankind, 'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
Again exalt the brute and sink the man; Why am I loth	In gore a shoe-thick; Add. to Toothache.
Can ye think to tak a man? . S. Will ye go and marry	Because God meant mankind should set
1 could wish nae man to get ye,	That higher value on it
Save it were my very sel	Ye'll find mankind an unco squad, . Ep. to Young Friend. 2.
If ye wad a man should get ye, Then 1 can that want supply;	But Och, mankind are unco weak,
say ye'll take me, As the very wale o' men,	Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
Then nae ither man can get ye,	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 5.
man's true, genuine estimate, . Wr. in Friars Carse H.	Pitying the propless climber of mankind,
Keep the name of man in mind,	Ef. to R. Graham. 4. Mankind are his show box Fragment, inser. to Fox.
And dishonour not thy kind. Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.	Mankind is a science defies definitions
And [here might] injured Worth forget and pardon man. Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Shame fa' the fun; wi' sword and gun
Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd,	To slap mankind like lumber! Nature's Law.
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure. Wr. undr Port. of Fergusson.	'Here, in this hand, does mankind stand, 'And there, is Beauty's blossom!'
And wi' some unco man S. I'e hae lien wrang.	I saw mankind with vice incrusted; The Hermit.
And leave a man undone To his fate S. Ye Jacobites †	Busy haunts of base mankind, S. Thickest night †
To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,	V. Davies who make marking your case. To a Heart
S. You wild mossy mountains †	In days when mankind were but callans, To W. Simpson. P.S.
Or will we send a man-o'-law? . The Fête Champetre.	Manly. The manly tar, my mason Billie. Auld comrade
Man, to. Then, man my soul with firm resolves	What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4.
A Prayer under Press, of Anguish.	The sun a hackward course shall take
Manage. An' dousely manage our affairs In Parliament, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Ere ought thy manly courage shake; S. Highland Laddie.
Managing.	He bade me act a manly part, Though I had ne'er a farthing, O;
Was managing St. Stephen's quorum; Kind Sir, Ive read t	For without an honest manly heart,
Mandate.	For without an honest manly heart, No man was worth regarding, O. S. My father was a farmer † With monly lore, or female heaptly bright
For thus the royal Mandate ran, When first the human race began, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 15.	S. My father was a farmer to With manly lore, or female beauty bright, Prologue, sp. by Woods.
O Mandate, glorious and divine!,	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Sir, as your mandate did request, The Inventory.	His manly leg with garter tangle bound. The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
'Mang [among].	M'Q[uh]e's pathetic manly sense, . The Twa Herds. 17.
'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks, A Ded. to G. H., 6.	As men, as christians too, renown'd,
And [guid luck] 'mang her favourites admit you! A Farewell.	Manna. An' mauly preachers. To Rev. J. M' Math.
	The hungry Jew in wilderness
Ye did present your smoutie phiz, 'Mang better folk, Add. to the Deil. 17.	Rejoicing o'er his manna, . S. The gowd. Locks of A.
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O, S. Behind you hills †	Manner, Manners.
'Mang fields o' flowering claver gay; El. on Capt. M. H., o.	If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit The Kirk's Alarm.
The lasses staw frae 'mang them a', Halloween. 6. Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk,	Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.
Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them, Lns to J. Ranken.	
** 1 15 1 C 1	Even Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd, An' winning manner. To Rev. J. M'Math.
sunk enery'd 'Mang heaps o' clavers;	
Nay been bitch-ion mang gooly priests, on aining with Daer, sunk enery'd 'Mang heaps o' clavers; Poem on Pastoral Poetry. But we'll bae ane frae 'mang oursels, The Election Ballads, II.	Manners-painting. 'I taught thy manners-painting strains, The Vision. D. II. 18.
The Election Ballads, II.	Manor.
But comes trae mang that cursed set, The Twa Hiras. 11.	For gold the merchant ploughs the main, The farmer ploughs the manor; S. When wild War's †
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet! To a Mountain-Daisy.	Manse [a parsonage house].
strang necessity supreme is 'Mang sons o' men. To Dr. Blacklock.	Here's armorial bearings
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief What ails ye now t	Frae the manse o' Urr; . The Election Ballads. IV.
Mangle.	But faith! the birkie wants a Manse, So, cannilie he hums them; The Holy Fair. 17.
He [Monroe] backs to teach, they [Critics] mangle to expose.	Mansfield.
To K. G. of F., 4.	old Mansfield who writes like the Bible, Reproof by Himself.
An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled, Auld comrade dear	Mansion. What dost thou in that mansion fair?
Sook manufed wretch some place of wonted rest.	On seeing Seat of Lord G.
On seeing wounded Hure.	In the dark silent mansions of sorrow, On Death of fav. Child. Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste
A knife, a father's throat had mangled, Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Of any mason reptile, hird or beast; The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Mangy. He fine a mangy sheep could scrub. The Twa Herds. 8.	Within this dear mansion may wayward contention
He fine a mangy sheep could scrub, The Twa Herds. 8. Manhood.	Or withered envy ne er enter; 3. The Sons of our Mille.
	Manson. And taste a swatch o' Manson's harrels, To a Medical Gent.
Ye little know the ills ye court, When Manhood is your wish! Despondency, an Ode. 5.	Manteele [a mantle].
Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows, Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose. Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Twa had manteeles o dolefu' black, . The Holy Fair. 2.
ret viiest reptiles in their begging prose. Epito errorumanig.	

Mantle. Unfolds her tender mantle green, Add. to Shade of Thomson.	Mark [an old Scotch silver coin, equal to 13\fmathbb{d}. ster- ling].
In grief thy sallow mantle tear; . El. on Capt. M. H., 13.	He gied me thee. o' tocher clear, An' fifty mark; . A Guid New-Year † 4.
Girt on her mantle and her hose, S. It was the charming † Now Nature hangs her mantle green	I would na gie her in her sark For thee wi' a' thy thousand mark; S. O Tibbie!
On ev'ry blooming tree, Lament of Mary of Scots. Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,	My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him. He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten: S. Tam Glen.
S. My Nanie's awa.	Mark. Vet that was never Robin's mark
My gazing wonder chiefly drew; The Vision. D. I. 12. in thy scanty mantle clad, To a Mountain-Daisy.	To mak a man; El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux. Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!
Manti'd.	S. Farewell, thou fair day † The marks of sturt and strife; Nature's Law.
Or when the deep green mantl'd Earth, Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth, The Vision. D. II. 14.	Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
Mantling.	Once fondly lov d† A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,
And pours her cup luxuriant, mantling high The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss! Innocence †	Poet, Add. to Tytler. But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard 1b.
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream, . The Twa Dogs. 20.	But the Doctor's your mark, The Kirk's Alarm.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup, To R. G. of F., 7. Many. Then first she [nature] calls the useful many forth;	Tak a mark by auntie Betty, . S. Will ye go and marry † Thou flattering mark of friendship kind,
Ep. to R. Graham, 2. Many and sharp the num'rous Ills	Wr. on Leaf of " H. More."
Inwoven with our frame! . Man was made to mourn. In many a way, and vain essay, S. My father was a farmer t	Mark, to. Mark Maiden-innocence a prey To love pretending snares, A Winter Night. 8.
Baited with many a deadly curse? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs	Ye've nought to do but mark and tell Vour Neebours' fauts and folly! Add. to Unco Guid.
And from thee many a parent stem Arise to deck our land. On Birth of Posth. Child.	And just as lamely can ye mark, How far perhaps they rue it
Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den, On Death of R. Dundas.	To mark the sweet flowers as they spring; S. Adown winding Nith †
With grateful pride we own your many favors:	Yon wand'ring rill, that marks the hill, S. Damon and Sylvia.
Prologue, at Th., D after many a bloody, deathless doing, . Scots Prologue.	Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs, Ep. to R. Graham. 2
How many a robe sae gaily floats! The Fête Champetre. I am a Son of Mars who have been in many wars,	Mark, how their lofty independent spirit Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit! Ib. 5.
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	The wretch beneath the dreary pole.
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum, Ib. I've ta'en the gold an been enroll'd	So marks his latest sun S. Farewell, dear mistress † Mark the winds, and mark the skies; . S. Let not woman †
In many a noble squadron;	Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion, S. Mark yonder pomp †
And many griefs attended; . S. The Joyful Widower.	But weel the watching lover marks The kind love that's in her e'e S. O this is no my ain †
Many-aproned. all mechanics' many-aproned kinds. Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	Hangman of creation, mark! Who in widow weeds appears, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
Many-pounders.	Mark russian Violence, distain'd with crimes ; On Death of R. Dundas.
The many-pounders of the Banks, The Election Ballads. VI. Marble. No sculptur'd marble here, nor nompous lay.	Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred Fane. On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Marble. No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay, Inscr. on Tomb of Fergusson. We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay;	That's he, mark weel On Grose's Peregrinations.
Monody, on a Lady. Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,	Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam, . S. Peggy Chalmers. Far as the rude barbarian marks the bound.
S. The Lass that made the bed.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
March. On guid March-weather, A Guid New-Year 11. In March the three-and-twentieth day, The Election Ballads. V.	Yon auld gray stane, among the heather, Marks out his bead, Tam Samson's El., 12. Wi' justice they may mark your head—
	'Here hes a famous Bullock!' The Calf.
To keep his courage cheary; . Halloween. 19. March, to. He marches thro' amang the stacks,	Mark our jovial, ragged ring! The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. To mark the mutual-kindling eye The Lament.
Halloween. 18. Whare birkies march on burning marl: To Mr. Renton.	To mark where England's province stands . S. The Union.
March'd. And by our banners march'd Muirhead,	His Country's Saviour, mark him well! [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
The Election Ballads, V. But vain they search'd when off I march'd	To mark the embryotic trace, Of rustic Bard; Ib. D. II. 10.
The Jolly Beggars. S. VI. Mare. a good bay mare, As ever trode on airn; El. on Peg Nicholson.	But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed, To a Haggis. And mark that eye of fire, V.s below Picture.
El. on Peg Nicholson. Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg, Tam o' Shanter. 9.	Mark Scotia's fond returning eye, It dwells upon Glencairn
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare	Marked, -'d.
Margin. If, in their random, wanton sponts, They [the trouts] near the margin stray; The Petition of Br. Water.	And mark'd with many a seamy scar: Add, to Edinburgh, 5. Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills: S. Afton Water.
Maria. To tell Maria her Esopus' fate. [re.] Ep. fr. Esopus.	And mark'd its bonie holms and haughs, As on the banks †
'Tis not Maria's whispering call; [re.] S. Here is the glen † Give me Maria's natal day! Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail. S. Behold the hour† I marked nought uncommon. On dining with Daer
Thro' faded groves Maria sang, Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while, S. The Catrine woods †	I mark'd the cruel hawk Caught in a snare; S. Phillis the Fair.
But, O Maria, hear my prayer, S. The last time I came t	His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.
Marjory. And Marjory o' the Monylochs.	S. The heather was blooming t Who marked each element's border; S. The Sons of old Killie.
A carline auld and teugh The Election Ballads, I.	Was strongly marked in her face: The Vision, D. I. 10.
Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs, And wrinkled was her brow,	I mark'd a martial Race, pourtray'd In colour's strong; [v.A.4] 1b.

Here tumbling billows mark'd the coast,	Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks, . Halloween.
Here tumbling billows mark'd the coast, With surging foam; The Vision. D. I. 13.	Thee [Caledonia] famed for martial deed and sacred song,
'I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame, 'Thy natal hour 16, D. 11, 11.	Liberty. Once great in martial story! On Duke of Queensberry.
Market.	A Douglas followed to the martial strife, [v, A, 12]
At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me, Gang hy me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie; S. O whistle, †	She eyes her freeborn, martial boys,
At Kirk or market, Mill or Smiddie, . The Twa Dogs.	Tak aff their whisky. The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.
I might, by this, hae led a market, . The Vision. D. 1.5. There was a lass, and she was fair,	Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
At kirk and market to be seen; S. There was a lass † Market-crowd.	But up arose the martial Chuck, The Jolly Beggars. R. II.
As eager runs the market-crowd, When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;	Scottish name, Sae fam'd in martial story S. The Union. I mark'd a martial Race, pourtray'd
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud; Tam o' Shanter, 17.	In colours strong; [v.A.4] The Vision, D. I.
Market-day.	Martlal, 'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder. Epig, on E.'s "Martial."
As market days are wearing late, Tam o' Shanter. That frae November till October,	Martinmas. I fee'd a man at Martinmas S. O can ye labour leat
	Martyr.
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;	From great Dundee, who smiling victory led,
Tam had got planted unco right; Tam o' Shanter. 5. Marking.	And fell a martyr in her arms, Fragment of Ode. Show many a saint and martyr there On Lineluden.
From marking wildly-scattered flow'rs, Add. to Edinburgh.	Martyrs [name of a minor Psalm-tune].
Marking you his prey below,, On scaring Water-fowl,	Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
And marking sweet flowerets so fair; S. Where are the joyst Markland. Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine,	Mary [Queen of Scots],
The Belles of Mauchline.	And dire the discord Langside saw, For beauteous hapless Mary: The Dean of Fac
Marl. Where birkie's march on burning marl: To Mr. Renton. Marled [of mingled colours].	Mary. My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream, [re.]
The marled plaid ye kindly spare, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	With "Mary when shall we return, Sic pleasure to renew?" . S. As down the burn t
Maro. They're no herd's ballats, Maro's catches; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Sic pleasure to renew?" S. As down the burn† The muse should tell in labor d strains,
Marquis.	O Mary bow I love thee S. Could aught of song †
Here lies a mock Marquis whose titles were shamm'd, Extem. on "the Marquis."	An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt, Halloween. 9. While in distant climes I wander.
A prince can make a belted knight, A marquis, duke, and a' that; . S. The Honest Man.	Let my Mary be your care. [rc.] . S. Highl. Mary.
Marr'd. And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet, The Hermit.	O Lady Mary Ano looks o'er the castle wa', S. Lady Mary Ann.
Marriage.	Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew: 16.
And marriage aff-hand, S. Last May a braw wooer † And sock or buskin skelp alang	The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more. Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
To death or marriage; Foem on Fastoral Foetry.	My Mary's face, my Mary's form,
Does the sober hed of Marriage Witness brighter scenes of love? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	The frost of hermit age might warm; My Mary's worth, my Mary's mind,
Married, Marry'd.	Might charm the first of humankind. S. My Mary's face t I love my Mary's angel air
Now we're married, spier nae mair, S. First when Maggy † On peace and rest my mind was bent,	But I adore my Mary's heart,
And fool I was I marry'd; . S. O ay my wife she dang.	To Cassills' banks when ev'ning fa's, There with my Mary let me flee, S. Now bank and brae †
O ken ye how Meg o' the mill was married? S. O ken ye what Meg †	The bonie blink o' Mary's ee. [rc.]
O that I bad ne'er been married, I wad never had one care, . S. O that I had ne'er t	But Mary she is a' my ain,
I married with a scolding wife . S. The Joyful Widower.	Could I the rich reward secure,
Then, O! then, my charming Katie, When we're married what comes then? S. Will ye go and marry †	The lovely Mary Morison
S. Will ye go and marry t	Ve are na Mary Morison
Marrow. They wasted, o'er a scorching flame, The marrow of his hones; . John Barleycorn.	O Mary, cao'st thou reck his peace,
	The thought of Mary Morison 1b.
Marry. Thou it ay sae tree informing me Thou hast nae mind to marry; S. Here's to thy health, †	Sweet banks! ye bloom by Mary's side; S. Slow spreads the gloom t
We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat, And that will let them ken he's to marry yet. S. Lady Mary Ann.	We drank a health to bonie Mary. [re.] S. Th. Menz.'s bonic Mary.
S. Lady Mary Ann. What care I in riches to wallow,	Train
If I mauna marry Tam Glen, S. Tam Glen.	Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary, [72.] . S. 10 Mary. My Mary from my soul was torn. O Mary! dear, departed shade! [72.] S. To Mary in Heaven. For there I took the last farewell
Gin ye will advise me to marry The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen 1b.	S. To Mary in Heaven.
Will ye go and marry Katie? S. Will ye go and marry t	For there I took the last farewell Of my sweet Highland Mary. [re.] S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Marry, Katie, then we'll woo 16. Marrying.	
man to the table manufactor	Mashlum [meslin, a mixture of oats and pease]. I'll be his debt twa mashlum bannocks,
O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave: S. O merry hae I been t	The Author's Cry and Frayer. 20.
Mars. I am a Son of Mars who have been in many wars, S. The Jolly Beggars. S.I.	Maskin-pat [infusing-pot, a tea-pot]. Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
Mar's-year [the year of the Earl of Mar's rebellion, 17[5].	And in the sea did jaw, man; A Fragment.
Audd upple John who wedlock's joys.	Mason.
Sin' Mar's-year did desire,	When Masons' mystic word an' grip, In storms an' tempests raise you up, Add. to the Deil. 14.
The martial phosphorus is taught to flow, Ep. to R. Graham 2,	The manly tar, my mason Billie, Auld Comrade †
2.0	

Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste Say, was thy little mate unkind, S. O stay sweet warbling t Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast; The Brigs of Ayr. S. 'Tis thy trusty quondam Mate, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. -. 'Tis thy trusty quondam mate;
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
S. On Cessnock banks † Masonic. And honours masonic prepare for to throw; S. No Churchman am It Thou'll hreak my heart, thou bonie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II. To Masonry and Scotia dear! The Farewell. To St. I.'s L .. Masquerading. The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie, Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading: The Twa Dogs. 22. Mass. Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs, Ep. to R. Graham. 2. Material. The caput mortuum of gross desires Makes a material, for mere knights and squires; Massive. Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles, Ep. to R. Graham. 2. The Brigs of Ayr. 2. Maternal. Wassy. Of thy caprice maternal I complain. To R. G. of F., 2. The pond'rous wall and massy har. Add. to Edinburgh, 5. Watron. Aft clad in massy, siller weed, Scotch Drink, 7. Summer with a matron grace Add, to Shade of Thomson. Mast. Matter. So, took a birth afore the mast. On Scot. Bard one to W. I. No matter-stick to sound believing. A Ded. to G. H., 8. Master. A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter, Add. sp. by Fontenelle. As Master, Landlord, Hushand, Father, He does na fail his part in either. '. A Ded. to G. H., 5. I, through the tender-gushing tear, Should recognise my Master dear, n feckless matter To gie ane fash. Add, to Illegit. Child. An' hae to Learning nae pretence, Yet, what the matter? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, q. 14 16 Lament for Glencairn. "My noble master lies in clay; . An' that there is [anither warl'] I've little swither Ae spring brought off her master hale. Tam o' Shanter, 18. About the matter: Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8. They [his looks] say their master is a knave-Some spumy, fiery, ignis fatuus matter ; Ep. to R. Graham. 3. That there is falsehood \ And sure they do not lie. Scots Prologue. To gather matter for a serious piece; . Their Master's and their Mistress's command. Yet deil mak' matter ! [v.A.2] . Scotch Drink, P. The youngkers a are warned to obey;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6. That on this frail uncertain state, The Death of Mailie. Sketch. New-Yr's Day. An' bear them to my Master dear. . Hang matters of eternal weight: If we lead a life of pleasure,
"Tis no matter how or where, The Jolly Beggars, S. VIII. Tell him, he was a Master kin', Ib. Like loss o' health or want o' masters, . The Twa Dogs. 11. As yet ye little ken about the matter, The Brigs of Ayr. 7. Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster In favour wi' some gentle Master, To W. Simpson. P.S. Ib. 21. Is naething but a moonshine matter: But will ye tell me, master Cæsar, Ib. 26. I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me, But what the matter,' . . What ails we now t Our Master and the Brotherhood . . To a Medical Gent. Matthew. Masterpiece. When nature her great master-piece designed, For Matthew's course was bright; . El. on Capt. M. H. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn [re.] . . Ib. 2. Master-work. Mattock. Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,

The Cotter's Sat. Night. her master-work was Man; . . S. John Anderson, † Match. 'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale. Maturely. He had few matches. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 6. But I maturely thought it proper, A Ded. to G. H .. 12. For one, he said, to labour bred. Was a match for fortune fairly, S. My father was a farmert Mauchline. Mauchline Race or Mauchline Fair, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 18. There's not a lad in a' the lan' Was match for my John Highlandman. Lament 'im Mauchline husbands a', [re.] Epit, on a Wag. The Jolly Beggars. S. IV. O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles, . O leave novels † Mfutriel and you were just a match, In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,

The Belles of Mauchline. We never had sic twa drones; . The Ordination, 10. The Men cast out in party-matches, . The Twa Dogs. 32. I'm gaun to Mauchline holy fair, . . The Holy Fair, 5. Match, to. But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws, E'er bring you in by Mauchline Corss, To Mr. J. Kennedy. E'er bring you in by Mauchline town,
But when I came roun' by Mauchline town,
S. When first I came † Can match the lads o' Galla water.

S. Braw lads on Yar, braes t Then ergo, she'll match them, and match them always, My heart was caught before I thought, And by a Mauchline lady. . . . S. Caledonia Spring, summer, autuma, cannot match me [winter]; Maukin [a hare]. Improm., on Mrs. -'s Birthday. Gude help the day when royal heads But thee. Theopocritus, wha matches? Are hunted like a maukin. . S. Awa, whigs, awa. Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Ye maakins whiddin thro' the glade, El. on Capt. M. H., 6. "But if ye can match her ye're waur than ye're ca'd,
S. There liv'd ance a carle Ye Maukins, cock your fud fu' braw, Tam Samson's El., 7. And coward mankin sleep secure,

The Petition of Br. Water. Match'd. Tho', by his banes wha in a tub Match'd Macedonian Sandy! To Mr. M'Adam. Matching. And hunger'd Maukin taen her way To kail-yards green, . The Vision, D. I. I. Tho' matching beauty's fabled queen ; S. On Cessnock banks † Maun [must]. Matchless. This may do-maun do. Sir, wi' them wha Maun please the Great-folk for a wamefou; A matchless Heavenly Light! . A matchless Heaveniy Lague.

And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply.

Ep. fr. Esopus. . El. on Capt. M. H. A Ded. to G. H., 2. (Sir, ye maun forgie me, Ib. 4. I bless and praise thy matchless might,

Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.

Reader, dost value matchless worth? Some cock or cat, your rage mann stop, Add. to the Deil. 14. And maun I still on Menie doat, S. Again rejoic. Nature † Lns on Window, F.'s C. Her .. If from the lover thou maun flee, . . . S. Ah. Chloris t May be who wins thy matchless charms An' I maun guide it cannie, O; S. Behind you hills † Possess a leal and true heart; . S. Polly Stewart. Underneath the grass-green sod. And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd! Soon maun he my owemag.
Then somebodie maun cross the main,
S. Carl, an the king come. Soon maun be my dwelling. . S. Blythe ha'e I been t The Brigs of Ayr. 12. So calls the woodlark in the grove, is little faithful mate to chear, S. Here is the glen, † Mate. So calls the woodcar. His little faithful mate to chear, Folk maun do something for their bread, An' sae maun Death, Death and Dr. Hornbook, 12. Her faithfu' mate will share her toil, Or wi' his song her cares heguile: S. O Logan! sweetly +

For never but by British hands

Maun British wrangs be righted. S. Does haughty Gaul †

Then I mann sit the lee lang day, S. Duncan Gray.	A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed;
And frae my een the drapping rains	Maut [malt].
Maun ever flow. El. on Capt. M. H., 11. The sympathetic tear maun fa', Ib. Epit.	O wha will buy the groanin maut? S. O wha my babie-clouts †
The Sympathetic tear mann in ,	O Willie brew'd a peck o' mant, . S. O Willie brew'd †
Tho' I mann own, as monie still, As far abuse me. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 16.	"We'll mak our mant, and we'll brew our drink,
To some other warl	S. The deil cam fiddlin †
Mann follow the carl, . Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.	For a' his meal and a' his maut, S. To daunton me.
I could write,-but Meg mann see't. S. First when Maggy †	O had the malt thy strength of mind, To Mr. Syme. Mavis [the thrush]. In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
Never mair maun hope to find Ease frae toil, relief frae care: . S. Frae the Friends	The mayis and the lintwhite sing.
And semple-folk mann fecht and fen; S. Gane is the day t	S. Again remicing Nature †
Their stocks maun a' be sought ance ;	Hark! the mavis' evening sang Sounding Clouden's woods amang; S. Hark! the mavis'
Altho' thou mann never be mine, S. Here's a health to ane t	The mayis mild wi' many a note.
Besides, I farther mann allow, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.	Sings drowsy day to rest: Lament of Mary of Scots.
If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne,	And thou mellow mayis that hails the night fa', S. My Nanie's Awa.
And wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will ; S. In simmer when t	The mavis mild and mellow; . The Petition of Br. Water.
Keep mind that ye mann drink the yill	The mayis sang, while dew-drops hang
For I maun cross the main, My dear, . S. It was a' for t Now we maun totter down, John, . S. John Anderson.	Around her on the castle wa' The night was still \
Now we mann totter down, John, . S. John Anderson. But I mann lie before the storm, . Lament for Glencairn.	In ev'ry glen the mavis sang,
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,	All nature list ning seem'd the while, S. Twas even—the dewy
Mann lie in prison strang Lament of Mary of Scots.	mawin [mowing].
I think I mann wed him-to-morrow.	'Guid-een,' quo' I; 'Friend! hae ye been mawin',
S. Last May a braw wooer t	Mawn [mown]. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.
Even they maun dare an effort mair, . S. Lovely Davies.	In simmer when the hay was mawn, S. In simmer when t
Sae droops our heart when we maun part Ib. And I maun leave my bonie Mary S. My Bonie Mary.	The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn,
While my dear lad mann face his faes, S. O Logan! sweetly †	S. The heather was blooming †
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.	We'll hide the Cooper behind the door,
S. O meikle thinks my love †	And cover him under a mawn, O. S. The Cooper o' cuddy t
But Nith mann be my Muse's well,	Maxim.
My Muse mann be thy bonie sel; S. O were I on Parnass. †	My Son, these maxims make a rule,
The bowl we maun renew it; S. On W. Stewart. Tho' I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter, Second Ep. to Davie.	And lump them ay thegither; Add. to Unco Guid. Mott. 'Life's cares they are comforts'—a maxim laid down
Some less maun sair	Ev the Bard, what dive call him, that wore the black gown:
But if its ordain'd I maun tak' him, S. Tam Glen.	S. No Churchman am I†
The hour approaches Tam mann ride; . Tam o' Shanter. 7.	Grave these maxims on thy soul. Wr. in Hermitage, F. C.
But here my Muse her wing maun cour; 1b. 16.	Maxwell. And there frae the Nidsdale border, Will mingle the Maxwells in droves,
And I mann cross the raging seat . S. The Highl. Lassie.	The Election Ballads. III.
An' we maun draw our tippence The Holy Fair. 8.	And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue; S. The Laddies by †
But now his Honor maun detach, The Ordination, 10.	The noble Maxwells and their Powers Are coming o'er the border, . S. The noble Maxwells †
Now I mann thole the scorofu' sneer The Ruined Maid's Lament.	Maxwell, if merit here you crave,
a wee touch langer, An' they mann starve The Twa Dogs. 11.	That merit I deny: To Dr. Maxwell.
How they mann thole a factor's snash; Ib. 13.	Health to the Maxwells' vet'ran Chief! To Terraughty.
While they mann stan', wi' aspect humble, Ib.	Maxwelton.
But surely poor-folk mann be wretches! Ib. 14.	Maxwelton, that baron bold, . The Election Ballads. VI.
For I maun till'd again S. There's news, lasses t	May. Her looks were like a flow'r in May, S. Elythe was she,† Yet maiden May, in rich array,
Then I maun rin amang the rest . Third Ep. to J. Lap	Again shall bring them a [our joys]. S. But lately seen †
For I mann crush amang the stoure Thy slender stem: To a Mountain-Daisy.	Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen,
High-shelt'ring woods and wa's mann shield, Ib.	S. Last May a braw wooer
	nae life like the Ploughman in the month o' sweet May. S. Lns on a Ploughman.
What then? poor beastie, thou main live: 10 a Mouse. They main hae brose and brats o' duddies; To Dr. Blacklock.	Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers, S. Now rosy May t
To Dr. Blacklock.	Again the merry month o' May
If ye then, mann be then Frae hame this comin Friday; To Gav. Hamilton.	Has made our hills and valleys gay; S. O Logan! sweetly f
They a' maun meet some ither place, To W. Creech.	O May thy morn was ne'er sae sweet, As the mirk night o' December, S. O May thy morn †
Tho' I mann say't, I wad he silly, To W. Simpson.	When merry May its bloom renew'd. S. O were my love t
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me;	When flow'ry May adorns the scene, S. On Cessnock banks †
S. Twas na her bonie blue † Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay. Wha is that at my †	Her looks are like the vernal May, Ib. Sett. II.
Ye maun conceal till your last hour!	There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
I maun Gae fa' upo' anither plan, What ails ye now t	That's half sae welcome's thou art. On W. Stewart.
Though I maun never have her, . S. When first I saw t	There's not a flower that blooms in May, That's half so fair as thou art S. Polly Stewart.
Your doctrines I mann blame, . S. Ye Jacobites +	There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May,
To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,	That's half so sweet as thou art
S. You wild mossy mountains †	She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May, S. There's auld Rob M. †
Maunna, Mauna [must not].	Blooming on thy early May, To Miss C.
I canna tell, I maunna tell, . S. Craigie-burn Wood.	Fair is the mora in flow'ry May, S. 'Twas even-the dewy t
What care I in riches to wallow, If I mauna marry Tam Glen S. Tam Glen.	to me more dear, Than all the pride of May : . Winter.
The kirk and state may join, and tell	May. Sweetest May, let love inspire thee; S. Sweetest May t
To do such things I maunna: S. The gowd. Locks of A.	And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May. [re.] S. The Posic.
But an honest man's aboun his might, Gude faith he maunna fa' that! . S. The Honest Man.	Maybe. 'Guid faith, Ye're maybe come to stap my breath; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.
Gude faith he maunna fa' that! . S. The Honest Man.	2000

But by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're maybe wrang. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 10.

Maybe some ither thing they gie me

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,

Meanwhile, Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,

. S. O Mally's meek.

To a Mountain-Daisy.

Meet, to. If friendless, low, we meet together, Then, Sir, your hand—my Friend and Brother. A Ded. to G. H., 16.

Go on, my Lord! I lang to meet you, Add. of Beelzebub. 5.

It were mair meet, that those fine feet Were weel lac'd up in silken sboon,

But of meet, or nameet, in a fabric complete, I'll boldly pronounce they [reviewers] are none, Sir.

To Capt. Riddel.

The bonie Lark, companion meet!

To W. Simpson.

Maybe some ither thing they gie me They weel can spare Ib. 17.	Your most obedient. Ep. to J. R., 13.
They weel can spare Ib. 17. He had twa fauts, or maybe three, Tam Samson's El., 14.	Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
Mayna [may not]. At least some pity on me shaw,	They did his measures thraw, man A Fragment. 6.
If love it mayna be. S. O mirk, mirk t	The ready measure rins as fine.
Maze. When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze, Despondency, an Ode. 5.	As Phoebus and the famous Nine Were glowran owre my pen Ep. to Davie. 11.
Mazy. Her [nature's] eye intent on all the mazy plan.	Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure, She's seldom lazy Second Ep. to Davie.
M'Craw.	Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
He swoor 'twas bilchan Jean M'Craw, . Halloween. 20.	The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
Jenny M'Craw, she has ta'en to the beather, Jenny M'Craw.	Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
M'Dowall. And there will be Logan M'Dowall;	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13. And cowe her measure shorter
The Election Ballads. III.	By th' head some day. The Ordination. 13.
And o'er the flowery mead she goes, S. It was the charming	Measure, to.
The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead.	Nae muir at present can I measure, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.
Now trodden like the vilest weed, S. O Lassie, art thou t	We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay; Monody, on a Lady.
Meadow. Nue mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs; The Brigs of Ayr.	Farewell, hours that late did measure Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . S. Raving winds †
The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn.	Measur'd.
S. The heather was blooming †	The measur'd time is run! . S. Farewell, dear mistress
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown, S. The lazy mist †	Nae Poet thought ber worth his while, To set her name in measur'd style; . To IV. Simpson. 7.
By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells, The Twa Herds. 15.	
Meal.	Measur'st. Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck
An' Stable-meals at Fairs were driegh, A Guid New-Year † 8.	Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Without a penny in my purse	Meat.
To huy a meal to me. S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal. To J. S., 24.	They!—they be d——d! what right has they To meat, or sleep, or light o' day?. Add. of Beclzebub. 3.
I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal, To J. S., 24. Meal, An' gied you [ministers] a' baith gear an' meal;	Wha I wish were maggots' meat, . S. First when Maggy †
El. on Year 1788.	Nae the meat, but appetite
Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away S. O that I had ne'er t	Maks our eating a delight: S. Jockey fou, †
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal	Some hae meat and canna eat,
S. The Contented Cottager.	And some wad eat that want it, But we hae meat and we can eat, The Selkirk Grace.
For a' his meal and a' his mant, S. To daunton me. Mealy. weel hrac'd wi' mealy bags, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	Mechanic.
Mean.	And all mechanics' many-aproned kinds. Ep. to R. Graham. Meddle.
In politics if thou would'st mix, And mean thy fortunes be; Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav	To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing; . The Kirk's Alarm.
See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,	If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
So abject, mean and vile, . Man was made to mourn.	Shou'd meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy, To Rev. J. M'Math.
But sorrow tak bim that's sae mean, S. O Tibbie!	Meddling. His meddling vanity, a busy fiend, . Sketch.
But mean revenge, an' malice fause He'll still disdain, To Rev. J. M'Math.	Meditate.
Pardon a muse sne mean as mine,	Peerest to meditate the healing leap: Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Mean, to.	Meditation. rapt in meditation high, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Barr Steenie, Barr Steenie, what mean ye? what mean ye? The Kirk's Alarm.	Meed. That dearest meed is granted—bonest fame; Prologue, sp. by Woods.
I mean your ingle-side to guard	My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise: The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Ae winter night Third Ep. to J. Lap	Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
Ye bad me write you what they mean By this new-light, To W. Simpson. P.S.	To R. G. of F., 7.
Meander.	Meek.
Adown some trottin burn's meander, . To W. Simpson.	When Sh-Ib-rne meek held up his cheek, A Fragment. 6.
Meandering, -'ring.	Her bonie face it was as meek, As ony lamb upon the lee! S. Blythe was she;†
As wand'ring, meand'ring, He views the solemn sky Despondency, an Ode. 3.	Meg was meek, and Meg was mild, S. First when Maggy †
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meand'ring flows.	O Mally's meck, Mally's sweet, . S. O Mally's mcek.
S. How pleasant the banks †	Sits meek content with light unanxious heart,
The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride,	Sonnet, wr. on Eirthday.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Meanest.	An' meek an' mim has view'd it [the word], The Holy Fair. 16.
The meanest hind in fair Scotland	Meekly. Wha meekly gae your burdies to the smiters;
May rove their sweets amang; Lament of Mary of Scots.	The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Meaning. Jenny, who keas the meaning o' the same, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.	Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath, . The Holy Fair. 13.
Means.	Meere [mare].
Yet while the busy means are ply'd,	Sin' thou was my Guidfather's Meere; A Guid New-year 1.
They bring their own reward: Despondency, an Ode. 2.	Meet. Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet, S. Ca' the Ewes.
I han the friends try iller means	It was main much that there fine feet

Ask why God made t

To Miss Ainslie.

. S. Here's to thy health, †

I ken thy friends try ilka means Frae wedlock to delay thee;

Because God meant mankind should set That higher value on it. . .

'Twas guilty sinners that he meant Not angels such as you.

I never had frien's, weel stockit in means, Ronalds of Bennals.

Her [nature's] Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)

Ep. to R. Graham. 3.

I meet him on the dewy hill S. Again rejoie. Nature t	when they meet wi sair disasters, The Twa Dogs. 11.
Wha did I meet, upon the way, But pretty Peg, my dearie S. As I gaed up by t	Resolv'd to meet some ither day
But pretty Peg, my dearie S. As I gaed up by t Gin a hody meet a body [re.] . S. Comin thro' the rye t	I'll meet thee with an undannted mind.
	S. The fickle Fortune t
'Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat, 'He gets his fairin!' Death and Dr. Hornbook, 30.	In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye; To Clarinda. To meet the Warld's worm; To Gav. Hamilton.
Meet ev'ry sad-returning night,	They n' maun meet some ither place, Willie's awa!
And joyless morn the same. Despondency, an Ode. 2.	To W. Creech.
To meet with, and greet with, My Davie or my Jean! Ep. to Davie. 10.	I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,
till we meet and weet our whistle, Ep. to H. Parker.	My ain kind dearie O. [re.] . S. When o'er the hill? And pledging aft to meet again,
I should be proud to meet you there;	We tore ourselves asunder.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap 1st, 18.	S. Ye banks, and bracs, and streams t
O let me think we yet shall meet! S. Forloru, my Love, t	Meeting, s.
How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite!	But he wan my heart's consent, To be his ain at the neist meeting S. As I came o'ert
Frag. inscr. to Fox.	And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich hulks;
We part to meet no more! S. From thee, Eliza,† Parting wi' Nancy, Oh! ne'er to meet mair.	Ep. fr. Esopus.
S. Gloomy December.	Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts, By thee inspir'd,
But for to meet the Deil her lane,	Scotch Drink. S.
She pat but little faith in:	Meeting. Or thro' each perve the rapture dart, Like meeting her, our hosom's treasure.
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, S. Here's a health to ane †	S. By Allan stream †
May liberty meet wi' success! S. Here's a health to them †	"Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring, "As meeting o' my Willy S. O Phely †
He's on the seas to meet the foe? S. How can my poor heart	Or whare wild-meeting oceans hoil
Man with brother man to meet,	Besouth Magellan To IV. Simpson. 7.
Thy favors are the silly wind	The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
That kisses ilka thing it meets S. I do confess	Meet'st. Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
And stownlins we sall meet again S. I'll ay ca' in t	And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
But I hae parted frae my Love, Never to meet again, S. It was a' for	Remember him for me! . Lament of Mary of Scots.
Never to meet again, S. It was a fort Meet me on the warlock knowe, S. Now rosy May t	Meg. Let Meg now take away the flesh, At Globe Tav., D.
To meet my faithful Davie	May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
A barefit maid I chanc'd to meet, S. O Mally's meek.	Just five and forty years thegither! . Auld Comrade †
"When evening shades in silence meet, . S. O Phely,	There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg, S. Duncan Davison. The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh,
If thou shalt meet a lassie	That Meg should be a bride the morn; 1b.
In grace and beauty charming; S. O wat ye wha that loes †	Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig, S. Duncan Gray †
At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,	Meg grew sick,—as he grew heal,
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd pae a flie; . S. O whistle,† What are you forms that meet my sight? . On Lincluden.	Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part,
Henceforth to meet with unconcern,	And I my darling Jean! Ep. to Davie. 8.
One rank as well's another; . On dining with Daer.	Meg was meek and Meg was mild, [re].
To meet with noble youthful Daer,	S. First when Maggy
For he but meets a brother	Meg fain wad to the Barn gaen,
No hundred-headed Riot here we meet, Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.
Better than e'er the fairest she he meets Sketch.	O ken ye what Meg of the mill has gotten ? [rc.]
And fly to meet a kinder heart! S. Slow spreads the gloom t	S. O ken ye what Meg†
Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.	Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg, Tam o' Shanter. 18.
Sonnet on Death of Kiddel.	There's Meg wi the mailin that fain wad a haen him; S. There's a youth †
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet, . Tam o' Shanter.	Meikle, Mickle, Muckle [much, great, big].
An' rio her whittle to the hilt, I' th' first she meets! The Author's Cry and Prayer.	An' meikle Greek an' Latin mangled, Auld comrade †
	And tho' I hae na meikle tocher, S. Braw lads on Yar. bracs+
To meet them were na slaw, man, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	The meikle devil wi'n woodie
Where twa wheel-harrows tremble when they meet,	Haurl thee [death] hame El, on Capt. M. H.
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	I gat some gear wi' meikle care Extem., Ap. 1782.
Meet owre a pint, or in the Couocil-house; 1b. 9. On ilka hand the burples trot,	Alake, alake the meikle deil, Friend of the Poet † Laden with years and meikle pain, Lament for Glencairn.
And meet below my honie cot; S. The Contented Cottager.	
To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.	But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet, My Lord thinks meikle mair upon't. S. My Lord a-hunting †
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.	Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains
With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet, 1b. 5.	With meikle mirth an' glee; Nature's Law.
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,' That thus they all shall meet in future days: . Ib. 16.	He [love] oft has wrought me meikle wae; S. O lay thy loof t
The blissful day we twa did meet, The day returns t	O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty, And meikle thinks my love o' my kin;
On the honie banks of Ayr to meet, The Fête Champetre.	S. O meikle thinks my love t
The scatt'red coveys meet secure, . S. The gloomy night †	My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
Ilk star gae hide thy twick'ling ray	The Canna had love to spine for me
When I'm to meet my Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A.	Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love, On Birth of Posth. Child.
"An' meet you on the holy spot; . The Holy Fair. 6.	For meikle glee and fun has he, On Grose's Peregrinations.
torming morganitoes as a market	Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted? Scots Prologue.
And here, by sweet endearing stealth, Shall meet the loving pair, . The Petition of Br. Water.	For gen'rous patronage, and meikle kindness, 16.
I could meet a troop of Hell at the sound of a drum.	I lo'ed her meikle and lang; . S. She's fair and fause
The Jour Deggirs. 3.1.	'Twou'd heen o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair, I mean an angel mind
If e'er ye want, or meet with scapt, Ib. S. VI. In raptures sweet this hour we meet, Ib. S. VII.	I mean an anger mind.
When the I must me mither's o'c	And past the birks and meikle stane, Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane; Tam o' Shanter, 10.
Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e, My tears rin down like rain. The Ruined Maid's Lament.	And past the birks and melkle state; Whare drunken Charlie hrak's neck-bane; Tam o' Shanter. 10. And shook baith meikle corn and hear,

And mony brow thanks to the meikle black deil.

And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',
S. My Nanie's Awa.

The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush, The Brigs of Ayr.

The Petition of Br. Water.

Mend

The mayis mild and mellow:

And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,	The mavis mild and mellow; The Petition of Br. Water.
S. The Deil cam fiddlin t And meikle he wad say, The Election Ballads. I.	And spunkie, ance to make us mellow And then we'll shine To Mr. J. Kennedy.
Nor meikle speech pretend,	Melody, -ie.
The meikle Ursa-Major? The Fête Champetre.	O my Luve's like the melodie
A tod meikle waur than the Clerk; The Kirk's Alarm. 8.	That's sweetly play'd in tune S. A red, red Rose.
O merkle do I rue, fause love, The Ruined Maid's Lament.	In notes of sweetest melody They hail the charming Chloe: S. It was the charming †
M'-ll has wrought us meikle wae, The Twa Herds. 12.	While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.
I meikle dread him	The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
And twice as meikle's a' that, . S. Women's Minds. I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle, Add, to Toothache.	Melt. And the rocks melt with the sun; S. A red, red Rose.
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle, Add, to Toothache. Helpless, alone, thou clamb the brae,	But can they melt the glowing heart, S. By Allan stream †
Wi mickle, mickle toil, Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.	"Thou found'st me, like the morning sun "That melts the fogs in limpid air, Lament for Glencairn.
A mickle quarter basin	A moment white-then melts for ever; Tam o' Shanter, 7.
Hey ca' thro', ca' thro, For we hae mickle ado, S. Hey ca' thro'.	And Melville melt in wailing. The Election Ballads. VI.
For we hae mickle ado, S. Hey ca' thro'. A mickle man, a strang man, S. O wat ye what my t	Whase raging flame, an' scorching heat,
Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride, On IV. Chalmers.	Wad melt the hardest whun-stane! The Holy Fair, 22. Still my heart melts at human wretchedness; Tragic Frag.
And mickle mirth and play. S. The last braw bridal \$	Melting.
But faith! I muckle doubt, my Sire, A Dream. 5.	
Ye're unco muckle dautet;	Again, again that tender part, That I may catch thy melting art; S. O stay, sweet warbling †
That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride, A Guid New-year † 6.	Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode to Mem. of Mrs
That e'er he [the Deil] nearer comes oursel 'S a muckle pity. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 2.	110 11 11 1 mm p 1 (4
As muckle better as you can El. on Year 1788.	With melting heart and brimful eye,
And muckle they [mankind] may grieve ye:	With melting heart and brimful eye, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L. Cie me within my straining grees.
Ep. to Young Friend. 2.	Gie me within my straining grasp The melting form of Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A.
It's no in makin muckle, mair: To make us truly blest:	Or wake the bosom-nielting throe,
And there was muckle fun and jokin,	With Shenstone's art; The Vision. D. 11. 19.
Ye need na doubt; Ep to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 2.	Melvie [to soil with meal].
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent, An' muckle wame, Ib., Ap. 21st, 11.	Or melvie his braw claithing! The Holy Fair. 25.
Trowth, they had muckle for to blame! Ep. to J. R., 12.	Melville. And Melville melt in waiting. The Election Ballads. VI.
For muckle anes, an' straught anes Halloween. 4.	And Melville melt in wailing. The Election Ballads. VI. Member. My dearest member nearly dozen'd: Auld comrade†
Behint the muckle thorn:	She made me weary of my life,
The muckle devil blaw you south,	By one unruly member S. The Joyful Widower.
(Cl. 14). C	
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4.	"To cut it aff, an' whatfore no.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. An' to the muckle house repair, Wi' instant speed, 1b. 18.	"To cut it aff, an' whatfore no, Your dearest member." What ails ye now †
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. An' to the muckle house repair, Wi' instant speed, 1b. 18. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	"To cut it aff, an' whatfore no, Your dearest member." What ails ye now † Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend.
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 4. An' to the muckle house repair, Wi' instant speed, 16. 18. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. The Brigs of Ayr. 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Death of Mailie.	"To cut it aff, an' whatfore no, Your dearest member." What ails ye now †
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. An' to the muckle house repair, Wi' instant speed, 1b. 18. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. The Brigs of Ayr. 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Death of Mailie. An' twice as muckle's a' that, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no, Your dearest member." What ails ye now the Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry.
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W'i instant speed, Ib. 18. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. The Brigs of Ayr, 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Death of Mailie. An' twice as muckle's a' that, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. Sae my auld stumple pen I gat it	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no, Your dearest member." What ails ye now to Momento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost;
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. An' to the muckle house repair, Wi' instant speed, 1b. 18. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. The Brigs of Ayr. 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Death of Mailie. An' twice as muckle's a' that, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no, Your dearest member." What ails ye now to Momento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori, A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W'i instant speed, Ib. 18. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Death of Mailie. An' twice as muckle's a' that, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it Wi' muckle wark, An' muckle din there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, To Gav. Hamilton.	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no, Your dearest member." What ails ye now to Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dote, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throoss Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream t
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W'i instant speed, Ib. 18. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr, 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Death of Mailie. An' twice as muckle's a' that, The Joldy Beggars. S. VII. Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it Whird Eh. to J. Lap. An' muckle din there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, To Gav. Hamilton. Moin v. Mien,	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no. Your dearest member." What ails ye now! Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream t Sweets that mem'ry nee'r shall line. Seenes of woe t
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W'i instant speed, Ib. 18. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, An' twice as muckle's a' that, Sae my aud stumpie pen I gat it Wi' muckle wark, An' muckle did there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, As faith I muckle doubt him, Mein r. Mien, Melancholious.	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no, Your dearest member." What ails ye now! Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dran was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dote, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; O mem'ry, spare the cruel throoss Within my hosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream t Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall line. S. Seenes of woe t
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 4. An' to the muckle house repair, Wi 'instant speed, Ib. 18. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr, 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Botath of Mailie. An' twice as muckle's a' that, The Joldy Beggars. S. VII. Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it Wintekle wark, Third Eh, 10 J. Lap. An' muckle din there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, To W. Simpson. P.S. As faith I muckle doubt him, To Gav. Hamilton. Melancholious, Iazie croon	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no, Your dearest member." What ails ye now the Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innhecher. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelith that we lost; O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream to Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine. S. Scenes of woe't What secret charm to mem'ry brings All that on Evan's border springs TS. Slow spreads the gloom to Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet,
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W'i instant speed, Ib. 18. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr, 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Botath of Mailie. An' twice as muckle's a' that, The Joldy Beggars. S. VII. Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it Wintelke wark, An' muckle din there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, To W. Simpson. P.S. As faith I muckle doubt him, To Gav. Hamilton. Melancholious, The melancholious, lazie croon O' cankrie care. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4. Come, join the melancholious croon	"To cut it aff, an whatfore no. Your dearest member." What ails ye now! Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream t Sweets that mem'ry neer's shall line. S. Seenes of woe t What secret charm to mem'ry brings All that on Evan's border springs 7S. Slow spreads the gloom t Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet, Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W' instant speed, Ib. 18. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, An' twice as muckle's a' that, W' in muckle wark, An' muckle did there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, Mein v. Mien. Melancholious. The melaucholious, lazie croon O' cankrie care. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Poor Mailie's El	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no, Your dearest member." What ails ye now the Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori; A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream to Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine. S. Scenes of woe to What seerch charm to mem'ry brings All that on Evan's border springs IS. Slow spreads the gloom to Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet, Me, mem'ry of ny loss will only meet. Sonnet on Death of Riddel.
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W'i instant speed, 1b. 18. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Death of Mailie. An' muckle sa' that, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it Wi' muckle wark, Third Ept. 10 J. Lap. An' muckle din there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, To Gav. Hamilton. Mein ro. Mien, Melancholious. The melancholious croon O' cankrie care. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4. Melancholy. Melancholot.	"To cut it aff, an whatfore no. Your dearest member." What ails ye now! Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream t Sweets that mem'ry neer's shall line. S. Seenes of woe t What secret charm to mem'ry brings All that on Evan's border springs 7S. Slow spreads the gloom t Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet, Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W' instant speed, Ib. 18. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. The Death of Mailie. The Jolly Degarra. S. VII. An' muckle did there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, To W. Simpson. P.S. As faith I muckle doubt him, To Gav. Hamilton. Melancholious. The melancholious croon O' Cankrie care. Ep. to Maj. Legan. 4. Melancholy. But come what will, I've sworn it still,	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no. Your dearest member." What ails ye now! Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Hier's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream t Sweets that mem'ry peter shall line. S. Seenes of woe t What secret charm to mem'ry brings All that on Evan's border springs 'S. Slow spreads the gloom't Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet, Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. Sonnet on Death of Riddel. Three vollies let his mem'ry crave . Tam Samson's El., 13. Strong Mem'ry on my beart shall write Those happy seenes when far awa!
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W'i instant speed, 1b. 18. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Death of Mailie. An' muckle sa' that, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it Wi' muckle wark, Third Ept. 10 J. Lap. An' muckle din there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, To Gav. Hamilton. Mein ro. Mien, Melancholious. The melancholious croon O' cankrie care. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4. Melancholy. Melancholot.	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no, Your dearest member." What ails ye now the Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori; Ad dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; Al Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream to Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine. Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine. What secret charm to mem'ry brings All that on Evan's border springs IS. Slow spreads the gloom the, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. Somet on Death of Riddel. Three vollies let his mem'ry crave. Tam Samson's El., 13. Strong Mem'ry on my beart shall write Those happy scenes when far awa! The Farewell. To St. J.'s. L.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W'i instant speed, Ib. 18. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, An' twice as muckle's a' that, Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it Wi' muckle wark, An' muckle did there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, Mein ro. Mien, Melancholious, The melancholious, lazie croon O' cankrie care. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Melancholy. But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be melancholy y 0. To see each melancholy Vale, The Brigs of Ayr. 9. The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no. Your dearest member." What ails ye now! Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream t Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall time. Seense of woe to What secret charm to mem'ry brings All that on Evan's border springs' S. Slow spreads the gloom to Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet, Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. Sonnet on Death of Riddel. Three vollies let his mem'ry crave . Tam Samson's El., 13. Strong Mem'ry on my'beart shall write Those happy seenes when far awa! The Farewell. To St. J.'s. L. Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes, To Mary in Heaven.
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W' instant speed, Ib. 18. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr, 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr, 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr, 10. The Brigs of Ayr, 10. The Death of Mailie. The Jolly Degarra. S. VII. An' muckle din there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, To W. Simpson. P.S. To Gav. Hamilton. Melancholious. The melancholious croon O' Cachiric care. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Melancholy. But come wbat will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be melancholy. Sur Your Was a farmer't To see each melancholy vale, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no, Your dearest member." What ails ye now the Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream to Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine. Seense to Evan's border springs 'S. Siow spreads the gloom to Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet, Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. Sennet on Death of Riddel. There vollies let his mem'ry crave Tam Samson's El. 13. Strong Mem'ry on my beart shall write Those happy scenes when far awa! The Farewell. To St. J.'s. L. Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes, To Mary in Heaven. Though mem'ry there my bosom tear; S. To thee, to'd Mith t
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W'i instant speed, Ib. 18. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, An' twice as muckle's a' that, Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it Wi' muckle wark, An' muckle did there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, Mein ro. Mien, Melancholious. The melancholious, lazie croon O' cankrie care. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Cankrie care. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Cankrie care. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Melancholy. But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be melancholy old, To see each melancholy y lateration: The Brigs of Ayr. 9. The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no. Your dearest member." What ails ye now! Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream t Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall time. Seense of woe to What secret charm to mem'ry brings All that on Evan's border springs' S. Slow spreads the gloom to Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet, Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. Sonnet on Death of Riddel. Three vollies let his mem'ry crave . Tam Samson's El., 13. Strong Mem'ry on my'beart shall write Those happy seenes when far awa! The Farewell. To St. J.'s. L. Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes, To Mary in Heaven.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W'i instant speed, Ib. 18. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, An' twice as muckle's a' that, Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it W'i muckle wark, An' muckle did there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, As faith I muckle doubt him, Meian remains a bout it, As faith I muckle doubt him, Meiancholious. The melancholious, lazie croon O' cankrie care. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Melancholy. But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne're be melancholy ole, Alike a foe to noisy folly, And brow bent gloomy melancholy, And brow bent gloomy melancholy, Melder (as much corn as is sent at one time to the	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no, Your dearest member." What ails ye now! Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream to Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine. S. Scenes of youe t What secret charm to mem'ry brings. All that on Evan's border springs! S. Slow spreads the gloom the, Spring, again with joy shall others greet, Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. Somet on Death of Riddel. Three vollies let his mem'ry crave . Tam Samson's El., 13. Strong Mem'ry on my beart shall write Those happy scenes when far awa! The Farewell. To St. J.'s. L. Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes, To Mary in Heaven. Though mem'ry there my bosom tear; S. To thee, to'd Nith't My memory's no worth a preen; To W. Simpson, P.S Men v. Man. Men' (to mend).
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W'i matut speed, Ib. 18. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. As muckle deart with the wark, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. Sae my auld stumpie pen I gai it Wi muckle wark, An' muckle din there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, To W. Simpson. P.S. To Gav. Hamilton. Mein v. Mien. Melancholious. The melancholious croon O'Robin's reed! Melancholy O'Robin's reed! Melancholy O'Robin's reed! Melancholy One cordial in this melancholy Vale, The Cotter's Sat. Night. q. Alike a foe to noisy folly, And brow bent gloomy melancholy, The Hermit. Melder (as much corn as is sent at one time to the mill to be ground).	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no. Your dearest member." What ails ye now the Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream to Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall time. Seense of woe to What secret charm to mem'ry brings All that on Evan's border springs' S. Slow spreads the gloom to Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet, Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. Men, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. Those happy seenes when far awa! Those happy seenes when far awa! Though mem'ry there my bosom tear; S. To thee, tor'd Niththy memory's no worth a preen; To W. Simpson, P.S Men r. Man. Men' (to mend). O wad ye tak a thought an' men'! . Add. to the Deil, 21.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W' instant speed, Ib. 8. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. The Death of Mailite. An' muckle did there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, To W. Simpson. P.S. To Gav. Hamilton. Melancholious. The melancholious croon O' cabrie care. Ep. to Maj. Legan. 4. Poor Mailie's El. Melancholy But come wbat will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be melancholy of St. My father was a farmer't To see each melancholy Alteration: The Brigs of Ayr. 9. One cordial in this melancholy Vale, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9. Alike a foe to noisy folly, And brow bent gloomy melancholy, The Hermit. Melder [as much corn as is sent at one time to the mill to be ground]. That ilka melder, w't the miller, Thou set as lang as thou had siller; Tam o' Shanter. 3.	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no, Your dearest member." What ails ye now the Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream to Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine. Seenes of woe to What secret charm to mem'ry brings. All that on Evan's border springs 'S. Slow spreads the gloom't Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet. Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. Sennet on Death of Riddel. Three vollies let his mem'ry crave. Tan Samson's El., 13. Strong Mem'ry on my bear shall write Those happy seenes when far awa. The Farewell. To St. J's. L. Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes, To Mary in Heaven. Though mem'ry there my bosom tear; S. To thee, too'd Nith't My memory's no worth a preen; To W. Simpson, P.S Men r. Man. Men' (to mend). O wad ye tak a thought an' men'! . Add. to the Deil, 21. Mond.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W' instant speed, Ib. 8. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. The Death of Mailite. An' muckle did there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, To W. Simpson. P.S. To Gav. Hamilton. Melancholious. The melancholious croon O' cabrie care. Ep. to Maj. Legan. 4. Poor Mailie's El. Melancholy But come wbat will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be melancholy of St. My father was a farmer't To see each melancholy Alteration: The Brigs of Ayr. 9. One cordial in this melancholy Vale, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9. Alike a foe to noisy folly, And brow bent gloomy melancholy, The Hermit. Melder [as much corn as is sent at one time to the mill to be ground]. That ilka melder, w't the miller, Thou set as lang as thou had siller; Tam o' Shanter. 3.	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no. Your dearest member." What ails ye now the Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream to Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall time. Seense of woe to What secret charm to mem'ry brings All that on Evan's border springs' S. Slow spreads the gloom to Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet, Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. Men, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. Those happy seenes when far awa! Those happy seenes when far awa! Though mem'ry there my bosom tear; S. To thee, tor'd Niththy memory's no worth a preen; To W. Simpson, P.S Men r. Man. Men' (to mend). O wad ye tak a thought an' men'! . Add. to the Deil, 21.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W'i instant speed, Ib. 8. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Detath of Mailie. An' twice as muckle's a' that, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. Sae my auld stumpie pen I gai it Winnelded in there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, To W. Simpson. P.S. An' muckle din there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, To W. Simpson. P.S. To Gav. Hamilton. Mein v. Mien. Melancholious, lazie croon O' Conkrie care. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4. Come, join the melancholious croon Come, join the melancholious cro	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no. Your dearest member." What ails ye now the Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream to Sweets that mem'ry ne're shall time. Seenes of woe to What secret charm to mem'ry brings All that on Evan's border springs 'S. Slow spreads the gloom't Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet, Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. Men, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. Those happy seenes when far awa! Those happy seenes when far awa! Though mem'ry there my bosom tear; S. To thee, tor'd Nith't My memory's no worth a preen; To W. Simpson, P.S Men 'to Mend. O wad ye tak a thought an' men'! Add. to the Deil, 21. Mond. 'Eaith their disease, and what will mend it, 'At once he tells't. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10. 'Gat tippence-worth to mend her head. 15. 26.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W'i instant speed, Ib. 18. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. As muckle did turner be pen 1 gat it With muckle wark, The Jolly Degarra. S. VII. As faith I muckle doubt him, The Jolly Degarra. S. VII. As faith I muckle doubt him, To Gav. Hamilton. Mein 2. Mien. Mein 2. Mien. Melancholious. The melancholious croon O' Cabin's reed! Poor Mailie's El Melancholy. But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be melancholy of S. My father was a farmer't To see each melancholy alteration: The Brigs of Ayr. 9. One cordial in this melancholy alteration: The Series of Ayr. 9. And brow bent gloomy melancholy, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9. Alike a foe to noisy folly, And brow bent gloomy melancholy, The Hermit. Melder [as much corn as is sent at one time to the mill to be ground]. That ilka melder, wi the miller; Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; The with tillage-skill; The Vision. D. 11. 8. Mell [to meddle; mix].	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no, Your dearest member." What ails ye now the Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream t Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine. Seense to Larm to mem'ry brings All that on Evan's border springs 'S. Siow spreads the gloom't Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet, Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. There vollies let his mem'ry crave. Tam Samson's El., 13. Strong Mem'ry on my beart shall write. Those happy seenes when far awa!. The Farewell. To St. J.'s. L. Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes, To Mary in Heazew. Though mem'ry there my bosom tear; S. To thee, to'd Nith't My memory's no worth a preen; To W. Simpson, P.S Men v. Man. Men' (to mend). O wad ye tak a thought an' men'! . Add. to the Deil, 21. Mond. 'Eaith their disease, and what will mend it, 'At once he tells't. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10. 'Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W'i instant speed, Ib. 8. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Detath of Mailie. An' twice as muckle's a' that, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. Sae my auld stumpie pen I gai it Winnelded in there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, To W. Simpson. P.S. An' muckle din there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, To W. Simpson. P.S. To Gav. Hamilton. Mein v. Mien. Melancholious, lazie croon O' Conkrie care. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4. Come, join the melancholious croon Come, join the melancholious cro	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no. Your dearest member." What ails ye now the Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream to Sweets that mem'ry ne're shall time. Seenes of woe to What secret charm to mem'ry brings All that on Evan's border springs' S. Slow spreads the gloom to Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet, Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. Those happy seenes when far awa! Those happy seenes when far awa! Though mem'ry there my bosom tear; S. To thee, tor'd Niththy memory's no worth a preen; To W. Simpson, P.S Men r. Man. Men' [to mend]. O wad ye tak a thought an' men'! Add. to the Deil, 21. Mond. 'Baith their disease, and what will mend it, 'At once he tells't. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19. 'Gat tippence-worth to mend her head, Ib. 26. And auld Mess John will mend the skaith, S. Duncan Gray. Not a' the onacks, wi'd stiry committee.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W'i instant speed. If 6. 8. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. As an ya suld stumpic pen I gat it Winuckle wark, Third Ep. to J. Lap. An' muckle din there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, To W. Simpson. P.S. As faith I muckle doubt him, To Gav. Hamilton. Mein v. Mien. Melancholious, Iazie croon O' Conkrie care. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Por Mailie's El. Melancholy. But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll neer be melancholy Vale, One cordial in this melancholy Vale, One cordial in this melancholy Vale, Alkie a foc to noisy folly, And brow bent gloomy melancholy, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9. Alkie a foc to noisy folly. That ika melder, wi't he miller, Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; Mellorate. Some teach to meliorate the plain, It sets you ill, Wi' bitter, dearthir' wines to mel. Scotch Drink. 10. But ay keep mid to moop an' mell.	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no, Your dearest member." What ails ye now the Memento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Hier's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream t Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine. S. Senes of youe t What secret charm to mem'ry brings All that on Evan's border springs 'S. Slow spreads the gloom't Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet, Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. There vollies let his mem'ry crave. Tam Samson's El., 13. Strong Mem'ry on my beart shall write Those happy scenes when far awa! The Farewell. To St. J.'s. L. Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes, To Mary in Heazeu. Though mem'ry there my bosom tear; S. To thee, lov'd Nith't My memory's no worth a preen; To W. Simpson, PS Men v. Man. Men' (to mend). O wad ye tak a thought an' men'! . Add. to the Deil, 21. Mend. 'Saith their disease, and what will mend it. 'At once he tells't. Death and Dr. Hornbook. to. 'Gat tippence-worth to mend her head, . lb. 20. And auld Mess John will mend the skaith, S. Duncan Gray. Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption, Will ever mend her, . Letter to J. Goudie.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W' instant speed, Ib. 6. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. The Death of Mailie. An' muckle din there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, To W. Simpson. P.S. As faith I muckle doubt him, To W. Simpson. P.S. To Gav. Hamilton. Melancholious. The melancholious croon O' cabrie care. Ep. to Maj. Legan. 4. Poor Mailie's El Melancholy But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be melancholy O. S. My father was a farmer't To see each melancholy Vale, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9. Alike a foe to noisy folly, And brow bent gloomy melancholy, The Hermit. Melder [as much corn as is sent at one time to the mill to be ground]. That ilka melder, wi't he miller, Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; Thou see as lang as thou had siller; The Simpson. D. 11. 8. Mell [to meddle; mix]. It sees you ill, W' bitter, dearthiu' wures to mell, But ay keep mind to moop an' mell, W' sheep o' credit like thyse! The Death of Mailie.	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no. Your dearest member." What ails ye now themento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream to Sweets that mem'ry peers shall tine. Somet on Evan's border springs! S. Stow spreads the gloom't Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet, Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. Sonnet on Death of Riddel. Three vollies let his mem'ry crave. Tam Samson's El., 13. Strong Mem'ry on my beart shall write Those happy scenes when far awa! The Farewell. To St. J.'s. L. Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes, To Mary in Heazeu. Though mem'ry there my bosom tear; S. To thee, two'd Nith't My memory's no worth a preen; To W. Simpson, P.S. Men v. Man. Men' (to mend). O wad ye tak a thought an' men'! . Add. to the Deil, 21. Mend. 'Baith their disease, and what will mend it. 'At once be tells't. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19. 'Gat tippence-worth to mend hee head, lb. zô. And auld Mess John will mend the skaith, S. Duncan Gray. Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption, Will ever mend her, Letter to J. Goudie. Resolv'd was I, at least to try, To mend my situation, O. S. My father was a farmer't
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W'i instant speed, Ib. 18. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr, 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr, 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Botath of Mailie. An' twice as muckle's a' that, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it. W'i muckle wark, Third Eh, to J. Lap. An' muckle din there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, To W. Simpson. P.S. As faith I muckle doubt him, To Gav. Hamilton. Mein v. Mien, Melancholious, Iazie croon O' cankric care. Ep, to Maj. Legan. 4. Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Poor Mailie's El. Melancholy. But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne're be melancholy O. One cordial in this melancholy Vale, One cordial in this melancholy Vale, One cordial in this melancholy Vale, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9. Alike a foe to noisy folly, And brow bent gloomy melancholy, The Hermit. Meldder (as much corn as is sent at one time to the mill to be ground). That ilka medder, with the miller, Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; Mellorate. Some teach to melicrate the plain, With tillage-skill; The Vision. D. II. & Mell [to meddle; mix]. But ay keep mind to moop an' mell, W'i bitter, dearthir' waues to mel., Mellow. Mellow. The Death of Mailie. Mellow. Mellow. The Death of Mailie.	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no. Your dearest member." What ails ye now themento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Hier's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel thross Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream to Sweets that mem'ry ne're shall line. Sees that mem'ry ne're shall line. Sone to Evan's border springs 18. Slow spreads the gloom to Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet, Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. Sonnet on Death of Kiddel. Three vollies let his mem'ry crave . Tam Samson's El., 13. Strong Mem'ry on my beart shall write Those happy seenes when far awa! Those happy seenes when far was. Though mem'ry there my bosom tear; S. To thee, lov'd Nith't My memory's no worth a preen; To W. Simpson, P.S. Men 't Comendl. O wad ye tak a thought an' men'! . Add. to the Deil, 21. Mond. Baith their disease, and what will mend it, 'At once he tells't, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10. 'Gat tippence-worth to mend her head,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. An' to the muckle house repair, W' instant speed, Ib. 6. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. As muckle gear as buy a sheep, The Brigs of Ayr. 10. The Death of Mailie. An' muckle din there was about it, As faith I muckle doubt him, To W. Simpson. P.S. As faith I muckle doubt him, To W. Simpson. P.S. To Gav. Hamilton. Melancholious. The melancholious croon O' cabrie care. Ep. to Maj. Legan. 4. Poor Mailie's El Melancholy But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be melancholy O. S. My father was a farmer't To see each melancholy Vale, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9. Alike a foe to noisy folly, And brow bent gloomy melancholy, The Hermit. Melder [as much corn as is sent at one time to the mill to be ground]. That ilka melder, wi't he miller, Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; Thou see as lang as thou had siller; The Simpson. D. 11. 8. Mell [to meddle; mix]. It sees you ill, W' bitter, dearthiu' wures to mell, But ay keep mind to moop an' mell, W' sheep o' credit like thyse! The Death of Mailie.	"To cut it aff, an 'whatfore no. Your dearest member." What ails ye now themento. Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend. Memento mori. A dram was memento mori; Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Memory, Mem'ry. Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost; At Meet. of D. Volunteers. O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream to Sweets that mem'ry peers shall tine. Somet on Evan's border springs! S. Stow spreads the gloom't Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet, Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. Sonnet on Death of Riddel. Three vollies let his mem'ry crave. Tam Samson's El., 13. Strong Mem'ry on my beart shall write Those happy scenes when far awa! The Farewell. To St. J.'s. L. Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes, To Mary in Heazeu. Though mem'ry there my bosom tear; S. To thee, two'd Nith't My memory's no worth a preen; To W. Simpson, P.S. Men v. Man. Men' (to mend). O wad ye tak a thought an' men'! . Add. to the Deil, 21. Mend. 'Baith their disease, and what will mend it. 'At once be tells't. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19. 'Gat tippence-worth to mend hee head, lb. zô. And auld Mess John will mend the skaith, S. Duncan Gray. Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption, Will ever mend her, Letter to J. Goudie. Resolv'd was I, at least to try, To mend my situation, O. S. My father was a farmer't

Still making work his selfish craft must mend. If Honest Worth in beaven rise, Ye'll mend or ye win near him. Tam Samson's El., Epit.,

But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!	O Lord, since we have feasted thus,
The Death of Mailie. To mend the honest Patriot-lore, The Vision. D. 11.5.	Which we so little merit, At Globe Tav., D The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice?
Your pin wad help to mend a mill	S. The small birds
Your pin wad help to mend a mill In time o' need, To a Haggis.	'A Title, Dempster, merits it; To J. S., 2
Menie [abbreviation of Mariamne].	Merle [the blackbird],
And maun I still on Menie doat, S. Again rejoicing Nature †	The merle, in his noontide bower, Makes woodland echoes ring; Lament of Mary of Scot.
Mense [good manners; discretion; propriety of conduct].	Makes woodland echoes ring; Lament of Mary of Scot. Merran [Marian],
An' could behave hersel wi' mense: . Poor Mailie's El	
Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense,	Or crouchie Merran Humphie,
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	Merrily, -ie.
Menseless [ill-bred, void of discretion].	Sae merrily's the hanes we'll pyke, The Jolly Beggars. S. I
Like ither menseless, graceless brutes. The Death of Mailie.	And ay she sang sae merrilie; S. There was a lass, and
Mental. Bob's purblind, mental vision: The Dean of Fac. Mention. It warms me, it charms me,	Merry. in the merry months o' spring, A Winter Night.
To mention but her name : Ep. to Davie. 8.	Say, you'll be merry tho' you can't be rich.
But we winna mention Redcastle, The Election Ballads. III.	To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention,	And as we're merry, may we still be wise,
The Rights of Woman.	Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint, Add. to Illegit. Child
Mentioned. On the same sicker score I mentioned before, P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm."	The merry Ploughboy cheers his team, S. Again rejoicing Nature
Mercenary.	May ye get mony a merry story, . Auld comrade dear
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes? The Brigs of Ayr.	Blythe, and merry was sbe, [re.] S. Blythe was she,
No mercenary Bard his homage pays; The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Sae blythe and merry's we will be,
Merchandise. And merchandise' whole genus take their birth:	When ye set by the wheel at e'en. S. Duncan Davisor An' either douse or merry tale, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 6
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	An' either douse or merry tale, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, to Some merry, friendly, countra folks,
Merchant. For gold the merchant ploughs the main,	Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks,
S. When wild War's †	It's guid to be merry and wise, S. Here's a health to them
Mercurial. O for some rank, mercurial rozet, To a Louse.	our merry lads at hame, Kind Sir, I've read
Mercy. Vain is bis hope, whase stay an' trust is,	Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
In moral Mercy, Truth, and Justice! A Ded. to G. H., 7.	Lament of Mary of Scots
like ony Turk, Nae mercy had at a', . A Fragment. 5.	And wi' the merry Ploughman she'll whistle and sing, S. Lines on a Ploughman
They [factors, &c.] lay aside a' tender mercies,	I'll be merry and free, I'll be sad for S. Naebody
Add. of Beelzebub. Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it! Ep. to J. R., 3.	The merry birds are lovers a', S. Now rosy May
Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it! Ep. to J. R., 3. And mercy's day is gane Epit. on Holy Willie.	Again the merry month o' May . S. O Logan! sweetly
An' pass not in thy mercy by 'em, Holy Willie's Prayer. 15.	O merry hae I been teethin a heckle, An' merry hae I been shapin a spoon; [re.]
But, L-d, remember me and mine	S. O merry hae I been shapin a spoon, [72.]
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,	When merry May its bloom renew'd. S. O were my love
Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel; . Scotch Drink, 11.	Here are we met, three merry boys,
For me I would be mair than proud To share the mercies wi' you To a Medical Gent.	Three merry boys, I trow, are we; And mony a night we've merry been, S. O Willie brew'd
They talk o' mercy, grace an' truth, To Rev. J. M'Math.	Nae mair he'll join the merry roar.
Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch, What ails ye now t	On Scot. Bard gne to W. I
Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy pray,	That merry night we get the corn in, . Scotch Drink. q An' with the lave ilk merry morn
Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan? Why am I loth	Could rank my rig and lass; The Ans. to the Guidwift
Mere. The caput mortuum of gross desires Makes a material, for mere knights and squires;	My partner in the merry core,
Ep. to K. Graham. 2.	Wi' merry dance in winter days,
Merely. We're frail backsliding mortals merely, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.	O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man? . The Fête Champetre
Meridian. The eagle's gaze alone surveys	a merry core O' randie, gangrel bodies, The Jolly Beggars. R. I
The sun's meridian splendor: S. Lovely Davies.	Blythe and merry may she be, S. The Lass that made the bea
Life's meridian flaming nigh, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	I hae been merry drinking; S. The Rigs o' Barley
Merit.	That merry day the year begins, The Twa Dogs. 20
Thy mither's person, grace an' merit, Add. to Illegit. Child. Modest Merit's silent claim; Add. to Edinburgh. 3.	Merry Andrew.
If thou uncommon merit hast,	Poor Merry Andrew, in the neuk, Sat guzzling wi'a Tinkler-hizzie; The Jolly Beggars. R. III
Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.	Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport, Ib. S. III
Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!	Mess John [Mass John, the parish priest].
Ep. to R. Graham. 5. And fortune favor worth and merit, Poem on Life.	Our Mess John, wi' his auld grey pow,
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,	His haly lips wad licket at her S. Donald Brodie And auld Mess John will mend the skaith, S. Duncan Gray
Prologue, at Th., D.,	And and Mess John with mend the skalen, 5. Dancan Gray An' supe Mess John, beyond expression.
Quite sick of merit's rudeness, The Dean of Fac	An' syne Mess John, beyond expression, Fell foul o' me What ails ye now
St. Mary's, A bouse of great merit and note; The Election Ballads. III.	Message.
For prodigal thoughtless bestowing,	And many a message from the skies, Sketch. New-I'r's Day Messan [a small dog; any cur of mixed breeds].
His merit bad won him respect	Ev'n wi' a Tinkler-gipsey's messan: . S. The Twa Dogs
And You, farewell! whose merits claim, Justly that highest hadge to wear!	Met. But oh, it was a tale of woe,
The Farewell. To St. J. S L.,	As ever met a Briton's ear! A Vision
Maxwell, if merit here you crave, That merit I deny: To Dr. Maxwell.	Whaever has met wi' my Phillis.
In spite o' dark banditti stabs	Has met wi the queen o' the fair. S. Adown winding Nith
At worth an merit, . 10 Kev. J. In Math.	Nor ever sorrow stain the hour. The place and time I met my dearie! S. By Allan stream
Merit, to. For temp'ral gifts we little merit; A Grace.	There I met my shepherd-lad, S. Ca' the Ewes
For temp'ral gifts we little merit; A Grace.	I more a mat my suspinate man

Donald Brodie met a lass	M'Gaun.
Coming o'er the braes o' Cupur; . S. Donald Brodie	Master Tootie, Alias, Laird M'Gaun, . To Gav. Hamilton.
I held the gate till you I met, S. Gat ye me,† Whare three lairds' lan's met at a burn, Halloween. 24.	M'Gill [Rev. Dr., one of the ministers of Ayr].
Whare three lairds' lan's met at a burn, Halloween. 24. I met a lass, a bonie lass,	And in thy fury burn the book Even of that man M'Gill New Psalmody.
But I met the Devil and Dundee	M'-ll has wrought us meikle wae, The Twa Herds. 12.
On th' braes o' Killiecrankie, O S. Killiecrankie.	M'-ll's close nervous excellence,
"O had I met the mortal shaft	M'Graen.
"Which laid my benefactor low! Lament for Glencairn.	Our Stibble-rig was Rab M'Grnen, Hallowcen, 16.
Yestreen I met you on the moor,	Mice. Whiles mice and modewurks they howket;
If thou hast met this fair one, S. O wat ye wha that locs †	The Trua Dogs. 6.
Here are we met, three merry boys, S. O Willie brew'd †	The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men, Gang aft agley, To a Mouse.
Never met—or never parted, We had ne'er been broken-hearted. S. One fond kiss,†	Michael.
Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,	Sin' that day Michael did you pierce, Add. to the Deil. 19.
As on this night, I've met these judges here!	Michie. Here lie Willie M-hie's banes, On a Schoolmaster.
Prologue, sp. by Woods. At his daddie's yett,	Mickle v. Meikle.
Wha met me but Robin S. Robin shure in hairst.	Midden [a dunghill].
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot, . The Dean of Fac	But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden! . El. on Year 1783.
And swear he has the Angel met That met the Ass of Balaam	Midden-creels [panniers for carrying dung].
That met the Ass of Bulaam	Her walie nieves, like midden-creels, . S. Willie Wastle †
They met upon a day, The Election Ballads. I.	Midden-hole [a hole or pool beside a dunghill, ln which the filthy water stands].
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree's met,	An' ran thro' midden-bole an' a',
And has a doubt of a that! Ib. II.	Middle. Her strappan limb an' gausy middle, The Jolly Beggars. R. V.
Oft have I met your social Band. The Farewell, To St. J.'s L	
When angels met, at Adam's yett, . The Fête Champetre.	Just in the middle of my care, S. The lass that made the bed.
Till I met my old boy in a Cunningham fair;	Midge.
The Jolly Beggars, S. II.	By a thievish midge They had amaist been lost. The Election Ballads. IV.
He met wi' auld Nick, wha said, how do ye fen?	Midge-tail. Sal-alkali o' Midge-tail clippings,
S. There lived ance a carle	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.
But ne'er was in h-ll till I met wi' a wife, Ib.	Midnight. And tells the midnight moon her care. A Vision.
When a' our fairest maids were met, The fairest maid was bonie Jean.	Phoebe, in her midnight reign, . A Winter Night. 6.
S There was a lass, and †	Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour El. on Capt. M. H., 10.
Thou's met me in an evil hour; . To a Mountain-Daisy.	at moon-shine mid-night hours, . S. Hark! the mavis†
Where by the winding Ayr we met To Mary in Heaven.	At the starless midnight hour, S. How can my poor heart †
Yet never met with that surprise That broke my rest V.s to J. Ranken.	Ever round your midnight bed Horrid sprites shall haunt you S. Husband, husband †
That broke my rest V.s to J. Ranken. O dool on the day I met wi' an auld man. [re.]	Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest
S. What can a yng lassie †	S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
S. What can a yng lassie † Where are the joys I have met in the morning.	Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest, S. Lassie wi'the lintwhite † O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour, S. O mirk, mirk †
S. What can a yng lassie † Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys †	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Lincluden.
S. What can a yng lassie† Where are the joys 1 have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys† Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true,	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Linctuden. Ye midnight h[itch]es. On Grose's Peregrinations.
S. What can a yng lassie † Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys †	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Lincluden. Ye midnight hfitchles. On Grose's Peregrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air,
S. What can a yng lassie † Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys † Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O Kenmure's on and awa † Metaphor.	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Lineluden. Ye midnight blitchles. On Grose's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen. The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys I Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O Kenmure's on and awa t Metaphor. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI.	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Linetuden. Ye midnight hitch]es. On Grose's Peregrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, The Brigs of Ayr. 4. At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, Id rove and ne'er be eerie O. S. When o'er the hill!
S. What can a yng lassie† Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys † Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O Kenmure's on and awa † Metaphor. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Heela streaming thunder! The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketch.	O max, mire s us mining a root, That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Lineluden. Ve midnight hitchles. On Grose's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, I'd rove and ne'er be cerie O, S. When o'er the hill!
S. What can a yng lassie† Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys † Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O Kenmure's on and awa † Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Heela streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketch. This day thou metes threescore eleven, To Terraughty.	O max, mire s us mining a root, That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Lineluden. Ve midnight hitchles. On Grose's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, I'd rove and ne'er be cerie O, S. When o'er the hill!
S. What can a yng lassie † Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys † Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O Kenmure's on and awa † Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Heela streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell: Sketch. This day thou metes threescore eleven, To Terraughty. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair.	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Linetuden. Ye midnight hitch]es. On Grose's Peregrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, The Brigs of Ayr. 4. At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, Id rove and ne'er be eerie O. S. When o'er the hill!
S. What can a yng lassie† Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys † Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O Kenmure's on and awa † Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketch. This day thou metes threescore eleven. To Terraughty. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Linelulen. Ye midnight hitchles. On Grove's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Id rove and ne'er be eerie O. S. When der the hill † Midst. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom, In the midst o' her kimmers a'. The last braw bridal † Midsummer. As I was a-wand ring on a Midsummer evining.
S. What can a yng lassie † Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys † Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O Kemmure's on and awa † Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hech streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketch. This day thou metes threescore eleven, To Terranghty. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar, Ib. Ambition is a meteor gleam, Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Linefuden. Ye midnight blitchles. On Grose's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen. I'd rove and ne'er be cerie O. S. When o'er the hill! † Midst. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom, In the midst o'her kimmers a'. The last braw bridal † Midsummer. As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer evining, S. As I was a-wand'ring †
Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. What can a yng lassie! Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. Where are the joys! Metaphor. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketch. This day thou metes threesore eleven. To Terrawighty. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar, Ib. Ambition is a meteor gleam, . Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Meteor-ray.	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Linelulen. Ye midnight hitchles. On Grose's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, Id rove and ne'er be cerie O, S. When o'er the hill! Midst. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom, In the midst o' her kimmers a'. The last braw bridal! Midsummer. As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning, S. As I was a-wand'ring! Mien, Mein. But for a modest graceful wien.
S. What can a yng lassie† Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys † Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O Kenmure's on and awa † Metaphor. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hech streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketch. This day thou metes threescore eleven, To Terraughty. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afat, Ib. Ambition is a meteor gleam, Wr. in Hermitage at F. C., Meteor-ray. Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray, . The Vision. D. II. 17.	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Linchulen. Ye midnight hitchles. On Grove's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Id rove and ne'er be eerie O. S. When o'er the hill't Midst. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom, In the midst o' her kimmers a'. The last brave bridal't Midsummer. As I was a-wand ring on a Midsummer evining, S. As I was a-wand ring't Mien, Mein. But for a modest graceful mien, Her like I never saw. S. Handsome Nell. Could I describe her shape and mein!
Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. What can a yng lassie! Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. Where are the joys! Metaphor. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketch. This day thou metes threesore eleven. To Terranghty. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar, Ib. Ambition is a meteor gleam, Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Meteor-ray. Misked by Fancy's meteor-ray, . The Vision. D. II. 17. Methinks.	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Lineluden. Ve midnight hitchles. On Grose's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air. At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O, S. When o'er the hill! Midst. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom, In the midst o' her kimmers a'. The last braw bridal t Midsummer. As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning, S. As I was a-wand'ring t Mien, Mein. But for a modest graceful mien, Her like I never saw. S. Handsome Nell. Could I describe her shape and mein; S. On Cessneck banks t
S. What can a yng lassie† Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys † Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O Kenmure's on and awa † Metaphor. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hech streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketch. This day thou metes threescore eleven, To Terraughty. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afat, Ib. Ambition is a meteor gleam, Wr. in Hermitage at F. C., Meteor-ray. Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray, . The Vision. D. II. 17.	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Linelulen. Ye midnight hitchles. On Grose's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Id rove and ne'er be eerie O. S. When o'er the hill? Midst. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom, In the midst o' her kimmers a'. The last braw bridal? Midsummer. As I was a-wand ring on a Midsummer evining, S. As I was a-wand ring? Mien, Mein. But for a modest graceful mien, Her like I never saw. S. Handsom Nell. Could I describe her shape and mein; S. On Cessnock banks? Wi' thieveless sner to see his modish mien.
S. What can a yng lassie † Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys † Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O Kenmure's on and awa † Metaphor. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hech streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketch. This day thou metes threescore eleven, To Terraughty. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar, Ib. Ambition is a meteor gleam, Wr. in Hermitage at F. C., Metcor-ray. Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray, The Vision. D. II. 17. Methinks. As on their slender forms I gaze, Methinks they brighten to a blaze! . On Lincluden. For why.—methinks I bear her voice	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fine. On Linchuden. Ve midnight hitchles. On Grose's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air. The Brigs of Ayr. 4. At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O, S. When o'er the hill! † Midst. The bride went to hed wi' the silly bridegroom, In the midst o' her kimmers a'. The last braw bridal † Midsummer. As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning, As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning. Mien, Mein. But for a modest graceful mien, Her like I never saw. S. Handsome Nell. Could I describe her shape and mein; S. On Cessnock banks† Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien. The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. What can a yng lassie! Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. Where are the joys! Metaphor. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hecha streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Stetch. This day thou metes threescore eleven. To Terrangity. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. Death of Sir J. Blair. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar, Ib. Ambition is a meteor gleam, Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Metoor-ray, Misked by Fancy's meteorray, Methinks. As on their slender forms I gaze, Methinks they brighten to a blaze! For why,—methinks I hear her voice Tearing the clouds assunder. S. The Joyful Widower.	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Linelulen. Ye midnight hitchles. On Grove's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, The Brigs of Ayr. 4. At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, The Brigs of Ayr. 4. It drove and ne'er be eerie O. S. When o'er the hill! Midst. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom, In the midst o' her kimmers a'. The last braw bridal! Midsummer. As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev ning, S. As I was a-wand ring! Mien, Mein. But for a modest graceful men, Her like I never saw. S. Handsome Nell. Could I describe her shape and men; S. On Cessnock banks! Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien, The Brigs of Ayr. 4. No cold approach, no alter'd mien, The Tears I shed.
S. What can a yng lassie † Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys † Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O Kenmure's on and awa † Metaphor. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketch. This day thou metes threescore eleven, To Terraughty. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar, Ib. Ambition is a meteor gleam, Wr. in Hermitage at F. C., Meteor-ray. Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray, The Vision. D. II. 17. Methinks. As on their slender forms I gaze, Methinks they brighten to a blaze! For why,—methinks I hear her voice Tearing the clouds asunder. Method. I nall the pomp of method, and of art.	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Linchuden. Ye midnight hitchles. On Grose's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, The Brigs of Ayr. 4. At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O, S. When o'er the hill! Midst. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom, In the midst o' her kimmers a'. The last braw bridal! Midsummer. As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning, S. As I was a-wand ring the like I never saw. S. Handsome Nell. Could I describe her shape and mein; S. On Cessnock banks! Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien. The Brigs of Ayr. 4. No cold approach, no alter'd mien, The Tears I shed. And whose that generous princely mien V.s. below a Peturre.
Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. What can a yng lassief S. Where are the joys I Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O Kenmure's on and awa I Metaphor. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hech streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketch. This day thou metes threescore eleven. To Terranghty. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afat, Ih. Ambition is a meteor gleam, Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Mctoor-ray. Misded by Fancy's meteor-ray, Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Methinks. As on their slender forms I gaze, Mcthinks they brighten to a blaze! For why,—methinks I hear her voice Tearing the clouds assunder. S. The Joyful Widower. Method. In all the pomp of method, and of art, The Cetter's Sat. Night. 17.	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Lineluden. Ve midnight hitchles. On Grose's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, I'd rove and ne'er be cerie O. S. When o'er the hill! the Midst. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom. The last braw bridal the Midst memer at the last braw bridal the Midst will be the word of the kimmers at the last braw bridal the Midst will be the midst o' her kimmers at the last braw bridal the Midstummer. As I was a-wand'ring on a Midstummer evining, Mien, Mein. But for a modest graceful mien, Her like I never saw. S. Handsome Nell. Could I describe her shape and mein; S. On Cessneck banks the Wi't thieveless sneer to see his modish mien. The Brige of Ayr. 4. No cold approach, no alter'd mien, And whose that generous princely mien V.s. below a Picture. Might.
S. What can a yng lassie! Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys! Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O Kenmure's on and awa! Metaphor. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hecha streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketch. This day thou metes threescore eleven. To Terranghty. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. On Death of Sir J. Bair. That like a deathful meteor gleam, Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Mctoor-ray. Misded by Fancy's meteor-ray, Methinks. As on their slender forms I gaze, Methinks they brighten to a blaze! For why,—methinks I hear her voice Tearing the clouds assunder. S. The Joyful Widower. Method. In all the pomp of method, and of art, The Cetter's Sal. Night. 17. Methusalem. Until a pow as auld's Methusalem! He canty clauł . To W. Creech.	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Linchuden. Ye midnight hitchles. On Grose's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air. At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen. I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O. S. When o'er the hill thing. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom. In the midst o'her kimmers a'. The last brave bridal thing. The bride went of her kimmers a'. The last brave bridal thing. Midsummer. As I was a-wand ring on a Midsummer ev'ning, Mien, Mein. But for a modest graceful mien, Her like I never saw. S. Handsome Nell. Could I describe her shape and mein; S. On Cessnock banks this will the live to the midstand whose that generous princely mien V.s., below a Picture. Might. His bristling beard just rising in its might, Extens. On V. Swellie.
S. What can a yng lassie to What can a yng lassie to Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys I Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O. Kenmure's on and awa to S. Ketch. This day thou metes threescore eleven. To Terraughty. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar, Ib. Ambition is a meteor gleam, Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Meteor-ray. Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray, The Vision. D. II. 17. Methinks. As on their slender forms I gaze, Methinks they brighten to a blaze! . On Lincluden. For why,—methinks I hear her voice Tearing the clouds asunder. S. The Joyful Widower. Method. In all the pomp of method, and of art, The Catter's Sat. Night. 17. Methusalem. Until a pow as auld's Methusalem! He canty claw! . To W. Creech.	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Linchuden. Ye midnight hiltchles. On Grose's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air. The Brigs of Ayr. 4. At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O. S. When o'er the hill! Midst. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom. In the midst o' her kimmers a'. The last braw bridal! Midsummer. As I was a-wand'ning on a Midsummer ewining, S. As I was a-wand'ring the letter of the last braw bridal! Midsummer. Could I describe her shape and mein: S: On Cessnock banks! Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien. The Brigs of Ayr. 4. No cold approach, no alter'd mien, The Tears I sked. And whose that generous princely mien V.s, below a Picture. Might. His bristling beard just rising in its might. Exten. on W. Smellie.
S. What can a yng lassief Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys I Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O Kenmure's on and awa f Metaphor. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hech streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Stetch. This day thou metes threescore eleven. To Terranguty. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afat, Ambition is a meteor gleam. Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Meteor-ray. Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray, Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray, Methinks. As on their slender forms I gaze, Methinks they brighten to a blaze! For why,—methinks I hear her voice Tearing the clouds assunder. S. The Joyful Widower. Method. In all the pomp of method, and of art, The Cetter's Sat. Night. 17. Methusalem. Until a pow as auld's Methusalem! He canty claw! To V. Creech. Meter. We poor sons of metre Are often negleckit, ye ken; To P. Stuart.	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Lineluden. Ve midnight hitchles. On Grose's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, I'd rove and ne'er be cerie O. S. When o'er the hill the Midst. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom. As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning, Midsummer. As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning. Mien, Mein. But for a modest graceful mien, Her like I never saw. S. Handsome Nell. Could I describe her shape and mein; S. On Cessnock banks the Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien. The Brigs of Ayr. 4. No cold approach, no alter'd mien, And whose that generous princely mien V.s, below a Picture. Might. His bristling beard just rising in its might, Lexten. on W. Smellie. I bless and praise thy matchless might.
S. What can a yng lassie to What can a yng lassie to Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys I Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O. Kenmure's on and awa to S. Ketch. This day thou metes threescore eleven. To Terraughty. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar, Ib. Ambition is a meteor gleam, Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Meteor-ray. Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray, The Vision. D. II. 17. Methinks. As on their slender forms I gaze, Methinks they brighten to a blaze! . On Lincluden. For why,—methinks I hear her voice Tearing the clouds asunder. S. The Joyful Widower. Method. In all the pomp of method, and of art, The Catter's Sat. Night. 17. Methusalem. Until a pow as auld's Methusalem! He canty claw! . To W. Creech.	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Linchuden. Ye midnight hitchles. On Grose's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air. At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O, S. When o'er the hill! Midst. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom, I will be bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom. In the midst o' her kimmers a'. The last braw bridal this midst midst o' her kimmers a'. The last braw bridal this midst midst o' her kimmers a'. The last braw bridal this midst midst o' her kimmers a'. The last braw bridal this midst o' her kimmers a'. S. As I was a-wand ring the midst o' her kimmer ev'ning, Mien, Mein. But for a modest graceful mien, Her like I never saw. S. Handsome Nell. Could I describe her shape and mein; S. On Cessnock banks this will the brige of Ayr. 4. No cold approach, no alter'd mien, The Brigs of Ayr. 4. No cold approach, no alter'd mien, The Trars I shed. And whose that generous princely mien V. 5, below a Picture. Might. His bristling beard just rising in its might, Libes and praise thy matchless might. Holy Willie's Prayer. 2. Manhood's active might; Man was made to mourn. Or, if man's superior might
S. What can a yng lassief Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys I Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O. Kenmure's on and awa f Metaphor. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell: Sketch. This day thou metes threescore eleven. To Terraughty. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar, Ib. Ambition is a meteor gleam, Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Meteor-ray. Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray, The Vision. D. II. 17. Methinks. As on their slender forms I gaze, Methinks they brighten to a blaze! On Lincluden. For why,—methinks I hear her voice Tearing the clouds asunder S. The Joyful Widower. Method. In all the pomp of method, and of ar. Methusalem. Until a pow as auld's Methussalem! He canty claw! To W. Creech. Metre. We poor sons of metre Are often negleckit, ye ken; To P. Stant. Mettle. But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle. Mettle. But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle.	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Linchuden. Ye midnight hiltchles. On Grose's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, I'd rove and ne'er be cerie O. S. When o'er the hill? Midst. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom, In the midst o' her kimmers a'. The last braw bridal? Midsummer. As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning, S. As I was a-wand'ring? Mien, Mein. But for a modest graceful mien, Her like I never saw. S. Handsome Nell. Could I describe her shape and mein; S. On Cessnock banks? Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien. The Brigs of Ayr. A. No cold approach, no alter'd mien, The Tears I shed. And whose that generous princely mien V.s. bellow a Picture. Might. His bristling beard just rising in its might, His bristling beard just rising in its might, Hoy Willie's Prayer. 2. Manhood's active might; Man was made to mourn. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, On scaring Water-fowl.
S. What can a yng lassie! Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys! Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O Kenmure's on and awa! Metaphor. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hech streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Stetch. This day thou metes threescore eleven. To Terraughty. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afat, Ambition is a meteor gleam. Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Meteor-ray. Misded by Fancy's meteor-ray, Misded by Fancy's meteor-ray, Methinks. As on their slender forms I gaze, Methinks they brighten to a blaze! For why,—methinks I hear her voice Tearing the clouds asunder. S. The Joyful Widower. Method. In all the pomp of method, and of art, The Cetter's Sal. Night. 17. Methusalem. Until a pow as auld's Methusalem! He canty clau! To V. Creech. Metre. We poor sons of metre Are often negleckit, ye ken; To P. Stuart. Mettle. But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle. A Guid New-Year! I man ne lfo' mettle, The no desion'd to try its mettle:	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Lineluden. Ye midnight hitchles. On Grose's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air. The Brigs of Ayr. 4. At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O, S. When o'er the hill! Midst. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom, In the midst o' her kimmers a'. The last braw bridal! Midsummer. As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning, Mien, Mein. But for a modest graceful mien, Her like I never saw. S. Handsome Nell. Could I describe her shape and mein; S. On Cessnock banks! Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien, The Tears I shed. And whose that generous princely mien V.s, below a Picture. Might. His bristling beard just rising in its might, I bless and praise thy matchless might. Holy Willie's Prayer. 2. Manhood's active might; Man was made le mourn. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, On scaring Water-fowl.
S. What can a yng lassief Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys I Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O Kenmure's on and awa f Metaphor. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketch. This day thou metes threescore eleven. To Terraughty. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar, Ib. Ambition is a meteor gleam, Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Meteor-ray, Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray, The Vision. D. II. 17. Methinks. As on their slender forms I gaze, Methinks they brighten to a blaze! For why,—methinks I hear her voice Tearing the clouds assunder. S. The Joyful Widower. Method. In all the pomp of method, and of art The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17. Methusalem. Until a pow as auld's Blethusalem! He canty claw! To W. Creech. Metre. We poor sons of metre Are often negleckit, ye ken; To P. Start. Mettle. But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle, I am an elf o' mettle, Adan A—'s Prayer. I'm no design'd to try its mettle: Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Linchuden. Ye midnight hitchles. On Grose's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air, The Brigs of Ayr. At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, The Brigs of Ayr. At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, The Brigs of Ayr. At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, The Brigs of Ayr. At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, The Brigs of Ayr. At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, The Brigs of Ayr. At mid-night hour, in the midst o' her kimmers a'. The last braw bridal t Midsummer. As I was a-wandring on a Midsummer evining, S. As I was a-wandring to Mien, Mein. But for a modest graceful mien, Her like I never saw. S. Handsome Nell. Could I describe her shape and mein. S. On Cessnock banks to Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien. The Brigs of Ayr. And whose that generous princely mien V.s. below a Picture. Might. His bristling beard just rising in its might. I bless and praise thy matchless might. I bless and praise thy matchless might. Manhood's native might: Man was made to mourn. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right. On scaring Water-fowl. And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main: Tam o' Shanter. 16.
S. What can a yng lassie † Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys 1 Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O Kenmure's on and awa † Metaphor. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Heela streaming thuse pour, Like Heela streaming thuse pour, Like Heal streaming them even the last stack of the last	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Linchuden. Ye midnight hiltchles. On Grose's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air. The Brigs of Ayr. 4. At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O. S. When o'er the hill! Midst. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom. In the midst o' her kimmers a'. The last braw bridal the Midsummer. As I was a-wand'ning on a Midsummer ewining, S. As I was a-wand'ring the Midsummer ewining, S. As I was a-wand'ring the Midsummer. As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ewining, S. As I was a-wand'ring the Midsummer. Could I describe her shape and mein; Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien. The Brigs of Ayr. 4. No cold approach, no alter'd mien, The Tears I sked, And whose that generous princely mien V.s, below a Picture. Might. His bristling beard just rising in its might. Exten. on W. Smellie. Manhood's active might; Man was made to mourn. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, On scaring Water-fowl. And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main: Tam o' Shanter. 16. They took the Brig wi' a' their might, S. The Battle of Sharter. 16.
S. What can a yng lassief Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys I Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O Kenmure's on and awa f Metaphor. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Stetch. This day thou metes threescore eleven. To Terranghty. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar, 1b. Ambition is a meteor gleam, Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Meteor-ray, Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray, The Vision. D. 11. 17. Methinks. As on their slender forms I gaze, Methinks they brighten to a blaze! . On Linctuden. For why,—methinks I hear her voice Tearing the clouds assunder. S. The Joyful Widower. Method. In all the pomp of method, and of art, The Cetter's Sat. Night. 17. Methusalem. Until a pow as auld's Methusalem! He canty claw! To W. Creech. Metre. We poor sons of metre Action Are often negleckit, ye ken; To P. Stuart. Mettle. But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle, Action Action Action I am an elf o' mettle, I am an elf o' mettle, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10. Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles, Tam o' Shanter, 11.	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Linchuden. Ye midnight hiltchles. On Grose's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air. The Brigs of Ayr. 4. At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O. S. When o'er the hill! Midst. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom. In the midst o' her kimmers a'. The last braw bridal the Midsummer. As I was a-wand'ning on a Midsummer ewining, S. As I was a-wand'ring the Midsummer ewining, S. As I was a-wand'ring the Midsummer. As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ewining, S. As I was a-wand'ring the Midsummer. Could I describe her shape and mein; Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien. The Brigs of Ayr. 4. No cold approach, no alter'd mien, The Tears I sked, And whose that generous princely mien V.s, below a Picture. Might. His bristling beard just rising in its might. Exten. on W. Smellie. Manhood's active might; Man was made to mourn. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, On scaring Water-fowl. And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main: Tam o' Shanter. 16. They took the Brig wi' a' their might, S. The Battle of Sharter. 16.
S. What can a yng lassie to What can a yng lassie to Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys I Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O. Kenmure's on and awa to S. O. Kenmure's on and awa to Metaphor. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell: Stetch. This day thou metes threescore eleven. To Terranghty. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the starded eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Linchuden. Ye midnight hiltchles. On Grose's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air. The Brigs of Ayr. At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen. It drove and ne'er be cerie O. S. When o'er the hill! Midst. The bride went to hed wi' the silly bridegroom, In the midst o' her kimmers a'. The last braw bridal! Midsummer. As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning. S. As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning. Mien, Mein. But for a modest graceful mien. Her like I never saw. S. Handsome Nell. Could I describe her shape and mein; S. On Cessneck banks! Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien. No cold approach, no alter'd mien, The Tears I shed. And whose that generous princely mien V.s. below a Picture. Might. His bristling beard just rising in its might, His bristling beard just rising in its might, Holy Willie's Prayer. 2. Manhood's active might; Man woas made to mourn. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, On scaring Water-fowl. And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main: Tam o' Shanter. 16. The Cetter's Sat. Night. 6.
S. What can a yng lassie to What can a yng lassie to Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys I Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O. Kenmure's on and awa to Metaphor. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell: Sketch. This day thou metes threescore eleven. To Terranghty. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the stardled eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd dafa, Ib. Ambition is a meteor gleam. Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Meteor-ray. Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray, The Vision. D. II. 17. Methinks. As on their slender forms I gaze. Methinks they brighten to a blaze! . On Lincluden. For wby,—methinks I hear her voice Tearing the clouds assunder. S. The Joyful Widower. Method. I nall the pomp of method, and of art. The Cetter's Sat. Night. 17. Methusalem. Until a pow as auld's Methusalem! He canty claw! To W. Creech. Metre. We poor sons of metre Are often negleckit, ye ken; . To P. Stuart. I am an elfo' mettle,	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fine. On Linchuden. Ye midnight hiltchles. On Grose's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air. The Brigs of Ayr. 4. At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O, S. When o'er the hill! Midst. The bride went to hed wi' the silly bridegroom, In the midst o' her kimmers a'. The last braw bridal the Midsummer. As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning, Mien, Mein. But for a modest graceful mien. Her like I never saw. S. Handsome Nell. Could I describe her shape and mein; S. On Cessnock banks! Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien. The Brigs of Ayr. 4. No cold approach, no alter'd mien, The Tears I shed, And whose that generous princely mien V.s, below a Picture. Might. His bristling beard just rising in its might, I bless and praise thy matchless might. Manhood's active might; Man was made to mourre. Manhood's active might; On scaring Water-fowl. And hotch'd and blew w' might and main: The O' Shanter. 16. The yook the Brig wi' a' their might, The Cetter's Sat. Night. But an honest man's aboon his might, S. The Honest Man. But an honest man's aboon his might, S. The Honest Man.
S. What can a yng lassief Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys I Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O Kenmure's on and awa f Metaphor. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hech streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Stetch. This day thou metes threescore eleven. To Terraughty. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afat, The Ambition is a meteor gleam. Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Meteor-ray. Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray, Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray, Methinks. As on their slender forms I gaze, Methinks they brighten to a blaze! For why,—methinks I hear her voice Tearing the clouds asunder. S. The Joyful Widower. Method. In all the pomp of method, and of art, The Cetter's Sat. Night. 17. Methusalem. Until a pow as auld's Methusalem! He canty claw! To V. Creech. Metre. We poor sons of metre Are often negleckit, ye ken; I mo design'd to try its mettle; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10. Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles, I am and Fo' mettle, I am and mettle, I have four instances. I have four horself is mettle. I have	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fine. On Linchuden. Ye midnight hiltchles. On Grose's Pergrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air. The Brigs of Ayr. 4. At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O, S. When o'er the hill! Midst. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom. In the midst o' her kimmers a'. The last brow bridal! Midsummer. As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning, S. As I was a-wand'ring to Mien, Mein. But for a modest graceful mien. Her like I never saw. S. Handsome Nell. Could I describe her shape and mein; Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien. The Brigs of Ayr. 4. No cold approach, no alter'd mien, The Tears I sked. And whose that generous princely mien V.s. below a Picture. Might. His bristling beard just rising in its might. Extenn. on W. Smellie. I bless and praise thy matchless might, Man was made to mourn. Or, if man's superior might Dure invade your native right, On scaring Water-fowl. And hotch i and hew wi' might and main: The yook the Brig wi' a' their might, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. 'Implore his counsel and assisting might: The Cetter's Sat. Night. 6. But an honest man's aboon his might, S. The Honest Man. Mightlest. At whose destruction-breathing word, The mightlest empires fall! . To Ruin.
S. What can a yng lassie to What can a yng lassie to Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys I Metal. Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O. Kenmure's on and awa to Metaphor. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. Mete. But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell: Sketch. This day thou metes threescore eleven. To Terranghty. Meteor. And shooting meteors caught the stardled eye. On Death of Sir J. Blair. That like a deathful meteor gleam'd dafa, Ib. Ambition is a meteor gleam. Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Meteor-ray. Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray, The Vision. D. II. 17. Methinks. As on their slender forms I gaze. Methinks they brighten to a blaze! . On Lincluden. For wby,—methinks I hear her voice Tearing the clouds assunder. S. The Joyful Widower. Method. I nall the pomp of method, and of art. The Cetter's Sat. Night. 17. Methusalem. Until a pow as auld's Methusalem! He canty claw! To W. Creech. Metre. We poor sons of metre Are often negleckit, ye ken; . To P. Stuart. I am an elfo' mettle,	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fine. On Linchuden. Ye midnight hiltchles. On Grose's Peregrinations. Two dusky forms dart thro' the midnight air. The Brigs of Ayr. 4. At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen, I'd rove and ne'er be eerie O, S. When o'er the hill! Midst. The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom, In the midst o' her kimmers a'. The last braw bridal the Midsummer. As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning, Mien, Mein. But for a modest graceful mien, Her Ilke I never saw. S. Handsome Nell. Could I describe her shape and mein; S. On Cessneck banks! Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien. The Brigs of Ayr. 4. No cold approach, no alter'd mien, The Brigs of Ayr. 4. No cold approach, no alter'd mien, The Brigs of Ayr. 4. No cold approach, no alter'd mien, The Brigs of Ayr. 4. No kno cold approach is might, I bless and praise thy matchless might. I bless and praise thy matchless might, I bless and praise thy matchless might, Or, if man's superior might, Dan invade your native right, On searing Water-fewl. And hotch'd and blew w' might and main: The yook the Brig wi' a' their might, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6. But an honest man's aboon his might, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moon.

What premiers, what? even Monarch's mighty gaigers;	Wi' sweet-milk cheese in monie a whang, The Holy Fair. 7.
Lns on Window, K.'s A D	Milk-white.
What maks the mighty differ; . Add. to Unco Guid. 3. Ye honoured mighty dead! Fragment of Ode.	Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn, Add. to Edinburgh. 4.
Now Jove for once he mighty civil.	But are their hearts as light as ours Beneath the milkwhite thorn? S. Behold, my love t
Imfrom. on Mrs's Birthday. Nature's mighty law is change; S. Let not woman t	And milk-white is the slae : . Lament of Mary of Scots.
Immingled with the mighty dead! Liberty.	Within you milk-white hawthorn hush, O Logan! sweetly † Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evining gale.
The Judge that's mighty in thy law, . New Psalmody.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
mighty squireships of the quorum, On dining with Daer. And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world.	Milking-shiel [a shed for milking cows or ewes]. Kindly stood the milking-shiel, S. As I came o'er t
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel, S. In simmer when t
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty Lord, Scots Prologue. Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;	Mill (a snuff-box).
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill, . The Twa Dogs. 20. Mill. Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill, Add. to Unco Guid.
And there will he Cardoness, Esquire, Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes, The Election Ballads. III.	You wee white Cot aboon the Mill, . As on the banks †
Amid this mighty tulzie!	Gat grist to her mill S. Cauld is the e'enin †
Those mighty periods of years Which seem to us so vast, The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.	And todlin down on Willie's mill, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5. Oken ve what Meg o' the mill has gotten? [re.]
Which seem to us so vast, The 1st o V.s of 90th Ps. While Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things, The Rights of Woman.	O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten? [re.] S. O ken ye what Meg †
Amid this mighty fuss just let me mention.	Her mither's at the mill, jo; S. O steer her up † Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;
The Rights of Woman merit some attention	The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
When hy his mighty Warden My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey.	At Kirk or Market, Mill or Smiddie, . The Twa Dogs. Vour pin wad help to mend a mill
S. The yng Highl. Kover.	In time o' need, To a Haggis.
whose mighty Scheme, These woes of mine fulfil; Winter. Mild.	I past the mill, and trysting thorn, Where Nancy aft I courted: S. When wild War's †
There oft as mild evining weeps over the lea, S. Afton Water.	Miller. Hey, the dusty miller, S. Hey, the dusty miller t
And sing their pleasures, hopes an' joys, In some mild sphere, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 18.	Dusty was the kiss That I got frac the miller
Meg was meek, and Meg was mild, S. First when Maggy t	But a Miller us'd him worst of all, John Barleycorn.
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour; S. Gloomy December.	That ilka melder, wi' the miller. Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; . Tam o' Shanter. 3.
O mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,	Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; . Tam o' Shanter. 3. A clapper tongue wad deave a miller; . S. Willie Wastlet
S. How pleasant the banks † The sober Autumn enter'd mild, John Barleycorn.	Miller. Miller brought up the artillery ranks,
The mavis mild wi' many a note, Lament of Mary of Scots.	The Election Ballads. VI. Wee [Miller] neist, the Guard relieves, . The Holy Fair. 17.
The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild, S. Luckless Fortune. Your bonie face sae mild and sweet, On W. Chalmers.	Miss Miller is fine, Miss Markland's divine, The Belles of Mauchline.
Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the poontide blaze,	Million. The senseless, gawky million; To Mr. M Adam.
The Brigs of Ayr.	Milton. In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,	and a first and a second a second and a second and a second and a second and a second a second and a second a second and a second and a second and a
Drymple mild, Drymple mild, . The Kirk's Alarm. 4.	An' meek an' mim has view'd it [the word], The Holy Fair, 16.
And sweet is night in autumn mild. S. Twas even—the dewyt	Mim-mou'd [mim-mouthed, affected in speech].
Her smile is as the evening mild, S. Young Peggy t Mild-chequering.	Some mim-mou'd pouthered priestie, . On W. Chalmers.
Or by the reaper's nightly beam.	Then up spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith, The Election Ballads. I.
Mild-chequering thro the trees, The Petition of Er. Water. Milder. The milder sun and bluer sky S. O Phely, †	Mimic. The hero of the mimic scene, Ep. fr. Esopus.
It's naething but a milder feature,	Min' [mind, remembrance]. Nell had the Fause-house in her min', Halloween. 10.
Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature: . A Ded. to G. H., 6. Mildew. From mildews of abortion; . Nature's Law.	The charms of the min', the langer they shine, The mair admiration they draw, man; Ronalds of Bennals.
Mile Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,	The mair admiration they draw, man; Ronalds of Bennals. The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle,
A Ded. to G. H., 9. But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle.	Sin' I ha'e min' The Twa Heras. 3.
A Guid New-year 10	Mind. But deep this truth impress'd my mind A Winter Night. 11.
And I will come again, my Luve, Tho' it ware ten thousand mile! S. A red, red Rose.	Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind. Above the narrow, rural vale: Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
An' steer you seven miles south o' hell; Auld comrade dear t A lang half mile she could descry him; Poor Mailie's El.	And [Autumn] sees, with self-approving mind,
We think na on the lang Scots miles, . Tam o' Shanter.	Each creature on his bounty fed. Add. to Shade of Thomson. 3.
1 wat they glanc'd for twenty miles, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor,	While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Then whire I she was over a mile at a flight.	
S. The heather was blooming † desolation's lang teeth'd harrow, Nine miles an hour,	For well I know thy gentle mind Disdains art's gay disguising; . S Could aught of song
10 Terraughty.	Thy form and mind, sweet maid, can I forget; El. on Miss Burnet.
Their three-mile prayers, an hauf-mile graces, To Rev. J. M'Math.	And fram'd her last, hest work, the human mind, Ep. to R. Graham.
Militia. Her lost Militia fir'd her bluid; The Author's Cry and Prayer.	When Remembrance wracks the mind, Pleasures but unvail Despair. S. Frae the friends †
Milk. Cats like milk, And dogs like broo: S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †	And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted I'd heart in mind. Friend of the poet †
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal S. The Contented Cottager.	Thou'rt ay sae free informing me Thou hast nae mind to marry; S. Here's to thy health, †
Put air them guid cowamilk their fill. The Death of Mailie.	Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill. S. In simmer when t
And giving milk to me. S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.	

	<u>-</u>
But dear as is thy form to me, Still dearer is thy mind S. It is na, Jean, †	D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz, Add. to the Deil. 17.
Still dearer is thy mind S. It is na, Jean, † Thus the wooer tell'd his mind: S. Jockey fou †	And mind still, you'll find still, A comfort this nae sma'; Ep. to Davic. 3.
Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,	I mind't as weel's yestreen,
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.	He gat hemp-seed, I mind it weel, Ib. 16.
Bear this in mind, he deaf and blind, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.,	L-d mind G-n H-n's deserts, Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.
Why was an independent wish	They mind me o' Nanie-and Nanie's awa'. S. My Nanie's Awa.
E'er planted in my mind? . Man was made to Mourn. My Mary's worth, my Mary's mind, S. My Mary's face t	There's not a honie bird that sings.
My Mary's worth, my Mary's mind, S. My Mary's face † On peace and rest my mind was bent, S. O ay my wife she dang. Put the mind that shines in every more S. On Commel harder.	But minds me o' my Jean S. Of a' the airts
S. O ay my wife she dang.	He [Time] hids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle, That the first blow is ever half the battle;
That the mind that sinnes in evily grace, 5. On existance tunks i	Prologue, at Th., D
'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace, An' chiefly in her rogueish een	And humbly hegs you'll mind the important—Now! . Ib
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,	An' minds his griefs no more Scotch Drink. Mott I mind it weel in early date, . The Ans. to the Guidwife.
The picture of thy mind! On secing Seat of Lord G.	Ev'n then a wish (I mind its power)
Thou of an independent mind With soul resolved, with soul resigned; . Poet. Inscription.	
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart,	Thou minds me o' the happy days When my fause luve was true. S. The Banks of Doon, Sett. II. An' when we think upo' your Mither.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	
That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish, Remorse, A Frag	Mind to be kind to ane anither. The Death of Mailie.
In every other circumstance, the mind	When kindly you mind me,
Rusticity's ungainly form	But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie,
May cloud the highest mind; . Rusticity's ungainly †	S. Wandering Willie
'Twou'd been o'er meikle to've gi'en thee mair, I mean an angel mind S. She's fair and fause †	But kind still, I'll mind still The giver in the gift; Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."
Should auld acquaintance be forgot.	Minded, -'t.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And never brought to mind? . S. Shid auld acquaintance †	Or if she [Religion] gie a random-sting,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind, Tam o' Shanter. 19.	It may be little minded; . Ep. to Young Friend. 10 They mind't na wha the chorus tenk,
While joys above my mind can move, S. The day returns † The man of independent mind,	The Jolly Beggars, R. III
He looks and laughs at a that S. The Honest Man.	Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons, To tak a flight, To W. Simpson. P. S
But my keep mind to moop an' mell, Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel! . The Death of Mailie.	Mind'st. Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
His mind is ever true, jo,	By bonie Irvine-side, S. O mirk, mirk
But praise he blest, My mind's at rest, S. The tither morn †	Thou mind'st me of departed joys, Departed, never to return S. Ve banks and braes
Western hreezes softly blowing, Suit not my distracted mind, S. Thickest night †	Mindfu'.
I'll meet thee with an undannted mind. S. Tho. fickle Fortune +	Be mindfu' o' your mither : . The Ans. to the Guidwife
And fill them high with generous juice.	O Wives be mindfu', ance yoursel,
As generous as your mind; To a Lady. And all the treasures of the mind To a young Lady.	How bonie lads ye wanted, The Holy Fair. 25 Mine. Lovely wee thing was thou mine; S. Bonie wee thing
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store,	Lest my wee thing be na mine
The comforts of the mind; To Chloris.	And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
Last day my mind was in a bog, To Miss Ferrier.	S. Braw lads on Yar. braes
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind. To Miss Graham. O had the malt thy strength of mind, To Mr. Syme.	But not a love like mine, my Katy. S. Canst thou leave me But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine, S. Craigie-burn Wood
If aught that giver from my mind efface; To R. Graham.	Heavens, should the branded character be mine!
My mind it was na steady, . S. When first I came t	Ep. to R. Graham, 5
The women's minds like winter winds	And mingle sighs with mine, Love. S. Forlorn, my Love
May shift and turn, and a' that, S. Women's minds. Still may thy pages call to mind	Altho' thou mann never be mine, S. Here's a health to ane But, L—d remember me and mine Holy Willie's Prayer, 16
The dear, the heauteous donor: Wr. on Leaf of "H. More"	They a' are mine, and they shall be thine
Tell them, and press it on their mind, Wr. in Friars-Carse H	S. My Collier Laddie
Keep the name of man in mind, . Wr. in Hermitage, F.C. I fear your mind gae wrang, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang.	She has promis'd right soon to be mine, S. My Love's a winsome
Mind, to.	No chilly blast nor shower Shall blight this rose of mine
Wha wad mind the wind and rain,	This sweet wee wife o' mine S. My Wife's a winsome
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie. S. As I came o'er † 'I wad na' mind it, no that spittle	O wby thus all alone are mine
Out-owre my beard Death and Dr. Hornbook, 10,	The weary steps o' woe S. Now Spring has clad
Auld age ne er mind a feg; Ep. to Davic. 2.	The pathless wild, and wimpling burn, Wi Chloris in my arms, be mine; S. O bonie was yon rosy
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an' warp; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, S.	O lay thy loof in mine, lass,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle Tam o' Shanter. 5.	In mine, lass, in mine, lass; S. O lay thy loof
And mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,	with heart unchang'd as mine, S. Slow spreads the gloom Thir hreeks o' mine, my only pair, Tam o' Shanter. 13
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 6.	Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
And mind your duty, duely, morn and night! Ib. The lads an lasses, blothely bent	The Author's Cry and Prayer,
The lads an' lasses, blythely bent To mind baith snul an' body, The Holy Fair. 20.	And ilka bird sang o' its luve; And sae did I o' mine. S. The Banks of Doon, Sett. Is
To mind the Kirk and State affairs; . The Twa Dogs. 18.	Fleav'n gave me more, it made thee mine. S. The day returns
I hope we, Bardies, ken some hetter Than mind sic brulzie. To W. Simpson, P.S.	How aften didst thou pledge and vow, Thou wou'dst for ay be mine; S. O mirk, mirk
Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us.	Thou wou'dst for ay be mine; S. O mirk, mirk But Jessy's lovely hand in mine, On Miss J. Lewars Be propeles wilds and lonely worderings mine
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us, S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e t	
Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse, What ails ye now t	On Death of R. Dundas
Mind, to [to remember, recollect; remind]. Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang A Ded. to G. H., 5.	Has this to say—"It was no deed of mine;" Remorse, A Frag.
,	Acmorse, A Prag.

The fault wad be mine, if they didna shine, Ronalds of Bennals.	The p
Ronalds of Bennals. Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine;	Minstr
Poet. Add. is Tylier.	While
Mine was th' insensate frenzied part, Sent to a Gent. offended. First enthrall'd this heart o' mine, S. Scenes of wee t	Minute The F
And surely Yell be your pint-stoup, And surely I'll be mine; S. Shild audd acquaintee †	Car
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine The gowden locks of Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A.	From Add t
O were you hills and vallies mine, . S. The Highl, Lassie.	As be The n
For Donald was the bravest man, And Donald he was mine. S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. Oh! how must thou lament thy station.	Maks
Oh! how must thou lament thy station, And envy mine! The Hermit. When gip the truth were a' but kent.	Mirael You r
And envy mine! The Hermit. When, gin the truth were a' but kent, Her life's been waur than mine. The Ruined Maid's Lament. The Vicing D. H. H.	Mire. Poor
And this district as mine I claim, . The Vision, D. II. II. "So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay; The Whistle. IS.	Then
And ae bounie lassie, his darling and mine. S. There's anid Rob t	So ra
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	So Tam
The leafless trees my fancy please, Their fate resembles mine!	And l
And ilka bird sang o' its love.	Alas : Trode
And fondly sae did I o' mine. S. Ye banks and bracs † Mine, s.	To gr
And trust me, not Potosi's mine, Nor King's regard, Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, The Vision. D. II., 21.	Do w
Or downward seek the Indian mine; S. Twas even—the dewy t	Mir'd.
Mingle. Wi' common Lords ye shanna mingle, Add. of Beelzebub. 5.	Mirk (
And mingle sighs with mine, Love. S. Forlorn, my Love, t	The
Where Evan mingles with the Clyde. S. Slow spreads the gloom t	in the Brigh
Mingl'd. Colours mingl'd unco fine, S. Jockey fou,	Gane
Mingling. Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling, The Vision. D. I., 12.	As th O mi
Mining. Or thro' the mining outlet bocked, A Winter Night. 2. Minion.	Mirke
We auld wives' minions gie our opinions, . Symon Gray† Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour, To K. G. of F.	The :
Minister.	Mirth.
tho' a Minister grow dorty, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 23. Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,	Myr
Minister [a clergyman].	Who Wi
Ev'n Ministers they hae been kenn'd, In holy rapture, Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, [v.A.6]	And The
Death and Dr. Hornbook. Ye ministers come mount the pupit, El. on Year 1783.	Then
The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife.	And
He couldna preach for thinkin' o't. S. My love she's but a lassie t	Love Forg
As cauld a minister's ever spak; On Kirk of Lamington. 'Ministration.	¹ I sa
Ve've trusted 'Ministration. To chaps, wha in a barn or byre,	Miry.
Wad better filled their station Than courts A Dream. 5. Minny, -ie [mother; dam].	The
Ye then was trottan wi' your Minnie: A Guid New-Year 15. Her Daddie forbad, ber Minnie forbad, S. Her Daddie forbad 1	Misbe
S. Her Daddie forbad † O wat ye what my minuie did,	Misca Wha
O wat ye what my minuie did, On Tysday 'teen to me, jo? S. O wat ye what my † My minny does constantly deave me, S. Tam Glen.	Misca
Scar'd frae its minaie and the cleckin By hoodie-craw; To W. Creech.	An'
Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny S. What can a young lassic †	The
Minon	Misca
The absent lover, minor heir, In vain assail him with their prayer, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Scar
Minstrel. Attir'd as minstrels wont to be A Vision.	But
Let minstrels sweep the skilful string, In lordly lighted ha:	As

Hence, sweet harmonious Beattie sung,
His "Minstrel lays"; The Vision. D. II., 6.

The wailing minstrel of despairing woe; . The Vowels.

```
pray'r still, you share still,
grateful Minstrel Burns.
                                      To Gaze Hamilton
relsv.
relsy.
e arts of Minstrelsy among them rung,

The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
King's most humble servant, I

Extem., to an Intimate.
n housewife cares a minute borrow Sketch, New-I'r's Day.
to our date one minute more? . .
es flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
minutes winged their way wi' pleasure :
                                       Tam o' Shanter, 6
s Hours like Minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.
                                              To 1. S., 12.
16
may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D.,
dunghill sons o' dirt and mire.
                                  . Add. of Beelzebub.
n tho' I drudge thro' dub an' mire
in the far-fam'd Roman way,
                              Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 13.
                                             On Lord G.
skelpit on thro' dub and mire, . Tam o' Shanter. 9.
binds the mire like a rock; .
                                   . Tam Samson's El..
bluds the mire in a word,
! I'm but a nameless wight,
le i' the mire out o' sight!

The Author's Cry and Prayer, 10.
rind them in the mire! . The Election Ballads, VI.
what I dought to set her free,
                                   . To Miss Ferrier.
y saul lay in the mire; . .
  An' in the depth of science mir'd.
                                          Auld comrade t
[dark].
atch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk, . Tam o' Shanter. 3.
night's baith mirk and rainy, O; S. Behind you hills t
e mirk and dreary drift . S. Cauld is the e'enin blast !
htest climes shall mirk appear, S. Frae the friends t
                                    S. Gane is the day t
e is the day and mirk's the night,
he mirk night o' December, . S. O May thy morn t
irk, mirk is this midnight hour, . S. O mirk, mirk t
est. Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom.
                                   Lament for Glencairn.
suellest blast, at mirkest hours, S. O Lassie, art thou t
nid-night hour, in mirkest glen. S. When o'er the hill t
 Mirth or sang can please me; S. Blythe ha'e I been t
mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,
S. Contented wi' little t
 sung his rhymes in Coila's plains
ith merkle mirth an glee;
                                           Nature's Lasy.
loud resounded mirth and dancing. Tam o' Shanter. 10.
mirth and fun grew fast and furious: . . 1b. 12
n mounted Mirth on gleesome wing,

The Fête Champetre.
mickle mirth and play. .
                                 S. The last braw bridal t
e hlinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth
gets there's care upo' the earth.
                                     . The Twa Dogs. 19.
aw thee eye the gen'ral mirth
'With houndless love. The Vision. D. II., 14.
  Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise. Add. to the Deil. 13.
miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
                                  The Cotter's Sat. Night.
egot. A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses,
                                       Frag. inscr. to Fox.
a' [miscall, abuse].
ac'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee; On Grose's Peregrinations.
a'd, -'t [abused].
A'd, - t [abuseu.
R[ussel] sair misca'd her [Common-sense]:
The Ordination.
ere's Gaun, misca't waur than a beast.

To Rev. J. M'Math.
arriage.
rce ane has tried the shepherd-sang
But wi' miscarriage? Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
arry'd.
never honest man's intent,
                              S. O ay my wife she dang.
s cursedly miscarry'd.
```

Attended, in his [Want's] grim advances, By sad mistakes and black mischances, A Ded. to G. H., 10.

Mischance.

Their [poor mortals'] failings and mischances.	(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast Did nip a fairer flower.) To Chloris.
Add, to Unco Guid. 2. Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,	I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
S. My father was a farmer t	As weel's 1 may;
She's got mischief enough already; Adam A—'s Prayer. To ken what French mischief was brewin;	Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild;
Kind Sir, I've read † 'Tis you and Taylor are the chief,	O thou my elder brother in misfortune, Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.
Wha are to blame for this mischief; . Letter to J. Goudie.	msgaided.
To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing; . The Kirk's Alarm. He saw mischief was brewin; The Ordination. 8.	The craz'd creations of misguided whim; The Brigs of Ayr. 8. Misguidin. He ne'er was gien to great misguidin,
Auld W[odro]w, lang has hatch'd mischief, The Twa Herds. 13.	On Scot. Bard gue to W.I.
Before the morn ye'll work mischief; . S. Wha is that at \	Mishanter [misfortune, disaster]. mishanter fa' me,
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief, . What ails ye now t	Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter Uphill, down brae, till some mishanter, Ep. to Maj. Logan.
Mischief-making. O thou grim mischief-making chiel, . Add. to Toothache.	Mislear'd [lit. mislearned, ill-tutored; unmannerly;
Mischlevous.	mischievous].
The bleezan, curst, mischievous monkies Delude his eyes,	'But if I did, I wad he kittle To be mislear'd, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.
For men, I've three mischievous hoys, The Inventory. Miscreant. Sic a miscreant slave, Epit. on Walter S	Misled. Misled by Fancy's meteor ray, The Vision. D. II. 17. Mispending.
To see the miscreants feel the pains they give;	Mispending all thy precious hours, Man was made to Mourn.
Lns, extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk. By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear:	Miss. "Can you—but Miss, I own I have my fears, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
To R. G. of F., 5.	An' ye have laid nae tax on misses; . The Inventory.
Misdeed. L-d weigh it down, and dinna spare, For their misdeeds. Holy Willie's Prayer. 18.	The vera tapmost, towrin height O' Miss's honnet To a Louse.
Misdeem. Let no one misdeem me disloyal; Poet. Add. to Tytler.	But Miss's fine Lunardi, fye! How daur ye do't? . Ib.
Miser. That make the miser's treasure poor; S. O Mary at thy window †	Miss, to. For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
If he but want the miser's dirt, Ye'll cast your head anither airt, S. O Tibbie!	I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn, On sceing wounded Hare.
And fondly broods with miser care; To Mary in Heaven.	Miss'd, -'t. For had ye staid whole weeks awa',
Misery.	Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye Epit. on a Wag.
While o'er the Harp pale Misery moans, A Ded. to G. H., 10. in Mis'ry's squalid nest, A Winter Night. 9.	One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him! Fragment, inser. to Fox.
That Misery's another word for Grief: Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will, But here I never miss't it yet S. My love she's but †
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell, . Add. to Toothache. to mourn The miseries of Man. Man was made to Mourn.	Tho' Fortune sair upon him laid, His heart she ever miss'd it. The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail!	I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
On Death of R. Dundas. For misery ever tholed a pang. On Window of C. Inn. F	Mist. Till in a declaration-mist.
Load to misery most distressing, S. Raving winds	His argument he tint it: Extent. in Court of Session. May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
Or dark as misery's woeful night . Sketch. New-Yr's Day. But Misery and I must watch	S. Here's a health to them t
The surly tempest blow: The sun he is sunk !	"Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round: Lament for Glencairn.
By human pride or cunning driv'n To Mis'ry's brink, To a Mountain-Daisy.	Her hair is like the curling mist That shades the mountain-side at e'en, On Cessnock banks †
(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale), To R. G. of F	That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en, Ib. Sett. II.
Misfortune.	The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill, S. The lazy mist †
'May ne'er misfortune's gowling bark, 'Howl thro' the dwelling o' the Clerk! A Ded. to G. H., 14.	Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
Where guilt and poor Misfortune pine! A Winter Night. 9.	Mist-shrouded.
Still under bleak misfortune's blasting eye; Add, sp. by Fonteuelle.	O'er the nist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying, Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch! 16. And, ev'n should misfortunes come,	Mist [missed]. But mist a fit, an' in the pool,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some, An's thankfu' for them yet	Out owre the lugs she plumpet, Halloween. 26. Mistak' [to mistake].
Some unforeseen misfortune	And Modesty assume your air,
Comes generally upon me, O; S. My father was a farmer† Misfortune sha na steer thee, S. O saw ye bonie L.†	And ne'er a ane mistak' her: On W. Chalmers. Mistake.
Or did misfortune's hitter storms Around thee blaw, around thee blaw, S. O wert thou in	Attended, in his [Want's] grim advances,
	By sad mistakes and black mischances, A Ded. to G. H., 16. Their donsie tricks, their black mistakes, Add. to Unco Guid.
He saw Misfortune's cauld Nor-west Lang-mustering up a bitter blast; On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	Mischance, mistake, or hy neglect, S. My father was a farmer t
O er the hope and mistortune of peing to mourn,	Mistaken. And when my hope was at the top,
But when to all the evil of misfortune This sting is added—"Blame thy foolish self!"	I still was worst mistaken, O Ib. Misteuk [mistook].
Kemorse. A rrag	I form I may be lost mind at 1 at
And train'd to arms in stern misfortune's field, The Brigs of Ayr.	Wad threap and folk the thing misteuk, To W. Simpson, P.S
Alas! misfortune stares my face, The Farewell. He'll hae misfortunes great and sma', S. There was a lad t	Mistress. Farewell, dear mistress of my soul, S. Farewell, dear mistress t
Then come misfortune, I bid thee welcome,	For the man that loves his mistress weel
S. Tho. fickle Fortune	Nae travel makes him weary S. Here's to thy health,†

The Election Ballads. VI.

The Tree of Liberty.

And hell mix'd in the brulzie.

A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife,

My name, she says, is Mistress Jean, S. My Collier Laddie. Their Master's and their Mistress's command. The youngkers a' are warned to obey : The Cotter's Sat. Night. o. Of mistress, friends, and wealth hereav'd me,
S. The, fickle Fortune Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade, A mistress still I had aye: . . S. When first I came t Mistrusted. And my fond heart, itsel sae true, . . S.O mirk, mirkt It ne er mistrusted thine. . Mistrusting. I'm no mistrusting Willie Pitt, A Dream. 7. Misty. Then lost his way, ae misty day, A Fragment. 4. And rising, weets wi' misty showers The birks of Aberfeldy? . S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go t Blows chilly from the misty vale; . . . On Lincluden. And misty mountain, gray; . The Petition of Br. Water.

All in this mottie, misty clime, . The Vision. D. I., 4. Mite. But he the helpless, needless wretch, Shall lose the mite he hath. Extem. on Commem,s of Thomson. The mite high heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share. Sonnet, wr. on Birthday. Mite-horn. Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd per se; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22. Mither [mother]. Gude grant that thou may ay inherit Thy mither's person, grace an' merit, Add. to Illegit. Child. May he be dad, and Meg the mither, Just five and forty years thegither! Auld comrade t When frae my mither's womb I fell, Thou might ha'e plunged me in hell, Holy Willie's Prayer. 4. Lass, when your mither is frae hame, S. Lass when yr mither † My mither sent me to the town, S. My heart was ance \$ Her mither's at the mill, jo; . . S. O steer her up t Tam o' Shanter, 10. Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel. Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name, Be mindin o' your mither: The Ans. to the Guidwife. My mither she hade me gie him a stool, S. The auld mant My mither she hade me gie him some pye, Ib. Ib. My mither she bade me gie him a dram, . . . My mither she hade me put him to bed, . . Ib.To see his poor and mither's pot, Thus dung in staves, The Author's Cry and Prayer. An' when ye think upo' your Mither, Mind to be kind to ane anither. The Death of Mailie. An' gin ye tax her or her mither B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither. The Inventory. She took her mither's holland sheets, And made them a' in sarks to me; S. The Lass that made the bed. My mither, she has ta'en the bed, Wi' thinking on my fa'. The Ruined Maid's Lament. Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e, My tears rin down like rain. Father, quo she, Mither, quo she, Do what ye can, S. There's news, lasses t And sairly thole their mither's ban, Afore the howdy. What ails ye now t . S. Willie Wastle. O Tinkler Madgie was her mither; Mitre. Then swith! an' get a wife to hug, Or trouth, ye ll stain the Mitre . A Dream, 12. Some luckless day. Mix. How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite! Fragment, inscr. to Fox. In politics if thou would'st mix, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav. The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;
On Death of Sir J. Blair. The Father mixes a' wi' admonition due. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5. Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix, The Election Ballads. II. When Politics came there, to mix And make his ether-stane, man! The Fête Champetre. While the life heats in my hosom,

S. Turn again, thou t

S. Here is the glen, t

Thon shalt mix in ilka throe:

Tis but the balmy breathing gale

And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.

On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Mixt with some warbler's dying fall,

Mixed, -'d, Mixt.

Mixie-maxie, Mixtie-maxtie (confusedly mixed). A mixie-maxie motely squad, . Lns add. to I. Ranken. You mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch.
The Conlition. The Author's Cry and Prayer. M'Kenzie (author of "The Man of Feeling"), M'K[enzi]e, S[tuar]t, such a brace As Rome ne'er saw; . To W. Creech. M'Kinlay [a popular Kilmarnock clergyman]. Or great M'[Kinlay] thrawn his heel? Tam Samson's El.. This day M'[Kinlay] take the flail, And he's the hoy will blaud her [common-sense] The Ordination M'[Kinlay], R[ussel], are the boys That Heresy can torture ; . Ib. 13. M'Lauchlan. M'Lanchlan, thairm-inspiring Sage, The Brigs of Ayr. 12. M'Leod. Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a Chieftain worth gowd, S. Here's a health to them M'Math [a Tarbolton clergyman]. And guid M'[Mat]h, . The Town Herds, 17. M'Murdo. Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day, . Blest be M'Murdo t M'Murdo and his lovely spouse, The Election Ballads. VI. O saw ve my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab? S. Ettic M'Nab. Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us, Wi' pitying moan; Add. to Toothache. The hollow caves return a sullen moan. On Death of R. Dundas. Moan, to. While o'er the Harp pale Misery moans,

A Ded. to G. H., 10. when he [Satan] approach'd where poor Francis lay moaning, Epig. on Capt, Grose So may the auld year gang out moaning Friend of the poet † So may the auld year gang out mounting.
When I forlorn, Aneath an aik sat mouning.
S. The tither morn t S. The yng Highl. Rover. The birdies dowie moaning. . Mob. Who would set the mob above the throne,
S. Does haughty Gault Mak faces to tickle the Mob; The Jolly Beggars. S. III. To please the Moh they hide the little [sense] giv'n.

The Ordination, Mott.. To Rev. J. M'Math. In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs, Mock. Here lies a mock Marquis Extem. on "the Marquis." Awa they gaed wi' mock parade, . The Tree of Liberty. Mock, s. May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks;

The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19. Mock, to. But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases.

Ay mocks our groan! Add. to Toothache. Mock'd. The mock'd quotation of the scorner's jest,

In vain vold Prudence † Mockery. O, bitter mockery of the pompous bier, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. -. . . To Gav. Hamilton. Mode. In legal mode an' form : Model. You have my choicest model ta'en, Epit. on W--. Modern. Compare wi' bonie Brigs o' modern time? The Brigs of Ayr. 6. Moderns. To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners; Modest. Or modest Merit's silent claim; . Add. to Edinburgh, 3. But for a modest, graceful mien, . S. Handsome Nell. Her like I never saw. . . . S. O Mally's meek. Mally's modest and discreet, . Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair, In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9. . The Election Ballads. I. And spak wi' modest grace, . And spak wi modest grace,

When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,

The Vision. D. I. S. Wee, modest, erimson-tipped flow'r. To a Mountain-Daisy. As modest want the tale of woe reveals; To Miss Graham. T[ytle]r's and G[reenfield]'s modest grace; . To W. Creech. Her modest demeanor's the jewel of a'.

S. True hearted was het

Modestly.	The large the furest's Monarch throws
I modestly fu' fain wad hint it, Friend of the poet †	Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws His army shade, . The Vision. D. II. 20.
Modesty. Set up a face, how I stop short, For fear your modesty be hurt. A Ded. to G. H.	Our monarch's hindmost year but ane Was five-and-twenty days begun, . S. There was a lad †
But it's innocence and modesty That polishes the dart S. Handsome Nell.	Monday. Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter. 3.
An' (what surprised me) modesty, . On dining with Dacr.	Money. When sometimes by my labour
And Modesty assume your air,	I earn a little money, O, S. My father was a farmer †
And ne'er a ane mistak her: . On IV. Chalmers.	Braid money to tocher them a', man, Ronalds of Bennals.
The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear. S. The Posic.	I never was canny for hoarding o' money, Ib.
And maidenly modesty fixes the chain.	Proof o' shot to Birth or Money, S. Sweetest May † 1 care na thy daddie, his lands and his money, S. Tibbic Dunbar.
S. True hearted was he t	S. Tibbic Dunbar.
Modewurk [a mole]. Whiles mice and modewurks they howket; The Twa Dogs. 6.	mongres.
Modish. Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien,	Not all his mongrel diphthongs can compound; The Vowels.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Monie w. Mony. Monie [money].
Moil. This night his weekly moil is at an end, The Cotter's Sat. Night.	For a' his gold and white monie, . S. To daunton me.
Moil, to.	Monkey. The bleezan, curst, mischievous monkies
I moil, and I toil, and I harrow and plough,	Delude his eyes, Add. to the Deil. 13.
S. The Poor Thresher. I moil, and I toil, and I labour all day. Ib.	So travell'd monkies their grimace improve, Sketch. Monkish.
I moil, and I toil, and I labour all day,	Fit only for a doited Monkish race, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Tho' whyles ye moistify your leather,	Monopoly.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	And make a vast monopoly of hell? . Ep. fr. Esopus.
Moisture. The something like moisture conglobes in my eye, Poet. Add. to W. Tytler.	Monroe, Alex. [Prof. of Anatomy in Edinburgh.]
Molest.	Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes; To R. G. of F., 4.
Alas! nae mair he'll them molest!	Monsmeg [a famous old cannon in Edin. Castle].
Tam Samson's dead! [v.A.15] Tam Samson's El Moment.	O for a throat like huge Monsmeg, The Election Ballads. VI. Monster.
Then catch the moments as they fly, A Bottle and Friend.	Ladies, would it not be strange
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate.	Man should then a monster prove? . Let not woman †
A Winter Night, 9.	Montague. Then M-nt-gue, an' Guilford too, Began to fear a fa', man; A Fragment. 5.
But cast a moment's fair regard . Add. to Unco Guid. 3. I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share,	Montgomery, -ie.
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O!	Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes, A Fragment. 2.
S. An I it kiss thee yet \	Montgomery-like did fa',
But 'till my last moments my words are the same, S. By you castle wa't	Or some Montgomery, fearless lead them; Add. of Beelzebub.
The lucky moment to improve, . Despondency, an Ode. 4.	But could I like Montgomeries fight, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
To tell the truth, they [poverty, care] seldom fash't him,	Yet happy, happy would I be Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy. [rc.]
Except the moment that they crush't him; El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.	Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy. [rc.] S. Montgomerie's Peggy.
But dreary tho' the moments fleet, . S. Forlorn, my Love,	Ve banks and brace and streams around
Ye hae render'd moments dear; S. Scenes of weet	The castle of Montgomery, S. 1 e banks, and bracs, and streams t
Nor makes the hour one moment less. Sketch. New-Yr's Day. "The passing moment's all we rest on!"	Month. in the merry months o' spring, A Winter Night. 4.
Return, ye moments of delight, S. Slow spreads the gloom †	My dismal months no joys are crowning,
Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,	Improm. on Mrs's Birthday.
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday, Or like the snow falls in the river,	"A few short months [ye woods], and glad and gay, "Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; Lament for Glencairn.
A moment white-then melts for ever; . Tam o' Shanter. 7.	There's nae life like the Ploughman in the month o' sweet May.
How have the raptur'd moments flown! . The Lament.	S. Lns on a Ploughman. Again the merry month o' May S. O Logan! sweetly t
When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care? S. The small birds †	It's now two month that I'm your debtor, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Yours this moment I unseal,	An' stay ae month amang the Moons
Hae ye a leisure-moment's time To J. S., 4.	An see them right. To W. Simpson, P.S.
I'll wander on with tentless heed, How never-halting moments speed,	Montrose. Forgive, forgive! much-wrong'd Montrose! The Election Ballads. VI.
And curst be the cause that shall part us!	Mony, Monle [many].
The hour and the moment o' time! . S. To Mary.	Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint, Add. to Illegit. Child. thro' my lugs gies mony a twang, Add. to Toothache.
Not the Poet in the moment Fancy lightens in his e'e, . S. Turn again, thou fair†	May ye get mony a merry story,
Monarch. For me! before a Monarch's face,	Mony a laugh and mony a drink, , . Auld comrade †
Ev'n there I winna flatter; . A Dream. 3. Where once heneath a Monarch's feet	That cost her mony a blirt and bleary. Braw lads of G. Water. This while ye hae been mony a gate,
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs! Add. to Edinburgh,	At mony a house. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.
And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch. S. Contented wi' little†	And mony a scheme in vain's been laid,
"The monarch may forget the crown	To stap or scar me;
"That on his head an hour has heen; Lament for Glencairn.	And mony mae
What premiers, what? even Monarchs mighty gaigers:	They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a shengh, Ib. 24.
Lns on Window, K.'s Arms. But cheerful still, I am as well,	E'en mony a plack, an' mony a peck, . El. on Year 178S.
As a monarch in a palace, O, S. My father was a farmer t	How mony bairns hae ye? S. Gudeen to you Kimmer † Yet has sae mony takin' arts, Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.
Or were I monarch o' the globe, . S. O wert thou in the †	Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me, . S. I dream'd I lay t
And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world. On Death of Sir J. Elair.	It's ye ha'e wooers mony ane, S. In simmer when t
Ye monarchs, tak the east and west.	And mony a canty day, John, we've had wi' ane anither;
Frae Indus to Savannah! S. The gowd. Loeks of A.	S. John Anderson †

This mony a day I've grain'd and gaunted.	An' monie lads an' lasses fates
Kind Sir, Fre read t	Are there that night decided :
I've seen sne mony changefu' years, Lament for Glencairn.	For monie a ane has gotten a fright, 1b. 14.
And mony a traitor there; Lament of Mary of Scots.	But monie a day was by himsel,
And mony a guilt-bespotted lad; Lns to J. Ranken.	He was her Laureat monie n year, On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
There's mony a lass has broke my rest, . S. O lay thy loof t	But monie daily weet their weason Wi' liquors nice, . Scotch Drink. 14.
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn, S. O Logan! † And mony a night we've merry been,	Fell source o' monie a pain an' brash !
And mony mae we hope to be S. O Willie brew'd †	Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash
And mony a hill between; S. Of a' the airts +	
And mony shall lament him; . On W. Cruickshanks.	The warl' may play you monie a shavie; Second Ep. to Davie.
And ward o' mony a prayer, . On Birth of Posth, Child.	An' monie ithers, . The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.
For mony a rantin day	For monie a year come thro' the sheers: The Death of Mailie.
My fiddle and I hae had S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.	O'er moors and o'er mosses and monie a glen,
There are no mony poets sae braw, man. Ronalds of Bennals.	S. The heather was bloom, †
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,	Wi' monie a wearie body, The Holy Fair. 6.
Sin' auld lang syne, S. Shld auld acquaintnce †	Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in mony a whang, 1b. 7.
To think how mony counsels sweet, How mony lengthen'd sage advices,	How monie stories past,
The husband frae the wife despises! . Tam o' Shanter, 4.	How monie hearts this day converts, 1b. 27.
For mony a beast to dead she shot, And perish'd mony a bonie bont,	An' monie jobs that day begin,
	monie a creditable stock The Twa Dogs. 21.
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow	Wi' monie a sigh and a tear S. There was a bonie lass †
Owre mony a weary hag he limpit, Tam Samson's El., 10.	It wad frae monie a blunder free us To a Louse.
Is th' wish o' mony mae than me:	Has cost thee monie a weary nibble! To a Mouse.
And reekin red ran mony a sheugh. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune.
	Owre Scotland rings, . To IV. Simpson. 8.
And mony a bouk did fa', man:	Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line;
	An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
And mony a huntit, poor Red-cont For fear amaist did swarf, man,	Monylochs.
This many a year I've stood the flood an' tide; The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	Marjory o' the Monylochs,
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	A carline and and tengh The Election Ballads. I.
In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes; Ib.	
Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie,	Mood, Or [Spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Alas! how aft, in baughty mood. God's creatures they oppress! Ep. to Davie. 6.
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black deil,	Alas! how att, in baughty mood. God's creatures they oppress! Ep. to Davie. 6.
S. The deil cam fiddlin t	In that sober pensive mood.
And mony a knight and mony a laird, That errand fain would gae. [re.] The Election Ballads. I.	Dearest to the feeling soul, . S. Streams that glide †
And mony a friend that kiss't his caup,	This while she's been in crankous mood,
Is now a fremit wight;	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
And listen mony a grateful bird Return you tuneful thanks. The Petition of Br. Water.	The Dame brings forth, in complimental mood, To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
An' your auld burrough mony a time, The Inventory.	Moody [minister at Riccarton, Ayrshire].
For mony a pursie sbe had hooked, An had in mony a well been douked:	O, M-y, man, and wordy R[usse]ll, The Twa Herds. 3.
The Ially Reggars R IV	What flock wi' M-'s flock could rank, 1b. 5.
For mony a heart thou hast made sair, S. The lovely lass of 1. †	For [Moodie] speels the holy door,
S. The lovely lass of I. †	Wi' tidings o' s-lv-t-n. [v.A.22] The Holy Fair, 12.
O' mony a saucy quean; . The Ruined Maid's Lament.	The vera sight o' [Moody]'s face, To's ain het hame had sent him Wi' fright Ib.
Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce, [v.A.1] The Twa Dogs, 6.	Mools [mould, earth of graves].
An' mony a time my hearts been wae, Ib. 13.	Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools, Add. to Toothache.
They waste sae mony a braw estate! 1b. 25.	He wha could brush them down to mools, To W. Creech.
And mony a ane that I could tell, . The Twa Herds. 14.	Moon.
a richer share Than mony ithers; To Dr. Blacklock.	Where th' howlet mouros in her ivy hower,
to kiss the breath O' mony flow'ry simmers! To Mr. M'Adam. But for thy friends, and they are mony, To Terraughty.	And tells the midnight moon her care A Vision.
My music. tir'd wi' mony a sonnet . To Rev. J. M'Math.	Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray, Nod to the moon, Add. to the Deil. 5.
Than mony scores as guid's the priest	
Wha sae abus't bim	The moon it shines fu' clearly S. Ca' the Ewes.
Tho' blotch't an' foul wi' mony a stain,	I swear and yow by moon and stars, S. Come, boat me o'er.
I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer, . To W. Creech.	The rising Moon began to glowr, The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;
By mony a flow'r and spreading tree, S. Where Cart rins t	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.
Mony words are needless, Katie, S. Will ye go and marry t	Bonie was the Lammas moon, S. Duncan Gray.
Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,	What time the moon, wi's ilent glowr, Sets up her horn, El. on Capt. M. H., 10.
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †	Sets up her horn, El. on Capt. M. H., 10.
Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfa' lie, A Ded. to G. H.	But by yon moon !—and that's bigb swearin' Ep. to Maj. Logan, 11.
There's monie waur been o' the Race, A Dream. 3.	For ale and brandy's stars and moon, S. Gane is the day t
He was an unco shaver For monie a day 1b. 11.	Beneath the moon's pale beams;
Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought, A Guid New-year † 16.	Amang the brachens, on the brae.
An' monie an anxious day. I thought We wad be beat! 16.	Between her an' the moon,
An' movie an anxious day, I thought We wad be beat! 1b. where monie a flower Sheds fragrance S. Damon and Sylvia.	O'er the waves that sweetly glide
as monie still, As far abuse me. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 16.	To the moon sae clearly S. Hark! the mavis ?
as monie still, As far abuse me. Ep. to J. L-K, Ap. 181, 10. For monie a Plack they wheedle frae me,	But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright,
She's [Fortune's] gien me monie a jirt an' fleg, Ib., Ap. 21st, 9.	My dear I'll come and see thee; S. Here's to thy health, †
There's monie godly folks are thinkin, Ep. to J. R.	And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave; Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
Ye hae sae monie cracks an' capts,	Sun and moon but set to rise; . S. Let not woman †
Ye hae sae monie cracks an caots,	

The moon was sinking in the west Wi visage pale and wan. And the moon shines hright, when I rove at night, S. Now westlin winds to S. Owillie brew'd to the silent moon shine clearly: It is the moon.—I ken her horn, S. O. Willie brew'd to The wan moon is setting behind the white wave, S. Oh, ofen the door, to The paly moon rose in the livid cast, On Death of Sir J. Blair. Given the lonely valley, The dewy eve, and rising moon; S. Sae flaxent The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree: The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Bright to the moon their various dresses glanc'd: Ib. 11. Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a': S. The groud. Locks of A.	Moorcock. And the moorcock springs, on whirring wings, Amang the blooming heather: S. Now westlin winds † Ye cootie Moorcocks, crousely craw; Tam Samson's El. 7. Or shootin of a hare or moorcock. The Twa Dogs. 26. Moor-hen. At length they discovered a honie moor-hen. S. The heather was blooming † But cannily steal on a honie moor-hen. Ib. Moorlan, Moorland. Come, kittle up your moorlan harp Ep. to J. L.—b., Ap. 21st. 8. She was nae get o' moorlan tips, Poor Maille's El. Or where the Greenock winds his moorland course, The Brigs of Ayr. 7. O, may thou ne'er forgather up. Wi' onie hlastet, moorlan toop: The Death of Maille.
The night was still, and o'er the hill The moon shone on the castle wa'; Eeneath the moon's ooclouded light, I held awa to Annie: The moon was shining clearly; Ear by the moon and stars so bright, Ib.	While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies; To W. Simpson. Moorlands. And owre the moorlands whistles shill. Moping. Would'st thou be cur'd, thou shilly moping elf. Add. 3p. by Fontenelle. Moral. Ye'll get the best o' moral works, 'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks,
While his love's like the moon that wanders up and down, S. The Winter it is past I In thae auld times, they thought the Moon, Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon, Woor by degrees, Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon, Woor by degrees,	Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is, In moral Mercy, Truth, and Justice!
To W. Simpson, P.S. For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a newk Ar' out o' sight, El. To hear the Moon sae sadly lie'd on By word an' write. An' stay ae mouth amang the Moons An' see them right. El. when the auld Moon's gaun to lea'e them, Not the little sporting fairy, All beneath the summer moon: S. Turn again, thou't And chang'd with every moon my love, S. Young Jamie, †	Of moral pow'rs an' reason? The Holy Fair. 15. The moral man he does define, But ne' er a word o' faith in That's right Morality. Morality, thou deadly bane, But there's Morality himsel. Embracing all opinions; Morality's demure decoys Shall here nae mair find quarter: 1b. 13.
Moon-beam. And, by the moonheam, shook, to see A stern and stalwart ghais arise, The silvery moonbeams trembling play: On Lincluden. The hoatmen on Nith's gentle stream. That glistens on the pale moonbeam, As in the bosom of the stream The moon-heam dwells at dewy e'en; S. There was a lass† Moonlight.	Moralizing. And join with me a moralizing. Sketch. New-Yr's Day. Nor with unwilling ear attend The moralizing Muse. To Chloris. Morals. He's blest—if as he brew'd he drink to upright honest morals. Epit, on G. Richardson. More [c. atto No more], Half-jest, she tried one curious labour more. Ept. to R. Graham. 3. Your courage much more than your prudence you show it.
And me and my love togetner. So, O gie my love viole Moon-shine. at moon-shine mid-night hours, Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter Is natching hut a 'moonshine matter'; To W. Simpson. P.S. Moon-struck.	Till grief my eyes should close, Ne'er to wake more. Nay, more—there is danger in touching; His colour sicken'd more and more, Never perhaps to greet old Scotland more. Lan, on Back of Bank Note.
Nor such the workings of their moon-struck brain; Moony [moon-struck]. (Not moony madness more astray) Sent to a Gent. oftended Moop [to nibble; to keep company with].	I'm hetter pleas'd to make one more, Than he the death of twenty. Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav The more in this [wealth, power] you look for bliss, You leave your yiew the farther, O:
Moop [to intole; to keep company But ay keep mind to moop an' mell, Wi'sheep o' credit like thysel! Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie, Moor. 'Mang moors an' mosses many, And she held o'er the moors to spin; The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh. The Game shall Pay, owre moor an' dail, For this, niest year. Ep. to J. R., 10.	False friends, false love, farewel! for more, I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh. S. Oh, ofen the door! But he has superadded more, And sunk them in contempt: On Duke of Queensberry. That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity: Frologue, at Th., D Nay more, that very love their cause of ruin! Nay more, this truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel?
yon moors. Out-spreading far and wide, Man was made to Mourn. 3. Out o'er yon moor, out o'er yon moss, S. My Lord a-hunting† Yestreen I met you on the moor, S. O Tibble! And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend. The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine. S. The day returns to Content and comfort bless me more in This grot, than e'er I lelt hefore in A palace. The Hermit. As far surpassing other common villains, As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more. Tragic Frag.
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor, I. T., The Hunter now has left the moor, S. The gloomy night Her [Colia's] heathy moors and winding vales: Ib. O'er moors and o'er mosses and monie a glen, S. The heattler was blooming! The last time I came o'er the moor, S. The heattler was blooming! The moors, and fells, The Twa Herds. 15. Her moors red-brown wi'heather hells, To IV Simpson, the charms o' you wild, mossy moors; S. I'on wild mossy moors;	Morison. Could I the rich reward secure, The lovely Mary Morison. [v. Mary] S. O Mary, at thy t Morn. Ae houie simmer morn I stray'd Her smile was like a summer morn; S. Blythe was she't Meet ev'ry sad-returning night, And joyless morn the same. Despondency, an Ode. 2. That Meg should he a hvide the morn; S. Duncan Davison. Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour Till waukrife morn. El. on Capt. M. H., 10.

Beset thy servant e'en and morn, Holy Willie's Prayer. 9. I restless lie frae e'en to morn, S. How lang and dreary † In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew;	The lav'rock in the morning she'll rise frae her nest, S. Lns on a Ploughman. Like Phæbus in the morning, S. Lovely Davies.
S. How pleasant the banks † Now layerocks wake the merry morn,	When purple morning starts the hare, S. Now rosy May † Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
Lament of Mary of Scots.	In morning's rosy eye; . S. Now Spring has clad t
Fu' lightly rase I on the morn,	You rose huds in the morning dew, S. O bonnie was you rosy t
O! soon, to me, may summer-suns Nae mair light up the morn!	A dram o' gude strunt in a morning early, S. O ken ye what Meg†
And violets hathe in the weet of the morn;	Elythe morning lifts his rosy eye, S. O Logan, sweetly †
S. My Nanie's Arua.	And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews
O May thy morn was ne'er sae sweet, As the mirk night o' December, . S. O May thy morn †	At morning dawn and parting day. S. O were my love †
As the mirk night o' December, . S. O May thy morn t	She's fresher than the morning dawn S. On Cessnock banks †
When purest in the dewy morn; . S. On Cessnock banks †	She's sweeter than the morning dawn Ib., Sett. II.
Fair on the summer morn: On Birth of Posth, Child. Sound he his sleep and blythe his morn,	When pale the morning rises keen,
On Window of C. Inn, F.	Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
Such thy morn! did I cry, S. Phillis the Fair.	The morning rose may blow; Sad thy tale, † Frae morning sun 'till dine':
Fair on Isabella's morn	The state of the s
The sun propitions smil'd : S. Sad thy tale †	Phochus, gilding the brow of the morning Ib. They flourish like the morning flow'r, In beauty's pride array'd;
An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn, Perfume the plain, Scotch Drink. 3.	In beauty's pride array'd; The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.
Rosy morn now lifts his eye, S. Sleep'st thou t	
That woefu' morn he ever mourn'd Tam Samson's El 8.	S. The small birds † She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May,
An' with the lave ilk merry morn Could rank my rig and lass; The Ans. to the Guidwife.	What is life when wanting love?
The hoary morns precede the sunny days, The Brigs of Ayr.	Night without a morning: S. Thine am I †
They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,	O Life! how pleasant in thy morning, To J. S., 15.
S. The Cooper o' cuddy † An' tent them duely, e'en an' morn, The Death of Mailie.	Wi' mornings blythe and e'enings funny To Terraughty.
	Oh fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning, S. True hearted was he
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend, The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Her look was like the morning's eye, S. Twas even-the dewyt
And mind your duty, duely, morn and night! Ib. 6.	Up in the morning's no for me,
The morn that warns th' approaching day, . The Lament.	Up in the morning early, [re.] . S. Up in the morning.
The tither morn, S. The tither morn t	My morning raise sae clear and fair, . V.s, under Grief.
Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling, The Twa Dogs. 9.	The morning it was foggie; S. What will I do gin t
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.	The hunter lo'es the morning sun, S. When o'er the hill !
The Whistle. 13.	Her blush is like the morning, S. Young Peggy †
Or women sonsie, saft an' sappy, "Tween morn an' morn, There's naethin like †	Where are the joys I have met in the morning, S. Where are the joys †
thy gay morn of life o'ercast, To Chloris.	As Vonth and Love with sprightly dance
That lov'st to greet the early morn, S. To Mary in Heaven.	Beneath thy morning star advance, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Fair is the morn in flow'ry May, S. Twas even-the dewy	Moro [EI Morro, a fort of Cuba, taken by the British, 1762, just before the Havana surrendered].
Before the morn ye'll work mischief; S. Wha is that at t	And the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum.
And langs the night frae e en to morn, S. Up in the morning.	The Jolly Beggars, S.I.
For nye the brose ye sup at e'en, Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang.	Morrow. Long, long the night, Heavy comes the morrow,
Mornin [morning].	S. Ay waking, O†
Or reekan on a New-year-mornin	And hlythely awaukens the morrow; S. Craigie-burn Wood. And sigh for this life's latest morrow. On Death of fav. Child.
In cog or bicker, Scotch Drink. 9.	Cheerless night that knows no morrow. S. Raving winds †
He's always compleenin frae mornin' to e'enin, S. What can a young †	And blythe awakes the morrow, . S. Sweet fa's the ere t
Morning. All on a dewy morning. S. A Rose-bud by	Upon the morrow when we raise, I thank'd her for her courtesie; S. The Lass that made the bed.
And drooping rich the dewy head, It scents the early morning	myi_h' and owief
The dew sat chilly on her [the linnet's] breast,	May have a joyful morrow; . S. The noble Maxwells ?
Sae early in the morning 10.	Thy lengthen'd days on this blest morrow, To Terraughty.
Awake the early morning	Mortal, adj.
Shalt sweetly pay the tender care That tents thy early morning	O! had I met the mortal shaft Which laid my benefactor low! . Lament for Glencairn.
And bless the parent's evening ray That watch'd thy early morning	The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke, Long, long be pleas'd to spare; O Thou dread Pow'r†
And hail'd the morning with a cheer, A Winter Night. 10.	And bark! what more than mortal sound
And hail'd the morning with a cheer, A Winter Night. 10. Her voice is the song of the morning S. Adown winding Nith †	Of music breathes the pile around? On Lincitiaen.
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.	Your mortal Fae is now awa', . Tam Samson's El. 7.
S. Again rejoicing Nature t	But yet he drew the mortal trigger Wi' weel-aim'd heed; ,
Your heauty's a flower, in the morning that blows, S. Awa wi' yr witchcraft †	As open pussie's mortal foes,
3.21 wa wi ji wiining aji i	I've need much this wearst mortal round.
Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning, S. Bonie Bell.	The Cotter's Sat. Wight, 9.
like the sun eclips'd at morning tide, El. on Miss Burnet.	Nae mortal wight can tell: The Election Ballads, I. "Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low, S. The Highl. Lassie.
And morning Poossie whiddan seen, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st.	Due toutte will I hold it still
Such was my life's deceitful morning, S. I dream'd I lay t	A mortal sin to thraw that The Jolly Beggars, S. v 11.
One morning by the break of day, S. It was the charming t	If death, then, wi' skaith, then, Some mortal heart is hechtin, . To a Medical Gent.
"Thou found'st me, like the morning sun "Thou found'st me, like the morning sun "That melts the fogs in limpid air, Lament for Glencairn.	
For the dew-drops of morning fall cold on her grave.	Mortal, s.
Lam., on leaving Nat. Land.	Hear me, ye venerable Core, As counsel for poor mortals, Add. to Unco Guid. 2.
As I was a wand'ring ae morning in spring, S. Lns on a Ploughman.	We're frail backsliding mortals merely, Ep. to Maj. Logan. q.
2.6	

A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife, Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
if these mortals, the critics, should bustle, Frag. inscr. to Fox. Rash mortal, and slanderous Poet, Reproof by Himself.	Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless Rake. Ib. A strappan youth; he takes the Mother's eye; Ib. 8.
While care-untroubled mortals sleep! The Lament.	The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles,
A woe that no mortal can cure. S. The winter it is past †	Farewell, a mother's blessing dear! The Farewell.
By all on high adoring mortals know! To Clarinda.	An' my auld mother brunt the trin'le The Inventory.
Mortar.	To ev'ry New light mother's son,
Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers, Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir; To Capt. Riddel.	From this time forth, Confusion: . The Ordination, 14. Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
Mortgaging.	S. The Sons of old Killie. Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading, The Twa Dogs. 22. Morton. There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton, The Belles of Mauchline.	Down by her mother's dwelling! S. When wild War's † Motion.
Moses. Kemble, thou car'st my unbelief	The Queen of love could never move With motion more enchanting S. As I gaed up by †
Of Moses and his rod; Lns on Mrs. Kemble.	The clonds' uncertain motion [type of woman], S. Deluded swain †
Or, Moses hade eternal warfare wage, With Amaleks ungracious progeny; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.	Like harmony her motion; S. Sae flaxen †
Moss. your moss-traversing Spunkies Add. to the Deil. 13.	Sooner the snn in his motion would falter.
'Mang moors an' mosses many, . S. Behind you hills t	S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e † Motive. Common motives lang sinsyne, . S. Jockey fou, †
O'er you moss amang the beather; Braw lads of G. Water.	Motley, Motely.
Out o'er you moor, out o'er you moss, S. My Lord a-hunting †	motley, foundling funcies, stolen or strayed? Ep. fr. Esopus.
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles, That lie between us and our hame,	A mixie-maxie motely squad, Lns add. to J. Ranken.
O'er moors and o'er mosses and monie a glen,	Mottie [full of motes, dusty].
S. The heather was bloom. †	All in this mottie, misty clime, . The Vision. D. I. 4.
By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells, The Twa Herds. 15.	Mou, Mou' [mouth].
Moss-oak. a swirlie, auld moss-oak, . Halloween. 23.	Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou', S. Braw lads of G. Water.
Mossgiel. For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel. [v. Rob] O leave novels†	And weel I wat ber willin mou
Mossy. Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd,	Was e'en like succar-candie S. Had I the wyte †
El. on Miss Burnet.	Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonie mou! Halloween. 10. O, what a feast her bonie mou! . S. Her flowing locks†
Where the mossy riv'let strays, On scaring Water-fowl.	And ither some will prie their mon, S. John, come kiss.
Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	My beart to my mon' gied a sten; S. Tam Glen.
Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells; S. The heather was bloom.	Commend me to the Barn yard,
Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell :	
S. The heather was bloom, the Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell: Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	And the Corn-mon, man; S. The Ploughman † For it's like a banmy kiss o' her sweet bonie mon; S. The Posie.
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods; Wr. by Fall of Fyers,	For ay he pree'd the lassie's mon, S. The Taylor he cam t
wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide, S. Von wild mossy mountains †	A whiskin beard about her mon', S. Willie Wastle †
the charms o' you wild, mossy moors;	An' ay my heart came to my mou, . S. Young Jockey † Moulder.
Most. The heart benevolent and kind	There monlders here a gallant heart;
The most resembles God. A Winter Night. 11.	Mouldering, -'ring.
Who know them best despise them most. On Window at Stirling. Yet an insect's an insect at most,	Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years; Lament for Glencairn.
Tho' it crawl on the curl of a queen. On an empty Fellow.	Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred Fane.
Mostly. We've all things that's nice, and mostly in season. Impromptu. Moth. Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,	On Death of Sir J. Blair. Perhaps upon bis mould'ring breast Some spitefu' muirfowl bigs ber nest, [v.A.15]
Their unknown pages. To J. S., S. Mother.	Tam Samson's El.
And with a Mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!	Cold—mould'ring in the clay?
A Winter Night. 8.	And monldering now in silent dust, That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain. Blest be M'Murdo †	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t
The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd young; . S. Fate gave the word, †	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t Mouldy. O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Bewails her ravish'd young; . S. Fate gave the word, † He's tell'd her father and mother baith, Katharine Jaffray.	Mound.
"The mother may forget the child "That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;	Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds, Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Mount.
Lament for Glencairn. God keep thee frue thy mother's faes,	As I came o'er the Cairney mount, . S. As I came o'er † Mount, to. And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
Lament of Mary of Scots. And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,	S. Again rejoic. Nature † And mount to the air wi' the dew on her hreast;
Remember him for me!	S. Lns on a Ploughman.
O bless her with a Mother's joys, But spare a Mother's tears! O Thou dread Pow'r†	When I mount the Creepie-chair, S. O wha my babie-clouts †
Tho' father and mother and a' should gae mad, S. O whistle, †	That slowly mount the rising steep; S. On Cessnock banks † That dreary hour he mounts his beast in; Tam o' Shanter. 7.
Protect and guard the mother plant, On Birth of Posth. Child.	O mount and go, Mount and make you ready:
Reclined on the lap of thy mother, On Death of fav. Child.	O mount and go, And be the Captain's Lady.
"And I will join a mother's tender cares, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	S. The Captain's Lady.
But, like guid mothers, shore before ye strike: Scots Prologue.	Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan, The Kirk's Alarm.
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed: Tam o' Shanter, 19.	His awful chair of state resolves to mount, The Vowels.
Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie: The Brigs of Ayr.	Mountain. When Phoebus peeps over the mountains,
The Mother, wi' her needle and her sheers,	S. Adown winding Nith t
The Mother, wi' her needle and her sheers, Gars auld claes look amnist as weel's the new; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	Fresh o'er the mountains breaks forth the morning, S. Bonie Bell.
	S. Donit Deti.

While sams culottees stoop up the monutain bigh. A. f. Easpat. The bred among mountains of saw. The Cheed among mountains of saw. The Cheed among mountains of saw. It there's a seath is them the control of the mint-shrouded cliffs of the lose mountain start, so learned and say the control of the mint-shrouded cliffs of the lose mountain start, so learned with a sow the fact that the control of the mountains he is goar as a seath of partial that the control of the mountains he is goar to the control of		
The bread amang mountaine of snaw "Leve" a stabil to them	While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high,	O'er the hope and misfortune of being to mourn,
Jeuny M.Craw to the mountains is gane, Jenny M.Craw to the mountains is gane, Jeckey's taxus the spatialty of the the mountains he is gane; S. Jeckey's taxus the spatialty of the mountains he is gane; S. Jeckey's taxus the spatialty of the mountains high cover'd with snow, the property of the mountains high cover'd with snow, the property of the mountains high cover'd with snow, the property of the mountains high cover'd with snow, and gild the distant mountain show; S. One extende hand; the property of the mountains hereing S. New settlin winds the property of the mountains hereing S. One for the property of the mountains hereing S. Seley's than, or walk it before the mountains here to the The Vision of Br. Water, and mixty mountains here to the The Vision of Br. Water, and mixty mountains here to the The Vision of Br. Water, and mixty mountains here too the The Vision of Br. Water, and the words of the mountains here too the The Vision of Br. Water, and the words of the countains to the skies were too to The Vision of Br. Water, and the words of the countains to the skies were too to The Vision of Br. Water, and the words mountains the and deserts bowl, and oceans not between: S. This creat fast to rough the words of the words and the words of the words and the words of	The bred amang mountains o' snaw!	"O thou, whase lamentable face
Over the mist-shrouded clifts of the lone mountain straying. Farewell to the mountain. In elacting Nat. Aund. Farewell to the mountain high cover'd with anow. The Plover loves the moon ally feared in the Highlands't Men shining sunbeams intervere. And gild the distant mountain is how; S. On Cassenbekankt. Gay the sun's golden eye perfect of er the mountains heavy'd their heart of Var. On a perfect of er the mountains heavy'd their heart sto Var. So of Var. And mistry mountain, Tay; The Plover love the mountains heavy'd their heart sto Var. So of Var. And mistry mountain, Tay; The Plove the mountains heavy'd their heart sto Var. So of Var. And mistry mountain, Tay; The Plove the case the wind of his mountains. There, mountain sto the skies were to: The Vision of Br. Water. The same she mountains cover, S. The young Highl. Rover. The wanders as free as the wind of his mountains. And centers more saveness. S. Their grees of Var. And centers more saveness. S. Their grees of Var. And centers more saveness. S. Their street fatt. To rouse the mountain still be my peth. And centers more saveness. S. The wald measy mountains are delay and wide. S. The wald measy mountains are saveness. S. The war fatted fatt. The climan state of the wald of the wald measy mountains. And centers measured to the saveness of the wood of the wald measy mountains are saveness. S. The wald fatte of the wald the wald measy meantains the wald measy meantains the fatt. The climan state of the wald measy meantains. And center measured a term of the wald wald measy meantains the wald wald measy meantains. The saveness of the mountain state of the wald wald measy meantains. The saveness of the mountain state are the wald the wald wald measy meantains. The saveness of the mountain state of the wald wald wald wald wald wald wald wald		My voice, a lioness that mourns
Earnewll to the mountains high cover d with snow. **S. Ally Meart's in the Highland's 1** The Plover loves the mountains high: S. New setting weight where shall be all the highland's 1** The Plover loves the mountains herever. When shining sunbeams intervene. **Regid der the mountains heavy d their heads. Before the mountains heavy d their heads. Beneath Thy forming hand, **The 116 Vs. of 90th P.**. And mistly mountains heavy d their heads. Beneath Thy forming hand, **The 116 Vs. of 90th P.**. And mistly mountains heads the heads. Beneath Thy forming hand, **The 116 Vs. of 90th P.**. And mounts to the skies were toos: The Vision D. I. J. The sansw the mountains cover, S. The young Highl. Rovers. There, mountains to the skies were too: The Vision D. I. J. The sansw the mountains cover, S. The young Highl. Rovers. The vanders as free as the winds of his mountains. **The Verence of the wanders as free as the winds of his mountains. And oceans non between: S. The or real fate! To rouse the mountain she and deserts bow!, And cease non between: S. The or real fate! To rouse the mountain she and deserts bow!, And conceans non the ween and the mountain she and the mountain she and the mountains and the man she will also mountains the mountain she and the mountains and the m		The Autumn course has indicated as C. The election Ballads. VI.
The Pleasures that will note return; The Pleasures that will note return; The Pleasure been mountains; S. Now weetlin semant. The Amountain shew the mountain shew; S. Phellit the Fair. Or up the heathy mountain, S. S. Steep'st than, or work'st. Beneath Thy forming hand, The steep of or the mountains shew? Beneath Thy forming hand, The steep of	O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying,	
The Plover loves the mountains: S. New settly which when shining sunbeams intervene When shining sunbeams shining saint shining shinin	Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow,	The Pleasures that will ne'er return:
How life and love are all a dream: The Launent. May been shiring subbeams intervene when shiring subbeams intervene the shirt has brown. S. On Cessneck banks? Gay the sun's golden eye Peep'd or the mountains heavy their heads Deneath Thy forming hand, The stid O's e of posh Ps. Before the mountains heavy their heads Beneath Thy forming hand, The stid O's e of posh Ps. Beneath Thy forming hand the stid O's e of posh Ps. Beneath Thy forming hand the stid	S. My heart's in the Highlands †	And mourn, in lamentation deep. The Jolly Beggars, S. IV.
And gild the distant mountain's brow; S. On Cessneck kankt (Say the saw is golden eye reep doe'r the mountain high; S. Steep'st them, or wak'st the Beneath Thy forming hand; heading them, or wak'st the Beneath Thy forming hand; heading them them to be the second that the Beneath Thy forming hand; heading them them to be the second that the Beneath Thy forming hand; heading them the second that the Beneath Thy forming hand; heading them to be the second that the second them to be the second that the second that the second them to be the second that the		How life and love are all a dream! . The Lament.
Gay the sun's golden eye Peep'd or the mountains high; . S. Phillis the Fair. Or up the heathy mountain, . S. Steep'st them, or wak'st the Beneath Thy forming hand, . The 1st 6 V. a of goth V. Meer the mountain served their heads . The 1st 6 V. a of goth V. Meer the mountain gray; . The Petition of Sr. Water. There, mountains to the skies were tost : The Vision. D. I. 3. The snaws the mountain gray; . The Petition of Sr. Water. The snaws the mountain serve is the vision of his mountain. The snaws the mountain deep my sol. S. The or great of the Milt Yon wild mostly mountains see lotly and wide. The snaw the mountain seed of the mountain seed of the mountain seed of the snaw of the	And gild the distant mountain's brow; S. On Cessnock banks †	And bopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn A faithless woman's broken your
Peepd of the mountains high; S. Shelfs if they are vowely it before the mountains heavy of their heads Beneath Thy forming hand, The state of New York of States and the states of the mountains heavy of the Petition of Sr. Water. And mistry mountain, gray: The saws the mountains cover, S. The young Highli Rosers. The sams the mountains cover, S. The young Highli Rosers. The wanders as free as the winds of his mountains. S. The sams the mountains to the skies were too st. The Vision. D. It. 3. The sams the mountains doesn't showl, And occase nor a between: S. The groung Highli Rosers. The vander as free as the winds of his mountains. S. The sams the state of the	Gay the sun's golden eye	
Before the mountains heav'd their heads Beneath Thy forming hand, The 1st 6 V.s of goth Ps And misty mountain, gray; The Petition of Br. Water. There, mountains to the skies were tost: The Vision. D. I. I.3. The sames the mountains cover, S. The young Hight. Rover, the wanders as free as the wides of his mountain. S. The's routed fatt The mountain rise and deserts bowl, And occurs now letwers: S. The's routed fatt To rouse the mountain see boyl; S. When were the hill? Yon wild mosty menuities hall still be my path. Fountain side. Her hair is like the curling mist That shades the mountain-side at even, I. B., Sett. II. founted All mounted in good order, Katharan [Agirwa] Her rails at our mountehank squad, The Jelly Beggars, S. IIII. founted. All mounted in good order, Katharan [Agirwa] Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg. Tam's Shanter, 9. Them mounted Mirth on gleesome wing, The Filet Champter, Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and bray: Klourn, 16. Where it's howlet mourns in her ivy bower, Now't is fit that thou should's mourn. Be Con Capt. M. H., 2. Mourn like arreled for the lee; Be S. Mourn, clamming craiks at close day, Mourn, Iden. Mourn like arreled for the lee; Be S. Mourn, Clamming craiks at close of day, Mourn, Iden. Mourn like hardels of the lee; Be S. Mourn, Clamming craiks at close of day, Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year; Mourn, Empress of the salent night; Mourn him thou Should's moourn. El. on Year year, Mourn like hardels of any the properties of the wood in the mourn of the properties of the year; Mourn like hardels of the lee; Be Mourn, Clamming craiks at close of day, Mourn, Clamming craiks at close of day, Mourn him bor San, great source of light; Mourn, Empress of the salent night; Mourn Like hardels of the lee; Mourn him bors San, great source of light; Mourn, Empress of the salent night; Mourn him bors where the close of day, Mourn him bors than mourn; Mourn him	Peep'd o'er the mountains high; S. Phillis the Fair.	Thus poorly low! . The Vision. D. II. 2.
Beneath Thy forming hand, In 1110 V-2 of 9600 12. The retimo of fiv. Vater. There, mountains to the skies were tost: The Vision. D. 1. 95. The sames the mountains early. The Petition of fiv. Vater. He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains, The mountain ries and describe sheel. The formountain ries and describe sheel. Tho mountain ries and describe sheel. The formation is rie and describe sheel. The orouse the mountain seen my jo; S. The' creal fate't to rouse the mountain sale lofty and wide. S. The' creal fate't to rouse the mountain sheel sheel with the many path. Mountain-side. Her hair is like the curling mist That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock bank! That climbs the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock bank! That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock bank! That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock bank! That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock bank! That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock bank! That climbs the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock bank! That climbs the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock bank! That climbs the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock bank! That climbs the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock bank! That climbs the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock bank! That climbs the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock bank! That climbs the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock bank! That climbs the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock bank! That climbs the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock bank! That climbs the mountain shade the mountain sh	Perfore the mountains heaved their heads	My brave gallant friends, 'tis your ruin I mourn;
There, mountains to the skies were toos: The Vision, D. I. G. The sames the mountains come; S. The young Highl. Rovers. He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains, S. The's groves of the wanders as free as the winds of his mountains, S. The's groves of the wanders as free as the winds of his mountains, S. The's groves of the wanders as free as the winds of his mountains, S. The's cruel fate't To rouse the mountain deer, my jo; S. When o'er the hill't To rouse the mountain stall of the mountain stall will be my path, B. Mountains. Sto. He had so that was the mountain sall will be my path, B. Mountains. Sto. He had so the mountain side at e'en, S. On Cessneck bank! That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en, Ib., Sett. II. Mounted. All mounted in good order, Katcharine Jaefray. Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg. Tam o' Shanter, 9. The mountain weel; Poor Mailie's El., An' cleed ber bairus, man, wife, an wean, In mourning weel; Tam Samson's El. Mourn's the Mounted With on pilesome wing, The Fite Champtere. Weel-featur'd, weel-router'd, weel mounted and braw; S. There's a youth's the Mounted Mirth on gleesome wing. The Fite Champtere. Weel-featur'd, weel-mounted on the yar may o' Shanter, 9. The mounted with mourning; S. When wild War's thou who mounts in her ivy bower, A Vision, Now 'is fit that thou should'st mourn. Blue Bonnets. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn weel-featur'd, weel-router'd, weel-mounted and braw; S. There's a youth's fit that thou should'st mourn. Blue Bonnets. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn whom the wood; Ib. 5. Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day, Ib. 5. Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day, Ib. 5. Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day, Ib. 5. Mourn, but not repet it, Ep. to Maj. Legan. 1s. Ib. 14. Mourn yet wee songeters o' the wood; Ib. 5. Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day, Ib. 5. Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day, Ib. 5. Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day, Ib. 5. Mourn, by loss in mount but not repet it, Ep. to Maj. Legan. 1s. Ib. 14. Mourn	Beneath Thy forming hand, The 1st o V.s of goth Ps	
The sames the mountains cover, S. The young Highl. Rever. He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains. S. Their groves of the mountain ser, S. Their groves of the hill to mountain ser, my jo; S. Their groves of the mountain ser, my jo; S. Their groves of the hill to rouse the mountain ser, my jo; S. Their groves of the mountain ser, my jo; S. Then o'er the hill to rouse the mountain seal ofty and wide. S. Their grove the failt to my dimessy mountains to the mountain shall still be my path. It also the mountain shall still be my path. It as thacks the mountain sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That shades the mountain-sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That shades the mountain-sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That climbs the mountain sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That climbs the mountain sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That climbs the mountain sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That climbs the mountain sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That climbs the mountain sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That climbs the mountain sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That climbs the mountain sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That climbs the mountain sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That climbs the mountain sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That climbs the mountain sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks't That climbs the mountain sides at e'en, S. On Cess		
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains. No mountains rise and deserts bow. S. The' crued fate! And ocean roar between: You wild mossy mountains sae lofty and vide. To rouse the mountain deer, my jo; S. When e'er the hill! You wild mossy mountains sae lofty and vide. Amag thae wild mountains shall still be my path. Be that is like the cutting mist That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessmek bank! That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessmek bank! That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessmek bank! That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessmek bank! That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessmek bank! That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessmek bank! That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessmek bank! That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessmek bank! That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessmek bank! That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessmek bank! That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessmek bank! That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessmek bank! That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessmek bank! That shades the mountain shad! That shades the mountain shades at e'en, S. On Establish shades the shades		
The mountains rise and deserts bowl, S. Their groces of the And oceans roar between: S. Their groces of the doceans roar between: S. Their crues of the mountain sear lotiy and wide. S. Their of cruel fate! Yon wild mossy mountains sae lotiy and wide. S. To mould mossy mountains the mountains sae lotiy and wide. S. To mould mossy mountains sae lotiy and wide. Her hair is like the curtiling mist. That sit is the the curtiling mist. That sit set the mountain-sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock bands? That sit the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock bands? That sit set the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock bands? The mounted mist good order, Katharine Jaffray. Well mounted in good order, Katharine Jaffray. Well mounted on bis gray mare, Meg. Tam of Schatter. 9. The mounting weed: S. Ther's a syath? Mourn's the Daisy's fate. Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw; Now is fit that thou should'st mourn. Blue Bonnets. Now is fit that thou should'st mourn. Blue Bonnets. Mourn juttle harrelled o'er the lee; Despondency, Nature's sel shall mourn Et on Capt. M. H. 2. Mourn little harrelled o'er the lee; Despondency weel whirting paitrick brood; Mourn's coop coots, and speckled teals; Mourn soot coots, and speckled teals; Mourn soot coots, and speckled teals; Mourn juttle harrelled o'er the lee; Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light; Mourn, Edme, thou draw yeel of the year; Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light; Mourn, Edme, thou drawing of the year; Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light; Mourn, Line shall mourn Man's inhumanity to Man Man was made to mountain the mount in the light; And yon, ye twinking starnies bright; And yon, ye twinking starnies bright. Man was cost yooks, and speckled teal		
Nourn'lid, -fu'. The last, sad, mourful rites bestow! A Ded. to G. H., 15. To rouse the mountain deer, my lo; S. When o'er the hill't You wild mosty mountains as lofty and wide. Amang thae wild mountains sall still be my path. 16. Her hair is like the curling mist. That shades the mountain-sides at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks? That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks? That shades the mountain-side as at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks? That climbs the mountain-side as at e'en, I. 16, Sett. 11. Hounted. All mounted in good order, Katharine Jaffray. Weel mounted and the mountain-side as at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks? The rails at our mountebank squad, The folly Beggars. S. 111. Hounted. All mounted in good order, Katharine Jaffray. Weel mounted and the mountain-side as at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks? The roll on big gray mare, Meg. Tan Shanter, 9. The mounted Mirth on gleesome wing, The Fite Champetre. 9. Weel mounted on big gray mare, Meg. Tan Shanter, 9. The mounted Mirth on gleesome wing, The Fite Champetre. 9. Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw; S. There's a youth? Now'is fit that thou should's tmourn. Blue Domets. 10. Hourn, Ital. 10. Mourn like grove the cushat kens; 1. 16. 4. Mourn like prove the cushat kens; 1. 16. 5. Mourn jike hardeells o'er the lee; 1. 16. 5. Mourn ye wee songsters o' the wood i 1. 16. Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year; 16. 12. Mourn, Jan mourn per weel will mad pow' 1. 16. 10. To make his fellow mourn; 1. 16. 11. The hast pering weed: 1. 20 a Mountain-Daily. Mouth, 16. To moute his mount of the lee; 1. 16. 17. Mourn like grove the cushat kens; 1. 16. 17. Mourn like prove the cushat kens; 1. 16. 17. Mourn his droubles thous and mourn, 1. 16. 17. Mourn his drouble with mount of the lee; 1. 16. 17. Mourn his drouble with mount of the lee; 1. 16. 17. Mourn his drouble with mount of the lee; 1. 16. 17. Mourn his drouble with mount of the lee; 1. 16. 17. Mourn his house the mount of the lee; 1. 16. 17. Mourn his hound a special	S. Their groves of t	Who sin so oft bave mourn'd, yet to temptation ran? Who sin so oft bave mourn'd, yet to temptation ran? Who sin so oft bave mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo; S. When e'er the hill* You wild mossy mountains sale lofy and wide. Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path. Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path. Mountain-side. Her hairs like the curling mist. That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock bankst. That climbs the mountain-side at e'en, Ih., Sett. II. Mountebank. He ralis at our mountebank squad, The folly Beggars. S. III. Mounted. All mounted in good order, Katharine Jaffray. Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg. Tam of Shanter. 9. Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing, The Fite Champter. Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw; S. There's a youth! Mourn, to. Mourn, to. Mourn jew down Mirth on gleesome wing, The Fite Champter. Weel featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw; S. There's a youth! Mourn, to. Mourn jew down Mirth on gleesome wing, The Fite Champter. Mourn, dame, Nature's sel shall mourn El. on Capt. M. H., 2. Mourn, little harebells o'er the lee; Mourn, damouring craiks at close o' day, Jo. 9. Mourn, Spring, thou dariing of the year; Mourn jew down Mirth on gleesome wing. The Fite Champter. Mourn jew down Mirth on gleesome wing. The Fite Champter. Mourn jew down Mirth on gleesome wing. The Fite Champter. Mourn jew down Mirth on gleesome wing. The Fite Champter. Mourn jew down Mirth on gleesome wing. The Fite Champter. Weel state the mounting weed: . To Miss Ferrier. Mourns, Life down mourn is the Daily's father. How the would mourn when in was tour, S. Deep mid on the weeping with a weeping with a properties of Man. Man tour made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man. Man tour made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man. Man tour made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man. Man tour made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man. Man tour made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man. Man tour made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man. Man tour made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man. Man tour made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man. Man tour made to mourn.	The mountains rise and deserts bowl,	Mournful, -fu'.
Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide. So You wild massy mountains the Manag thae wild mountains stide. Her hair is like the curling mist that shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks? That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks? That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks? That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks? That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks? That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks? That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks? That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks? That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks? The shades are the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks? The mourning weed: Poor Mailié's El. And closed ber bairs, man, wife, an' wean, In mourning weed: That had been blear'd with mourning; S. When wild War's? Mourn's Kelfourn, to. Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, well mounted and braw; S. There's a yeath? Mourn, Ist. On whose, the well-dearn's well and more. Now it is fit that thou should'st mourn. Blue Bonnets. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn. Blue Bonnets. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn. Blue Bonnets. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn. Blue Bonnets. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn. Blue Bonnets. El on Capt. M. H Mourn like prove the cushat kens; 16		
Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path, 16, 16, 10, 11, 11, 16, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11, 11	You wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,	I ruth, weeping, tells the mournful tale, A Winter Night. 7.
Nourning. The reliable the curling mist That shades the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks! That climbs the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks! That climbs the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks! That climbs the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks! That climbs the mountain-side at e'en, S. On Cessnock banks! The rails at our mountednik squad, The felty Beggars, S. III. Mournted. All mounted in good order, Katharine Jaffray. Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg. Tanv o' Shanter, 9. Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing, The Frite Champetre. Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw; S. There's a youth' S. There's a youth' Now' is fit that thou should st mourn. Blue Bonnets. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn The mourn gene songesters o' the wood; J. D. J. Mourn, Isle barebells o'er the lee; J. D. J. Mourn, St. Mourn, Clamouring craiks at close o' day, Mourn, St. Mourn, Clamouring craiks at close o' day, Mourn, St. Mourn, Clamouring craiks at close o' day, Mourn, St. Mourn, Lamourn but not repent it, And yon, ye twinking starmies bright. Mourn, Emps, thou darling of the year; Mourn The missries of Man. Man sinkumanity to Man Males countees thousands mourn Luss start Sir J. Whittofrad. To mourn The missries of Man. Man was start Sir J. Whittofrad. To mourn The missries of Man. Man's inhumanity to Man		
Or make our Bardie, dowie, wear That shades the mountain-sides at e'en, S. On Cessneck banks' That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en, S. On Cessneck banks' That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en, S. On Cessneck banks' That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en, S. On Cessneck banks' That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en, S. On Cessneck banks' He rails at our mountebank squad, The folly Beggars. S. 111. Mounted. All mounted in good order, Katharine faffray. Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing, The Fite Champetre. Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, well mounted and braw; S. There's a youth! Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, A Vision. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mount Thee, The Jean of Jeach Mourn, Jeneouth to water: The Coule mount hid to repeat the lee; The Jean of Jeach Mourn, Enpress of the soid. The Jean of Jeach Mourn, Enpress of the since the lee; The Jean of Jeach Mourn, Enpress of the since the lee; The Jean of Jeach Mourn, Enpress of the since the lee; The Jean of Jeach Mourn, J		
That climbs the mountain-sides at e'en, 1b., Sett. 11. ** Iountebank.** He rails at our mountebank squad, The folly Beggars. S. 111. ** Iounted. All mounted in good order, Katharine Jaffray. Tam o' Shatter 9. ** Then mounted On his gray mare, Meg. Tam o' Shatter 9. ** Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing, The Fite Champetre. Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw; Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, A Vision, Now its fit that thou should'st mourn. Blue Bonnets. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn. Bl. on Capt. M. H., 2. ** Mourn, little harehells o'er the lee; 1b. 5. ** Mourn, little harehells o'er the lee; 1b. 5. ** Mourn, gw wee songsters o' the wood; 1b. 7. ** And mourn ye whirring paitrick brood; 1b. 8. ** Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year; 1b. 2. ** Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year; 1b.	Her hair is like the curling mist	Or make our Bardie, dowie, wear
That had been blear'd with mourning; S. When wild War's t Mourned. All mounted in good order, Katharine faffray. Tam o' Shanter. 9. Then mounted on his gray mare, Meg. Tam o' Shanter. 9. The mounted Mirth on gleesome wing. The Fite Champter. Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw; Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw; Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw; Mourn, fo. Now its fit that thou should'st mourn. Slue Bonnets. Thee, Matthew, Nature's set shall mourn. El. on Capt. M. H., 2. Mourn, little harebells o'er the lee; 1.6.5. Mourn, little harebells o'er the lee; 1.6.5. Mourn pix wee songsters o' the wood; 1.6.7. And mourn ye whirring paitrick brood; 1.6.7. And mourn ye whirring paitrick brood; 1.6.7. Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year; 1.6.12. Mourn, Empress of the silent night; 1.6.14. Mourn hand how Sun, great source of light; Mourn, Empress of the silent night; 1.6.14. Mourn introduce the winking straines bright, 1.6.14. Morn in through the gay, gawdy day, 1.6.2. I mourn but wo to go as he has gone, 1.6.2. Lus sent Sir J. Whiteford. Monomum the miseries of Man. Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Males countless thousands mourn! 1.6.10. Morn why has man the will and pow'r To make his fellow mourn! . 16. 10. That weary-laden mourn! . 16. 10. That waary-laden mourn! . 16. 10. That weary-laden mourn! . 16. 10. That waary-laden mourn! . 16. 10. That weary-laden mourn! . 16. 10. The word of the search of the wear in fact. 16. 11. The mourn when it was torn, S. O were my fowe to Come, mourn when it was torn, S. O were my fowe to Come, mourn when it was torn, S. O ween my fowe to the mining the fact. The fact of the day to		
That had been blear'd with mourning; S. When wild War's t Mourned. All mounted in good order, Katharine faffray. Tam o' Shanter. 9. Then mounted on his gray mare, Meg. Tam o' Shanter. 9. The mounted Mirth on gleesome wing. The Fite Champter. Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw; Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw; Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw; Mourn, fo. Now its fit that thou should'st mourn. Slue Bonnets. Thee, Matthew, Nature's set shall mourn. El. on Capt. M. H., 2. Mourn, little harebells o'er the lee; 1.6.5. Mourn, little harebells o'er the lee; 1.6.5. Mourn pix wee songsters o' the wood; 1.6.7. And mourn ye whirring paitrick brood; 1.6.7. And mourn ye whirring paitrick brood; 1.6.7. Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year; 1.6.12. Mourn, Empress of the silent night; 1.6.14. Mourn hand how Sun, great source of light; Mourn, Empress of the silent night; 1.6.14. Mourn introduce the winking straines bright, 1.6.14. Morn in through the gay, gawdy day, 1.6.2. I mourn but wo to go as he has gone, 1.6.2. Lus sent Sir J. Whiteford. Monomum the miseries of Man. Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Males countless thousands mourn! 1.6.10. Morn why has man the will and pow'r To make his fellow mourn! . 16. 10. That weary-laden mourn! . 16. 10. That waary-laden mourn! . 16. 10. That weary-laden mourn! . 16. 10. That waary-laden mourn! . 16. 10. That weary-laden mourn! . 16. 10. The word of the search of the wear in fact. 16. 11. The mourn when it was torn, S. O were my fowe to Come, mourn when it was torn, S. O were my fowe to Come, mourn when it was torn, S. O ween my fowe to the mining the fact. The fact of the day to		In mourning weed; Tam Samson's El.
Mourn, the wood mourned may be some wing. The Fite Champetre. Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw; Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw; Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw; Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy hower, Now 'tis fit that thou should'st mourn. Blue Bonnets. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn. El. on Capt. M. H., z. Mourn, little harehells o'er the lee; Jo. 5. Mourn, little harehells o'er the lee; Jo. 5. Mourn, little harehells o'er the lee; Jo. 5. Mourn, we wee songsters o' the wood; Jo. 7. And mourn ye whirring paitrick brood; Jo. 8. Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year; Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year; Mourn, Empress of the silent night; My Matthew mourn; July Matthew mourn; We'll mourn but not repent it, My Matthew mourn; My sols I mourn but not repent it, My Matthew mourn; Man's inhumanity to Man Makes countees of Man. Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Man's only be geng wife, And helpless offspring mourn. Mourn The miseries of Man. Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Man's only be geng wife, And helpless offspring mourn. More Weel mourn but we too go as he has gone. To mourn the wood heen some recompence To comfort those that mourn! Mourn the miseries of Man. Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Man's inhumanity t		
Weel mounted on bis gray mare, Meg. Tam o' Shanter, 9. Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing, The Fite Champerts. Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, well mounted and braw; S. There's a youth! Sourn, to. Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, A Vision, Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, A Vision, Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, A Vision, Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, A Vision, Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, A Vision, Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, A Vision, Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, A Vision, Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, A Vision, Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, A Vision, Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, A Vision, Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, A Vision, Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, A Vision, Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, A Vision, Where th' howlet mourns he spend yet and mourn we we songsters o' the wood; Ib. 5. Mourn, tamouring crasks at close o' day, Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year; Ib. 5. Mourn, tamouring crasks at close o' day, Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year; Ib. 5. Mourn, him thou Sun, great source of light; Mourn, Empress of the silent night; And yon, ye twinkling starnies bright, Mourn, Empress of the silent night; And yon, ye twinkling starnies bright, My loss I mourn but not repent it, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12. I mourn through the gavy, gawdy day. I mourn through the gavy, gawdy day. I mourn through the gavy, gawdy day. I mourn the mourn but not repent it, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12. I mourn through the gavy, gawdy day. I mourn the mourn but not repent it, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12. I mourn through the gavy, gawdy day. I mourn through the gavy, gawdy day. I mourn the mourn but not repent it, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12. I mourn through the gavy, gawdy day. I mourn through the gavy		
Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing. The Fite Champtere. Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw; Wourn, to. Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower, A Vision. Now 'tis fit that thou should'st mourn. Blue Bonnets. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn. Blue Bonnets. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn. Blue Bonnets. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn. Blue Bonnets. El. on Capt. M. H., 2. Mourn, little harehells o'er the lee; Jb.5. Mourn, little harehells o'er the lee; Jb.5. And mourn ye whiring pairtick brood; Jb.7. And of Jearn ye lattended ye lattended ye lattended ye lattended ye latten	Weel mounted on bis gray mare, Meg. Tam o' Shanter. 9.	That fate is thine—no distant date; To a Mountain-Daisy.
Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy hower, A Vision, Now 'tis fit that thou should'st mourn. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn El. on Capt. M. H., 2. Mourn like grove the cushat kens; Ib. 4. Mourn, little harehells o'er the lee; Ib. 5. Mourn we we songsters o'the wood; Ib. 7. And mourn ye whirring paitrick brood; Ib. 7. Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year; Ib. 5. Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year; Ib. 7. Mourn, Empress of the silent night; Mourn, Empress of the silent night; My Matthew mourn; Ib. 14. My Matthew mourn; Ib. 15. For Lords or Kings I dinna mourn, El. on Year 1785. My loss I mourn but not repent it, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12. I mourn through the gay, gawdy day. We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone, Immourn through the gay, gawdy day. We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone, Ib. 3. Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to man Man's mourn the wengening wife, Man's inhumanity to Man Man's Prayer. Mourn in the miseries of Man. Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Man's Prayer. Mouth. 40. Mouth. 40. Mouth. 40. Mouth. 40. Mouth, 40. No mourn 'the missing hight; Mouth, 52. Mouth, 40. Mouth, 40. No mourn 'the missing hight; Mouth, 52. Mouth, 40. The Jean be and houth it be done or day far. The Jean be and houth it mouth o' bell, 41 dam A —'s Prayer. And past the Mouth o' Caim. R. 10 of Peach of Act. The Jean be dend in the ir mouth o' bell. Mouth. 40. Mouth. 40. No mouth the Mo	Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing, The Fête Champetre.	Mousie [dim. of mouse].
Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy hower, A Vision. Now 'tis fit that thou should'st mourn. Blue Bonnets. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn and the Blue Bonnets. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn and the Blue Bonnets. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn and the Blue Bonnets. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn and the Blue Bonnets. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn and the Blue Bonnets. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn and the Blue Bonnets. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn and the Blue Bonnets. The Blue Bon	Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw;	
Now its fit that thou should'st mourn. Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn Mourn like grove the cushat kens; Mourn, like harebells o'er the lee; Mourn, like harebells o'er the lee; Mourn, like harebells o'er the lee; Mourn ye wee songsters o' the wood; Mourn, like harebells o'er the lee; Mourn we wee songsters o' the wood; Mourn sooty coots, and speckled teals; Mourn, clamouring crasks at close o'day, Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year; Mourn, him thou Sun, great source of light; Mourn, but not repent it, My Matthew mourn; For Lords or Kings I dinna mourn, My loss I mourn but not repent it, Mourn, Empose of the sleent mourn, S. A. Marth's bonic Anne. The Queen of love could never move With self-respecting art: O Thou, in whom we live self week, Could artful numbers move thee, S. Could artful numbers move thee, S. Could artful numbers move thee, Could artful numbers move the so, S. My Lord a-hunting t Sae sewedly move her genty limbs, Like music notes o' Lover's Symmas; S. My Lord a-hunting t Slowly key move, while eve	Mourn, to.	
And past the Mouth o' Cairn. Re. on Peg Nicholson. And past the Mouth o' Cairn. Re. on Peg Nicholson. And past the Mouth o' Cairn. Nay. Ebbby's mouth may be opened to the local of Fac., the Mourn, little harehells o'er the lee; 1.6.5. Mourn gewe songsters o't he wood; 1.6.7. And mourn ye whirring paitrick brood; 1.6.9. Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year; 1.6.12. Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year; 1.6.12. Mourn how to sun, great source of light; Mourn, Empress of the silent night; 1.6.14. Mourn be sund while the source of the silent night; 1.6.14. Mourn be sund while stand while the source of the silent night; 1.6.14. Mourn be sund freat source of the silent night; 1.6.14. Mourn be sund freat source of light; Mourn, Empress of the silent night; 1.6.14. Mourn be sund freat source of light; Mourn, Empress of the silent night; 1.6.14. Mourn be sund freat source of light; Mourn, Empress of the silent night; 1.6.14. Mourn be sund freat source of light; Mourn, Empress of the silent night; 1.6.14. Mourn be sund freat source of light; Mourn, Empress of the silent night; 1.6.14. Mourn be sund freat source of light; Mourn, Empress of the silent night; 1.6.14. Mourn be sund freat source of light; Mourn, Empress of the silent night; 1.6.14. Mourn be sund freat source of light; Mourn, Empress of the silent night; 1.6.14. Mourn be sund freat source of light; Mourn, Empress of the silent night; 1.6.14. Mourn be sund freat source of light;		
Mourn like grove the cushat kens; Mourn like harehells o'er the lee; Mourn like harehells o'er the lee; Mourn ye wee songsters o' the wood; Mourn ye wee songsters o' the wood; Mourn ye were songsters o' the wood; Mourn ye were songsters o' the wood; Mourn whirting patirick brood; Mourn, song whirting patirick brood; Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year; Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year; Mourn, Empress of the silent night; And you, ye what the wood; My Matthew mourn; Mourn though the gay, gawdy day, My Her's a health to anet We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone, Lan s'ord Sir J. Whiteford. To mourn The miseries of Man. Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Makes countiess thousands mourn Mourn though the gay, gawdy day, Mourn the miseries of Man. Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Man's inhumanity to Man Man's inhumanity to Man Malkes countiess thousands mourn Mourn the miseries of Man. Man was made to mourn. Mourn the miseries of Man. Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Malkes countiess thousands mourn Mourn the wood of the year; Mourn the miseries of Man. Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Malkes countiess thousands mourn Mourn the wood of the year; Mourn the miseries of Man. Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Man's inhumanit		And past the Mouth o' Cairn El. on Peg Nicholson.
Mourn, little harehells o'er the lee; 1.5. Mourn ye wee songsters o' the wood; 1.6.7. Mourn ye wee songsters o' the wood; 1.6.7. Mourn word we whiring patitick brood; 1.6.6. Mourn sooty coots, and speckled teals; 1.6.5. Mourn sooty coots, and speckled teals; 1.6.5. Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year; 1.6.7. Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year; 1.6.7. Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year; 1.6.7. Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light, Mourd English of the silent night; 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light; 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light; 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light; 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light; 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light; 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light; 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light; 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light; 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light; 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light; 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light; 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light; 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light; 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light; 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light; 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou Sun, great source of light 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou sun, great source of light 1.6.7. Mourn kim thou su	El. on Capt. M. H., 2.	Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet
Mourn ye wee songsters o'the wood; 16. 7. And mourn ye whirring paitrick brood; 16. 7. And mourn ye whirring paitrick brood; 16. 7. And mourn ye whirring paitrick brood; 16. 7. Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day, 16. 9. Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year; 16. 17. Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year; 16. 17. Mourn, Empress of the silent night; 16. 17. My Matthew mourn; 16. 17. My Matthew mourn; 16. 17. For Lords or Kings I dinna mourn, 16. 17. My Matthew mourn; 16. 17. My Matthew mourn; 16. 17. My Matthew mourn in 16. 17. My Sos I mourn but not repent it, 16. 17. My Sos I mourn but not		Till for eloquence you hall him, The Dean of Fac
And mourn ye whirring pairtick brood; Mourn sooty coots, and speckled teals; Mourn, Camourn for arisk at close o'day, 16, 9, Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year; Mourn him how Sun, great source of light; Mourn, Empress of the silent night; Mourn, Empress of the silent night; My Matthew mourn; My Losan, 22. I mourn through the gay, gawly day, I mourn through the gay, gawly day, Mourn him the miseries of Man. Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Makes countless thousands mourn! Man's inhumanity to Man Makes countless thousands mourn! Mourn The miseries of Man. Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Makes countless thousands mourn! Mourn Limindful, tho a weeping wife, And helpless offspring mourn. Move, Youth, grace, and love attendant move, Move, Youth, grace, and love attendant move, Mourn Limindful, and nove and the stonic of law of the work of the stonic of law of the work of the stonic of law of the state of the stonic of law of the stonic of law of the state of the stonic of t		
Mourn sooty coots, and speckled teals; 1.6.6. Mourn, clamouring craiks at close of day, Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year; 16.2. Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light; Mourn, Empress of the silent night; And you, ye twinkling starnies bright, My Matthew mourn; 1.6.1. My Matthew mourn; 1.6.1. My Matthew mourn; 1.6.1. For Lords or Kings I dinua mourn, 1.6.1. My Matthew mourn; 1.6.1. My Land mourn but not repent it, 1.6.1. Mourn Empress of the silent night; My loss I mourn but not repent it, 1.6.1. My mourn but not repent it, 1.6.1. Mourn Empress of the silent night; My loss I mourn but not repent it, 1.6.1. My loss I mourn but not repent it, 1.6.1. Mourn Spring Jeane own, Man's inhumanity to Man Make countless thousands mourn 1.1. Lumindful, tho a weeping wife, And helpless offspring mourn. 1.6. Or why has man the will and pow't To make his fellow mourn? 1.6.1. Had there not been some recompence To comfort those that mourn! 1.6.1. But Oil (death!) a blest relief for those That weary-laded mourn! 1.6.1. Mourn, Empress of the silent mourn when it was torn, 1.6.1. Mourn Solve my Jeane own, Move. Youth, grace, and love attendant move, S. A. Mastrins bonie Anne. Move. Youth, grace, and love attendant move, S. A. Mastrins bonie Anne. Move. Youth, grace, and love attendant move, S. A. Mastrins bonie Anne. Move. Youth, grace, and love attendant move, S. A. Mastrins bonie Anne. The Queen of love could never move With motion more enchanting. S. A. Mastrins bonie Anne. The Queen of love could never move With motion more enchanting. S. A. Mastrins bonie Anne. The Queen of love could never move With motion more enchanting. S. A. Mastrins bonie Anne. The Queen of love could never move With motion more enchanting. S. A. Mastrins bonie Anne. The Queen of love could never move With motion more enchanting. S. A. Mastrins bonie Anne. The Queen of love could never move With motion move. S. A. Mastrins bonie Anne. The Queen of love could never move With motion move. S. A. Mastrins bonie Anne. The Queen of love could never m		
Mourn, clamouring craiks at close o' day,	ind modify whiting paterior brood;	
Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light; Mourn, Empress of the silent night: For Lords or Kings I dinna mourn, El. on Year 1788. My loss I mourn but not repent it, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12. Imourn through the gay, gawdy day. We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone, Lus sent Sir J. Whiteford. To mourn The miseries of Man. Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Make sountless thousands mourn! Lis sent Sir J. Whiteford. To make his fellow mourn. Ib. Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife, And helpless offspring mourn. Ib. Or wely has man the will and pow'r To make his fellow mourn? Ib. 10. Had there not been some recompence To comfort those that mourn. Ib. 10. That charm, that can the strongest quell, The sternest move. Poem or Pastoral Poetry. An' move their pity. The Author's Cry and Prayer. An' move their pity. The Author's Cry and Prayer. An' move their pity. The Author's S. N. Might. to. While joys above my mind can move, The Cotter's Sat. Night. to. While joys above my mind can move, The Gay returns to Hammony's enchanting notes. An' move their pity. The Author's Servand Prayer. Come, mourn wir me! On Scot. Bard game to W.I. The thermony's enchanting notes. An moves the mural servand Protection. The Gould actin Inspect to stop, and just to move. With sately port he moves. That caul transports move be? S. Could auph by that to stop, and just to move. With sately make to stop, and just to move. S. As I gaed up by the do I have be with mourn. An move live and move. The Cotter's Servand Protection. The Cotter's Sat.		To mouth 'A Citizen,' a term o' scaudal: The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light; And yon, ye twinkling starnies hight; And yon ye twinkling starnies hight; And yon ye twinkling starnies hight; And yon ye twinkling starnies hight; And do I hear my Jeanie own, That equal transports move bee? S. Come, let me take thee, † Could artful numbers move thee, S. Could anght of song, † And do I hear my Jeanie own, That equal transports move bee? S. Come, let me take thee, † Could artful numbers move thee, S. Could anght of song, † And just to stop, and just to move. With self-respecting art: O Thou, in whom we live and move, Grace after Dinner. And his self-we man the will and pow'r Link southes thousands mourn! Link ye and mourn with the year ye ye To make his fellow mourn? Link of weeping wife, And helpless offspring mourn. Or why has man the will and pow'r To make his fellow mourn? Link of weeping wife, And there not been some recompence To comfort those that mourn! As ye [men o' state] make mony a fond heart mourn, As ye [men o' state] make mony a fond heart mourn, As ye [men o' state] make mony a fond heart mourn, As ye [men o' state] make mony a fond heart mourn, An 'move them up to strong conviction. An' move their pix: The Author's Cry and Prayer. While circling Time moves round in an eteenal sphere. To Harmony's enchanting notes, An moves the mary dance, man. The Cotter's Sast Night. Ao. On Death of R. Dundas, With stately port he moves: With stately port he moves: With stately port he moves: We have the will a continue the properties. We have the wellow and mourn the post of the properties. We have the wellow and the post of the properties of the properties of the properties. The Comment of the part of the properties of the		Move. Youth, grace, and love attendant move, S. A. Mastrin's bonie Anne.
And yon, ye twinkling starnies hight. My Matthew mourn; For Lords or Kings I dinna mourn, Ny loss I mourn but not repent it, E. f. to Maj, Logan 1.2. I mourn through the gay, gawdy day. S. Here's a health to anet We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone. Lis sent Sir J. Whiteford. to mourn The miseries of Man. Man's was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Makes countless thousands mourn 1. Ib. Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife, And helpless offspring mourn. Ib. Or why has man the will and pow'r To make his fellow mourn? Ib. 9. Had there not been some recompence To comfort those that mourn! Ib. 10. But Oh! [death!] a blest relief for those That equal transports move ber? S. Come, let me take thee,† To make his stores of the set of the set with self-responding mourn. Ib. 10. Ib. 10. Ib. 11. Ib. 12. Ib. 13. Ib. 14. Ib. 14. Ib. 15. Ib. 16. Ib. 16. Ib. 17. Ib. 18. Ib. 18. Ib. 19. Ib. 19. While joys above my mind can move, An' move their pity. The Author's Cry and Prayer. While in yes above my mind can move, The Cetter's Sat. Night. 10. While joys above my mind can move, On Death of R. Dundas, And of I hear my Jeanie own. That equal transports move ber? S. Comic, let me take thee,† That cqual transports move ber? S. Comic, let me take thee,† That cqual transports move ber? S. Comic, let me take thee,† That cqual transports move ber? S. Comic let me take thee,† That cqual transports move ber? S. Comic let me take thee,† Or Despondency, an Ode. 4. Of Don, in whom we live and move, Even Plimer. How slow ye move, ye heavy bours, S. How lang and derary† See sweetly move her genty limbs, Like music notes o' Lover's bymas: S. My Lord a-hunting 16. Ib. 10. Ib		The Queen of love could never move
For Lords or Kings I dinna mourn, E. l. on Year 1788. My loss I mourn but not repent it, E. to Maj, Logan. 12. I mourn through the gay, gawdy day. We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone. We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone. Las sent Sir J. Whiteford. To mourn The miseries of Man. Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Makes countless thousands mourn!	And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,	With motion more enchanting S. As I gaed up by t
My loss I mourn but not repeat it. Ep. to Maj, Logan. 12. I mourn through the gay, gawly day. I mourn through the gay, gawly day. We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone. Instant Sirl Sir J. Whiteford. Man's inhumanity to Man Makes countless thousands mourn! Man's inhumanity to Man Makes countless thousands mourn! Man was made to mourn. Ib. Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife, And helpless offspring mourn. Ib. Or weby has man the will and pow'r To make his fellow mourn! Ib. 10. Had there not been some recompence To comfort those that mourn! The wery-laden mourn! Ib. 10. In the charm, that can the strongest quell, An' rouse them up to strong conviction. An' move their pity. The Author's Cry and Prayer. While ejiciling Time moves round in an esternal sphere. The Cotter's Sat. Night. to. While joys above my mind can move. S. The day returns? To Harmony's enchanting notes. No Bod ware the milion's ein and mourn the woes my country must endure, On Death of R. Dundas. With sately port he moves: V. Selow Picture. With sale responsible respecting art: Dougle respecting art: Dougle responsible yard one, One of the surface of the selection of the selectin		And do I near my Jeanne own, That equal transports move ber? S. Come, let me take thee, †
In mourn through the gay, gawdy S. Here's a health to anet. We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone, List sink gone, List music notes o' Lover's bymas. S. Hy Lord a-hunting t Soldy they move, while every eye Is heaven-ward raised in cestasy. Like music notes o' Lover's bymas. S. My Lord a-hunting t Soldy they move, while every eye Is heaven-ward raised in cestasy. Like music notes o' Lover's bymas. S. My Lord a-hunting t Soldy they move, while every eye Is heaven-ward raised in cestasy. What heart o' stane wad thou na move, On Linchuden, On Birth of Posth. Child. That charm, that can the strongest quell, The sternest move. Poem on Pastoral Poetry. An' move their pity. The Author's Cry and Prayer. An' move their pity. The Author's Cry and Prayer. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While joys above my mind can move, S. The day returns t To Harmony's enchanting notes, As moves the mary dance, man. With stately port he moves. V. selow Picture. With self-respecting art: O Thou, in whom we live and move, Come was move, How Show ye move, ye heavy bours, S. How lang and dreary yt Sae sweetly move her genty limbs, Like music notes o' Lover's bymas. S. My Lord a-hunting t Showly they move, while every eye Is heaven-ward raised in cestasy. What heart o' stane wad thou na move, On Linchuden. An' move their pity. The Author's Cry and Prayer. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. The Author's Sat. Night. to. While joys above my mind can move, S. The day returns t To Harmony's enchanting notes, As moves the mary dance of the properties of the service of the service of the properties of the service of the properties of the		Could artful numbers move thee, S. Could aught of song, T
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone, Lus sent Sir J. Whiteford. to mourn The miseries of Man. Man was made to mourn. Man's inhumanity to Man Makes countless thousands mourn! Lib. Unmindful, the' a weeping wife, And helpless offispring mourn. 1b. Or why has man the will and pow'r To make his fellow mourn? Lib. 9. Had there not been some recompence To comfort those that mourn! To make his fellow mourn! Lib. 10. But Oh! [death!] a blest relief for those That weary-laden mourn! Lib. 11. The wary-laden mourn! Lib. 11. But Oh! [death!] a blest relief for those That weary-laden mourn! No Death of No. Soot. Bard gue to W.I. To mourn wi' me! On Scot. Bard gue to W.I. To mourn the woes my country must endure, On Death of R. Dundas, And source the willing's im and mourn the maless fate. And source the willing's im and mourn the maless fate.		And just to stop, and just to move,
Las send Sir J. Whiteford. Man's inhumanity to Man Man's inhumanity to Man Males countless thousands mourn! Males countless thousands mourn! And helpless offspring mourn. Ib. Or why has man the will and pow'r To make his fellow mourn! Ib. 10. Thad there not been some recompence To comfort those that mourn! To mourn the worn when it was torn, So Degan! How I would mourn when it was torn, So Over my love to the my to strong conviction. An' move their pity: The Author's Cry and Prayer. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While in joys above my mind can move. So Degan! To mourn the wees my country must endure, On Death of R. Dundas. Whit stately port he moves: V. selow Picture. With stately port he moves: V. selow Picture. With stately port he moves: V. selow Picture. Whis print as cloudless summer sun, With stately port he moves: V. selow Picture.		
Sae sweedly move her genty limbs, Like music notes of Lover's bynnas: S. My Lord a-hunting t Man Makes countless thousands mourn! Makes countless thousands mourn! Like music notes of Lover's bynnas: S. My Lord a-hunting t Slowly they move, while every eye Is heaven-ward raised in cestasy. On Lineluden, What heart o's stane wad thou na move, Is heart no was the strongest quell, The sternest move. Foun on Fastoral Poetry. That charm, that can the strongest quell, The sternest move. Foun on Fastoral Poetry. An' move their pity. The Author's Cry and Prayer. While joys above my mind can move stone it was torn, S. O Logan! t Come, mourn wi' me! On Scot. Bard grat to W.I. To mourn the woes my country must endure, On Death of R. Dundas. And curve the sufficie of the mourning to the surface of Lover's bynning is. My Lord a-hunting t Slowly they move, while every eye Is heaven-ward raised in cestasy. On Discholar of the sternest move Poets. The sternest move. Foun on Fastoral Poetry. While joys above my mind can move tone. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. While joys above my mind can move. The Harmony's enchanting to Slowly they move, while every eye Is heaven-ward raised in cestasy. On Discholar of the sternest move. Foun on Pastoral Poetry. The sternest move. Foun on Fastoral Poetry. While joys above my mind can move them of the strongest quell, The sternest move. Foun on Pastoral Poetry. While joys above my mind can move them of the strongest quell, The team, that can the strongest quell, The sternest move. Foun on Fastoral Poetry. While joys above my mind can move them of the strongest quell, The team's threat can the strongest quell, The sternest move. Foun on Pastoral Poetry. While joys above my mind can move them of the strongest quell, The team's threat can the strongest quell, The team's threat can the strongest quell, The team's threat can the strongest quell, The team's	We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone, Lns sent Sir I. Whiteford.	How slow ve move, ye heavy bours, S. How lang and dreary t
Makes countless thousands mourn! Unmindful, the o's weeping wife, And helpless offspring mourn. Or why has man the will and pow'r To make his fellow mourn? Had there not been some recompence To comfort those that mourn! Not but Oh! [death!] a blest relief for those That weary-laden mourn! Not would mourn when it was torn, S. O. Logan! the will and pow recompended the work of the wo		C
Unmindful, the 'a weeping wife, And helpless offspring mourn. Ib. Or why has man the will and pow't To make his fellow mourn? Ib. 9. Had there not been some recompence To comfort those that mourn! Ib. 10. But Oh! [death!] a blest relief for those That weary-laden mourn! Ib. 10. So [Legan!] How I would mourn when it was torn, S. O. Weer my love! While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While joys above my mind can move. S. The day returns to To Harmony's enchanting notes. As moves the mary dance, man. The Fête Champetre. She moves the mary dance, man. W. selow Picture. With stately port he moves: And move their pity. The Author's Cry and Prayer. While circling Time move round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time move round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time move round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time move round in an eternal sphere. While circling Time move round in	Man's inhumanity to Man	Like music notes o' Lover's bymns: S. My Lora a-hunting t
And helpless offspring mourn. Or why has man the will and pow'r To make his fellow mourn? It is go that there to stane wad thou na move, and the strongest quell, and the result of the strongest quell, the strongest qu	Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife,	Is heaven ward raised in ecstasy
To make his fellow mourn?	And helpless offspring mourn	On Dirth of Fostis. Chila.
To comfort those that mourn! But Oh! [death!] a blest relief for those That weary-laden mourn! An 'nonse them up to strong conviction. An 'move their pity. The Author's Cry and Prayer. An 'move their pity. The Author's Cry and Prayer. An 'nonse them up to strong conviction. An 'move their pity. The Author's Cry and Prayer. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. While joys above my mind can move. S. The day returns? To Harmony's enchanting notes, as moves the mary dance, man. The Cetter's Sat. Night. 10. S. The day returns? To Harmony's enchanting notes, as moves the mary dance, man. The Cetter's Sat. Night. 10. While joys above my mind can move. S. The day returns? To Harmony's enchanting notes, as moves the mary dance, man. The Cetter's Sat. Night. 10. While size of the Author's Cry and Prayer. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. S. The day returns? To Harmony's enchanting notes, as moves the mary dance, man. The Cetter's Sat. Night. 10. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. While circling Time moves are considered in an eternal sphere. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. While circling Time moves are considered in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. While circling Time moves are considered in an eternal sphere. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. While circling Time moves are considered in an eternal sphere. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. While circling Time moves are considered in an eternal sphere. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. The Cotter's Sat.	To make his fellow mourn? 10. 9.	That charm, that can the strongest quell, The sternest move. Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
That weary-laden mourn!	To comfort those that mourn!	An' rouse them up to strong conviction, An' move their pity. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
How I would mourn when it was torn, S. O Logan! † How I would mourn when it was torn, S. O were my love † Come, mourn wi' me! On Scot. Eard gne to W.I. To mourn the woes my country must endure, On Death of R. Dundas, And were the wiffon's aim and mourn the hanless fate. And were the wiffon's aim and mourn the hanless fate. With stately port he moves; I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet, S. When Gut Learnt.	That weary-laden mourn!	sure to the Time moves round in an eternal sphere.
How I would mourn when it was torn, S. O were my love! Come, mourn wi me! . On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. To mourn the woes my country must endure, On Death of R. Dundas, And were the wiffin's sim and mourn the hanless fate. The Fête Champetre. As moves the mazy dance, man. The Fête Champetre. Bright as a cloudless summer sun, With stately port he moves; With stately port he moves; And were the wiffin's sim and mourn the hanless fate.		While joys above my mind can move, S. The day returns †
Come, mourn w' me!	How I would mourn when it was torn, S. O were my love t	To Harmony's enchanting notes,
And curse the sufficiency aim, and mourn thy hapless fate. I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,	To make the week my country must endure.	
And curse the ruman's aim, and mourn thy napiess rate. On seeing wounded Hare. Could I but hope to move her, . S. When first I saw †	On Death of R. Dunaus.	I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,
	And curse the ruthan's aim, and mourn thy hapiess late. On seeing wounded Hare.	Could I but hope to move her, . S. When first I saw

Muse

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, S. When I think on t	Murder.
Moving. One point must still be greatly dark,	Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip, Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land! A Winter Night. 7.
The moving Why they do it; . Add, to Unco Guid. 7.	Woe, Want, and Murder o er a land! A Winter Vignt. 7. Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry, S. Caledonia.
While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart. The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	Twas langell'd Martial roaring murder.
Mow. To plough and sow, to reap and mow.	Epig. on E.'s "Martial." 1 murder hate by field or flood,
S. My father was a farmer t	Tho' glory's name may screen ns; Lns, on Windows, Gl. Tav.
No work comes me wrong for 1 shear and 1 mow, S. The Poor Thresher.	Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted; Tam o' Shanter. 11.
M'Pherson. M'Pherson's time will not be long	As murder at his thrapple shor'd; The Election Ballads. VI.
On yonder gallows-tree. S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	No murders or rapes worth the naming. To Capt. Riddel.
M'Quhe,	Murder, to. To marder men, and gie God thanks! V. on Nat. Thanks.
And that curs'd rascal ca'd M'—e, The Twa Herds. 12. M'O—e's pathetic manly sense,	To murder men, and gie God thanks! V. on Nat. Thanks. Murder-aiming. And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
M'Q-e's pathetic manly sense,	On secing wounded Hare. Murder-shout.
Is ev'ry great man's faith; Extem, on Commem.s of Thomson.	He roar'd a horrid murder-shout, Halloween. 20.
But as daily bread is all I need,	
I do not much regard her [fortnne], O. S. My father was a farmer †	Murderer. A murderer's banes in gibbet airns; Tam o' Shanter. 11.
37 3 4 4 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	Murder'd. Death has murder'd Johnie; Epit. on wee Johnie. And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense: The Brigs of Ayr. o.	Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn; Tam o' Shanter. 10.
Much-lov'd. For lack o' thee I leave this much-lov'd shore,	Murdering, -'ring.
Lns, on Back of Bank Note.	Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd, . A Winter Night. 5.
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20,	The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry, S. Now westlin winds †
Much-wrong'd.	Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs And murdering wrestle, Poem on Life.
And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail! On Death of R. Dundas.	Or Phineas drove the murdering blade,
Forgive! forgive! much-wrong'd Montrose!	Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour; The Ordination. 4. 1 wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
The Election Ballads. VI.	Wi' murd'ring pattle! To a Mouse.
Muchkin, Mutchkin [an English pint].	Murderous. Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars; S. By you castle wa't
Just ne hauf muchkin does me prime, Ought less is little, S. There's nacthin like †	Murky.
Her mutchkin stowp as toom's a whissle; The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Ne'er sae murky blew the night S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †
Come, bring the tither mutchkin in, The Ordination. 14.	Yon murky cloud is foul with rain, S. The gloomy night † Murmur. And now in fainting murmurs die; On Lincluden.
Muck.	Oh! stream whose murmurs still 1 hear!
Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck, Lay stinking, vile, in every nenk. [v.A.16] Tam o' Shanter.	Murmur, to. S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Muckle v. Meikle,	'Then never murmur nor repine; . The Vision. D. II. 21.
Muffle. When Winter muffles up his cloak, Tam Samson's El	Murmur'd.
Muffled. Dark-mnfil'd, [Phœbe] view'd the dreary plain; A Winter Night. 6.	Clos'd in my arms, she marmar'd still, Come kiss me at your leisure S. As I gaed up by t
The muffled murtherer of Charles The Election Ballads. VI.	Murmuring.
Mug. A' kinds o' hoxes, mugs, an' bottles, He's sure to hae; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.	My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream, S. Afton Water.
Muir. Might well award him Mair and Palmer's fate:	While hid the murmuring streamlets flow; S. On Cessnock banks † Sett. II.
Muir [moor].	The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale.
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, Add. to the Deil. 9.	S. The small birds rejoice † Murray. For Murray's light horse are to muster
Altho' my bed were in yon muir, . S. Montgomerie's Peggy.	The Election Ballads. III.
The rising sun, our Galston Muirs, Wi' glorious light was glintan; The Holy Fair.	And there will be Murray Commander,
Drumossie muir, Drumossie day,	And hey for the sanctified Murray, Our land wha wi' chapels has stored;
A waefu' day it was to me; . S. The lovely lass †	Here is Murray's fragments O' the ten commands; Ib. IV.
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale, The Twa Herds. 7. Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs	The Murray's noble name!
Like drivin' wrack; Third Ep. to J. Lap	Did muster a' their powers
Muirfowl [moor-fowl].	The Murray, on the anld grey yaud, 1b.
Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast Some spitefn' muirfowl higs her nest, [v.A.15]	Murther [murder],
Tam Samson's El.	God won't accept your thanks for murther! V. on Nat. Thanks
Muirhead. Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true; The Election Ballads. III.	Murtherer.
And by our banners march'd Muirhead, 1b. V.	The muffled murtherer of Charles The Election Ballads. VI. Muscle. Triumphant crushan't like a muscle
Muirhen. The Muirhen lo'es the heather; S. O gie my love brose †	The Author's Cry and Prayer, 7.
	Muse, the Muses. The muse should tell, in lahor'd strains,
They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel Ahout Muirkirk. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4.	O Mary how I love thee S. Could aught of song †
Muirland Jock (Rev. John Shepherd, Muirkirk).	And not a muse in honest grief hewail. El. on Miss Burnet. Where words ne'er crost the muse's heckles,
Muirland Jock, Muirland Jock, when the L—d makes a rock To crush common sense for her sins, The Kirk's Alarm.	Ep. to H. Parker.
Multiply. I sing his name and nobler fame,	And morning Poossie whiddan seen,
Wha multiplies our number. Nature's Law.	Inspire my Muse, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
Multiplying. With multiplying joys, Nature's Law. Mungo.	I jingle at her
	My Muse, tho' hamely in attire,

My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs.	Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde?
I would na write. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 2.	S. Slow spreads the gloom t
My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing: . Ep. to J. R., 6.	Apart let me wander, apart let me muse, S. The lazy mist †
Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train, Ep. to R. Graham. 5. My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight. 10.5.	Apart let me wander, apart let me muse, S. The lazy mist † Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare, [v.A.4] The Vision.
A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses, Frag. inser. to Fox. But truce with abstraction, and truce with a muse,	Mus'd. Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to peruse: 10. My Muse to dream of such a theme,	I hackward mus'd on wasted time, . The Vision. D. I. 4. Music. When Phobus peeps over the mountains,
Her feeble powers surrender; . S. Lovely Davies.	On music, and pleasure, and love. S. Adown winding Nith †
But Nith maun be my Muse's well, My Muse maun be thy bonie sell! S. O were I on Parnass.	The music of her pretty foot,
Theo come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay! 1b.	On my heart it did play so, . S. As I gaed up by † The music of thy voice 1 heard,
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,	Nor wist while it enslay'd me; S. Farewell, thou stream † At once 'tis music,—and 'tis love! . S. Here is the glen †
"No; every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	And, hark! what more than mortal sound Of music breathes the pile around? . On Lincluden.
Inspires my muse to gie 'm his dues, . On W. Chalmers.	To gie them music was his charge: . Tam o' Shanter, 11.
O thou, my Muse! guid, auld Scotch Drink! Scotch Drink. 2.	But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason, To wyte her countrymen wi' treason!	The Brigs of Ayr. 12. The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
There's themes enow in Caledonian story,	The Petition of Br. Water.
Wad shew the Tragic Muse in a her glory. Scots Prologue. Where are the Muses fled, that should produce	The music of thy tougue I heard, Nor wist while it enslaved me: S. The last time I †
A drama worthy of the name of Bruce?	And joy and music pouring forth, In ev'ry grove, . The Vision. D. 11, 14.
I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit; Second Ep. to Davie.	Music-notes. Sae sweetly move her genty limbs.
The Muse, poor hizzie! Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,	Like music-notes o' Lover's hymns: S. My Lord a-hunting †
She's seldom lazy 16.	Musie [dim. of muse]. My musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet To Rev. J. M:Math.
Haud tae the Muse, my dainty Davie: 1b.	Ironic satire, sidelius skleuted,
But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye, Tho' e'er sae puir,	On my poor musie; . To W. Simpson. Musing.
But here my Muse her wing maun cour; Tam o' Shanter. 16.	Musing on the roaring ocean, Which divides my love and me: Musing on the roaring †
Alas! my roupet Muse is haerse! The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
Friend o' my muse, friend o' my life, The Election Ballads. VI.	On seeing wounded Hare. Life's poor day I'll musing rave, S. Streams that glide †
Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair, Shall ever be my muse's care; S. The Highland Lassie.	(Fit haunts for Friendship or for Love,
Shall ever be my muse's care; S. The Highland Lassie.	In musing mood) [v.A.4] . The Vision. D. I.
An' thus the Muse suggested His sang that night. The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	When musing in a lonely glade, S. Twas even—the devry †
I never drank the Muses' Stank, Castalia's burn ao' a' that	For there he is wand'ring, and musing on me, S. Wae is my heart †
Your muse is a gipsie, e'en tho' she were tipsie, She cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are. The Kirk's Alarm.	Musing-deep. With musing-deep, astonish'd stare, . The Vision. D.II.
A prayer from the muse you well may excuse,	Musings.
S. The Sons of old Killie.	And wake the soul to musings high. On Lincluden. Musket. Say pell and mell, wi muskets knell Hard Traine fell and White to bull Flow off.
I took her for some Scottish Muse, . The Vision. D. I. 9. 'Io me thy native Muse regard! Ib. D. II. 2.	How Tories fell and Whigs to h-ll Flew off S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
But browster wives an' whiskie stills, They are the muses. Third Ep. to J. Lap	Muslin-kail [broth made of vegetables and water without beef].
Nor with unwilling ear attend The moralizing Muse To Chloris.	Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail To J. S., 24.
With every muse to rove:	Muster. For Murray's light horse are to muster The Election Ballads. III.
A P I A P P P C T T C P P P P P P P P P P P P P	Did muster a' their powers
Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives, To Miss Graham.	To muster o'er each ardent Whig Ib. VI.
And fled each Muse that glorious once inspired.	Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster, if for a saunt ye do muster, The corps is no nice of recruits; The Kirk's Alarm.
To R. G. of F., 5. Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,	Or else he would muster the heads of the clan, The Whistle. 7.
A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns, To R. Graham.	Mustering. Ye mustering thunders from above Your willing victim see! S. O mirk, mirk t
An' not a muse erect her head	Lang-mustering up a bitter blast; On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
To cowe the hiellums? To Rev. J. M'Math. Pardon a muse sae mean as mine,	Musty. (O Ferguson! thy glorious parts, Ill-suited laws dry, musty arts! To IV. Simpson. 4.
The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,	Mutchkin v. Muchkin.
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander, To W. Simpson. By far my elder brother in the muses,	Mute. Then at the balance let's be mute,
Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.	We never can adjust it; . Add. to Uneo Guid. 8. I'll drap the lyre, and mute, admire, . S. Lovely Davies.
Muse-inspirin'. muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ Third Ep. to J. Lap	Mutrie. M[utrie] and you were just a match, The Ordination. 10.
Muse, to.	Mutter.
Of Phillis to muse and to sing. S. Adown winding Nith †	He mutters, glowring at the bitches, Lns add. to J. Ranken. And mutter forth a half-heard prayer On Lincluden.
To muse some favourite Scottish theme, As on the banks †	And mutter forth a half-heard prayer On Lineluden. Mutt'ring.
O tell me, does she muse on me! S. Behold the hour† As hopeless I muse on thy charms, S. Here's a health to ane†	I started, mutt'ring blockhead! coof! The Vision. D. 1. 6.
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,	Mutual.
To muse upon my Charmer. S. Now westlin winds	Health and Peace, with mutual rays, A Ded. to G. H., 14.
And ay 1 muse and sing thy name, S. O were I on Parnass. †	The baods and bliss o' mutual love, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
	•

A mutual faith to plight, On Miss J. Lewars. In raptures sweet this hour we meet, Wi mutual love and 'a' that; The folly Beggars. S. VIII. The plighted faith; the mutual flame: The Lament. 3. We hae plighted our troth, my Mary, In mutual affection to join, S. To Mary. Mutual-kindling.	And ken na how to wair't: Ep. to Davie. 2. 'Mair spier na, nor fear na,' I care na by how few may see, An' she be na noddin too! S. First when Maggiet An' she be na noddin too! S. Gudeen to you Kimmer† She notic't na, an aizle brunt Her braw new worset apron I was na past fyfteen : Halloween. 13. It is.
To mark the mutual-kindling eye The Lament.	
	It was no sae ye glinted by When I was wi my dearie! (S. How lang and dreary † S. When I think on †
Muve (move).	She showe'd margard I wist as house S. I make I think that
Had I na found the slightest prayer	She charm'd my soul, I wist na how; S. I gaed a waefu' †
That lips could speak thy heart could muve. S. I do confess †	It is na, Jean, thy bonie face, . S. It is na, Jean t
These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans Wad muve the very hearts o' stanes! . Searching auld t	But he has na tell'd the lass hersel Katharine Jaffray.
	O tell na me of wind and rain,
Muvin (moving).	Uphraid na me wi' cauld disdain, S. O Lassie, art thou t
These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans Searching auld †	Ye are na Mary Morrison S. O Mary, at thy †
Muzzl'd. Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzl'd, haff-shackl'd Regent,	If love for love thou wilt na gie,
El. on Year 1788.	I care na wealth a single flie; S. O Phely †
Myra. Dear Myra, the captive ribband's mine,	An' 'twere na for my Jeanie S. O poortith cauld t
S. The capt. Ribband.	O steer her up, and be na hlate, S. O steer her up t
Myrtle. Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,	Ve would na heen sae shy; S. O Tibbic!
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	
Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles; The Twa Dogs. 23.	But troth I care na by
Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,	Ye spak' na, hut gaed by like stoure; Ib.
S. Their groves of \	I would na gie her in her sark
Mysel [myself].	For thee wi a' thy thousand mark;
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright, Add. to the Deil. 7.	And come na unless the back-yett he a-jee; S. O whistle †
Tho' I mysel' ha'e plenty; S. And O for ane and twenty t	And come, as ye were na coming to me, [re.] Ib.
wi' a' my pow'r, I set mysel, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.	We are na fou, we're nae that fou, S. O Willie brew'd t
I took the way that pleas'd mysel, Ib. 31.	We are na fou, we're nae that fou, S. O Willie brew'd† What heart o' stane wad thou na move, On Birth of Posth. Child. Ah! Nick ah Nick it is no fair.
I winna blaw about mysel, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 16.	On Birth of Posth. Child.
I've play'd mysel a bonie spring, Ep. to J. R., 6.	Ah! Nick, ah Nick it is na fair, Poem on Life.
But Oh! I fear the kintra soon	Was na Robin bauld, S. Robin shure in hairst.
Will ken as weels mysel! . S. My heart was ance t	Nor ha'e't in her power to say na, man, Ronalds of Bennals.
And I mysel' the zephyr's breath,	Na, even the limpan wi' the spavie
Amang its bonie leaves to play S. O were my love t	Frae door tae door. Second Ep. to Davie.
And I mysel' a drap of dew,	Yet darena for your anger; S. Sweet fa's the eve t
Into her honie breast to fa'! Ib.	
I lo'e her mysel, but darena weel tell, Ronalds of Bennals.	We think na on the lang Scots miles, . Tam o' Shanter.
Poor, plackless devils like mysel, Scotch Drink. 16.	Tam did na mind the storm a whistle
So touched, bewitched,	Fair play, he car'd na deils a hoddle
I rav'd ay to mysel: The Ans. to the Guidwife.	'Na, waur than a'!' cries ilka chiel, Tam Samson's El
I saw mysel, they did pursue	I kend na how to tell The Ans. to the Guidwife.
The horse-men back to Forth, man,	na hred to harn and hyre,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	(Deil na they never mair do guid,
I am, altho' I say't mysel,	(Deil na they never mair do guid, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 16.
Worth gaun a mile to see. The Petition of Br. Water.	And wist na o' my fate The Banks of Doon. Sett II.
Sae I subscribe mysel in haste, . Third Ep. to J. Lap	He wist na where he was gaun, O. S. The Cooper o' Cuddy t
He tald mysel by word o' month, To Dr. Blacklock.	An he get na hell for his haddin,
Mysel, I've ev'n seen them greetan Wi' girnan spite, To W. Simpson, P.S.	The deil gets na justice ava. The Election Ballads. III.
Wi' girnan spite, . To W. Simpson, P.S.	A place where body saw na'; The gowd. Locks of A.
1 canna to mysel' conceal	Black [Russel] is na spairan: The Holy Fair. 21.
My deeply-ranklin' sorrow Verses under Grief.	They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
Mysie. And tak a look o' Mysie; The Tarbolton Lasses.	The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
Mysterious. owning heaven's mysterious sway, Frag. of Ode.	Like him there is na twa, Jamie; S. The Laddies by t
Mystery, Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art;	I kend na where to lodge till day:
The lowels.	S. The lass that made the bed.
Mystic.	O wrang na my virginity!
Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse, Add. to the Deil. 11.	
Masons' mystic word an' grip,	And ay she wist na what to say;
The Brethren o' the mystic level Tam Samson's El.,	The lassie thought na lang till day
Dear brothers of the mystic tye!	Twa Dogs that were no throng at hame, The Twa Dogs.
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	The fient a pride na pride had he,
Mystical.	Rejoic'd they were na men but dogs; 1b. 35.
May secrecy round be the mystical bound, And brotherly love be the centre. S. The sons of old Killie.	Yet wist na what her ail might be, S. There was a lass †
	She had na will to say him na:
Na [not, no].	I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money.
Ev'n that, he does na mind it lang: . A Ded. to G. H., 5.	I care na thy daddie, his lands and his money, S. Tibbie Dunbar.
He does na fail his part in either	Na faith ye yet! To a Louse.
But sneer na British-boys awa: A Dream. 14.	I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve; . To a Mouse.
I wat he was na slaw, man; A Fragment. 2.	I hae na ony fear
I doubt na they wad bide nae better . Add. of Beelzebub.	
Ah, Chloris, since it may na be, S. Ah, Chloris †	We cam' na here to view your warks, V.s on Window, Carron.
Come weel, come woe, I care na by, S. Behind you hills +	Your porter dought na hear us;
But 'tis na love like mine S. Behold, my love †	But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie, S. Wandering Willie.
Lest my wee thing be na mine. S. Bonie wee thing t	
And tho' I hae na meikle tocher, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes	'Na, na,' quo' I, 'I'm no for that, What ails ye now t
I was na fou, but just had plenty; Death and Dr. Horubook. 3.	My mind it was na steady, . S. When first I came †
	It's a pity ane sae pretty Should na do the thing they can. S. Will ye go and marry
'My name is Death, But be na fley'd.'	Should ha do the thing they can. S. will ye go and marry!
Their fate we should na censure, Ep. to Young Friend. 4.	Let na this o' thee he tauld

Or if thou wilt na he my ain,	Nae ray of fame was to be found: . Lament for Glencairn
Say na thou'lt refuse me S. Wilt thou be my	Nae ruder visit knows, S. Now Spring has clad
Mabob. But as to his fine Nahob fortune,	Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet; S. O Lassie, art thou
We'll e'en let this subject alane. The Election Ballads. III.	Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer, S. O Logan! And time nae langer spill, jo: S. O steer her up
And there will be rich brother Nahobs, Though Nabobs, yet men o' the first;	I wad never had nae care, S. O that I had ne'er
	Tho' thou has nae silk and holland sae sma,
Vae [no]. an' that's nae flatt'rin, A Ded. to G. H., 2.	S. O when she cam ben
He's just—nae better than he should he Ib. 4. But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;	Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie; . S. O whistle
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that;	But court nae anither, tho' joking ye he,
And Och! that's nae r-g-n-r-t-n! [v.A.29.]	We are na fon, we're nae that fon, . S. O Willie brew'd 'Twad been nae plea; . On Scot. Bard gne to W. I
I'll warrant theo, ye're nae Deceiver,	The feint a pride, nae pride had he, On Dining with Daer
So Sir. you see 'twas nae daft vapour,	I am nae stranger to your fame, On IV. Chalmers
So, nae reflection on Your Grace, A Dream. 3. my life's a lease, Nae bargain wearing faster, 1b. 6.	Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
An' did nae less, in full Congress, A Fragment.	Poem on Pastoral Poetry
like ony Turk, Nae mercy had at a', man;	Nae hombast spates of nonsense swell;
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle A Guid New-year † 10.	She was nae get o' runted rams, [v.A.19]
But what he said it was nae play, A Vision.	Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel; . Scotch Drink. 11
Lord grant, nae duddie, desperate heggar, Add. of Beelzebub.	Nae howdie gets a social night
I doubt na they wad bide nae hetter	Or plack frae them, [v.A.25] Ib, 12
Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville, 1b.	Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin', Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin': Second Ep. to Davie
Ye're aiblins nae temptation Add. to Unco Guid. 6. With nae proportion wanting, . S. As I gaed up by t	Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove, S. She's fair and fause
With nae proportion wanting, . S. As I gaed up by to There was a time, it's nae lang syne, . As on the banks to	Ae market-day thou was nae sober; . Tam o' Shanter
"Nae hitter blact" the sp'rit replies	Nae man can tether time or tide;
"It blaws nae here sae fierce and fell,	Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil;
Ye'll do nae gude at a' S. Awa, whigs, awa.	Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O: . S. Behind you hills †	Ye're wae men, ye're nae men, The Ans. to the Guidwife
Nae purer is than Nanie, O	He has nae thought but how to kill Twa at a blow. The Author's Cry and Prayer. F
Nae ither care in life have I,	(That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke, The Erigs of Ayr
Nor nae langer sport and play,	The Brigs of Ayr
Mirth or sang can please me; S. Blythe ha'e I been t	I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank,
Altho' his daddie was nae laird, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes t	Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7
I was bred up at nae sic school, S. Ca the ewes. To love they thought nae crime, Sir; S. Damon and Sylvia.	But nae ane could their fancy please, The Election Ballads, I
'Twas but vestreen, nae farther gaen.	O there had been nae play;
Twas but yestreen, nae farther gaen, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.	Nae wonder that it pride him! The Holy Fair. 11
Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew;	There's peace an' rest nae langer; 16. 14
I tell nae common tale o' grief, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. The tither's dour, has nae sic breedin', El. on Year 1788.	Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass, Ib. 25
Nae waur than he did, honest man!	In days when riding was nae crime . The Inventory
Tho' it should serve nae other end Ep. to Young Friend.	I ha'e nae wife; and that my bliss is, An' ye have laid nae tax on misses;
Wha hae nae check but human law, 16.3.	Wi' people wha ken ye nae better. The Kirk's Alarm. 13
A comfort this nae sma'; Nae mair then, we'll care then,	She could ca' us nae waur than we are 16. 18
Nae farther we can fa' Ep. to Davie, 3.	Nae joy nor pleasure can she see; S. The lovely lass of I.
There's wit there, ye'll get there,	Spare them nae day
Ye'll find nae other where	nae reflection on your lear,
Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' hodies, . Ep. to H. Parker. Tak this excuse for nae epistle	Nae real joys we know, man The Tree of Liberty
I am nae Poet, in a sense, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, q.	Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
An' hae to Learning nae pretence,	But he wad stan't, as glad to see him, The Twa Dogs. 3
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank hane, Ib., Ap. 21st, 12.	Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun, Epit. on Holy Willie.	They've nae sair-wark to craze their banes, Ib. 26 Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank, The Twa Herds. 5
And bade me mak nae clatter; S. Had I the wyte † An' Mary, nae doubt, took the drunt,	This waly boy will be nae coof, . S. There was a lad
I wat she made nae jankin;	We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Sometime when nae ane see'd him,	Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware [v.A.7] To a Haggis
Thou'rt ay sae free informing me	And hade nae hetter To Dr. Blacklock
Thou hast nae mind to marry; . S. Here's to thy health †	Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin; To J. S. 19 Ye are sac grave, nae doubt ye're wise; Ib. 25
Nae time hae I to tarry	Ye are sae grave, nae douht ye're wise; 1b. 25 Nae Poet thought her worth his while, To W. Simpson. 7
As lang's I get employment	Then gae your gate ye'se nae he here! S. Wha is that at my
Nae travel makes him weary	'Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't, . What ails ye now
Of gude advisement comes nae ill S. In simmer when †	My only heast, I had nae mae, . S. What will I do gin
He has nae love to spare for me:	But Willie's wife is nae sae trig, S. Willie Wastle
Jenny was nae ill to gain,	I could wish nae man to get ye, Save it were my very sel S. Will ye go and marry
Nae the meat, but appetite	Save it were my very sel S. Will ye go and marry We's mak nae din about your tocher;
Fancy only kens nae cheat	Then nae ither man can get ye,
My ain gudeman, it is nae faute S. John, come kiss.	Naebody [nobody].
Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,	And a' the day to sit in dool, And nae hody to see me S. Ca' the Ewe.
Noe simmer sun exalt my bloom ! /.autent for (ilencairn.	

327

***	To be show by E4 to I P
I'll partake wi' naebody; S. Naebody.	tak that, ye lea'e them naething, To ken them by, Ep. to J. R.
I'll gie Cnckold to naebody	O gat ye me wi' naething? S. Gat ye me, †
There, thanks to naebody;	To winn three wechts o' naething ; Halloween. 21.
I'll borrow frae naebody	I said, there was naething I hated like men,
I am naebody's lord, I'll be slave to naebody; Ib.	S. Last May a braw wooer †
I'll tak dunts frae naehody	I hae naething to lend, S. Naebody.
I'll be sad for naebody; Naebody cares for me,	I've little to spend, and naething to lend, Ronalds of Bennals.
I care for naehody	For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Syne up the back-style, and let nachody see, S. O Whistle, †	Does little or naething at a , man
Let nae hody name wi' a jeer; The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	He gaped wide, but naething spak, The Death of Mailie.
While Irwin, Lugar, Aire an' Doon,	Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
Naehody sings To W. Simpson, 8.	Or lasses that hae naething! The Holy Fair. 25.
Twas the dear smile when nacbody did mind us, S. Twas na her bonic blue e'e†	How I had spent my youthfu' prime, An' done nae-thing, . The Vision. D. I. 4.
S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e†	An done nae-tning, . 1 ke v ision. D. 1. 4.
Nae mair [no more].	Was naething to my hinny bliss Upon the lips o' Anna. , S. The gowd. Locks of A.
When ebbing life nae mair shall flow, A Ded. to G. II., 14.	Or naething else to trouble thee.
I heard nae mair, A Winter Night. 10.	But stray amang the heather bells, . There was a lass †
I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share,	There's naethin like the honest nappy! There's naethin like †
Than sic a moment's pleasure, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †	An' naething, now, to big a new ane, To a Mouse.
Nae mair then, we'll care then, Ep. to Davie. 3.	naething but a 'moonshine matter;' To W. Simpson. P.S.
It just play'd dirl on the hane, But did nae mair. Death and Dr. Horubook. 16.	
The transfer of the second sec	Nag. Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags, They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, Add. to the Deil. 9.
He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair, [re.] El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.	Nagie [dim. of nag].
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair; . Ep. to J. R., 13.	And wanton nagies nine or ten. S. There was a lass †
	The state of the s
Nae mair at present can I measure, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14. Now we're married, spier nae mair, S. First when Maggie †	Naig [nag].
Nae mair my Dearie smiles; Fragment.	And when I downa yoke a naig, Then, Lord be thanket, I can beg; . A Ded. to G. H., 2.
	Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Till the Fates, nae mair severe, Friendship, Love and Peace restore. S. Frac the friends †	Their ten-hours bite, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 2.
I'll come nae mair to thy hower door, S. Here's to thy health	A braw new paig wi' the tail o't a' rottan.
Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae, S. It is na, Jean †	S. O ken ye what Meg†
Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice,	That every naig was ca'd a shoe on, The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; Tam o' Shanter. 3.
O! soon, to me, may summer-suns	
Nae mair light up the morn!	For we're not to be hought or sold Like naigs and nowt, and a' that. The Election Ballads. II.
Nae mair light up the morn! Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds	He founder'd his horse among harlots,
Wave o'er the yellow corn! Lament of Mary of Scots.	But gied his auld naig to the Lord
The wretch whase Doom is "hope nae mair,"	Naigle [dim. of Naig].
What tongue his woes can tell; S. Now Spring has clad †	And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie S. Hee balou †
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair! S. O stay, sweet warbling †	Nall. But some day ye may gnaw your nails, A Dream. 10.
Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair, S. O wha my babie-clouts †	But deil a foreign tinkler loun
Nae mair he'll join the merry roar, On Scot. Bard gne to IV.I.	Shall ever ca' a nail in't: S. Does haughty Gault
Thou'lt be a borse when he's nae mair (mayor).	Nail, to. 'I'll nail the self-conceited sot,
On B.'s Horse Impound.	As dead's a herrin'. Death and Dr. Hornbook.30.
Ilk feature—nuld nature	Nail't.
Declar'd that she cou'd do nae mair! . S. Sae flaxen †	Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, And nail't wi' Scripture. [v.A.6] Death and Dr. Hornbook.
An' fash nae mair Second Ep. to Davie.	Naiveté. Sweet naïveté of feature, To Miss Fontenelle.
Alas! nae mair he'll them molest! [v.A.15] Tam Samson's El.	Naked.
If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter, The Kirk's Alarm. 13.	
And your friends they dare grant you nae mair Ib. 14.	
	And raging bend the naked tree; S. Again rejoic. Nature †
Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;	Wide o'er the naked world declare
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr.	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13.
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, Eb. to Davie, 7.
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle Ib. 10. Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, Ep. to Davie. 7. The honest, open, naked truth;
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle . 16. 10. Nae mair the Council waddles down the street, In all the pomp of ignorant conceit; . 16.	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worlt we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Nisfortunes] make us see the naked truth, Ep. to Davie. 7. The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4.
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, Eh. to Davie, 7. The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer, 4. The trees now naked groaning, S. The yng Highl. Rover,
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, Eh. to Davie. 7. The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Crand Prayer. 4. The trees now naked groaning, S. The yng Highl. Rover. thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! To R. G. of F., 3.
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle Ib. 10. Nae mair the Council waddles down the street, In all the pomp of ignorant conceit; But here alas! for me nee mair Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile; So. The Catrine woods † Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her, The Ordination. 3.	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worlt we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth. The honest, open, naked truth: The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. The trees now naked groaning, S. The yng Highl. Rover, thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! TOR. G. of F., 3. In naked feeling, and in aching pride. 18.
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, Ef. to Davie, 7. The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. The trees now naked groaning, S. The yng Highl. Rover. thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! To R. G. of F., 3. In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle Ib. 10. Nae mair the Council waddles down the street, In all the pomp of ignorant conceit; But here alas! for me nee mair Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile; So. The Catrine woods † Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her, The Ordination. 3.	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worlt we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth. The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. The trees now naked groaning. S. The syng Highl. Rover. thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! To R. G. of F., 3. In naked feeling, and in aching pride, 10. W. Simpson. 13. Name. But thoughtless follies laid him low,
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worlt we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, Eh: to Davie, 7. The honest, open, naked truth: The honest, open, naked truth: The trees now naked groaning, S. The yng Highl. Rover, thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! To R. G. of F., 3. In naked feeling, and in aching pride, Ib. When winds rave thro' the naked tree; To IV. Simpson. 13. Name. But thoughtess follies laid him low, And staind his name! A Bard's Epit.
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worlt we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, Ep. to Davite. 7. The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. The trees now naked groaning, S. The yng Highl. Rover. thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! To R. G. of F., 3. In naked feeling, and in aching pride, If. When winds rave thro' the naked tree; To IV. Simpson. 13. Name. But thoughtless follies laid him low. And stain'd his name! A Bard's Epit. K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name . A Ded. to G. H., 14.
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worlt we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth. The honest, open, naked truth: The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. The trees now naked groaning, S. The yng Highl. Rover, thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! To R. G. of F., 3. In naked feeling, and in aching pride. When winds rave thro' the naked tree; To W. Simpson. 13. Name. But thoughtless follies laid him low. And stain'd his name! A Bard's Epit K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name . A Ded. to G. H., 14. A name not Envy spairges) . A Dream. 7.
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worlt we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Slisfortunes] make us see the naked truth. Ep. to Davie. 7. The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. The trees now naked groaning. S. The yng Highl. Rover. thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! To R. G. of F., 3. In naked feeling, and in aching pride, When winds rave thro' the naked tree; To IV. Simpson. 13. Name. But thoughtless folies laid him low. And stain'd his name! A Bard's Epit. K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name . A Ded. to G. H., 14. A name not Eavy spairges) . A Dream. 7. Is there, beneath love's noble name.
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worlt we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth. The honest, open, naked truth: The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. The trees now naked groaning. S. The yng Highl. Rover. thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! ToR. G. of F., 3. In naked feeling, and in aching pride. Ib. When winds rave thro' the naked tree; To W. Simpson. 13. Name. But thoughtless follies laid bim low. And stain'd his name! A Bard's Epit K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name A Ded. to G. H., 14. A name not Envy spairges) A Dream. 7. Is there, beneath love's noble name, Can harbour dark the selfish aim, A Winter Night. 8.
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worlt we've lost. Et. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Nisfortunes] make us see the naked truth. Et. to Davie. 7. The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. The trees now naked groaning, S. The yng Hight. Rover. thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! To R. G., 0 Fr., 3. In naked feeling, and in aching pride, When winds rave thro' the naked tree; To W. Simpson. 13. Name. But thoughtless follies laid him low. And stain d his name! A Bard's Epit K[ennedy]'s far-honord name A Ded. to G. H., 14. A name not Envy spairges) A Draun. 7. Is there, heneath love's noble name, Can harbour dark the selfish aim, An' tease my name in kintry clatter: Add. to Illegit. Child. An' tease my name in kintry clatter: Add. to Illegit. Child.
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worlt we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Nisfortunes] make us see the naked truth. Ep. to Davie. 7. The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. The trees now naked groaning, S. The yng Highl. Rover. thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! Tor K. O. Fr., 3. In naked feeling, and in aching pride, When winds rave thro' the naked tree; To IV. Simpson. 13. Name. But thoughtless follies laid him low. And stain'd his name! A Eard's Epit. K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name. A Ded. to G. H., 14. A name not Envy spairges). Is there, beneath love's noble name, Can harbour dark the selfish aim, An' tease my name in kintry clatter: Add. to Illigit. Child. And never envy blot their [thy sons'] name!
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth. The honest, open, naked truth: The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. The trees now naked groaning, S. The syng Highl. Rover. thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! To R. G. of F., 3. In naked feeling, and in aching pride, Ib. When winds rave thro' the naked tree; To IV. Simpson. 13. Name. But thoughtless follies laid him low. And stain'd his name! A Bard's Epit. K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name A Ded. to G. H., 14. A name not Envy spairges) A Dream. 7. Is there, beneath love's noble name, Can harbour dark the selfish aim, A Winter Night. 8. An' tease my name in kintry clatter: Add. to Illegit. Child. And never envy blot their [thy sons] name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3. Their royal name low in the dust!
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worlt we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth. The honest, open, naked truth: The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. The trees now naked groaning, S. The yng Highl. Rover, thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! To R. G. of F., 3. In naked feeling, and in aching pride. When winds rave thro' the naked tree; To W. Simpson. 13. Name. But thoughtless follies laid him low. And staind his name! A Bard's Epit K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name . A Dech. to G. H., 14. A name not Eavy spairges) . A Draam, 7. Is there, beneath love's noble name, Can harbour dark the selfish aim, A Winter Night. 8. An' tease my name in kintry clatter: Add. to Illegit. Child. And never envy blot their [thy sons'] name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3. Their royal name low in the dust! Far kend an' noted is thy name: Add. to the Deil. 3.
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle . Ib. 10. Nae mair the Council waddles down the street, In all the pomp of ignorant conceit; But here alas! for me nae mair Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile; S. The Catrine woods? Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her, Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-ower the dale, Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep, Now Klobinson] barangue nae mair, Ne'll court nae mair find quarter: We'll court nae mair below the bush in our kail-yard, S. There grows a bonie brier t Whae'er she gat hands on, cam' near her nae mair, S. There Itiv' dance a carlet Then Jamie, I shall say nae mair, To J. S., 20, They durst nae mair than he allow'd, Naething, -in [nothing]. It's naething but a milder feature,	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worlt we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth. El. to Davit. 7. The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. The trees now naked groaning. S. The syng Highl. Rover. thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! To R. G. of F., 3. In naked feeling, and in aching pride, I. To W. Simpson. 13. Name. But thoughtless follies laid him low, And stain'd his name! A Bard's Epit. K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name A Ded. to G. H., 14. A name not Eavy spairges) A Ded. to G. H., 14. A hame not Eavy spairges) A Ded. to G. H., 14. A n' tease my name in kintry clutter: Add. to Illegit. Child. And never envy blot their [thy sons'] name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3. Their royal name low in the dust! Far kend an' noted is thy name; Add. to the Deil. 3. Before ye gie poor frailly names;
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth. The honest, open, naked truth: The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. The trees now naked groaning. S. The yng Highl. Rover. thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! To R. G. of F., 3. In naked feeling, and in aching pride. Ib. When winds rave thro' the naked tree; To IV. Simpson. 13. Name. But thoughtless follies laid him low, And stain'd his name! A Bard's Epit. K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name And stain'd his name! A Bard's Epit. K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name A Dream. 7. Is there, beneath love's noble name, Can harbour dark the selfish aim, An' tease my name in kintry clatter: Add. to Illigit. Child. And never envy blot their [thy sons'] name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3. Their royal name low in the dust! Far kend an' noted is thy name; Add. to the Deil. 3. Before ye gie poor frailty names, Suppose a change o' cases; Add. to Unco Guid. 6.
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth. Ep. to Davie. 7. The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. The trees now naked groaning. S. The ryng Highl. Rover. thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! To K. G. of Fr., 3. In naked feeling, and in aching pride, Ib. When winds rave thro' the naked tree; To W. Simpson. 13. Name. But thoughtless foliles laid him low, And stain'd his name! A Bard's Epit. K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name Ib. Dec. to G. H., 14. A name not Envy spairges) Ib. Dec. M. Dec. to G. H., 14. A hame not Envy spairges) Ib. The Winter Night. 8. An' tease my name in kintry clatter: Add. to Illegit. Child. And never envy blot their [thy sons'] name! Add. to Edinburg'h. 3. Their royal name low in the dust! Far kend an' noted is thy name; Add. to the Deil. 3. Before ye gip poor fraility names, Suprose a change o' cases; Add. to Unco Guid. 6. And [Deil] write their names in his black benk
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worlt we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth. The honest, open, naked truth: The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. The trees now naked groaning. S. The yng Highl. Rover. thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! To R. G. of F., 3. In naked feeling, and in aching pride. I. Ib. When winds rave thro' the naked tree; To IV. Simpson. 13. Name. But thoughtless follies laid him low. And stain'd his name! A Bard's Epiti. K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name And stain'd his name! A Bard's Epiti. A name not Envy spairges) A Decam. 7. Is there, beneath love's noble name, Can harbour dark the selfish aim, An' tease my name in kintry clatter: Add. to Illegit. Child. And never envy blot their [thy sons] name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3. Their royal name low in the dust! Far kend an' noted is thy name; Before ye gie poor frailty names, Suppose a change o' cases; Add. to Unco Guid. 6. And [Deil] write their names in his black beuk.
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth. Ep. to Davit. 7. The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. The trees now naked groaning. S. The yng Highl. Rover. thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! To R. G. of Fr., 3. In naked feeling, and in aching pride, Ib. When winds rave thro' the naked tree; To IV. Simpson. 13. Name. But thoughtless folies haid him low, And stain'd his name! A Bard's Epit. K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name A Dea. to E. H., 14. A name not Envy spairges) A Dea. to G. H., 14. A name not Envy spairges) A Dea. to G. H., 14. A n' tease my name in kintry clatter: Add. to Illegit. Child. And never envy blot their [thy sons'] name! Add. to Edinburg'h. 3. Their royal name low in the dust! Far kend an' noted is thy name; Add. to Unco Guid. 6. And [Deil] write their names in his black beuk S. Atva., whigs, awa. I lo'e weel my Charlie's name, S. Come boat me der.
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worlt we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth. The honest, open, naked truth: The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. The trees now naked groaning. S. The yng Highl. Rover. thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! ToR. G. of F., 3. In naked feeling, and in aching pride. Ib. When winds rave thro' the naked tree; To V. Simpson. 13. Name. But thoughless follies laid bim low. And stain'd his name! A Bard's Epit. K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name A Ded. to G. H., 14. A name not Envy spairges) A Ded. to G. H., 14. A name not Envy spairges) A Draum. 7. Is there, beneath love's noble name, Can harbour dark the selfish aim, An' tease my name in kintry clatter: Add. to Illegit. Child. And never cny blot their (thy sons) name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3. Their royal name low in the dust! Far kend an' noted is thy name; Suppose a change o' cases; Add. to Unco Guid. 6. And [Deil] write their names in his black benk 1 lo'e weel my Charlie's name, 1 loe weel my Charlie's name, 1 soak right bowe—'My name is Death,'
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings, The Brigs of Ayr. Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle	Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth. Ep. to Davit. 7. The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. The trees now naked groaning. S. The yng Highl. Rover. thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! To R. G. of Fr., 3. In naked feeling, and in aching pride, Ib. When winds rave thro' the naked tree; To IV. Simpson. 13. Name. But thoughtless folies haid him low, And stain'd his name! A Bard's Epit. K[ennedy]'s far-honor'd name A Dea. to E. H., 14. A name not Envy spairges) A Dea. to G. H., 14. A name not Envy spairges) A Dea. to G. H., 14. A n' tease my name in kintry clatter: Add. to Illegit. Child. And never envy blot their [thy sons'] name! Add. to Edinburg'h. 3. Their royal name low in the dust! Far kend an' noted is thy name; Add. to Unco Guid. 6. And [Deil] write their names in his black beuk S. Atva., whigs, awa. I lo'e weel my Charlie's name, S. Come boat me der.

	1
'A bonie lass, ye kend her name, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.	Dear to his country by the names, Friend, Patron, Benefactor! The Election Ballads, VI.
It warms me, it charms me, To mention hut her name; Ep. to Davie, 8.	Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble Name,
O, how that name inspires my style! Ib. 11.	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L he quat his name, Forswore it, every letter,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 11.	"My name is Fun-your cronie dear, . The Holy Fair. 5.
In some bit Brugh to represent A Baillie's name? Ib., Ap. 21st, II.	The promis'd Father's tender name; The Lament.
Of this much lov'd, much honor'd name! Epit. for R. A.	Lovely Jessy be the name;
A coof like him wou'd stain your [Sir deil's] name, Epit. on Holy Willie.	That bears the name o' auld king Coil, . The Trua Does.
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name : S. Farewell, thou fair day t	And names, like villain, hypocrite, Ilk ither gi'en, The Twa Herds. 9.
May coward shame disdain his name,	Fareweel even to the Scotish name, S. The Union.
The wretch that dares not die! S. Farewell, ye dungeons to But now for a patron, whose name and whose glory	Where many a Patriot-name on high And Hero shone. [v. A.4] . The Vision.
But now for a patron, whose name and whose glory At once may illustrate and honour my story. Frag. inser. to Fox.	Of these am 1-Coila my name: The Vision D II II
For using thy name offers fifty excuses	'Those accents, grateful to thy tongue, Th' adored Name, 1b. 16.
bold Balmerino's undying name, Fragment of Ode. G-d confound their stubborn face,	That name, that well-worn name, and all his own, The Vowels.
And hlast their name, Holy Willie's Prayer, 10,	That fate may in her fairest page,-enroll thy name :
Fondly he'll repeat her name; S. Jockey's ta'en the parting to And Katharine Jaffray was her name, Katharine Jaffray.	Some rhyme a neehor's name to lash; . To I. S., 5.
Haste, gie her name up i' the chappel, Letter to J. Goudie.	Nae heathen name shall I prefix To Miss Ferrier.
Tho' glory's name may screen us: Lns, on Windows, Gl. Tav My name, she says, is Mistress Jean, S. My Collier Laddie.	Critics—appalled, I venture on the name, To R. G. of F., 4. Ferguson, the writer-chiel, A deathless name. To W. Simpson.
I sing his name and nobler fame, Wha multiplies our number	To set her name in measur'd style;
The man that fears thy name, New Psalmody.	At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood, But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Because ye hae the name o' clink, S. O Tibbie! † But if he hae the name o' gear,	Happiness is but a name, . Wr. in Hermitage at FC Keep the name of man in mind,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,	Ve Incobites by name, give an ear, give an ear; [22,]
And ay I muse and sing thy name, S. O were I on Parnass.† "While empty greatness saves a worthless name!	And bless the dear parental name
On Death of Sir J. Blair. The very name of Douglas blasted, On Duke of Queensberry.	With many a filial blossom S. Young Peggy † Name, to.
Follies and crimes have stain'd the name Ib.	And dear was she I darena name, S. O may thy morn t
I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenned name May cost a pair o' blushes; On W. Chalmers.	Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu', Which even to name wad be unlawfu'. Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Of Stuart, a name once respected, A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart,	An' warn him—what I winna name (v.A.3) The Death of Mailie. "I'm sure I've seen that bonic face,
Poet. Add. to W. Tytler. My fathers, that name have rever'd on a throne; Ib.	"But yet I canna name ye." The Holy Fair. 4. Let nae hody name wi' a jeer ; The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son, That name should he scoffingly slight it	The first I'll name they ca'd him Cæsar, The Twa Dogs.
Hail, Caledonia, name for ever dear! Prologue, sp. by Woods.	that cursed set, I winna name, . The Twa Herds. II. An' name the airles an' the fee, To Gav. Hamilton,
Nor Insolence assumes fair Freedom's name; 1b. Rash mortal, and slanderous Poet, thy name	Who in her rough imperfect line
Shall no longer appear in the records of fame; Reproof by Himself.	Thus daurs to name thee; To Rev. J. M'Math. Named. If man thon would'st be named, Despise the silly creature, S. Deluded swain †
An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us, . Scotch Drink. Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink, To sing thy name! . Ib.	Sir, in that circle you are nam'd; To Rev. J. M'Math.
Wae worth the name, [v.A.25] Ib.	Nameless. Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine, On Death of R. Dundas.
A drama worthy of the name of Bruce? Scots Prologue. Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,	I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
The Ans. to the Guidwife.	That ape their betters. Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Alas! I'm but a nameless wight, The Author's Cry and Prayer. Windows and door in payables sculptures does.
But feels his heart's bluid rising bot, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	
And ane, a chap that's d-mn'd auldfarran,	The Brigs of Ayr. 8. He to the nameless ghastly wretch assign'd. The Vowels.
Dindas his name	For your braw, nameless, dateless letter, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
While Rab his name is	In your unletter'd, nameless faces!
• **	An' next, my auld acquaintance, Nancy, Auld comrade † Where now my Nancy's path may be! S. Behold the hour †
And a town of fame whose princely name Should grace the Lass of Albany. S. The bonie Lass of Albany. When Pfallantunal befriends his humble name.	One of two must still obey, Nancy, Nancy; S. Husband, husband †
When B[allantyne] befriends his humble name, The Brigs of Ayr.	My spouse Nancy? [re.]
With heart-struck, anxious care enquires his name, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.	Nothing could resist my Nancy: S. One fond kiss† Whare Sandy and Nancy I'm sure will ding them a ?
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name; Ib. 13.	S. There grows a bonie brier † There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy
How He, who bore in heaven the second name, Had not on Earth whereon to lay His head: 16. 15.	S. There's a youth †
To save them from stark reprobation, He lent them his name to the firm.	I thought upon my Nancy, [re.] . S. When wild War's † Nane [none].
The Election Ballads. 111.	There's name that's blest of human kind, But the cheerful and the gay, man. A Bottle and Friend.
The Murray's noble name!	Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter, A Dream. 12.

If the Determine there are not seen	The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,
If e'er Detraction shore to smit you, May nane believe him! A Farewell.	On Death of fav. Child.
Sleep 1 can get nane, For thinking on my Dearie. S. Ay waukin, O.	Is in his "narrow house" for ever darkly low. [v.A.10]. Sonnet on Death of Riddel.
But pleasure they hae nane for me S. Craigie-burn Wood.	your poor, narrow foot-path of a street, The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
Say thou lo'es nane hefore me;	Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath; S You wild mossy mountains t
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 5. Thought nane wad ken	Natal.
For pity ye have nane; Epit. on Holy Willie.	We solemnize this sorrowing natal day, . Frag. of Ode. Give me Maria's natal day! Improm., on Mrs's Birthday.
For here Johnny Pidgeon had nane [no religion]. Epit. on J. Dovc.	'I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame,
straught or crooked, yird or nane,	'Thy natal hour The Vision. D. II. 11.
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard, But they wham the truth wad indite.	Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf, This natal morn, To Terraughty.
S. Here's a health to them †	Natch [a notch; any weapon that makes a notch].
That 1 for gear and grace may shine, Excell'd by nane, Holy Willie's Prayer. 16.	Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch. What ails ye now † Nation. Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire.
There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess, S. I'll ayea' in †	To rule this mighty nation; A Dream. 5.
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane; S. My Lord a-hunting †	And save the Hononr o' the nation! Add. of Beelzebub. 2, And cook'ry the first in the nation: Exten. to Mr. S.
I'll tak Cuckold frae nane, S. Naebody.	Kings and nations, swith awa! . S. Louis, what reck I !
For nane in Carrick or Kyle Can please a lassie hetter S. O gie my love brose †	Or nations to adore you, O, S. My father was a farmer t
Will nane the shepherd's whistle mair	The flow'r of ancient nations; . Nature's Law. an ancient nation fam'd afar, Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Blaw sweetly	as grateful nations oft have found 1b.
There's nane again sae honie. S. O saw ye bonie L.	Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation, Scots Prologue.
An' I was but a young thing, Wi' nane to pity me, jo. S. O wat ye what my †	No nation, no station My envy e'er could raise: . The Ans. to the Guidwife.
His faults they a' in Latin lay, In English nane e'er kent them. On W. Cruickshanks.	Or hast been exiled from thy nation, The Hermit.
Nane other love, nane other dart,	An' ponr your creeshie nations; The Ordination. Such a parcel of rogues in a nation! [re.] S. The Union.
I feel, but her's sae far awa;	Far wanders nations over. S. The yng Highl. Rover.
For wha can dye the black? The Election Ballads. V.	In shoals and nations;
But entrance found he nane, man: The Fête Champetre. I've nane in female servan' station, The Inventory.	Here instice from her native skies.
There's few sae honie, nane sae gude, The Tarbolton Lasses.	High wields her halance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh, 2. He learned to fear in his own native wood. S. Caledonia.
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, The Twa Dogs. 2. Nane else came near it The Vision. D. I. 11.	Burnet, lovely from her native skies; El. on Miss Burnet.
The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane;	To reach their native, kindred skies, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 18.
S. There's auld Rob †	Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
And I'll awa to Nanie, O [re.] . S. Behind von hills t	Ep. to R. Graham. 2. And from my native shore: S. From thee, Eliza †
But to me its delightless,—my Nanie's awa'. [re.] S. My Nanie's awa'.	See yonder rosebnd, rich in dew,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, . Tam o' Shanter.	Amang its native briers sae coy, S. I do confess † My love and native land fareweel, S. It was a' for †
To sing how Nannie lap and flang, 1b. For Nannie, far before the rest,	Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore;
Hard upon noble Maggie prest, 16.	Lament on leaving Nat. Land. Her native grace so void of art; S. My Mary's face t
But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nanie, S. Wandering Willie.	Her lovely form, her native ease, S. On a bank of flowers †
Nanse. And [Death] tips auld drunken Nanse the wink,	Your native soil was right ill-willie; On Scot. Bard gne to IV.I.
Adam A—'s Prayer.	Dare invade your native right, . On scaring Water-fowl.
An' drink his health in anld Nanse Tinnock's The Author's Cry and Prayer.	in its native air And rural grace; Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Still self-dependent in her native shore,
Nap. Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap, S. Awa, whigs, awa.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Nappy [ale].	My native land sae far awa S. Sae far awa. We'll send him o'er to his native shore
While we sit bousing at the nappy Tam o' Shanter. Care, mad to see a man sae happy,	S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy: 16, 6.	The native feelings strong, the guileless ways, The Cotter's Sat. Night.
An' whyles twalpennie-worth o' nappy Can mak the hodies unco happy; The Twa Dogs. 18.	O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream, 1b. 20.	Why desert ye your auld native shire? The Kirk's Alarm.
There's methin like the honest nappy! There's nacthin like † Narrate.	Spring, like their fathers, up to prop Their honour'd native land! The Petition of Br. Water.
To witness what I after shall narrate; The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	And he whom rnthless Fates expel His native land [v.A.4] . The Vision.
What verse can sing, what prose narrate, The Election Ballads, VI.	'In me thy native mase regard! Ib., D. II. 2.
Narration.	With native worth, and spotless fame, To Chloris. Richly deck thy native stem; To Miss C.
Expect na, Sir, in this narration, A fleechan, fleth'ran Dedication, A Ded. to G. H.	O Ayr, my dear, my native ground, To Rev. J. M Math.
An' young an' anld come rinnan ont,	The lawns wood-frieged in Nature's native taste; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
An' hear the sad narration:	Native, s. Good sense and taste are natives here at home;
Above the narrow, rnral vale: . Add. to Edinburgh. 3.	Or the ruthless native's way,
in the narrow house o' death Lament of Mary of Scots. Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,	Bent on slaughter, blood and spoil: S. Streams that glide †
The picture of thy mind! . On seeing seat of Lord G.	Ye true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song, Ye true "Loyal Nat.s"†

atural.	Numbering ev'ry hud which nature
And his hair has a natural buckle and a'. S. There's a youth t	Waters wi' the tears of joy. S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st Nature gladdening and adorning; 1b
As far surpassing other common villains, As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more. Tragic Frag.	Nature gladdening and adorning;
ature.	Nature reigns and rules the whole; S. Streams that glide
It's maething but a milder feature, Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature: A Ded. to G. II., 6.	The feather'd field-mates, bound by Nature's tie, The Brigs of Ayr.
	All else was hush'd as Nature's closed e'e;
We bless thee, God of Nature wide, A Grace before Dinner.	But Nature sicken'd on the e'e S. The Catrine woods
'Ill-satisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call, A Winter Night. q. Again rejoicing Nature sees	Or nature aught of pleasure give; . S. The day returns
Her robe assume its vernal hues, S. Again rejoicing Nature 1	When Nature's face is fair, The Holy Fair
Thy [Winter's] gloom will soothe my chearless soul, When Nature all is sad like me!	Enjoying large each spring and well As Nature gave them me, . The Petition of Br. Water
When Nature all is sad like me!	As Nature gave them me, . The Petition of Br. Water To Nature's God and Nature's law,
For Nature smiles as sweet, I ween, To shepherds as to kings S. Behold my love †	They gave their lore, [v.A.4] The Vision
Old time and nature their changes tell, . S. Bonie Bell.	I saw grim Nature's visage hoar,
The voice of Nature prizing S. Could aught of song t	Struck thy young eye Ib., D. II. 13 Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn El. on Capt. M. II., 2.	Nature gay adorning S. Thine am 1
Nature's sturdiest bairns,	I'm truly sorry Man's dominion Has broken Nature's social union, To a Mouse
Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods, The sweeping vales and forming floods,	Has broken Nature's social union, To a Mouse That huld, capricions carlin, Nature, To J. S
Are free alike to all Ep. to Davie. 4.	Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
If honest Nature made you fools, What sairs your Grammars? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 11.	Thou art acting but thyself To Miss Fontenelle
Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,	Spurning nature, torturing art;
That's a' the learning I desire;	(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest); . To R. G. of F.
The social, friendly, houest man, Whate'er he be, 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, And none but he.	Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign; Ib
Is he minis great Nature's plan, And none but he. Ib., Ap. 21st, 15.	O Nature! a' thy shews an' forms To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms! To W. Simpson
When nature her great master-piece designed,	Let me fair Nature's face descrive,
Ep. to R. Graham.	All nature list'ning seem'd the while, S. 'Twas even-the dewy
Nature well pleased pronounced it very good : Ib. 3. (Nature may have her whim as well as we Ib.	My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy,
(Nature may have her whim as well as we, 1b. But hooest Nature is not quite a Turk, 1b. 4.	Her air like anture's vernal smile;
Where man and nature fairer in her sight,	woman, nature's darling child!
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight 16.5.	S. Wandering Willie
Stop Thief! dame Nature cried to Death, Epit. on W	Beauty's of a fading nature, . S. Will ye go and marry
Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe, And think human nature they truly describe;	She, wi' coy and fickle nature, Trifled aff till she's grown auld
Frag. inscr. to Fox. And Nature swears, the lovely Dears	Trifled aff till she's grown auld,
Hernohlest work she classes, O: S. Green grow the Rashes.	Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
when Nature first began To try her canny hand,	Admiring Nature in her wildest grace, Wr. in Kenmore Inn
S. John Anderson, t	The lawos wood-fringed in Nature's native taste; The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;
Now Nature hangs her mantle green On every blooming tree, Lament of Mary of Scots.	And look through Nature with creative fire; 16
Now Nature cleeds the flow ry lea, S. Lassie wi the lintwhite	Naughty. A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways
Look abroad through Nature's range, Nature's mighty law is change; . S. Let not woman	Near. The Rights of Woman
Why theo ask of silly Man.	As dear an' near my heart I set thee Add. to Illegit. Child
To oppose great Nature's plan? 1b.	His worthy fam'ly far and near, Auld comrade
Which teofold force gives Nature's law, Man was made to Mourn.	Ye hills, near neehors o' the starns, El. on Capt. M. H., 3
you lordling's slave, By Nature's law desigo'd, 1b.	nor cankert care E'er mair come uear him. El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux
This darling child of nature, . S. My Love's a winsome t	That name excell'd it, few cam near't.
Hope and Fear's alternate hillow	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 5
Yielding late to Nature's law, S. Musing on the roaring to	your curst wit, when it comes near it, Ep. to J. R., 3
Great Nature's Law. Kind Nature's care had given his share,	Forlorn, my Love, no comfort near, S. Forlorn, my Love O wert thou, Love, but near me,
Large, of the flaming current;	But near, near me;
Now in her green mantle hlythe Nature arrays, S. My Nanie's Awa.	Nought of ill may come thee near, S. Hark! the mavis'
And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay; Ib.	I was fow When I came near her, Holy Willie's Prayer. S
The curtain draws of Nature's rest, . S. Now rosy May	My last hour I am near it; S. Husband, husband When trystin time draws near again; . S. I'll ay ca' in
While ilka thing in nature join	When trystin time draws near again; S. I'll ay ca' in Where'er he be, the Lord be near him;
Their sorrows to forego, . S. Now Spring has clad t	S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.
Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,	The day is near the dawio ; . S. Landlady, count
For Nature made her what she is, S. O poortith cauld,	The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her! S. Last May a braw wooer!
Nature's gifts to all are free: . On scaring Water-fowl.	The happy hour may soon he near, S. The noble Maxwells
All on Nature you depend,	That ill they'll ne'er let near thee S. O saw ye bonie L.
Thou paints auld nature to the nines, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Friends so near my hosom ever, . S. Scenes of woe
and the second s	Near and more near the thunders roll: Tam o' Shanter
Ilk feature—and nature	Ye'll mend or ye win near him. Tam Samson's El., Epit
Declar'd that she could do nae mair! . S. Sae flaxen	New-christening towns far and near, The Election Ballads. III
Fate oft tears the bosom chords, That Nature finest strung: Sad thy tale †	The woodbine I will pu', when the ev'aing star is near, S. The Posie
The voice of nature loudly cries,	S. The Poste
And many a message from the skies,	To see my lad sae near me S. The tither morn
That something in us never dies: Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Traine cloc callie tieat to

Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,

In time o' need;

Or up the rink like Ichu roar

In case that worth should wanted be, O'Kenmure we had need. The Election Ballads, V. Smn' need has he to say a grace, , . . The Holy Fair. 25. Whae'er she gat hands on, cam' near her nae mair,
S. There liv'd ance α carle † And never drink be near his drouth! . To Dr. Blacklock. Unmindful that the thorn is near, . . . To J. S., 16. Your pin wad help to mend a mill In time o' need, . . To a Haggis. Lord be near ye, To Terraughty.

Tells bughtin-time is near, . . . S. When o'er the hill? See him, the poor man's friend in need, To Rev. I. M'Math. And grim, surly winter is near? . S. Where are the joys t Need, to. Gin a body kiss a body Need a body cry. S. Comin thro' the rve t I little thought the time was near, Repentance I should buy sae dear: Gin a body kiss a body Need the warld ken! [re.] . Ib. . S. Young Jamie t Nearer. That e'er he [the Deil] nearer comes oursel

'S a muckle pity. Death and Dr. Hornbook.

Are so much nearer Henv'n. To Miss L., with "Beattie." He needs not, he heeds not, Or human love or hate; . Despondency, an Ode. A. (For none that knew him need be told) . . Epit. for R. A. Nearest. She thro' the yard the nearest taks, Halloween. 11. But as daily bread is all I need. I do not much regard her [fortune], O. S. My father was a farmer t " My name is Fun-your cronie dear, . The Holy Fair. 5. The nearest friend ye hae; . . Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd, S. My love she's but t That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest, The Rights of Woman. It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song; Nearhand. Prologue, sp. by Woods. 'Sax thousand years are near hand fled Sin' I was to the butching bred, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13. What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on? Scots Prologue. Nor need he hunt as far as Rome or Greece, 'I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry, Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't!

The Brigs of Ayr. 8. He saw her days were near hand ended, The Death of Mailie. Nearly. And by fell death was nearly nicket: Friend of the poet, P.S. I must needs say, comparisons are odd. Ib. 10. Their waefu' fate what need I tell,

The Highl. Widow's Lament. Neat. The lasses feat, an' cleanly neat, . . Halloween, 3. . S. Handsome Nell. She dresses ave sae clean and neat, She dresses are success. They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat,

The Brigs of Ayr. 11. Yet let my Country need me, with Elliot to head me, The Jolly Beggars. S. 1. Ammunition you never can need ; . . The Kirk's Alarm. She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight, S. When first I saw t Fair maid, you need not take the hint, To Miss Ainslie. Nebbit. And there will be black-nebbit Johnie,
The Election Ballads. III. Needful, -fu'. Necessity. An' ay eneugh o' needfu' clink, Auld comrade . . On scaring Water-fowl. Strong Necessity compels. The lead and buoy are needful to the net : Ep. to R. Graham. 2. strang necessity supreme is 'Mang sons o' men. To Dr. Blacklock. Some rhyme, (vain thought!) for needfu' cash; To I. S., 5. Neck. An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck, . A Dream. 8. Needle. The Mother wi' her needle and her sheers, Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;

The Cotter's Sat. Night. Measur'st in desperate thought-a rope-thy neck Add., sp. by Fontenelle. Here's the worth o' Broughton In a needle's e'e; Adown her neck and bosom hing ; . S. Her flowing locks t The Election Ballads, IV. And round that neck entwine her!. . 13 Needless. But he the helpless, needless wretch, If Warren Hastings' neck was yenkin; Kind Sir, I've read t Shall lose the mite he hath.

Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson. but needless here is caution, . . The Rights of Woman.
Mony words are needless, Katie, S. Will ye go and marry † Tho' by the neck she should be strung, She'll no desert. The Author's Cry and Prayer. Needna [need not]. Wi' heaving breasts an' bare neck; . The Holy Fair. 9. For me! sae laigh I need na bow, . . Which, by degrees, slips round her neck, . . A Ded. to G. H. For drink I would venture my neck;
The Jolly Beggars. S. III. At kith or kin I needna speir,
Gin I saw ane and twenty. S. And O for ane and twenty t I flang my arms about her neck.

S. The Lass that made the bed. 'Ye needna yoke the pleugh, Death and Dr. Horubook. 24. Neck-bane [neck-bone]. Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-bane;

Tam o' Shanter. 10. And there was muckle fun and jokin. Ye need na doubt; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 2. Ye need nn look sae high. . . . S. O Tibbie! Nectar. Sips nectar in the opining flower, . S. O Phely, t Thou need na jouk behint the hallan, Neebor, Neebour [neighbour]. A chiel sae clever; Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Ye've nought to do but mark and tell Your Neebours' fauts and folly!. For Comedy abroad he need na toil, . Scots Prologue. Add, to Unco Guid. He need no fear their foul reproach

Nor erudition, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 21. Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns, El. on Capt. M. H., 3. Leest necbours might say I was saucy: S. Last May a braw wooer t The vera thought o't need na fear them. The Twa Dogs. 27. He's lost a friend and neebor dear, It's true, they need na starve or swent, 1b. 29. . Poor Mailie's El.. Ye need no doubt, I held my whisht; The Vision. D. I. 8. When neebors anger at a plea, . . Scotch Drink, 13. Thou need na start awa sae hasty, . . To a Mouse. And drouthy neebors, neebors meet, Tam o' Shanter. And drouthy needors, needors meet,

It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e,

The Brigs of Ayr. 4. I need na vaunt, To Dr. Blacklock. Ne'er. A cannie errand to a neebor town: At Brooses thou had ne'er a fellow, A Guid New-year t 9. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4. Mv passion I will ne'er declare, . - S. Ah, Chloris t Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor, , . . . 1b. 7. But warl's gear ne'er troubles me, . S. Behind you hills † 'Twas but some neebor snoran Asleep The Holy Fair. 22. It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth, Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet, The honie Lark, That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure;
S. Braw lads on Yar. bracs . To a Mountain-Daisy. Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash; . . To J. S., 5. The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever. S. By Allan stream t And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
S. Come, let me take thee t Some auld-light herds in neebor towas To W. Simpson, P.S. Need. the poor man's friend in need, A Ded. to G. H., 6. Ilka body has a body, ne'er a ane hae I, [ret.] it we tune the state of the state o I know my need, I know thy giving hand, Ep. to R. Graham, 5.

Scotch Drink. 7.

Tam Samson's El., 5.

For through your orbs he's taen his flight, Ne'er to return. El. on Capt. M. H., 14.	"And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!" The Whistle.
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man;	But he ne'er turned his back on his foe—or his friend, <i>Ib. 9</i> . But ne'er was in h-ll till I met wi' a wife,
Yet ne'er with Wits prophage to range. Be complaisance extended; Ep. to Young Friend, 9.	S. There liv'd ance a earle † Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle,
Your heart can ne'er he wanting!	Your thick plantations To a Louse.
Auld age ne'er mind a feg; Ep. to Davie, 2.	It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it, To W. Simpson, P.S.
And joys that riches ne'er could buy; 16. 8.	Fair tho' she be, that was ne'er my undoing;
Ne'er thinkan they wad fash me for't; Ep. to J. R., S.	S. Twas na her bonie blue t
I'se ne'er hid hetter Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.	I ne'er was here before : V.s to Landlady.
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye Epit. on a Wag.	I'll ne'er gang by your door
An' here his body lies fu' low	I fear unless ye geld me, I'll ne'er be hetter. What ails ye now t
For saul he ne'er had ony Epit. on wee Johnie.	Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie S. Ye hae lien wrang.
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab! S. Eppie M'Nab. Parting wi' Nancy, Oh! ne'er to meet mair.	Ne'er-a-bit.
S. Gloomy December.	The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk The Twa Dogs. 26.
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.	Negleckit, Negleket [neglected].
S. Green grow the Kashes.	I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit; Second Ep. to Davie.
O! may it ne'er he a livin' plague Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.	But then, to see how ye're negleket, How huff'd, an' cuff'd, an' disrespeket! The Twa Dogs. 12.
And I'll ne'er lift a lawless l-g, Again upon her Ib.	Your duty ye wad sae neglekit, The Twa Herds. 4.
Or else, thou kens, thy servant true Wad ne'er ha'e steer'd her 1b. 8.	We poor sons of metre
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,	Are often negleckit, ye ken; To Mr. P. Stuart.
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary. S. How lang and dreary †	Neglect.
I'll ne'er prig for red or white; S. Jockey fou t	now a prey to insulting neglect, Monody, on a Lady. Epit.
He hade me act a manly part,	Mischance, mistake, or hy neglect,
Though I had ne'er a farthing, O; S. My father was a farmer †	S. My father was a farmer † Neglect, to.
I make indeed my daily bread,	But since I'm here, I'll no neglect, A Dream. 8.
But ne'er can make it farther, O; 16.	'Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts
But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be melancholy, O	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 5.
I'll ne'er be melancholy, O	Yon Sang ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care,
It no er mistrusted thine S. O mirk, mirk †	And no neglect Ep. to J. R., 5. Neglected.
For Nature made her what she is,	But now 'tis despised and neglected: Poet. Add. to Tytler.
And ne'er made sic anither! . S. O saw ye bonie L.† Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute, S. O steer her up†	Neglecting. Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute, S. O steer her up† O that's the queen o' woman-kind,	They riot in excess! . Ep. to Davie. 6.
And ne'er a ane to peer her. S. O wat ye wha that lo'es †	Neighbour. Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us, Add. to Toothachc.
See those hands ne'er stretch'd to save,	That, like th' old Hebrew walking-switch, eats up its neigh-
Ode to Mem. of Mrs	hours: Frag. inscr. to Fox.
He ne'er was gien to great misguidin, On Scot. Eard gone to W. I.	And o'er her neighbours shine, man. The Tree of Liberty.
Wi' him it [coin] ne'er was under hidin; Ib.	Neighbourhood.
And oe'er a ane mistak' her: On W. Chalmers.	The pride of the place and its oeighbourhood a'; The Belles of Mauchline.
Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on, Poem on Life.	Neighbouring.
And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man.	How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
Ronalds of Bennals.	Neist z. Niest.
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely! S. O saw ye my Phely. Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine. S. Scenes of woe't	Nell.
	Nell had the Fause-house in her min', [re.] Halloween. 10.
Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit. Second Ep. to Davie. (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,	I'll love my handsome Nell S. Handsome Nell.
For honest men and bouny lasses.) . Tam o' Shanter.	Nelly. He grippet Nelly hard an' fast; . Halloween. 6.
But, Och! he gaed and ne'er return'd! Tam Samson's El.	But Nelly's looks are blythe and sweet, S. Handsome Nell.
May losses and crosses	The youthful blooming Nelly lay, [re.]
Ne'er at your hallan ca' The Ans. to the Guidwife.	S. On a bank of flowers †
Ne'er claw your lng, and fidge your back, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Tearing my nerves wi' hitter pang, Add. to Tooth-ache.
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jank or play:	thro' each nerve the rapture dart, . S. By Allan stream t
The Cotter's Sail Ivigni. V.	And a' your views may come to nought,
O, may thou ne'er forgather up, Wi' onie hlastet moorlan toop; . The Death of Mailie.	Where ev'ry nerve is strained. Ep. to Young Friend, 2.
O oe'er a ane hut tway The Election Ballads. I.	Thou strings the nerves o' Lahor-sair, Scotch Drink. 6. My toil-heat nerves, and tear-worn eye. The Lament.
But it's ne'er be sae wi' brandy Jean	My toil-heat nerves, and tear-worn eye, The Lament. 'Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along, The Vision. D. 11. 16.
Welsh, who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground, Ib. VI.	No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur, To R. G. of F., 3.
But both decreed that wicked men	Nerved. nerved with thundering fate Liberty.
Shall ne'er be truly blest	Nervous.
But ne'er a word o' faith in That's right that day The Holy Fair. 15.	M'[Gi]ll's close nervous excellence, The Twa Herds. 17.
inat sright that day	M [Gild's close pervous excellence, 2 to 2 and 210 and 17.
	Nest. Your royal nest, beneath Your wing,
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair; The Inventory.	Nest. Your royal nest, beneath Your wing, Is e'en right reft an' clouted,
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair; . The Inventory. If e'er ye want, or meet with scant, May I ne'er weet my craigie! The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.	Nest. Your royal nest, beneath Your wing, Is e'en right reft an' clouted, A Dream. 4. Within the hush, her covert nest
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair; The Inventory. If e'er ye want, or meet with scaot, May I ne'er weet my craigie! The Jolly Beggars, S. VI.	Nest. Your royal nest, beneath Your wing, Is e'en right reft an clouted, A Dream. 4. Within the hush, her covert nest A little linnet foodly prest, S. A Rosebud by †
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair; The Inventory. If e'er ye want, or meet with scaot, May I ne'er weet my craigie! The Jolly Beggars, S. VI.	Nest. Your royal nest, beneath Your wing, Is e'en right reft an 'clouted, Within the hush, her covert nest A little linnet foodly prest, S. A Rosebud by † A Winter Night. 8. The layred in the morning she'll rise frac her nest,
I'se ne'er ride borse nor hizzie mair; The Inventory. If e'er ye want, or meet with scaat, May I ne'er weet my craigie! The Jolly Beggars, S. VI. The deil would ne'er abide her. S. The Joyful Widower. O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride, The Kirk's Alarm. 11.	Nest. Your royal nest, beneath Your wing, Is e'en right reft an 'clouted, A Dream. 4. Within the hush, her covert nest A little limet foodly prest, S. A Rosebud by t in Misry's squalid nest, A Winter Night. 8. The law rock in the morning she'll rise frae her nest, S. Lus on a Floughman.
I'se ne'er ride borse nor hizzie mair; The Inventory. If e'er ye want, or meet with scaat, May I ne'er weet my craigie! The Jolly Beggars, S. VI. The deil would ne'er ahide her. S. The Joyful Widower. O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride. The Kirk's Alarm. II. I'll ne'er forget that happy night, S. The Kigs o' Barley. The garaller we wid neer envy them! The True Dogs, 28.	Nest. Your royal nest, beneath Your wing, Is e'en right reft an' clouted, Within the hush, her covert nest A little linner foodly prest, in Mis'ry's squalid nest, The lay rock in the morning she'll rise frac her nest, S. Lus on a Floughman. And at night she'll return to her nest back again. 16.
I'se ne'er ride borse nor hizzie mair; The Inventory. If e'er ye want, or meet with scaat, May I ne'er weet my craigie! The Jolly Beggars, S. VI. The deil would ne'er ahide her. S. The Joyful Widower. O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride. The Kirk's Alarm. II. I'll ne'er forget that happy night, S. The Kigs o' Barley. The garaller we wid neer envy them! The True Dogs, 28.	Nest. Your royal nest, beneath Your wing, Is e'en right reft an 'clouted, Within the bush, he recover nest A little linnet foodly prest, in Mis'ry's squalid nest, The lay rock in the morning she'll rise frac her nest, S. Lus on a Ploughman. And at night she'll return to her nest back again. Perhaps upon his mould'ring breast Some spitled, 'mulrowl birs her nest, [v.A.15]
I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair; The Incontory. If c'er ye want, or meet with scaat, May I ne'er weet my craigie! The Jolly Beggars, S. VI. The deil would ne'er ahide her. O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride. Till ne'er forget that happy night, S. The Kigs o' Barley.	Nest. Your royal nest, beneath Your wing, Is e'en right reft an' clouted, Within the hush, her covert nest A little linner foodly prest, in Mis'ry's squalid nest, The lay rock in the morning she'll rise frac her nest, S. Lus on a Floughman. And at night she'll return to her nest back again. 16.

S 771 C 1 1 1 C 1	m1
to screen the hirdie's nest, . S. The Contented Cottager. He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,	They never, never can divide My heart and soul from thee. S. From thee, Eliza†
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. And, for the little songster's nest,	Yet that was never Robin's mark To mak a man; El. on Death of R. Ruiss.
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take away,	Never mair to taste delight. Never mair mann hope to find
S. The Poste.	Ease frae toil, relief frae care: . Frac the friends † As they wad never mair part,
But hawks will rob the tender joys That bless the little lintwhite's nest; S. There was a lass and † Nos ion has book bush took Con widd are. To W. Conselve	As they wad never mair part, Halloween. 8. Altho' thou maun never he mine, S. Here's a health to ane †
S. There was a lass and †	She never lets me weary, Sir, S. I'm o'er young t
Nae joy her bonie buskit nest Can yield ava, To W. Creech. A whaup's i' the nest	The weeping blood in woman's breast
Nestled. The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee.	Was never known to thee; Lament of Mary of Scots.
El. on Miss Burnet.	Ill may we never see! S. Landlady, count † I never loot on that I kenn'd it, or car'd,
And nestled thee close to that bosom. On Death of fav. Child. Nestling, s.	S. Last May a braw wooer †
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush; S. O Logan! sweetly	Had never, sure, been born, Had there not been some recompence
Nestling. While his mate sits nestling in the bush :	Man was made to Mourn.
S. On Cessnock banks †	The fancy may delight, But never, never can come near the heart. S. Mark yonder Pomp †
Net. The lead and buoy are needful to the net: Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	S. Mark yonder Pomp†
He took my heart as wi' a net, . S. My heart was ance t	I'll never see him back again. S. My Harry was a gallant t
Netherplace.	Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will, But here I never miss't it yet, . S. My love she's but †
But Queen N[etherplace], of a diff rent complexion,	I never saw a fairer,
Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Netherton. Or to the N-th-rt-n repair	I never lo'ed a dearer, S. My Love's a winsome †
And turn a Carpet-weaver The Ordination. o.	Ye whom sorrow never wounded, Ye who never shed a tear, S. Musing on the roaring †
Nettle.	And, all devout, he never sought
But chiefly the nettle so typical, shower, Monody, on a Lady.	To stem the sacred torrent Nature's Law.
Neuk, Newk [nook, corner].	Ve'se never scorn me S. O can ye labour lea†
The benmost neuk heside the ingle, . Add. of Beelzebub. 1 hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk, Ep. to H. Parker.	The silly bogles, Wealth and State, Can never make them eerie. S. O poortith cauld †
But by gude luck I lap a wicket,	O that I had ne'er been married,
And turn'd a neuk. Friend of the Poet † P.S.	I wad never had nae care, S. O that I had ne'ert
Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin hen-broo; S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †	O never look down, my lassie at a', S. O when she cam ben† And Lady Jean was never sae braw
Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonie mon,	Pity's flood there never rose Ode to Mem. of Mrs
Fu' cozie in the neuk for't,	Hands that took—but never gave
And make my hed in the Collier's neuk, S. My Collier Laddie.	A' ye wha live and never think, On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.
And make my hed in the Collier's neuk, S. My Collier Laddie. Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck, Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. [v.A.16] Tam o' Shanter.	May never pity soothe thee with a sigh, On seeing wounded Hare.
Go, lame, an canter like a filly	Had we never lov'd so kindly,
Thro' a' the streets and neuks o' Killie, Tam Samson's El. Per C.	Had we never lov'd so blindly, Never met—or never parted.
While some are cozie i' the nenk, The Holy Fair. 20.	Never met—or never parted, We had ne'er been broken-hearted. S. One fond kiss †
A fairy Fiddler frae the neuk,	His beart will never get aboon! Poor Mailie's El.,
He skirl'd out, encore. The folly Beggars. R. II. in the neuk, Sat guzzling wi' a Tinkler-hizzie; Ib. R. III.	I never had frien's, weel stockit in means, Ronalds of Bennals.
Ye turned a neuk—I saw your e'e . To Miss Ferrier.	
For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a newk To W. Simpson. P.S.	I never was canny for boarding o' money,
Never.	And never brought to mind? S. Shld auld acquaintnce \\
Thon never braing't, an' fetch't, an flisket,	That something in us never dies: Sketch, New-Yr's Day.
A Guid New-year † 12. In cart or car thou never reestet;	And live as those who never die
Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastet,	What wealth could never give nor take away!
May never worse be sent; A Grace before Dinner.	Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
And never may their sources fail!	Never bound by winter's chains! S. Streams that glide +
And never enum blot their name! Add to Edinburgh a	Never hound by winter's chains! . S. Streams that glide † A better never lifted leg,
And never envy blot their name! Add. to Edinburgh, 3.	A better never lifted leg, Tam o' Shanter.
And never envy blot their name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3. Then at the balance let's he mute, We never can adjust it; Add. to Unco Guid. 8.	A better never lifted leg,
And never envy blot their name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3. Then at the balance let's he mute, We never can adjust it; Add. to Unco Guid. 8. They never wi'her can compare; S. Adown winding Nith!	A better never lifted leg,
And never envy blot their name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3. Then at the balance let's be mute, We never can adjust it: Add. to Uneo Guid. 8. They never wil her can compare: S. Adown winding Nith! 1 A dream of ane that never wanks S. Again rejoit. Nature!	A better never lifted leg, Tam o' Shanter. Speak out an' never fash your thumb. The Author's Cry and Prayer. (Deil na they never mair do guid, Ib. 16. Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see: The Erigs of Ayr. 5.
And never envy blot their name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3. Then at the balance let's be mute, We never can adjust it: Add. to Uneo Guid. 8. They never wi' ber can compare: S. Adown winding Nith † A dream of ane that never wanks S. Again rejoit. Nature † And break it shall I never, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet † Oh that happy hour, and shady how'r.	A better never lifted leg, Tam o' Shanter. Speak out an' never fash your thumb. The Author's Cry and Prayer. (Deil na they never mair do guid, 16.16. Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see; The Brigs of Ayr. 5. Then down ye'll hut, deil nor ye never rise! 16.7.
And never envy blot their name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3. Then at the balance let's be mute, We never can adjust it: Add. to Uneo Guid. 8. They never wi' her can compare: S. Addown winding Nith! A dream of ane that never wanks S. Again rejoic. Nature t And break it shall I never, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet' Oh that happy hour, and shady bow'r, Can I forget it t'—Never. S. As I gaed up by t	A better never lifted leg. Tam o' Shanter. Speak out an' never fash your thumb. The Author's Cry and Prayer. (Deil na they never mair do guid. 16. 16. Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see: The Brigs of Ayr. 5. Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise! 16. 7. They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.
And never envy blot their name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3. Then at the balance let's be mute, We never can adjust it: Add. to Unco Guid. 8. They never wi' her can compare: S. Adown winding Nith! A dream of ane that never wanks. S. Adown winding Nith! And break it shall never, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet! Oh that happy hour, and shady bow'r, Can I forget it!—Never. S. As I gaed up by! My heart it shall never be broken for ane.	A better never lifted leg, Tam o' Shanter. Speak out an' never fash your thumb. The Author's Cry and Prayer. (Deil na they never mair do guid, 16.16. Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see; The Brigs of Ayr. 5. Then down ye'll hut, deil nor ye never rise! 16.7.
And never envy blot their name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3. Then at the balance let's be mute, We never can adjust it: Add. to Uneo Guid. 8. They never wi' her can compare: S. Addown winding Nith! A dream of ane that never wanks S. Again rejoic. Nature t And break it shall I never, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet' Oh that happy hour, and shady bow'r, Can I forget it t'—Never. S. As I gaed up by t	A better never lifted leg, Tam o' Shanter. Speak ont an' never fash your thumb. The Author's Cry and Prayer. (Deil na they never mair do guid., 16. 16. Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see; Then down ye'll harl, deil nor ye never rise! 16. 7. They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright. O never, never Scotia's realm disect., 16. 21. I know her heart will never change, 5. The Hight Lassie.
And never envy blot their name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3. Then at the balance let's be mute, We never can adjust it: Add. to Uneo Guid. 8. They never wi' her can compare: S. Adown winding Nith' 1 A dream of ane that never wauks. S. Again rejoit. Nature † And break it shall I never, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet † Oh that happy hour, and shady how'r, Can I forget it'!—Never. S. As I gaed up by † My heart it shall never be broken for ane. sever ranging, still unchanging, S. is I was a-wand'ring † never ranging, still unchanging, S. Eonic Eell. And some great lies were never penn'd:	A better never lifted leg, Tam o' Shanter. Speak out an' never fash your thumb. The Author's Cry and Prayer. (Deil na they never mair do guid, 16. 16. 16. The faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see; The Brigs of Ayr. 5. Then down ye'll hard, deil nor ye never rise! 16. 7. They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright. The Cotter's Sait. Night. 6. O never, never Scotia's realm desert, 16. 21. I know her heart will never change, S. The Highl. Lassie. It never fails, on drinkin deen.
And never envy blot their name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3. Then at the balance let's be mute, We never can adjust it: Add. to Uneo Guid. 8. They never wi' her can compare: S. Addown winding Nith 1 A dream of ane that never wanks. S. Again rejoic. Nature 1 And break it shall 1 never, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet? Oh that happy hour, and shady how'r, Can I forget it!—Never. S. As I gaed up by? My heart it shall never be broken for ane. S. As I was a-wand ring? never ranging, still unchanging, S. Bonic Bell. And some great lies were never pen'd! Death and Dr. Hornbook.	A better never lifted leg, Tam o' Shanter. Speak ont an' never fash your thumb. The Author's Cry and Prayer. (Deil na they never mair do guid., 16. 16. Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see; 16. 7. Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise! 16. 7. They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright. O never, never Scotia's realm disectif. 16. 21. I know her heart will never change, S. The Hight Lassie. It never fails, on drinkin depen. To kittle up our notion, The Holy Fair, 19.
And never envy blot their name! Add. to Edinburgh, 3. Then at the balance let's be mute, We never can adjust it; Add. to Unoo Guid. X. They never wi' her can compare; S. Adawa winding Nith! A dream of ane that never wanks. And break it shall I never, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet' Oh that happy hour, and shady bow'r, Can I forget it'—Never. S. As I gaed up by My heart it shall never be broken for ane. S. As I was a-wand ring t never ranging, still unchanging, And some great lies were never penn'd: Death and Dr. Hornbook. For never but by British hands Manu British wrangs be righted. S. Does haughty Gault	A better never lifted leg, Tam o' Shanter. Speak out an' never fash your thumb. The Author's Cry and Prayer. (Deil na they never mair do guid. 16. 16. Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see; The Brigs of Ayr. 5. Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise! 16. 7. They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright. The Cotter's Sail. Night. 6. O never, never Scotia's realm desert, 16. 21. I know her heart will never change, S. The Highl. Lassie. It never fails, on drinkin deep, To kittle up our notion, The Holy Fair. 19. Of all the women in the world, I never could come at her. S. The Joyful Widower.
And never envy blot their name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3. Then at the balance let's be mute, We never can adjust it: Add. to Uneo Guid. 8. They never wi' her can compare: S. Adown winding Nith 1 A dream of ane that never wanks. S. Again rejoit. Nature 1 And break it shall 1 never, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet 1 Oh that happy hour, and shady bow'r, Can I forget it 1—Never. S. As I gaed up by 1 My heart it shall never be broken for ane. Never ranging, still unchanging, S. si I was a-wand ring 1 never ranging, still unchanging, S. S. Bonic Bell. And some great lies were never penn'd! Death and Dr. Hornbook. For never but by British hands Maun British wrangs he righted. S. Does haughty Gault 1 But never tempt it illicit rove, Ep. to Young Friend. 6.	A better never lifted leg, Tam o' Shanter. Speak ont an' never fash your thumb. The Author's Cry and Prayer. (Deil na they never mair do guid
And never envy blot their name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3. Then at the balance let's be mute, We never can adjust it: Add. to Uneo Guid. 8. They never wi' her can compare: S. Adown winding Nith 1 A dream of ane that never wanks. S. Again rejoit. Nature 1 And break it shall 1 never, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet 1 Oh that happy hour, and shady bow'r, Can I forget it 1—Never. S. As I gaed up by 1 My heart it shall never be broken for ane. Never ranging, still unchanging, S. si I was a-wand ring 1 never ranging, still unchanging, S. S. Bonic Bell. And some great lies were never penn'd! Death and Dr. Hornbook. For never but by British hands Maun British wrangs he righted. S. Does haughty Gault 1 But never tempt it illicit rove, Ep. to Young Friend. 6.	A better never lifted leg, Tam o' Shanter. Speak out an' never fash your thumb. The Author's Cry and Prayer. (Deil na they never mair do gaid. 16. 16. The' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see; The Brigs of Ayr. 5. Then down ye'll harl, deil nor ye never rise! 16. 7. They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright. The Cotter's Sait. Night. 6. O never, never Scotia's realm desert, 16. 21. I know her heart will never change, S. The Hight. Lassie. It never fails, on drinkin deep, To kittle up our notion, The Holy Fair. 19. Of all the women in the world, I never could come at her. S. The Joyful Widowser. Ammunition you never can need; The Kirk's Alarm. 17. Scenes, never, never to return! The Lament, 10.
And never envy blot their name! Add. to Edinburgh, 3. Then at the balance let's be mute, We never can adjust it; Add. to Unoo Guids. They never wi' her can compare: S. Adacou winding Nith! A dream of ane that never wanks. And the winding Nith! A dream of ane that never wanks. And rulk kiss thee yet! S. As I Tulk kiss thee yet! On that happy hour, and shady bow'r, Can I forget it!—Never. S. As I gacd up by the My heart it shall never be broken for ane. S. As I was a-wand ring to never ranging, still unchanging, S. Bonic Bell. And some great lies were never penn'd! For never but by British hands Maun British wrangs be righted. S. Docs hanghty Gaul! Ent never tempt th' illicit rove, We may be wise, or rich, or great, But never can be blest; Ep. to Davie. 5.	A better never lifted leg, Tam o' Shanter. Speak out an' never fash your thumb. The Author's Cry and Prayer. (Deil na they never mair do guid,
And never envy blot their name! Add. to Edinburgh. 3. Then at the balance let's be mute, We never can adjust it: Add. to Unco Guid. 8. They never wi' ber can compare: S. Adown winding Nith't A dream of ane that never wanks. S. Again rejoit. Nature t And break it shall never, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet' Oh that happy hour, and shady bow'r, Can I forget it'—Never. S. As I gaed up by My heart it shall never be broken for ane. S. As I was a-wand' ring t never ranging, still unchanging, And some great lies were never penn'd: For never but by British hands Maun British wrangs he righted. But never tempt th' illicit rove, We may be wise, or rich, or great, But never can be blest: Let to Voung Friend. 0. Let to Davie. 5. At howes or hillocks never stumbled, And late or early never grumbled? Ep. to H. Parker.	A better never lifted Teg. Tam o' Shanter. Speak out an' never fash your thumb. The Author's Cry and Prayer. (Deil na they never mair do guid. 16.16. Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see; The Brigs of Ayr. 5. Then down ye'll harl, deil nor ye never rise! 16.7. They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright. The Cotter's Sait. Night. 6. O never, never Scotia's realm desert, 16.21. I know her heart will never change, 15. The Hight. Lassie. It never fails, on drinkin deep, To kittle up our notion, The Holy Fair. 19. Of all the women in the world, I never could come at her. S. The Joyful Widower. Ammunition you never can need; The Kirk's Alarm. 17. Scenes, never, nevet or teturn! The Lament. 10.
And never envy blot their name! Add. to Edinburgh, 3. Then at the balance let's be mute, We never can adjust it; Add. to Unoo Guids. They never wi' her can compare: S. Adacou winding Nith! A dream of ane that never wanks. And the winding Nith! A dream of ane that never wanks. And rulk kiss thee yet! S. As I Tulk kiss thee yet! On that happy hour, and shady bow'r, Can I forget it!—Never. S. As I gacd up by the My heart it shall never be broken for ane. S. As I was a-wand ring to never ranging, still unchanging, S. Bonic Bell. And some great lies were never penn'd! For never but by British hands Maun British wrangs be righted. S. Docs hanghty Gaul! Ent never tempt th' illicit rove, We may be wise, or rich, or great, But never can be blest; Ep. to Davie. 5.	A better never lifted leg, Tam o' Shanter. Speak out an' never fash your thumb. The Author's Cry and Prayer. (Deil na they never mair do guid, 16.16. Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see; The Brigs of Ayr. 5. Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise! 16.7. They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6. O never, never Scotia's realm desert, 16.21. I know her heart will never change, 5. The Hight. Lassie. It never fails, on drinkin deep, 16. kittle up our notion, 7. The Holy Fair. 19. Of all the women in the world, 1 never could come at her. 5. The Joyful Widower. Ammunition yon never can need; 7. The Kirk's Alarm. 17. Scenes, never, never to return 1. The Lament. 150. We never had sie twa drones; The Ordination. 10. He never was known for to idle or lurk; The Poor Thresher. And I never repine at my lot in the least, 5. The Twa Dogs. 11.
And never envy blot their name! Add. to Edinburgh, 3. Then at the balance let's be mute, We never can adjust it; Add. to Unoo Guids. They never wi' her can compare: S. Adacou winding Nith! A dream of ane that never wanks. And break it shall never, o! S. Adjain rejoic. Nature! Oh that happy hour, and shady bow', Can I forget it?—Never. Ny heart it shall never be broken for ane. S. As I gacd up by' never ranging, still unchanging, S. Bonic Bell. And some great lies were never penn'd: For never but by British hands Mann British wrangs he righted. But never tempt th' illicit rove, We may be wise, or rich, or great, But never can be blest; At howes or hillocks never stumbled, And late or early never grumbled? Ep. to Pavie. 5. Ep. to Davie. 5. And never think o' right an' wrang	A better never lifted leg, Tan o' Shanter. Speak out an' never fash your thumb. The Author's Cry and Prayer. (Deil na they never mair do guid, 16. 16. 16. Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see: The Brigs of Ayr. 5. Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise! 16. 7. They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright. O never, never Scotia's realm desert, 16. 21. I know her heart will never change, S. The Hight. Lassie. It never fails, on drinkin deep, To kittle up our notion, The Holy Fair. 17. Of all the women in the world, 1 never could come at her. S. The Joyful Widower. Ammunition you never can need; The Kirk's Alarm. 17. Scenes, never, never to return! The Lament. 10. We never had sic twa drones; The Ordination. 10. He never was known for to idle or lurk; The Poor Thresher. And I never repine at my lot in the least, 16.

Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—I must see thee never. S. Thou hast left me †	His fecket is white as the new driven snaw; S. There's a youth †
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave, An' never miss't! To a Mouse.	She's sweet as the evining among the new hay;
And never drink be near his drouth! . To Dr. Blacklock.	S. There's auld Rob† An' maething, now, to hig a new ane, To a Mouse.
But golden sands did never grace	For boons accorded, goodness ever new, To R. Graham.
The Heliconian stream; Then take what gold could never buy . To J. M'Murdo.	An' shortly after she was done
For me, an aim I never fash; To J. S., 5.	They gat a new ane. To W. Simpson. P.S.
In arioso trills and graces Ye never stray, Ib. 27.	And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan! S. What can a yng lassie!
Never may'st thou, lovely Flower, Chilly shrink in sleety shower! [re.] . To Miss C.	New-born. By her inspir'd, the new-born race
In equanimity they never dwell, To R. G. of F., S.	Soon drew the avenging steel, man; The Tree of Liberty.
May never wicked fortune touzle him! May never wicked men hamboozle him! To W. Creech.	The arches striding o'er the new-born stream; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
May never wicked men hamboozle him! . To W. Creech. And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,	New Brig. New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat,
S. Twas na her bonic blue † Yet never met with that surprise	New-ca'd [newly calved].
That broke my rest, V.s to J. Ranken.	While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,
May I never see it, may I never trow it, S. Wandering Willie.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, I. New-christening. New-christening towns far and near,
I never can please him, do a' that I can;	The Election Ballads, III.
S. What can a yng lassic † Forget him shall I never: S. When wild War's †	New-come. It chanc'd his new-come neebor took his e'e, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Fain promise never more to disobey; . Why am I loth †	New-cutted.
Bliss he never must enjoy? S. Why, why tell †	A thief, new-cutted frae a rape, . Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Never after to forsake me, . S. Will ye go and marry †	New-driven. And your life like the new driven snaw, The Kirk's Alarm. 4.
Night, where dawn shall never break, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	His feeket is white as the new driven snaw;
Your waters never drumlie! S. Ye banks, and braces, and streams +	New Holland.
departed joys, Departed never to return.	She lay like some unkend-of isle
S. Ye banks and bracs † Never-ceasing. Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry,	Beside New Holland, To W. Simpson. New Jerusalem.
Wi' never-ceasing toil; Ep. to Davie. 6.	Then to the blessed, New Jerusalem,
Never-ending.	Fleet wing awn! To IV. Creech.
Yet here I lie in foreign bands, And never ending care Lament of Mary of Scots.	New-light [doctrines opposed to orthodoxy]. To ev'ry New-light mother's son,
Never-halting.	From this time forth, Confusion: The Ordination. 14.
l'il wander on with tentiess heed, How never-halting moments speed, To J. S., 10.	Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle, The Twa Herds. 3.
	And new-light herds could nicely drub,
On ev'ry new Eirth-day ye see, A Dream.	Say neither's liein'
Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' honie white yewes. S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft t	Ye had me write you what they mean By this new-light, . To W. Simpson. P.S.
'Forhye some new, uncommon weapons, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.	But new-light herds gat sic a cowe,
To see the new [year] come laden, grouning,	An' some, their New-light fair avow, Just quite harefac'd
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin To thee and thine; Friend of the Poet †	An' when the new-light billies see them,
To thy new lover hie, S. Had I a cave †	I think they'll crouch! Ib.
Her braw, new, worset apron	A Guid New-year I wish you Maggie! A Guid New-Year †
And faith, to me, 'twas really new! Kind Sir, I ve read t	On new-year's night, when we were fou, S. Duncan Gray †
And how her new shoon fit her anid shachl't feet; S. Last May a braw wooer†	I come to wish you all a good new year! Prologue, at Th., D Or reekan on a New-year-mornin
O sing a new song to the L-, New Psalmody.	In cog or bicker, Scotch Drink. 9.
A braw new naig wi' the tail o't a' rottan, S. O ken ye what Meg t	New-York. But at New-York, wi' knife an fork,
Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride, And eke a braw new brechan, On W. Chalmers.	Sir Loin he hacked sma', man A Fragment. 3.
My sarks they are few, but five o' them new,	Newk v. Neuk. Newlin (newly).
Ronalds of Bennals.	Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven. [re.] S. The auld man t
She's down i' the grove, she's wi' a new love, S. Saw ye my Phely.	Newly. O my Luve's like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June; S. A Red, Red Rose.
How this new Play and that new Sang is comin? Scots Prologue.	With fleeces newly washen clean, S. On Cessnock banks †
I'll wad my new plengh-pettle,	Newly-gathered.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15. New Brig was buskit in a braw, new coat, The Brigs of Ayr.	Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits, Despondency, an Ode. 3.
Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d-d new Brigs and	News. 'Come, gies your news! Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11. 'Waes me for Johnny Ged's-Hole now'
Harbours	Quoth I, 'if that that news he true!' 10. 23.
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.	The news o' princes, dukes and earls, Pimps, sharpers, bawds and opera-girls; Kind Sir, I've read t
Gars auld claes look amnist as weel's the new; Ib. 5.	So gratefu', back your news I send you, Ib.
And there will be Wigton's new sheriff, The Election Ballads. III.	When Love and Beauty heard the news, The Fête Champetre.
And your life like the new driven snaw, The Kirk's Alarm. 4.	There's no a heart in a' the land, But's lighter at the news o't. S. The noble Maxwells †
Or tell what new taxation's comin, The Twa Dogs. 18.	There's news, lasses, news, Gude news I've to tell, S. There's news, lasses t
There's scarce a new herd that we get,	Till some bit callan bring me news
But comes frae 'mang that cursed set, The Twa Heras. 11.	That you are there, . To Mr. J. Kennedy. Your news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir,
Might there have learnt new mysteries of his art; The Vowels. And every new cork is a new spring of joy; The Whistle.	To Capt. Riddel.

The niest came in a sodger hoy,

The Election Ballads. I.

niest the fire, in auld, red rags, Ane sat;
The folly Beggars. R. I. Next. The next in succession, I'll give you the King,

At Micet. of D. Volunteers. And the next flowers, that deck the spring.

Bloom on my peaceful grave. Lament of Mary of Scots. . . Ib. R. IV. Then niest outspak a raucle Carlln, Niest day their life is past enduring. The Twa Dogs. 32. And next my heart I'll wear her, S. My Love's a winsome t But he wan my heart's consent, To he his ain at the neist meeting. Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn. The Whistle, 13. S. As I cam dert Nibble. Has cost thee monie a weary nibble! To a Mouse. Wee [Miller] neist, the Guard relieves, The Holy Fair. 17. Nibbling. To Terraughty. If neist my heart I dinna wear ye . . . Was ae day nibbling on the tether. The Death of Mailie. Nieve [the fist]. Nice. The cudgel in my nieve did shake, Add to the Deil & The nice yellow guineas for me. S. Awa' wi' yr. witchcraft t Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred. We've all things that's nice, and mostly in season, Impromptu. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26. Till skin in blypes cam haurlin Aff's nieves Halloween, 27. Jenny, I'll nae mair he nice, . S. lockey fou, t Or glaikit Charlie got his nieve in : Kind Sir. I've read t Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice; . . S. O Tibbic! + But just the ponchie put the nieve in, Second Ep. to Davie. weet their weason Wi' liquors nice, Scotch Drink. 11. But just the poneme put the meve in.,

Then han' in nieve some day we'll knot it.

Third Ep. to J. Lap.. The corps is no nice of recruits; . . The Kirk's Alarm. I doubt it's hardly worth the while, To be sae nice wi' Robin. . To a Haggis. His nieve a nit: S. There was a lad t O' nice education but sma' is her share; Clap in his walie nieve a blade, He'll mak it whissle; . Ib. S. You wild mossy mountains t Her walie nieves, like midden-creels, S. Willie Wastle. Nicest. Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care, Nievefu' [a fist-full]. Ep. fr. Esopus. Their worthless nievefu' of a soul, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 17. Niffer [an exchange]. Some o' you nicely ken the laws, To round the period an' pause, The Author's Cry and Prayer, Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd And shudder at the niffer, Add. to Unco Guid. 3. The Jolly Beggars. S. V. An' O sae nicely's we will fare! Niger (a negrol. And new-light herds come micery with, And new-light herds come micery with, Nicholson. Peg Nicholson was a good hay mare, El. on Peg Nicholson. And new-light herds could nicely druh. The Twa Herds. 8. How graceless Ham leugh at his Dad, Which made Canaan a niger; . The Ordination, a. Nigh. Haste, gie her name up i'the chappel,
Nigh unto death; Letter to J. Goudie. Nick fa name for the devill. Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie, . Add, to the Deil. And aft as chance he comes thee nigh, . Poem on Life. O, to see auld Nick gaun hame, A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh him, Poor Mailie's El.. And Charlie's faes before him! S. Come boat me d'er. Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin, Straught to auld Nick's, Life's meridian flaming nigh, . . Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Et. to I. R. Ah! Nick, ah Nick it is na fair, . . · Poem on Life. Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie By night or day. A Dream. 10. There sat auld Nick, in shape o' heast: Tam o' Shanter, 11. Ae night, at tea, began a plea, A Fragment. He met wi' auld Nick, wha said, how do ye fen? Ae night the Storm the steeples rocked, A Winter Night. 2. S. There liv'd ance a carle t And not less anxious sure this night than ever, Add, sp. by Fontenelle. Wi' auld Nick there's less danger; . . To a Painter. " Crummie's Nick [a notch cut Into anything; . Add. to the Deil. 7. Ae dreary, windy, winter night, natural markings on cows' horns]. nicks. Her een sae bright, like stars by night, I doubt he's but a grey nick quill, . S. A. Mastrin's bonie Anne. The Twa Herds, 1.1. Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks, To Gav. Hamilton. Long, long the night, Heavy comes the morrow, S. Ay waking, O! † Lanely night comes on, A' the lave are sleepin; S. Ay waukin, O! Nick, to [cut through, break, sever sharply]. The night's haith mirk and rainy, . S. Behind you hills ! 'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed 'Sin' I hegan to nick the thread. And [age has] nights o' sleepless pain! S. But lately seen, † Death and Dr. Hornbook. 12. Ne'er sae murky blew the night S. Cauld is the c'enin blast † Ne'er sae murky blew the man of a care. A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a';

S. Contented wi' little, † Nickan (cutting). Now when ye're nickan down in' cany
The staff o' bread, Third Ep. to J. Lap... Which lately on a night hefel, Death and Dr. Hornbook, Nicket [cut; cut off]. Meet ev'ry sad-returning night, And joyless morn the same. And by fell death was nearly nicket : Friend of the poet † P.S. . Despondency, an Ode. 2. The knife that nicket Abel's craig
On Grose's Peregrinations. On new-year's night, when we were fou, . Duncan Gray t Empress of the silent night: . . El. on Capt. M. H., 14. Nickie, Nickie-ben [familiar names for the devil]. We'se gie ae night's discharge to care, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 18. So Nickie then got the auld wife on his back, S. There liv'd ance a carle 'I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud, 'This vera night; But fare-you-weel, and Nickie-ben! . Add. to the Deil, Ib., Ap. 21st. 4. Nick-nackets [curiosities]. While sordid sons o' Mammon's line He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets: Are dark as night! . 14. 16. On Grose's Peregrinations. 'Twas ae night lately, in my fun, . . Ep. to J. R., 7. Nicol. Ye maggots, feed on Nicol's brain, [re.] For IV. Nicol. To what dark cave of frozen night, Nidsdale. And there frae the Nidsdale horder,
Will mingle the Maxwell's in droves,
The Election Ballads. III. Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie; Farewell, dear mistress \$ Gane is the day and mirk's the night, S. Gane is the day t Nidsdale rade, Astray upon Nidside. . Upon that night, when Fairies light, . . Halloween. Niest, Neist [next]. Amang the rocks an' streams To sport that night. [re.] 'Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat, 'He gets his fairin!' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30. But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright, My dear, I'll come and see thee; S. Here's to the health, † But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care, I bless and praise thy matchless might. And niest my heart I'll wear her,
S. My wife's a winsome. Whan thousands thou hast left in night,

Holy Willie's Prayer. 2. How lang and dreary is the night, When I am frae my dearie; S. How lang and dreary The game shall pay, owre moor an' dail, For this, niest year. Ep. to J. R., 10. For oh, her lanely nights are lang; An' niest, my yowie, silly thing, . The Death of Mailie.

Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow: Improm, on Mrs. —'s Birthday,	The night was still, and o'er the hill
When day is gane, and night is come, . S. It was a' for t	The moon shone on the castle wa'; The night was still † The weary night o' care and grief
I think on him that's far awa',	May have a joyful morrow; S. The noble Maxwells \
The lee-lang night, and weep,	Fareweel our night o' sorrow
And at night she'll return to her nest back again. S. Lns on a Ploughman.	It was upon a Lammas night, When corn rigs are bonie, S. The Rigs o' Barley.
And winter nights were dark and rainy;	She ay shall bless that happy night, . , Ib.
S. Montgomerie's Peggy.	That happy night was worth them a',
And spen't at night fu' brawlie: S. My Collier Laddie. I rede you right, gang ne'er at night, S. My heart was ance t	I'll ne'er forget that happy night, Amang the rigs wi' Annie
Gentle Night, do thou befriend me;	Amang the rigs wi' Annie
S. Musing on the roaring t	Has little art in courting The Tarbolton Lasses.
And thou mellow mavis that hails the night fa',	The day it is short, and the night it is lang.
S. My Nanie's Awa. And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,	S. The Taylor fell t
S. Now westlin winds †	Their nights, unquiet, lang an' restless. The Twa Dogs. 30. Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring, Ib. 32.
O let me in this ae night, O Lassie, art thou t	Or lee-lang pights wi crabbet lenks
Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days, O Logan! sweetly t	Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbet leuks. Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;
the mirk night o' December, S. O May thy morn t	An' darker gloamin brought the night: Ib. 35.
O a' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer, An' a' the lang night as happy's a king.	Six hottles a-piece had well wore out the night, The Whistle. 14.
S. O merry hae I been †	The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:
By night, by day, a field, at hame, S. O were I on Parnass.	The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane; S. There's auld Rob M.
I'd feast on beauty a' the night; S. O were my love t	Thickest night surround my dwelling! . S. Thickest night †
Three blyther hearts, that lee lang night, Ye wad na found in Christendie. S. O Willie brew'd †	What is life when wanting love? Night without a morning: S. Thine am I †
And mony a night we've merry been,	Night without a morning: S. Thine am I † I mean your ingle-side to guard
But day and night my fancy's flight	Ae winter night I hird Ep. to J. Lap
Is ever wi' my Jean S. Of a' the airts t	Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night; To Clarinda.
One night as I did wander, S. One night as I †	In Paisley John's that night at e'en, To meet the Warld's worm; To Gav. Hamilton.
And ushers the long dreary night; Poet. Add to Tytler.	And thre' disastrons night they darkling grone.
Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear, As on this night, I've met these judges here!	And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope, To R. C. of F., 7.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Or Winter howls, in gusty storms, The lang, dark night! . To W. Simpson.
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow, Cheerless night that knows no morrow. S. Raving winds †	And sweet is night in autumn mild, S. Twas even-the dewy t
That merry night we get the corn in, . Scotch Drink. 9.	And lang's the night frae e'en to morn, S. Up in the morning.
Or dark as misery's woeful night Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Here this night if ye remain, S. Wha is that at t
Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky: S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st †	The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld, S. What will I do gin †
I could wake a winter night.	Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild, S. When o'er the hill †
For the sake of Samebody S. Somebody.	Tife is but a day at most
And find at night a sheltering cave, S. Streams that glide † As he frae Ayr ae night did canter, Tam o' Shanter. 2.	Sprung from night, in darkness lost; Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter, . Tam o' Shanter. 2. The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter; Ib. 5.	Night, where dawn shall never hreak,
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane, Ib. 7.	In uproar and riot rejoice the night long; Ye true " Loyal Nat.s" †
And sic a night he taks the road in,	An' ay the night comes round again,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in	When in his arms he taks me a': . S. Young Jockey t
That night, a child might understand. The Deil had husiness on his hand	Night-troubled.
my . * 1 a suffer d in the case	I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist, S. There's auld Rob M.
Ae night, within the ancient hrugh of Ayr The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	Nighted. An' nighted Trav'llers are allur'd To their destruction. Add. to the Deil. 12.
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore: Ib.	Nightly.
This night his weekly moil is at an end,	Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way, . Add. to the Deil. 5.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	And a' my nightly dream, S. Ah, Chloris †
And mind your duty, duely, morn and night! Ib.	Nae nightly bogle make it [the hower] eerie; S. By Allan Stream †
But O! I was a waefu' man Ere toofa' o' the night The Election Ballads. V.	Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays, Halloween. 25.
from the shades of death's deep night, Ib. VI.	Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day.
And spent the chearful, festive night;	Are with him that's far away. S. How can my poor heart?
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	Her teeth are like the nightly snow When pale the morning rises keen,
But long ere night cut down it lies All wither'd and decay'd The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.	S, On Cessnock banks † Sett. II.
The gloomy night is gath'ring fast, S. The gloomy night t	While nightly breezes sweep the vines, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A	Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry Tam o' Shanter. 9.
Each night and morn with voice imploring, This wish I sigh: The Hermit.	Or, by the reaper's nightly beam, The Petition of Br. Water.
Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane, The Holy Fair. 27.	An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly,
Ae night at e'en a merry core The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	I on the questions targe them tightly; The Inventory.
at the Level short To their health that night.	With Woe I nightly vigils keep,
10. 11. 711.	when my nightly couch I try
An' shor'd them Dainty Davie O' hoot that night Ib.	Reep watchings with the inglicity and
All thus the Muse suggested	And nightly to my bosom strain The honie lass o' Ballochmyle. S. Twas even—the dewy t
And at night, in barn or stable, Hug our doxies on the hay	Nimble. That faith, the youngsters took the sands Wi' nimble shanks, To W. Simpson. P.S.
Fy'o day, all-bitter, brings relief,	
The Jacksons night did me enfauld.	An' drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's Nine times a week, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 20
The darksome night did life ethanid, S. The Lass that made the bed.	

Nine, the. As Phoebus and the famous Nine Were glowran owre my pen. Ep. to Davic. 11.	Ha, ha, ha, but I'll no bae him; S. The auld man
Were glowran owre my pen. Ep. to Davie. 11. The followers o' the ragged Nine, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 16. who court the tuneful nine. Fo. to R. Graham. 5.	Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen; S. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 16.	An' no to rin an' wear his cloots, . The Death of Mailie
	That what is no sense must be nonsense. The Kirk's Alarm
Nine, Nines, to the [to perfection].	The corps is no nice of recruits;
Thou paints auld nature to the nines, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	They're no sae wretched's ane wad think; The Twa Dogs. 13
'Twad please me to the Nine. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	and there we'll no be seen, S. There grows a bonie brier
Nine-pin. They hough'd the Clans like nine-pin kyles	ye'll no be right, Till ye've got on it, To a Louse Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet, . To a Mountain-Daisy
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	But Mousie, thou art no thy-lane, To a Mousie
Nine-tail, Nine-tail'd.	You'll tak it no uncivil:
But ha'd your nine-tail cat a wee, Epit. on Holy Willie.	But no sae weel a stranger
Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays! The Ordination. 11	It's no I like to sit an' swallow, To Mr. J. Kennedy
Ninety-five. 'Twas in the seventeen hundred year	I get it no ae day in ten To Mr. P. Stuar
O' Christ and ninety-five, . The Election Ballads. V.	An' may a bard no crack bis jest . To Rev. J. M'Math
Nip. (And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast	God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd be,
Did nip a fairer flower.) To Chloris. Nipt. Ere the spoiler had nipt thee in blossom,	My memory's no worth a preen; . To W. Simpson. P.S. Up in the morning's no for me, . S. Up in the morning
On Death of fav. Child.	'Na, na,' quo' 1, 'I'm no for that, . What ails ye now
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,	No more. At present we will ask no more, A Grace
That nipt my flower sae early! S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t	In Heaven itself, I'll ask no more,
Nit [nut].	Than just a Highland welcome. A Verse on being Hosp. Entertained
To burn their nits, an' pou their stocks, . Halloween. 2.	Ye cease to charm; Eliza is no more. El. on Miss Burne.
The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet nits	Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore no more, Ep. fr. Esopus
She gies the Herd a pickle nits,	Till fears no more bad sav'd me: S. Farewell, thou stream
His nieve a nit;	We part to meet no more! . S. From thee, Eliza
Nith. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, A Vision.	To prove our loyal truth-we can no more; . Frag. of Odd
Adown winding Nith I did wander, [re.]	The Friend we trust; the Fair we love; And we desire no more Grace after Dinne:
S. Adown winding Nith	The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more.
the banks of winding Nith, As on the banks † The Nith shall rin to Corsincon, S. Does haughly Gaul †	Lament, on leaving Nat. Lane
But now she's floating down the Nith, [re.]	No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander, . It
El. on Peg Nicholson.	No more shall my arms cling with fondness around her, It
But Nith maun be my Muse's well, S. O were I on Parnass. †	No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast, . It And joy shall revisit my bosom no more It
The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream, On Lincluden.	And joy shall revisit my bosom no more
Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait On seeing wounded Hare.	You can be no more, you know S. Let not woman
But sweeter flows the Nith to me, S The Banks of Nith.	With the hand and heart of my wee thing,
How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,	No more at my fate I'll repine. S. My Love's a winsome And are they of no more avail,
There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith	Ten thousand glittering pounds a year?
The Election Ballads. I. Then up spak mim-mou'd Meg' o' Nith, Ib.	Ode to Mem. of Mrs
The Laddies by the banks o' Nith Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie; S. The Laddies by †	No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains On secing wounded Harr
Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie; S. The Laddies by †	No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
To thee, lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains, S. To thee, lov'd Nith †	Till Fate the curtain drops on worlds to be no more.
I love thee, Nith, thy banks and braes,	Prologue, sp. by Woods No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more,
by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river.	Sonnet, on Death of R.
Nithside. S. True hearted was he †	The Wretched have no more to fear: S. The gloomy night
Dowie she saunters down Nithside, . Ep. to H. Parker,	I asked no more but a Sodger laddie.
Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide!	Grant me but this, I ask no more,
Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side. Wr. in Friars-Carse H	Ay rowth o' rhymes To J. S., 2.
No. An' saying aye or no's they bid him: The Twa Dogs. 22.	Noble. An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid; A Ded. to G. H
No [not]. Had I no got greeting, my heart wou'd hae broken; S. As I was a-wand ring †	Yet aft a ragged Cowte's been known, To mak a nohle Aiver; A Dream. II
An' no forgetting wabster Charlie, Auld comrade †	That day, ye was a jinker noble, . A Guid New-year t
A man may drink and no be drunk:	Thou was a noble Fittie-lan',
A man may fight and no be slain; S. Duncan Davison.	Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
I'll no say, men are villains a'; Ep. to Young Friend. 3. It's no in titles nor in rank; [re.]	Can harhour, dark, the selfish aim. A Winter Night.
It's no in titles nor in rank; [re.] Ep. to Davie. 5. I'se no insist; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 15.	And gie their bides a noble curry, Adam A—'s Praye. Architecture's noble pride Add. to Edinburgh.
But, thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate Ib., Ap. 21st, 14.	Architecture's noble pride . Add. to Edinburgh. I view that noble, stately Dome,
And no neglect	I threw a noble throw at ane; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 1
no to roose you, Ye may be proud, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.	If thou a noble sodger art, El. on Capt. M.H., Eps
She's no the Lass for me S. Handsome Nell.	A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
And no for ony guid or ill Holy Willie's Prayer.	Is sure a noble anchor! . Ep. to Young Friend. It
She'll no be half sae saucy yet. S. My love she's but †	a bero bold, Of noble enterprise, John Barleycom
O this is no my ain lassie, S. O this is no my ain † It's no the frosty winter wind,	My noble master lies in clay; . Lament for Glencairs Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
It's no the driving drift and snaw;	Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
S. Oh, how can I be blythe †	Hard upon noble Maggie prest, . Tam o' Shanter. 18
And faith ye'll no be lost a whit, On W. Chalmers.	That Architecture's noble art is lost! The Brigs of Ayr. 7
It's no the loss o' warl's gear, Poor Mailie's El	The like has been that you may wear
There are no mony poets sae braw, man. Ronalds of Bennals.	A noble head of horns The Cal

Or noble Elgin beets the heaven-ward flame, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13. Here's a noble Earl's	Nodding, -In, We're a' noddin, nid nid noddin, We're a' noddin at our house at bame;
Fame and high renown, . The Election Ballads. IV.	S. Gudeen to you Kimmer † Deil tak Kate An' she he na noddin too!
The Murray's noble name!	Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels.
Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble Name,	Fragment inser. to Fox.
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.,	yellow Autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
Come, will ye court a noble lord, . S. The Fête Champetre.	Noddle. The Brigs of Ayr.
My Lord, I know, your noble ear Woe ne'er assails in vain; . The Petition of Br. Water,	Noddle. The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle, Fair play, be car'd na deils a boddle. Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Would then my noble master please	Fair play, be car'd na deils a boddle. Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Would then my noble master please To grant my highest wisbes,	There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
In many a noble squadron; . The Jolly Beggars, S. VI.	There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle, Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle. The Brigs of Ayr. 5.
The noble Maxwells and their Powers S. The noble Maxwells †	My barmie noddle's working prime, To J. S., 4.
To follow the noble vocation; . S. The sons of old Killie.	Nolse. Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise, A Fragment. 6.
Or tore, with noble ardour stung,	Make, all and every one, A joyful noise, New Psalmody.
The Sceptic's bays. The Vision. D. II. 6.	To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
three noble chieftains, and all of his blood, . The Whistle.	The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Let's sing about our noble sels; . Third Ep. to J. Lap.	With a' his poise an' can'rin to With a' his poise an' can'rin to With a' his poise an' can'rin to With India Barrane C. VI
'Twas noble, Sir; 'twas like yoursel, . To Mr. M'Adam. Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust; To R. G. of F., 9.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. Run de'ils for rantin' an' for poise; With a' bis noise an' cap'rin; We folly Beggars. S. VI. To see them come round me with prattling noise,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust; To R. G. of F., q. Whose is that noble, dauntless brow? V.s under Picture.	S. The Poor Thresher.
His guardian seraph eyes with awe	the Reaper's rustling noise, The Vision. D. 11. 15.
The noble ward he loves	chearfu' tankards foamin, An' social noise; To J. S., 14.
Noble-minded.	Noiseless. With noiseless step and taper bright, On Lincluden.
Not high-born, but noble-minded, S. Sweetest May †	Noisy. What are their noisy pleasures? S. Mark yonder Pompt
Nobleman.	Alike a foe to noisy folly.
A Nobleman liv'd in a village of late, S. The Poor Thresher. One evening this Nobleman, taking his walk,	And brow-hent gloomy melancholy, The Hermit.
Did meet the poor Thresher and freely did talk; Ib.	The noisy domicile of pedant pride; The Vowels.
The Nobleman hearing him what he did say, Ib.	None. 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, And none but he. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 15.
They all went to dine at the Nobleman's hall Ib.	For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed.
But such Nohlemen there's but few to be found , Ib.	Monody, on a Lady.
Nobler. I sing his name and nobler fame, Wha multiplies our number Nature's Law.	On right, on left, and every hand, We saw none to deliver New Psalmody.
To sing auld Coil in nobler style	Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Where every science—every nobler art—	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.
That can inform the mind, or mend the heart, Prologue, sp. by Woods.	For a lalland face be feared none, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV. Nonsense. Great lies and nonsense baitb to vend, [v.A.6]
How would his Highland lug been nobler fird, The Brigs of Ayr.	Peath and Dr. Hornbook. For it was a' but nonsense:
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred, The Vision. D. I. 15.	Nae hombast spates o' nonsense swell;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store, To Chloris.	Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Nobles. While Nobles strive to please Ye, . A Dream. 9.	Does nonseuse mend, like Brandy, when imported Scots Prologue.
Would thou hae nobles' patronage, "First learn to live without it!"	That what is no sense must be nonseose. The Kirk's Alarm.
Extem, on Commems of Thomson.	Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
But why should we to nobles jouk? The Election Ballads. II.	Waur nor their nonsense. To Rev. J. M'Math.
Noblest. As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known.	Nook. I sidling shelter'd in a nook, On dining with Daer.
Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears	To its blackest nook be has carried her ben, S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Her noblest work she classes, O: S. Green grow the Rashes.	Seek the chimney-nook of ease Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:	Noon. There [on thy bills] daily I wander as noon rises high,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.	S. Aften Water. But lang or noon, loud tempests storming
The noblest hreast adores them maist, . S. Women's Minds.	A' my flowery bliss destroy'd S. I dream'd I lay †
Nobly. Where ye may nobly rax your leather, A Guid New-year 18.	We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r, At sultry noon, my dearie O. S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
Who nohly perished in the glorious cause, Frag. of Ode.	And gaudy shew at sunny noon; S. Sac flaxen t
The generous purpose, nohly dear, S. My Mary's face †	But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
But when the heart is nobly warm.	Succeeding hopes beguil'd Sad thy tale †
The good excuse will find Rusticity's ungainly	Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness, A bowlet sits at noon. The Election Ballads. V.
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride, Or nobly die, the second glorious part:	(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears, To R. G. of F., 9.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.	In the pride of sunny noon; S. Turn again, thou
Or nobly fling the gospel club, The Twa Herds. &.	At noon the fisher seeks the glen, S. When o'er the hill t
Nocht [nothing]. But nocht in all-revolving time	Noontide. And dares the public like a noontide sun. Ep. fr. Esopus.
Can gladness bring again to me Lament for Glencairn.	The merle, in bis noontide bower, Lament of Mary of Scots.
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet As is a kiss o' Willy	I'd fan it wi' a constant gale,
	Beneath the noontide's scorching ray; S. O were my love t
And nocht can heal my bosom's smart, While, Oh, she is sae far awa S. Sae far awa.	cold successive noontide blasts Sad thy tale,†
And nocht could him quail, . S. There was a bonie lass t	Mild, calm, sereae, wide-spreads the noon-tide blaze, The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
Nod. An' I'll no gang to my bed Until I get a nod S. There's news, lasses t	The village glittering in the noontide beam
Until I get a nod S. There's news, lasses t Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow, Why am I loth	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Why am I loth	Noosing. Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Nod, to. Or where auld, ruin'd castles, gray, Nod to the moon, Add. to the Deil. 5.	Ode, to Mem. of Mrs

To Clarinda.

Epig. on -.

To a Louse.

To J. S., 7.

On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.

. On dining with Daer,

Whn can do nought but fyke an' fumble,

I marked nought uncommon,

Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd, Sic notes of wee could wanken! S. O stay, sweet warbling Nor [though, than]. Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise! Sic notes of wee count manner.

A chield's amang you, taking notes,

On Grose's Peregrinations. The Brigs of Ayr. 7. Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
Waur nor their nonsense, To Rev. J. M'Math. Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure, Thrill the deepest notes of woe, . . S. Sensibility, † Norland [north-land]. Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe, [v.A.10]

Sonnet on Death of Riddel. Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie, S. Here's a health to them t They chant their artless notes in simple guise; Erskine, a spunkie norland hillie: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14. St. Mary's, A house of great merit and note; The Election Ballads. III. He saw Misfortune's cauld Nor-west To Harmony's enchanting notes, As moves the mazy dance, man. . Lang-mustering up a bitter blast; On Scot. Bard gne to IV.1 The Fête Chambetre. North, Lord [the Statesman]. . The Kirk's Alarm. And roar every note of the damn'd. A Fragment. 6. For N-rth an' F-x united stocks, . In plaintive notes my tale rehearses Note, to. Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville, Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows, Ode, to Ment. of Mrs. -. Add. of Beelzebub. 2. And careful note each opining grace, North. The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights,

A Vision. The Vision, D. II. 10. A guide and guard. Unskilful he to note the card S. Amang the treest He fir'd a fiddler in the north . Of prudent Lore, To a Mountain-Daisy. The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the North. Noted. S. Caledonia. So noted for drowning of sorrow and care; The Whistle. 10. Is he south, or is he north? . S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.t Far kend an' noted is thy name ; . . Add. to the Deil. 3. Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North, S. My heart's in the Highlands † Who, noteless, steals the crouds among, A Bard's Ebit. Out over the Forth I look to the north. Nothing. 'Twould vamp my hill, said I, if nothing better; Add. sp. by Fontenelle. But what is the north and its highlands to me? S. Out over the Forth †
The chase gaed frae the north, man;
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Said, nothing like his works was ever printed; . . . Ib. As to the north I bent my way,
S. The Lass that made the bed. 'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown; I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd, S. Farewell, thou stream † Or when the North his fleecy store Nothing could resist my Nancy: . . S. One fond kiss, t Drove thro' the sky, The Vision, D. II. 13. Be they wise, he they foolish, is nothing of mine; I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North, . The Whistle. Poet. Add. to Tytler. He's comin frae the North that's to fancy me,
S. There grows a bonie † Notice. The Devil got notice that Grose was a dying,

Epig. on Capt. Grose. Cauld blew the bitter-biting North Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread Are actice takin! . Upon thy early, humble birth; . To a Mountain-Daisv. . To a Louse. Or, the stormy North sends driving forth, See wha taks notice o' the hard! . . To Mr. M'Adam. The blinding sleet and snaw: . Winter. Notic'd. -'t. Northern. She notic't na, an aizle brunt From some of your northern deities sprung: . S. Caledonia. Her braw, new, worset apron Out thro' Halloween, 13. (What breast of northern ice but warms?) . Frag. of Ode. I've notic'd on our Laird's court-day, The Twa Dogs. 13. luckless fortune's northern storms . S. Luckless Fortune. Notion. Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion, That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion: These northern scenes with weary feet I trace; Wr. in Kenmore Inn. The Brigs of Ayr. 8. It never fails, on drinkin deep, And hand their noses to the grunstane; A Ded. to G. H., S. To kittle up our notion, By night or day. The Holy Fair. 19. While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose! Ep. to H. Parker. It wad frae monie a blunder free us An' foolish notion: . While tears nap o et al. a. a. Your Critic-folk may cock their nose,

Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 10. This while my notion's taen a sklent, Kind Sir, I've read t To try my fate in guid, black prent; . If Venus yet had got his nose off; . Notit [noted]. I'd take the rascal by the nose Wad say, Shame fa' thee. On Grose's Peregrinations. Day an' date as under notit, . The Inventory. Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose; Poor Mailie's El.. Nought. As open pussie's mortal foes, When, pop! she starts before their nose; Ye've nought to do but mark and tell Your Neehours' fauts and folly! Add. to Unco Guid. Tam o' Shanter, 17. Trembling I dow nought but glowr, S. Blythe hac I been t While hy their nose the tears will revel, Tam Samson's El., Can yield me nought but sorrow. S. Craigie-burn Wood. . The Holy Fair, 8. When by the plate we set our nose, And a' your views may come to nought, Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowket; The Twa Dogs. 6. Ep. to Young Friend. 2. My sooth ! right hauld ye set your nose out, To a Louse. And nought but peat reek i' my head, Et. to H. Parker. An anxious e'e 1 never throws There's nought but care on ev'ry han' To I. S., 25. S. Green grow the Rashes. Behint my lug, or hy my nose; I'll cock my nose aboon them a', . . To Mr. M'Adam. Ye're nought hut senseless asses, O: . . . Ib. Her nose and chia they threaten ither; S. Willie Wastle. Nought of ill may come thee near, S. Hark! the mavis' t Nostrum. Nought but griefs with me remain. S. Jockey's ta'en the t Ia guid time comes an antidote But nought can glad the weary wight Against sic poosion'd nostrum; . . The Holy Fair, 16. That fast in durance lies. Lament of Mary of Scots. Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,

Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford. That gars the notes of discord squeel, Add, to Toothache. Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note, . Ep. to J. R., 9. Is nought to what poor she endures S. O Lassie, art thou t In notes of sweetest melody
They hail the charming Chloe: S. It was the charming † Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd,
Sic notes of woe could wanken! S. O stay, sweet wark, t The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo hore the notes along. . Lament for Glencairn. The frost that freezes the life at my breast, Is nought to my pains from thee, Oh. S. Oh, open the door †

The mavis mild wi' many a note, Lament of Mary of Scots.

Lns on Mrs. Kemble.

At Yarico's sweet notes of grief, The rock with tears had flow'd. .

But a' the pride of Spring's return Can yield me nought but sorrow. S. Sweet fa's the eve t	Nurst. Forby sax mae, I've sell't awa, That thou hast nurst; A Guid New-year † 15. nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed, The Brigs of Ayr.
Again Thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men, 'Return ye into nought!' The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps. He hated nought but—to be sad, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	Nut-brown.
And nought but his labour to keep them up all. The Poor Thresher.	Her nut-brown hair, beyond compare, S. As I gaed up by † Nymph.
Frae morn to een it's nought but toiling, At baking, roasting, frying, boiling; The Twa Dogs. 9.	Hail Poesie! thon Nymph reserv'd! Poem on Pastoral Poetry. O. In rueful apprehension enter'd O The Vowels.
An' nought but his han'-daurk, 1b. 10.	Oak. And stately oaks their twisted arms,
And my daddie has nought but a cot-bonse and yard: S. There's auld Rob†	Threw broad and dark across the pool: As on the banks t
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain, To a Mouse. We heard nought but the roaring linn, S. What will I do gin t	As soon the rooted oaks would fly Before th' approaching fellers. The Election Ballads, VI.
Nourish. It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree; S. O meikle thinks my love t	Let Britain boast her hardy oak, . The Tree of Liberty. Oar. Suspend their dashing oars to bear On Lincluden.
Novel. O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles, O leave novels†	Oath. And they bae sworn a solemn oath [re] John Barleycoru. By your dear self!—the last great oath I swear, To Clarinda.
chill November's surly blast . Man was made to Mourn.	Obedience. If 'tis still the lordly word, Service and obedience; S. Husband, husband †
November hirples o'er the lea, On Birth of Posth. Child. That frae November till October,	To give obedience due: Nature's Law.
Ae market-day thou was nae sober; . Tam o' Shanter. 3. November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;	Obedient. Meanwhile I am, respected Sir, Your most obedient. Ep. to J. R.
I married with a scolding wife	Obey. Yet sure those ills that wring my soul Ohey Thy bigh behest. A Prayer under Anguish.
The fourteenth of November; S. The Joyful Widower. Now. And humbly begs you'll mind the important—Now!	"One of two must still obey, . S. Husband, husband † The youngkers a' are warned to obey; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6. Object.
Prologue, at Th., D. Now's the day, and now's the hour, S. Scots, wha ha'e t	
Let us th' important now employ, And live as those who never die. Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Sweet early object of my youthful vows, Once fondly lov'd † Objection. An'if ye mak' objections at it, Third Ep. to J. Lap
Now an' then.	Oblige. Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays, They persecute you all your future days!
And ev'ry now an' then, he says, 'Hemp-seed I saw thee,	Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Which will oblige your bumble debtor, S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.†
Nowt, Nowte [cattle]. Observe the very nowt an' sheep,	S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. † Obliging. Obliging Vulcan fell to work, To J. Taylor.
How dowff an' dowie now they creep; . El. on Year 1788. Few men o' sense will doubt your claims	Oblivion. And to dark Oblivion join thee! S. Raving winds † O' boot [to boot] v. Boot.
To rank amang the Nowte The Calf. For we're not to be bought or sold	Obscure. Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round: Lament for Glencairn.
Like naigs and nowt, and a' that. The Election Ballads. II.	all obscure, unknown, and poor, S. My father was a farmer †
Wee Davock hauds the nowt in fother The Inventory. To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt; . The Twa Dogs. 23.	For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure, My stomach's as proud as them a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.
Number, And ranked plagues their numbers tell, In dreadfu' raw, Add. to Toothache.	For a' that, and a' that, Our toils obscure, and a' that, S. The Honest Man.
I sing his name and nobler fame, Wha multiplies our number	Till curst with Age, obscure an' starvin, . To J. S., 19.
Number, to. Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	On this ane's dress, an' that ane's lenk,
Only to number out a villain's years! . To R. Graham.	They're makin observations; The Holy Fair. 20. Guid observation they will gie them; . To W. Simpson. P.S.
Number'd. Long since, this world's thorny ways	Observe. Observe wha's standing wi' him Epit. on Holy Willie.
Had number'd out my weary days, . Ep. to Davic. 10. The drowsv Dungeon-clock had number'd two.	Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter Is naething but a 'moonshine matter; To W. Simpson. P.S.
The Brigs of Ayr. 3. when ye're number'd wi' the dead, The Calf.	Observ'd. Observ'd ye yon reverend lad
This Hal for genius, wit, and lore, Among the first was number'd; The Dean of Fac	Mak faces to tickle the Mob; The Jolly Beggars. S. III. Oft has thy silent-marking glance Observ'd us, The Lament.
When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care? S. The small birds †	Observin.
Numbering.	Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin; . To J. S., 19. Occasion.
Numbering ev'ry bud which nature Waters wi' the tears of joy S. Sleep'st thou,† Numbers.	Discount what scant occasion gave, Add. to Uneo Guid. 3.
Could artful numbers move thee, S. Could aught of song	Occupation. O how shall I, unskilfu', try The Poet's occupation? S. Lovely Davies. I've travell'd round all Christian ground
My wailing numbers. El. on Capt. M. H., 3. In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd. To Miss Graham.	In this my occupation; . The Jolly Beggars. S. VI. Ocean. The evining gilds the Ocean's swell; S. Bonie Bell.
Numerous, - rous.	The billows on the ocean [type of woman] S. Deluded Swain †
O' a' the num rous human dools, Add. to Toothache. Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,	A boundless ocean's roar; But boundless oceans, roaring wide, S. From thee, Eliza t
Nuptial.	Ocean's ebb, and ocean's flow; S. Let not woman to Louis what reck 1 by thee,
Are frae their nuptial labors risen: A Ded. to G. H., 14. Nurse. That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,	Or Geordie on his ocean? . S. Louis what reck I† Musing on the roaring ocean,
Nursing.	Which divides my love and me: S. Musing on the roaring † O'er life's rough ocean driven, O Thou dread Pow'r †
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm Tam o' Shanter. Nursling.	like ocean's roar When all his wintry billows pour Against the Buchan Bullers. The Election Ballads. VI.
I, wi' my sweet nurslings here, . S. O Logan! sweetly †	And Tweed rins to the ocean S. The Union.

Tho' mountains rise, and deserts howl,	O'erlabour'd.
And oceans roar between; S. Tho crnel fate †	See, yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight.
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd! To a Mountain-Daisy.	30 abject, mean and vile, . Man was made to Mourn.
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil Besouth Magellan To W. Simpson,	O'erlay [a cravat, or neckcloth]. And I will dress his o'erlay; S. The Ploughman
Och! And och! that's nae r-g-n-r-t-n! [v.A.29] A Ded. to G. H.	And I will dress his o'erlay; . S. The Ploughman † O'erlook.
But Och, mankind are unco weak, Ep. to Young Friend. 3.	An sic a Lord-lang Scotch ells twa.
But Och! it hardens a' within,	Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a', . On dining with Daer
But Och! that night, among the shaws, And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd, Halloween. 24.	Propriety's cold, cautions rules Warm fervour may o'erlook; . Rusticity's ungainly
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	O'ermatching.
Och, ho! the day! Searching auld	Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, A rustic Bard The Vision. D. II. 21.
But Och! they catch'd bim at the last, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	O'erpay. Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all!
Ochils. Where, hraving angry winter's storms.	In vain wid Prudence
The lofty Ochils rise, S. Peggy Chalmers. Ochiltree [parish in mid division of Ayrshire].	O'erpower'd. Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd; S. My father was a farmer!
Or frosts on hills of Ocbiltree Are hoary gray; To IV. Simpson. 13.	When baiginets o'erpower'd the targe, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Ochon! [alas! oh sorrow!].	O'er-side. Heave Care o'er-side! To J. S., II.
Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.	O'erspread.
Ochon, Ochon, Ochrie! The Highl. Widow's Lament.	Let lofty firs, and ashes cool, My lowly banks o'erspread, The Petition of Br. Water.
Ochon, O, Donald Ob!	O'erword [any word frequently renested the ne
Ochtertyre [Mr. Ramsay's place, near Stirling].	O'erword [any word frequently repeated; the re- frain of a song].
By Ochtertyre grows the aik. S. Blythe was she † ctober. October twenty-third, A ne'er to be forgotten day,	But prudence is her o'erword ay, . S. O poortith cauld.
On dining with Dager.	And aye the o'erword o' the spring, Was Irvine's bairns are bonie a'. The night was still †
That frae November till October,	Offence. The offence is loving thee: S. Turn again, thou
Ac market-day thou was nae sober; . Tam o' Shanter. 3. dd. They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel	Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!'
About Muirkirk. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4.	Offended. Why am I loth;
I must needs say, comparisons are odd. The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	Thee, dear maid, have I offended? S. Turn again, thou;
din. Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore, S. Caledonia.	Offer. But thought I might hae waur offers, [re.]
er. An' I'll kiss thee o'er again; S. An' I'll kiss thee yet	S. Last May a braw wooer
"Is o'er ayont the water:" S. Had I the wyte †	Offer, to. S. Will ye go and marry
I'm o'er young to marry yet, S. I'm o'er young t	And if he offers to rebel.
I'm o'er young, my mammy says,	Just heave him in [to hell]. Adam A-'s Prayer.
And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	I'm tauld he offers very fairly, Auld comrade And offers, bliss to give and to receive. Prologue, at Th., D.
He ca't the girrs out o'er us a'; . S. The Cooper o' cuddy †	Off ring. To thee this votive off ring I impart,
'er-arching.	Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Bewitchingly o'er arching Twa laughing een o' bonie blue S. Sae flaxen †	Office. I wear away My life, and in my office holy Consume the day. The Hermit.
O'er-arching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves.	Ulispring.
The Bries of Avr. 8.	Unmindful tho' a weeping wife, And helpless offspring mourn. Man was made to Mourn.
'ercast. No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray; Blest be M'Murdo †	And helpless offspring mourn. Man was made to Mourn. But come, all ye offspring of folly so true, Monody, on a Lady. She, who her lovely Offspring eyes
Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky: S. Sleep'st thou, †	
The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast, Winter.	With tender hopes and fears, . O Thou dread Pow'r t Oft. oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea, S. Afton Water.
'ercome.	Oft have ye heard my canty strains: El. on Capt. M. H., II.
Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes bim At times The Holy Fair. 17.	And oft a more endearing band, Ep. to Davic. 10.
Partly wi' Love o'ercome sae sair, An' partly she was drunk: The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow, Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
erflow. Then fill up a humper and make it o'erflow,	Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life;
S. No Churchman am I †	Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow, S. Fate gave the word †
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows, Ode to Mem. of Mrs. — Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains;	Though oft I turned the wistful eye, Lament for Glencairn. How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	Monody, on a Lady.
The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy, The Cotter's Sat. Night, 8.	He oft has wrought me meikle wae; . S. O lay thy loof
'erflowing. Come, let us sweep them off, said they, Like an o'erflowing river. New Psalmody.	Who for her favour oft had su'd, S. On a bank of flowers† Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait On seeing wounded Hare. Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to gave
'er-gang [to over-go, to master].	Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save,
If ye gie a woman a' her will,	On Death of Sir I. Blair
Gude faith she'll soon o'er-gang ye. S. O ay my wife she dang.	Hate, envy, oft the Douglas hore : On the Duke of Queensberry.
'erhang, where the heetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,	as grateful nations oft have found . Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	bow oft with panting fear,
The hazel bush o'erhangs the Tbrush, S. Now westlin windst	Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land! . 1b.
Or where you grot o'erhangs the tide, S. Slow spreads the gloom †	Fate oft tears the hosom chords
ernanging.	Does she, with beart anchang'd as mine
Ve rugged cliffs o'erhanging dreary glens, El. on Miss Burnet.	Off in the vocal bowers recline? S. Slow spreads the gloom †
erhung. The foaming stream deep rouring fa's, O'erbung wi' fragrant spreading shaws.	Discussing off the wretch of human blad
O'erbung wi' fragrant spreading shaws, S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †	Oft have I met your social band, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19. Oft, honor'd with supreme command, Ib.
O'erhung with wild woods thickening green, To Mary in Heaven.	The Farewell. To St. I.'s L.,
	Oft, honor'd with supreme command, 16.

Oft has thy silent-marking glance Observ'd us, The Lament. 9.	Omnipotence.
Oft have our fearless fathers strode	Drend Omnipotence, alone, Can heal the wound He gave; Sad thy tale, †
By Wallace' side, . To W. Simpson. 11. Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran?	Vain ev'n the omnipotence of Female charms, Scots Prologue.
Why am I loth t	In all th' omnipotence of rule and power. To R. G. of F.,
Oft-attested. The oft-attested Powers above ; The Lament. 3.	O, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine! Why am I loth †
Often. I'll often greet this surging swell; You distant isle will often hail; S. Behold the hour!	Omniscient. Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.
Often hast thou vow'd that death Only should us sever; S. Thou hast left me †	On. O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie!
Oil. And gie their hides a noble curry,	S. O Kenmure's on and awa t
Wi' oil of aik Adam A—'s Prayer. We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,	Once. Know thy form was once a treasure. Elue Bonnets.
We'll rin them aff in fusion, Like oil, some day.	Baith their disease, and what will mend it, At once he tells't. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19.
The Ordination. 14. Craigdarroch hegan with a tongue smooth as oil,	The pie-bald jacket let me patch once more;
Oil'd But oil'd by thee	Ep. to R. Graham. 5. At once 'tis music,—and 'tis love! S. Here is the glen!
The wheels o' life gae down-hill scrievin,	Now Jove for once he mighty civil,
Wi' rattlin glee. Scotch Drink. 5. Old. Old Scotia's bloody lion bore: Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	Improm. on Mrs. —'s Eirth-day.
old time then was young, S. Caledonia.	And winter once rejoic'd in glory
Her grandsire, old Odio,	Monody, on a Lady.
So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying; Epig. on Capt. Grose.	What once was a butterfly gay in life's heam: Ib. Once fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear,
The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same; Extem. on IV. Smellie.	Once fondly lov'd †
That, like th' old Hebrew walking switch, eats up its neigh-	Stuart, a name once respected, . Poet. Add. to Tytler. I once was by Fortune carest,
hours: Fragment, inser. to Fox. Old winter with his frosty beard,	I once could relieve the distrest; . S. The sun he is sunk †
Improm, on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	And would to Common-sense for once betray'd them, The Brigs of Ayr,
And may his great posterity Ne'er fail in old Scotland! John Barleyeorn.	I once was a maid the I cannot tell when; The Jolly Beggars, S. II.
Never perhaps to greet old Scotland more. Lns on Back of Bank-Note.	One. True it is, she had one failing. Had ae woman ever less? Lns under Pict. of Miss B.
The greybeard, old wisdom, may boast of his treasures,	One fond kiss, and then we sever;
Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav I found that old Solomon proved it fair,	One farewell, alas, for ever! One fond kiss † Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie: The Brigs of Ayr.
S. No Churchman am I †	Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea; Ib. 7-
But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd upstairs, Ib. And faith 1 agree with th' old prig to a hair; Ib.	One cordial in this melaucholy Vale, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketch.	One and all cry out, amen! . The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow, Prologue, at Th., D.	One-and-twenty. We lived full one-and-twenty years
old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible. Reproof by Himself.	A man and wife together; . S. The Joyful Widower.
I see the old, hald-pated fellow, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	One more. I'm better pleas'd to make one more,
old Scotia's melting airs, The Brigs of Ayr. From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs, The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Than he the death of twenty. Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav
	One, two, three. Wi' hand on hainch, and upward e'e,
Dire was the hate at old Harlaw, The Dean of Fac. Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, The Farewell.	He croon'd his gamut, one, two, three, The Jolly Beggars. R.V.
Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales, S. The gloomy night t	Onie v. Ony.
Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel hand The Petition of Br. Water.	Onions. See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
But the godly old Chaplain left him in the lurch;	As ane were peelin onions! The Ordination. 12.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II. Till I met my old boy in a Cunningham fair; Ib.	Onlie. They'll step in and tak a pint Wi' Lady Onlie, honest lucky. [re.] S. A' the lads o' Thornie-buk †
What aspects old time in his progress has worn;	S. A' the lads o' Thornie-buk to Only. And fare thee weel, my only Luve! S. A red, red Rose.
Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie,	His only son for Hornbook sets, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.
S. The sons of old Killie. Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another. Ib.	A title, and the only one I claim, . Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal, . The Whistle.	Who riches only prize, S. How cruel are t And thou, my last, best, only friend, Lament for Glencairu.
Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,	Want only of wisdom denied her respect.
And gallant Sir Rohert, deep-read in old wines Ib.	Want only of goodness denied her esteem. Monody, on a Lady.
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set, . Ib. Older.	I only live to love thee S. O were I on Parnass. †
You're one year older this important day, Prologue, at Th., D	Come to my bosom, my ain only deary, S. Wandering Willie. Only known to wandering swains, On scaring Water fowl.
Olfact'ry.	My chief, amaist my only pleasure, Second Ep. to Davie.
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur, To R. G. of F., 3. Olio. Or olio that wad staw a sow, To a Haggis.	Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. [v.A.10] Sonnet on Death of Riddel.
Olinhant. But Oliphant aft made her [Common-sense] yell,	Why urge the only, one request, You know I will deny! . S. Talk not of Love t
Olive.	Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair, Tam o' Shanter.
Peace, thy olive wand extend, S. How can my poor heart t	Fit only for a doited Monkish race, The Erigs of Ayr. For Johnie is my only jo, S. The cardin o't.
Omen. Like some portentous omen; On dining with Daer. Omnipotent.	The soupe their only Hawkie does afford,
In other worlds can Mammon fail,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. He only hears and sees the war, The Election Ballads. VI.
Omnipotent as he is here? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs	are only realisting seed one

Orb

Onward. Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod, To W. Simpson, 11. With careless step I onward stray'd, S. Twas even—the devey t	Open'd. Collected Harry stood awee, Then open'd out his arm, Extem. in Court of Session.
Ony, Onie [any]. And ony De'il that thinks to get you,	She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide, S. Oh, open the door t Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet
Good Lord deceive him A Farewell. Paddy B-rke, like ony Turk, A Fragment. 5.	Till for eloquence you hail him, The Dean of Fac Opening, -'ning.
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie A Guid New-Year† like ony wahster's shuttle, Adam A—'s Prayer.	The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew, . S. Behind you hills † Fair the tiuts of op'ning rose; Delia, an Ode.
meek, As ony lamb upon the lee! S. Blythe was she† ony whiggish whingin sot, . El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.	Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is. S. Mark yonder Pomp †
But still keep something to yoursel Ye scarcely tell to ony. Ep. to Young Friend. 5.	'Sips nectar in the op'ning flower, S. O Phely † Just opening on its thorny stem:
Frae ony unregenerate Heathen, Like you or I	S. On Cessnock banks† Sett. II. Sweet to the opening day, Rosebuds bent the dewy spray; S. Phillis the Fair.
Gars ony dress look weel S. Handsome Nell. And no for ony guid or ill	I thank thee, author of this opening day! Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
Like ony common weed and vile. S. I do confess † Gi'e me love at ony price; S. Jockey fon †	No heels to hear him from the opening dun; To R. G. of F., 3. While bees delight in opening flowers; S. Where Cart rins †
Gin ye crowdie ony mair, Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away S. O that I had ne'er †	Openly. Wha fain would openly rebel, The Twa Herds. 14. Opera. At Operas an' Plays parading, The Twa Dogs. 22. Opera-girl.
For us and for our Stage, should ony spier, Scots Prologue. While by their nose the tears will revel,	The news o' princes, dukes and earls, Pimps, sharpers, hawds, and operagirls; Kind Sir, Pre read † Opinion. We auld wives' minious gie our opinions,
Like ony bead:	Solicited or no; Symon Gray † But there's Morality himsel,
Than ony ermine ever lap, . The Ans. to the Guidwife. Does ony great man glunch an' gloom? The Author's Cry and Prayer. That year I was the waest man	Embracing all opinious; The Ordination. 12. If ye should doubt the truth o' this
O' ouy man alive The Election Ballads. V. An' sour as ony slaes: The Holy Fair. 3.	It's Bessy's ain opinion! The Tarbolton Lasses. An' justifies that ill opinion, Which makes thee startle, To a Mouse.
As light as ony lambie,	Oppose. To oppose great Nature's plan? S. Let not woman! In vain the laws their feeble force oppose; To Clarinda.
As saft as ony flesh is	Oppos'd. To these what Tory hosts oppos'd The Election Ballads, VI.
To join faith and sense upon ony pretence, Is heretic, dammable error	Oppress. Alas! how aft in haughty mood, God's creatures they oppress! Ep. to Davie. 6.
Gif ye hae ony luve for me, S. The lass that made the bed. I'se ay he there, And he as canty's ony. S. The tither morn the case a dinner. Butter they ony. Tensor, The True Decay.	Oppressed, -'d, Opprest. Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
eats a dinner, Better than ony Tenant-man The Twa Dogs. 9. An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard Ib. 33. The carlin gaed thro' them like ony mad hear,	Despondency, an Ode. And much-oppressed and bruised she was; As priest-rid cattle are, El. on Peg Nicholson.
S. There liv'd ance a carle † An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it,	wi care nor thran opprest Lament of Mary of Scots.
Like ony clark Third Ep. to J. Lap I hae na ony fear To Gav. Hamilton.	The poor, oppressed, houest man Manwas made to Mourn. With love and sleep oppress'd. S. On a bank of flowers †
Wi' you I'll canter ony gate, To Mr. Renton. Syne pale like ony lily, S. When wild War's †	Oppression. See stern oppression's iron grip, A Winter Night. Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie; S. Willie Wastle† Be to the Poor like onie whunstane, A Ded. to G. H., &	S. By you castle wa' † See from his cavern grim Oppression rise,
They're better just than want ay On onie day. A Dream. 14. ont owre a stank, Like onie bird. A Guid New Year!	And throw on poverty his cruel eyes; On Death of R. Dundas. By oppression's woes and pains, S. Scots, wha ha'e t
I daur you try sic sportin, As seek the foul Thief onie place,	I saw they were resolved a' On my oppression What ails ye now † Oppressor.
I lo'e him best of onie yet S. The cardin o't. Wi' onie plastet moorlan toop: The Death of Mailie	I've seen th'oppressor's cruel smile, Lns on Back of Bank Note. With tears indignant I behold th' oppressor
And see an onie bonie lad will fancy me. S. There grows a bonie †	Rejoicing in the houest man's destruction, Tragic Frag Or [before, ere].
Like onie ditch; To a Haggis.	But or the day was done, A Dream. 15. wad na sleep For that, or Simmer
As plump an' gray as onie grozet; To a Louse. Not dreadin' onie hody, S. When first I came t	He will win a shilling, Or he spend a groat. S. Hey, the dusty miller
Ony where. Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where To J. S., 29. Ope. Lord Gregory ope thy door S. O mirk, mirk †	But laug or noon, loud tempests storming S. I dream'd I lay† Or they rehearse, in equal verse, The charms o' lovely Davies S. Lovely Davies.
Open. With open arms the Stranger hail; Add. to Edinburgh. 3. As open pussie's mortal foes,	Ye'se a' be het or I come back On Kirk of Lamington.
As open pussie's mortal foes,	O would, or I had seen the day S. The Union. Ye'll see't or lang, . The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15. And or I wad another jad,
Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett? The Election Ballads. II. I made an open fair confession, What ails ye now †	And or I wad anither jad, I'll wallop in a tow S. The weary pund. Orange. O sweet grows the lime and the orange. To Mary.
Open, to. Oh, open the door, some pity to shew, Oh, open the door to me, Oh; S. Oh, open the door	Orator. Thou first of our orators, first of our wits; Frag. inser. to Fox.
[Smith] opens out his cauld harangues, The Holy Fair. 14. Till fam'd Breadalbaine opens on my view. Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	And orator Boh is its [the church's] ruin. The Kirk's Alarm. Orb. For through your orbs he's taen his flight, El. on Capt. M. H., 14.

O Thou pale Orb, that silent shines. . . The Lament. The warld's wrack, we share o't, To R. Graham. The warstle and the care o't; . . S. My wife's a winsome. Thou orb of day! thou other paler light! Its pride, and a' the lave o't: . S. O poortith cauld t Its pride, and a tre lave o.,.

The rantin dog, the daddie o't. [re.]

S. O wha my babic-clouts† Orcades From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain. S. Caledonia. Ordained. And laws for Scotland's weel ordained; Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't! On Window at Stirling. The L-d be thankit that we've tint the gate o' But if its ordain'd I maun tak' him, The Bries of Ayr. . S. Tam Glen. O wha will I get but Tam Glen? The cardin o't, the spinnin o't. The warpin o't, the winnin o't; Order. . S. The cardin o't. The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip. May whistle owre the lave o't. [re.] The Jolly Beggars. S. V. To haud the wretch in order; . Ep. to Young Friend. S. The view o't gies them little fright. . The Twa Dogs. 15. In order, on the clean hearth-stane, . Halloween, 27. To a Louse I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't. . All mounted in good order. . . . Katharine Jaffray. In decency and order, O; . S. My father was a farmer t I'm weary sick o't late and air! . . To Dr. Blacklock.
Ye're welcome for the sake o't. . S. When wild War's! With order, symmetry, or taste unblest; The Brigs of Ayr. S. Othello, start in Hamlet, in Othello roar; Ep. fr. Esopus. A fairy train appear'd in order bright: . . . 1b. 11. Other Till Order bright, completely shine, Possessing the one shall imply you've the other. The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.. Fragment, inser. to Fox. . S. The noble Maxwells + And set them a' in order And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers : . The Jolly Beggars, R. I. And knapsack a' in order: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5. Whose sovereign statute is order; S. The Sons of old Killie. This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench, The Jolly Beggars. S. I. To lower Orders are assign'd. 'The humbler ranks of Human-kind, The Vision, D. II. 7. But what could ye other expect Of ane that's avowedly daft? Ib. S. III. Then please sir, to lea'e sir, Others. To feel the follies, or the crimes, . To Gav. Hamilton. The orders wi' your lady. . Of others, or my own! . Despondency, an Ode. 5. Ordered. The ordered system fair before her stood, Or must no tiny sin to others fall, Ep. to R. Graham. 3. Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? Ep. fr. Esopus. Ore. In richest ore the hrightest jewel set! El. on Miss Eurnet. Who hold your heing on the terms, 'Each aid the others,' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 21. Orient. Fair the face of orient day, . Delia. An Ode. Of guilt, perhaps where we've involved others; Remorse. A Frag.. Like Æsop's Lion, Burns says, sore I feel All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel. O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes S. How pleasant the banks t Thou whose bright sun now gilds you orient skies! Sonnet, wr. on Birthday. S. Streams that glide t S. Sae flaxen t Streams that glide in orient plains, Let others love the city. Ornament. Each Gothic ornament display. On Lincluden. Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet, [v.A.10]

Sonnet on Death of Riddel. But still the Patriot, and the Patriot-Bard, In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard Otherwhere. There's wit there, ye'll get there, Ye'll find nae other where. Ep. to Davie. 7. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21. Otway. The widow's tears, the orphan's cry! S. O Logan! sweetly t O! for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene, Scots Prologue. The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry Ought [aught, anything]. On Death of Sir J. Blair. Nor asks if they bring ought to hope or fear. Orra [superfluous, odd]. Sonnet, on Author's Birthday. To drink their orra dudies : . . The Jolly Beggars. R.I. Ought he can lend he'll not refus't. A Ded. to G. H., 5. Orthodox. rthodox. Orthodox, orthodox, wha helieve in John Knox, The Kirk's Alarm. If ought of thee, or of thy mammy, Shall ever danton me, or awe me, . Add. to Illegit. Child. I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4. The Tava Herds. Well fed on pastures orthodox, Ere ought thy manly courage shake; S. Highland Laddie. Orthodoxy. Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose ? Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. † Or Hunters wild on Ponotaxi, Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy. . A Ded. to G. H., 6. while ought's there, Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrivin' Second Ep. to Davie. Auld Orthodoxy lang did grapple, . Letter to J. Goudie. . The Holy Fair. 17. . The Inventory. An' Orthodoxy raibles, . Enough of ought ye like but grace; There's naethin like † See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes She's swingein thro' the city! Ought less is little, . . The Ordination. 10. But to his utmost would befriend Ought that belang'd ye. To Rev. J. M'Math. Then orthodoxy yet may prance, . . The Twa Herds, 16. Ought. Osnaburg. For you, right rev'rend O —,
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter. . . A Dream. 12. Then catch the moments as they fly, And use them as ye ought, man: A Bottle and Friend. those paths Of life I ought to shun; O't [of it]. A Prayer in Prosp. of Death. For prayin I hae little skill o't; I rule them as I ought, discreetly, . The Inventory. I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't; A Ded. to G. H., 13. Oughtlins [anything in the least]. Wha gae the whigs the power o't! S. Awa, whigs, awa. The hizzies, if they're oughtlins faussont, Add. of Beelzebub. Fient haet o't . . . Death and Dr. Hornbook. 17. Or if he was grown oughtlins douser, Kind Sir, I've read † Tho' dinna ye he speakin o't;

Ha, ha the girdin o't;

S. Duncan Gray. Ourie [shivering]. . A Winter Night . S. Duncan Gray cam't Ha, ha, the wooing o't ; I thought me on the ourie cattle, . Oursel, -sels, -sell [ourselves]. The last o't, the warst o't, That e'er he [the Deil] nearer comes oursel Ep. to Davie, 2. Is only hut to heg. . But whistle o'er the lave o't. [re.] . S. First when Maggy t 'S a muckle pity. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 2. For deil a hite o't's rotten. . For W. Nicol. Be Britain still to Britain true, For deil a lite of s rotten.

Then fareweel folly, hide and hair o't [re.]

Friend of the poet † . S. Does haughty Gaul, † Amang oursels united : They [Misfortunes] let us ken oursel; . Ep. to Davie. 7. And here's to them, that, like oursel, A pint o' the best o't, . . . S. Gudeen to you Kimmer † S. O May thy morn t An' he made unco light o't; Can push ahout the jorum; . Halloween. 16. S. In simmer when t I'll he wed come o't what will, Come draw a drap o' the hest o't yet, [re.]
S. My love she's but † An' sun oursells about the dyke ; The Jolly Beggars. S. V.

Forby turn-coats amang oursel, . The Twa Herds. 14. O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us To see oursels as others see us! To a Louse.	Overhang. The Sun that overhangs you moors, Man vous made to Mourn.
To see oursels as others see us! To a Louse. Ourselves.	Overthrow. Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow. The Election Ballads, VI.
More pointed still we make ourselves, Regret, Remorse and Shame! Man was made to Mourn.	Overtook. He overtook her in the wood, S. On a bank of flowers †
Out and in.	Overwhelming.
Duncan sigh'd, baith out and in, . S. Duncan Gray †	'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
He smell'd their ilka hole and road,	In overwhelming ruin S. Farewell, thou stream †
Baith out and in, The Twa Herds. 6.	As with a flood Thou tak'st them off With overwhelming sweep The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.
Out-cast [a quarrel].	Owe. Tho' the love that I owe to thee I darena show,
Ha'e had a bitter black out-cast Atween themsel The Twa Herds. 2.	S. My Sandy gied †
Atween themsel The Twa Herds. 2. Outdo. It is not, outdo him, the task is, out-thieve him. Frag., inser. to Fox.	Beyond comparison the worst [ills] are those That to our folly, or our guilt we owe Remorse. A Frag
Outgush'd. They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see To their gratis grace and goodness The Dean of Fac
Out-Irish.	For sense they little owe to frugal Heav'n
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze; Ep. fr. Esopus	The Ordination. Mott
Outlandish.	Owl. Or [their soul] in some day-detesting owl May shun the light. Ep. to f. L-k, Ap. 21st, 17.
A race outlandish fills their throne; On Window at Stirling.	Own. And damn a' Parties but your own; A Ded. to G. H., q.
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted? Scots Prologue. A tight outlandish Hizzie, braw, The Vision. D. I. 7.	To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Outler [outlier, unhoused, lying in the fields at	Of others, or my own! Despondency, an Ode. 5.
night].	Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan, Yet frequent all unheeded in his own. Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
The Deil or else an outler Quey,	Thy own reproach alone dost fear, Poet. Inscrip.
Gat up an' gae a croon:	Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets, . Sketch.
Outlet.	'All hail! my own inspired Bard! . The Vision. D. II., 2.
Or thro' the mining outlet bocked, A Winter Night. Outlive. Ah why should I such scenes outlive!	'All hail! my own inspired Bard! . The Vision. D. II., 2. That name, that well-worn name, and all his own, The Vowels.
Sent to a Gent. offended.	Those that sip the dew alone,
Outlustred. Her plumage outlustred the pride o' the spring, S. The heather was blooming t	Make the butterflies thy own; Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.
Out o'er.	Own, to. The pow'rs you proudly own? A Winter Night. 8.
The conscious sun, out o'er you hill, S. As I gaed up by t	"Can you—but Miss, I own I have my fears, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
And flang them a' out o'er the burn. S. Duncan Davison.	I see the Sire of Love on high,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white Out o'er the grassy lea: . Lament of Mary of Scots.	And own his work indeed divine! Add. to Edinburgh. 4.
Out o'er von moor, out o'er von moss.	And do I hear my Jeanie own, That equal transports move her? S. Come, let me take thee†
S. My Lord a-hunting †	The wretch that would a Tyrant own, S. Does haughty Gault
He ca't the girrs out o'er us a'; S. The Cooper o' euddy †	Tho' I mann own, as monie still, As far ahuse me. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 16.
Out owre [out over].	As far ahuse me. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 16.
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie Ont owre the lay A Guid New-year †	We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good? Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
An' could hae flown out owre a stank,	He hugs his chain, and owns the reign . S. Lovely Davies.
Than let them ance out owre the water; Add. of Beelzebub.	Who hut owns their magic sway, . S. My Mary's face †
The rising Moon began to glowr The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;	O wha will own he did the faut? S. O wha my babie-clouts †
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.	With grateful pride we own your many favors: Prologue, at Th., D
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shouther, Ib. 6.	Whom nuld Demosthenes or Tully Might own for brithers. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
'I wad na mind it, no that spittle 'Out-owre my beard! Ib. 10.	I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,	Yet deviating own I must,
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 2. Wi' stocks out owre their shouther: Halloween. 5.	For so approving me Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."
An' jump out owre the chimlie Fu' high 15. 7.	Own'd. Where first I own'd that virgin love I lang, lang had denied S. O mirk, mirk †
An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle Out owre Ib. 19.	"Where first I own'd my maiden love, . S. O Phely, †
Out owre the lugs she plumpet, Ib. 26.	I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me, What ails ye now †
Ont owre a glass o' Whisky-punch . Scotch Drink. 17.	Owning. owning heaven's mysterious sway, Frag. of Ode.
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale, The Ordination, 6.	Owre [too].
Out-rival'd.	Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Out-rival'd by the radiant eyes Of youthful, charming Chloe. S. It was the charming t	Owre blate to seck, owre proud to snool, . A Bard's Epit. Your Hand's owre light on them, I fear;
Of youthful, charming Chloe. S. It was the charming † Outshine. Venecring oft outshines the solid wood: Sketch.	Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
Her eyes outshine the radiant heams	An' no owre auld, I hope, to learn! . El. on Year 1788.
That gild the passing shower, Young Peggy †	Lest he owre high and proud shou'd turn, Holy Willie's Prayer.
Outshining. Has lustre outshining the diamond to me; S. You wild mossy mountains t	whyles, but ay owre late, Second Ep. to Davie
Outshone.	'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell, The Holy Fair. 23.
His rays were outshone, and hut marked where she lay. S. The heather was blooming †	Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Outspak [spoke out].	Sic game is now owre aften play'd; The Twa Dogs, 21. We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither:
Then niest outspak a rancle Carlin, The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.	To W. Simpson. 17.
Out-spreading, you moors, Out-spreading far and wide,	
Man was made to Mourn. 3.	And winna say owre far for thrice, V.s to J. Ranken.
	And winna say owre far for thrice, . V.s to J. Ranken. Owre [over; v. also, Out owre].
Outstretching. Th' outstretching lake, imhosomed 'mong the hills,	Owre [over; v. also, Out owre]. wad rair't an' risket, An' slypet owre. A Guid New-Year?
Outstretching. Th' outstretching lake, imhosomed mong the hills, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Owre [over; v. also, Out owre]. wad rair't an' risket, An' slypet owre. A Guid New-Year† To watch and premier owre the pack vile!
Outstretching. Th' outstretching lake, imhosomed 'mong the hills,	Owre [over; v. also, Out owre]. wad rair't an' risket, An' slypet owre. A Guid New-Year?

And owre the moorlands whistles shill, S. Again rejoic. Nature †	Paced. I've paced much this weary, mortal round, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O. S. Behind you hills t	Pack [intimate, familiar; "pack an' thick," on very intimate terms].
And hing us owre the ingle, Ep. to Davie.	
As Phœhus and the famous Nine Were glowran owre my pen	An' unco pack an' thick thegither; . The Twa Dogs. 6. Pack.
Were glowran owre my pen	To watch and premier owre the pack vile! Add. of Beelzebub.
The Game shall Pay, owre moor an' dail, Ep. to J. R., 10.	Ye're hut a pack o' traitor louns, . S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Or torrents owre a line, man; Extem. in Court of Session.	Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 5.
Or owre the lays, in splendid hlaze,	Wha cheerfully lays down the pack, Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him,	Hornie's turnin' chapman,
An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,	He'll buy a' the pack. The Election Ballads. IV. Whistling his [combustion's] roaring pack abroad, Ib. VI.
Whyles owre a linn the hurnie plays, 16. 25.	To lowse his pack an' wale a sang, The Jolly Beggars, R. VIII.
But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,	I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead,
Our hillie's gien us a' a jink,	S. The Kirk's Alarm. And like a poor pedlar he trudg'd wi' his pack,
An' owre the Sen. [re.] . On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	S. There liv'd ance a carle t
Whiles owre a bush wi' downward crush, On W. Chalmers. Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe, Poor Mailie's El	So Clootie was glad to return wi' his pack, 1b.
Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink,	Shou'd meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy, To Rev. J. M'Math. Pack [twelve stones of wool].
In glorious faem, Scotch Drink. 2.	To scores o' lamb's, an' packs of woo'!
Owre mony a weary hag he limpit, . Tam Samson's El. 'L—d, five!' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger; Ib.	The Death of Mailie.
Paint Scotland greetan owre her thrissle;	Pack, to. And gar the tatter'd gypsies pack, Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	May a' pack aff The Twa Herds. 17.
The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside. The Brigs of Ayr.	Packed, -'t.
Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to hank! 16.	If the virtues were pack't in a parcel, His worth might be sample for a'. The Election Ballads, III.
Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;	Now there, they're packed aff to hell, The Ordination. 12.
Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins, 1b.	Paddy. Paddy B-rke, like ony Turk A Fragment. 5.
An' owre she wars!'d in the ditch: The Death of Mailie. Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink,	Pagan.
The Election Ballads. 1.	'Mnng black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks, A Ded. to G. H., 6. Or some nuld pagan heathen, The Holy Fair. 15.
Are springan owre the gutters The Holy Fair. 7.	Page. Sad thy tale, thou idle page, Sad thy tale †
May whistle owre the lave o't. [re.] The Jolly Beggars, S. V. Then owre again the jovial thrang	The priest-like father reads the sacred page.
The Poet did request	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. Or point the inconclusive page
The Poet did request. 10. K, VIII. I kiss'd her owre and owre again, S. The lass that made the bed. Mak hacte an'turn king David owre. The Ordination 2	Full on the eye, [v,A.4] The Vision. D. II.
Mak haste an' turn king David owre, . The Ordination. 3.	That fate may in her fairest page,—enroll thy name: To a young Lady.
1 kiss'd her owre and owre again, . S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Now moths deform in shapeless tatters, Their unknown pages To J. S., S.
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl. The Twa Dogs. 5. owre the wee hit cup an platie,	Dead, even resentment, for his injured page, To R. G. of F., 5.
owre the wee bit cup an' platie,	Still may thy pages call to mind
A reekit wee deevil looks ower the wa'.	The dear, the heanteons donor: Wr. on Leaf of "H. More." Pageant. The Power, incens'd, the Pageant will desert.
S. There liv'd ance a carle to owre his French ragout, To a Haggis.	Paid v. Pay'd.
Poor devil! see him owre his trash,	Paidle (to wander about in a weak, aimless way; to paddle or walk in shallow water or in mud].
ye strunt rarely, Owre gawze and lace; . To a Louse.	to paddle or walk in shallow water or in mud].
Ye surely hae some warlock-breef Owre human hearts; To J. S.	He paidles out, and he paidles in, An' he paidles late an' early, O! S. The deuks dang o'er.
Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field,	Thro' dirt and dah for life I'll paidle, The Inventory.
to monie a tune, Owre Scotland rings, . To IV. Simpson. S.	Paidlet [paddled]. We two ha'e paidlet i' the burn, S. Should auld acquaintance t
Bum owre their treasure	Paidlin [useless].
Clean heels owre hody,	He was but a paidlin body, O! . The deuks dang o'er.
Ance lightly lap ye owre the knowe, S. Ye hae lien wrang.	Pain, Pains. Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain, May plunge an plunge the Kirn in vain;
Owrehip [striking with a forehammer by bringing it with a swing over the hip].	Add. to the Deil. 10.
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,	For oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain. S. As I was a-wand'ring t
The strong forehammer, . Scotch Drink. 11.	Nor ever daughter give the mother pain. Blest be M'Murdo †
Owsen [oxen].	And nights o' sleepless pain! S. But lately seen †
I had sax owsen in a pleugh, S. O gude ale comes † And he had owsen, sheep, and kye, S. There was a lass †	Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain; S. Contented wi' little †
And owsen frae the furrowed field	Could aught of song declare my pains, S. Could aught of song †
Return sae dowf and weary O: . S. When o'er the hill t	You, hustling and justling, Forget each grief and pain; Despondency, an Ode. 2.
And o'er the lea I lenk fu' fain When Jockey's owsen hameward ca' S. Young Jockey †	'On pain o' hell be rich nn' great, 'Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 14.
Ox. So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks, Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.	Laden with years and meikle pain, Lament for Glencairn.
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox. To R. G. of F., 7.	To see the miscreants feel the pains they give; Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.
Oxter'd [supported by another putting his arm	No view nor care but shup whate'er
under your armpit]. The Priest he was oxter'd, the Clerk he was carried,	Might breed me pain or sorrow, O: S. My father was a farmer †
S. O ken ye what Meg †	My pains o' hell on earth are past, S. O ay my wife she dang.
Page. Comes hostan, hirplan owre the field, Wi' creeping page. To J. S., 13.	The cauldness of thy heart's the cause Of a' my grief and pain, jo. S. O Lassic, art thou t
111 creeping pace 20 J. O., 25.	

Pane. In window fair, the painted pane . On Lincluden.

The frost that freezes the life at my breast, Is nought to my pains from thee, Oh. S. Oh, open the door †	Pleasnre with her siren air May delude the thoughtless pair [Youth, Love];
O what a canty warld were it,	Pair'd.
Would pain and care and sickness spare it; Poem on Life.	When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd, Add. to the Deil. 15.
Fell source o' monie a pain an' hrash! Scotch Drink. 15.	Paisley. Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn, Tam o' Shanter. 15.
By oppression's woes and pains, Scots wha ha'e	In Paisley John's, that night at e'en, To Gav. Hamilton.
Talk not of Love, it gives me pain, S. Talk not of Love †	Paitrick [a partridge].
The sole reward that crowns my pain. S. The capt. Ribband. No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, The Lament.	ye whirring paitrick brood; El. on Capt. M. H., 7.
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,	Paitrick's scraichan loud at e'en, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st.
Whene'er I hear my father's foot,	An' brought a Paitrick to the grun', . Ep. to J. R., 7.
My heart wad hurst wi' pain; The Ruined Maid's Lament.	Rejoice, ye birring Paitricks a'; . Tam Samson's El., 7.
And make his cottage-scenes beguile	The paitrick whirrin' o'er the ley, S. The Contented Cottager.
His cares and pains. The Vision. D. II. 9.	Palace. All hail thy palaces and tow'rs Add. to Edinburgh.
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain; S. There was a lass †	The lavrock shuns the palace gay,
An' lea'e ns nonght hut grief an' pain, For promis'd joy! To a Mouse.	And o'er the cottage sings; S. Behold, my love †
They drink the sweet and eat the fat,	But cheerful still, I am as well, As a monarch in a palace, O, S. My father was a farmer
But care or pain; To J. S., 17.	But now unroof'd their palace stands, On Window at Stirling.
They took nae pains their speech to balance, To W. Simpson. P.S.	And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road, The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind:
Pain, to. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.
S. My Nanie's awa.	Content and comfort bless me more in This grot, than e'er I felt before in A palace The Hermit.
Painch [paunch].	This grot, than e'er I felt before in A palace The Hermit. You palace and you gardens fine! S. The Highland Lassie.
An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in, I own is past my comprehension The Twa Dogs. 9.	By stately tow'r, or palace fair, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
Aboon them a' ve tak your place.	Their curest-counted woodlands that chirt the around naluse
Aboon them a' ye tak your place, Painch, tripe, or thairm: . To a Haggis.	Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the prond palace, S. Their groves of t
Pain'd.	The palace rising on his verdant side: IVr. in Kenmore Inn.
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd! S. The lazy mist †	Palaver. And host up some palaver On IV. Chalmers
	Pale. While o'er the Harp pale Misery moans,
Painful. Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure, S. Gloomy December.	A Ded. to G. H., 10.
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale; Ep. fr. Esopus. Pale sickness withers ilka grace, Fragment.
Paint. Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand	Beneath the moon's pale beams; Halloween.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Thon paints auld nature to the nines, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	When he grew wan and pale; John Barleycorn.
Here History paints with elegance and force, Prologue, sp. by Woods,	How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened;
To paint the lovely hapless Scottish Queen! Scots Prologue.	The moon was sinking in the west
	Wi' visage pale and wan, S. My heart was ance †
Paint Scotland greetan owre her thrissle; The Author's Cry and Prayer. 7.	Oh, cold is the blast upon my pale cheek, S. Oh, open the door t
Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction wild!	She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh; 1b.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.	Her teeth are like the nightly snow
'To paint with Thomson's landscape glow; The Vision. D. II. 19.	When pale the morning rises keen, S. On Cessnock Banks † Sett. II.
You shouldna paint at angels mair,	Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.
But try and paint the devil.	On Death of R. Dundas.
To paint an angel's kittle wark, To a Painter.	That glistens on the pale moonbeam, On Lincluden.
Painted.	pale terror roar'd , The Election Ballads, VI,
The high-arched windows, painted fair, On Lincluden.	A sight pale envy to convulse) . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
In window fair, the painted pane Ib.	Awa, thou pale Diana! . S. The gowd. Locks of A.
Painting.	O Thou pale Orb, that silent shines, The Lament.
Till painting gay the eastern skies, The glorious sun hegan to rise; S. It was the charming t.	As antumn to winter resigns the pale year. S. The lazy mist †
I taught the manners mainting strains.	Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne! . The Vowels.
I taught thy manners painting strains, The Vision. D. 11. 18.	Syne pale like ony lily, S. When wild War's !
Pair. Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide,	O pale, pale now, those rosy lips S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
For sic a pair A Gude New-Year to. Age and Want, Oh! ill-match'd pair!	Pale-fac'd. Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd; [v.A.20] A Vision.
Man was made to mourn. I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenn'd name	Paler.
May cost a pair o' blushes; On W. Chalmers.	Thou orb of day! thou other paler light! To R. Graham.
O' pairs o' guid breeks I ha'e twa, man, Ronalds of Bennals,	Pales. That e'er ye brak Diana's pales, . A Dream. 10.
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair, . Tam o' Shanter. 13.	Palmer.
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair,	Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate; Ep. fr. Esopus.
In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,	Palmers. Might fire even holy Palmers; On IV. Chalmers.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9. The parent-pair their secret homage pay, 1b. 18.	Palsied. the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age. Liberty.
And here, by sweet endearing stealth,	Paly [pale]. The paly moon rose in the livid east,
Shall meet the loving pair, The Petition of Br. Water.	Pamper'd, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
A pair o' trusty lairds, The Election Ballads. V.	pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side, A Winter Night, 7.
Wish'd unison between the pair, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	Pamphlet. He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon	Extem. in Court of Session.
Just gaun to see yon ; And ev'ry ither pair that's done, Mair taen I'm wi' you To J. S., 2.	Pan. There's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman, [re.] S. O gin ye were dead.
	And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan!
Content with you to mak a pair, Whare'er I gang. 1b. 29.	S. What can a yng lassie t
Inst like a sark, or pair o' shoon, To IV. Simpson, P.S.	Pane. In window fair, the painted pane On Lincluden.

To IV. Simpson. P.S.

Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon, .

Panegyrlc.	To help her Parents dear, if they in hardship be.
But not for panegyric 1 appear, . Prologue at Th., D. Or labour hard the panegyric close, . The Brigs of Ayr.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4. The Parents partial eye their hopeful years; Ib. 5.
Or labour hard the panegyric close, The Brigs of Ayr. A panegyric rhyme, I ween,	Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child? . 1b. 10.
Even as I was he shor'd me; The Petition of Br. Water.	Or hunt a Parent's life Wi' hludie war. S. Ye Jacobites t
Pang. Tearing my nerves wi' hitter pang, Add. to Toothache. Then let the sudden hursting sigh	Parent-earth. Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
The heart-felt pang discover; S. Could aught of song †	Thy tender form To a Mountain-Daisy.
For misery ever tholed a pang. On Window of C. Inn, F Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs Poem on Life.	And resign to Parent Earth The loveliest form she e'er gave birth To Miss C.
Or worser far, the pangs of keen remorse; Remorse. A Frag.	Parent-pair. The Parent-pair their secret homage pay,
By the pangs of lovers slighted; . S. Stay, my charmer †	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Parentage. Her parentage humble as humble can be;
Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe, The Lament. Full many a pang, and many a throe, , Ib.	S. Yon wild mossy mountains †
Oh! I pity the pangethat you endure:	Parental. hereft Of my parental care; . The Farewell. And bless the dear parental name
S. The Winter it is past	With many a filial blossom S. Young Peggy t
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms? Why am I loth † And laugh at a' the pangs I dree; S. Young Jamie †	Paris. In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a': The Belles of Mauchline.
Pang, to [to cram].	Parish.
It pangs us fou o' Knowledge The Holy Fair. 19.	Who called her verse, a parish workhouse Ep. fr. Esopus. The priest o' the parish fell in anither [fever]. S. Scroggam.
Panic. O, what a panic's in thy breastie! . To a Mouse. Panmuir. I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain,	Parishen [the parish].
Or in his en'mies hands, man:	Yet I hae seen him on a day
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Panting. Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,	The pride of a the parishen. The cardin o't. Park. There lives a lass in yonder park, S. O Tibbie!
Frologue, sp. by Woods.	But ca them out to park or hill, . The Death of Mailie.
Pantry. The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes Wad stow'd his pantry!) To W. Simpson.	Park. Sir Bard will do himself the pleasure To call at Park. Ep. to Maj, Logan. 14.
Paper [newspaper]. Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read †	Parley. Wha in a brulzie, will first cry a parley? S. Bannocks o' bear mealt
The papers are barren of home-news or foreign, To Capt. Riddel.	Parliament. An' dousely manage our affairs
Paper.	In Parliament, The Author's Cry and Prayer. Whom will you send to London town, To Parliament and a' that? The Election Ballads. II.
Sae I gat paper in a blink, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 6.	To Parliament and a' that? The Election Ballads. II.
Parade. Awa they gaed wi' mock parade, . The Tree of Liberty.	Parliamentin. Wha aiblins thrang a parliamentin,
There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,	For Britain's guid his saul indentin The Twa Dogs. 21.
The joy can scarcely reach the heart The Twa Dogs. 31.	Parlour. He in the parlour hammer'd. On dining with Daer.
Parading. At Operas an' Plays parading, The Twa Dogs. 22.	Parnassus. An' syne they think to climb Parnassus By dint o' Greek! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 12.
Paradise. Ye cam to Paradise incog, Add. to the Deil. 16.	O were I on Parnassus hill; S. O were I on Parnass. †
Without my love, not a' the charms Of Paradise could yield me joy; S. O wat ye wha's in t	My Pegasus I'm got astride, And up Parnassus pechin; On W. Chalmers.
The desart were a paradise, If thou wert there,	Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel The steep Parnassus, . Poem on Life.
The echoing wood, the winding flood,	For me, I'm on Parnassus hrink, . Second Ep. to Davie.
Like Paradise did glitter, The Fête Champetre.	And wished that Parnassus a vineyard had been. The Whistle. 11.
Parasite. The parasite [Flatt'ry] empoisoning her [Luxnry's] ear,	Nae heathen name shall I prefix
A Winter Night. 8.	Frae Pindus or Parnassus : To Miss Ferrier. Parnassian Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear, Ve'll now disdain me, To Dr. Blacklock.
Parcel. If the virtues were pack't in a parcel, His worth might be sample for a'. The Election Ballads. III.	
The Election Ballads. III. Such a parcel of rogues in a nation! [re.] . S. The Union.	Parritch, Porritch [porridge]. His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
Parch'd.	His wee drap parritch, or his bread, Thou kitchens fine. Scotch Drink. 7.
For oh! my soul is parch'd with love! . Delia. An Ode.	The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
Pardon. Your pardon, Sir, for this digression, A Ded. to G. H., 11.	Parritch-pat [porridge-pot]. And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Thy pardon I sincerely beg, Holy Willie's Prayer. 7.	Before the Flood. On Grose's Peregrinations.
Pardon, to.	An' wat ye what the parson did [re.] S. O wat ye what my
But spare and pardon my false Love. S. O mirk, mirk † (L—d pardon a' my sins an' that to!) . The Inventory.	Part.
Pardon a muse sae mean as mine, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	As Master, Landlord, Hushand, Father, He does na fail his part in either A Ded. to G. H., 5.
Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,	And now the third part o' the string,
And injured Worth forget and pardon man. Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	An' less, will gang about it
Parent. And bless the parent's evening ray . S. A Rosebud by t	And had sae fortify'd the part, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 17.
And bless the parent's evening ray . S. A Rosebud by † If he's a parent, lass or boy, . Auld comrade dear †	Less fit to play the part, Despondency, an Ode. 4.
The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee, El. on Miss Burnet.	A man may tak a neebor's part, Yet hae nae cash to spare him Ep. to Young Friend. 4.
How cruel are the parents	Ye hae your Meg, your dearest part, And I my darling Jean! Ep. to Davie. &
Who riches only prize,	That [latest] throh, Eliza, is thy part, S. From thee, Eliza,
Up to a Parent's wish	Something in ilka part o' thee
And from thee many a parent stem	He hade me act a manly part, S. My father was a farmer t
While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn,	That feeling heart but acts a part, O leave novels t
On Death of fav. Child.	Again, again that tender part, S. O stay, sweet warbling

While down the wretched vital part is driven!	Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss . S. Jockey's ta'en the
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs	And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews
But I hae one will take my part, S. Oh, how can I be blythe tye'll find him song in Some eldritch part,	At morning dawn and parting day. S. O were my love But parting wi' his fiddle,
On Grose's Peregrinations.	The saut tear blin't his e'e; S. Rattlin, Roarin Willi
Mine was th' insensate frenzied part, Sent to a Gent. offended.	Friends, that parting tear reserve it, . S. Scenes of woe
To tak their part, . The Author's Cry and Prayer, 22.	Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
Or nobly die, the second glorions part: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.	S. Slow spreads the gloom To live one day of parting love! To Mary in Heaver
While he, sub rosa, play'd his part The Election Ballads. VI.	
717	Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting, S. Wandering Willia
Were such the wife had tallen to my part, I'd break her spirit, or I'd break her heart; The Henpecked Husband.	Our parting was fu' tender; S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams
The Henpecked Husband. My part in him thou'lt share, The Farewell.	Partly.
My part in him thou'lt share, The Farewell. Loves and graces all rejected,	What's done we partly may compute,
Then indeed thou'dst act a part To Miss Fontenelle.	But know not what's resisted. Add. to Unco Guid. of Partly wi' Love o'ercome sae sair, An' partly she was drunk: The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.
sweetly female every part, . Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."	An' partly she was drunk : . The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.
Part, to.	Partner.
But fate has will'd, and we must part! S. Behold the hour	My partner in the merry core,
Is this thy plighted, fond regard Thus cruelly to part, S. Canst thou leave me †	She rous'd the forming strain. The Ans. to the Guidwife
An' faith, we'se be acquainted better	There lies the dear partner of my breast, S. The sun he is sunk Partridge,
Before we part. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 19.	The partridge loves the fruitful fells; S. Now westlin winds
Sae tickled Death, they couldna part : Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	As flies the partridge from the brake, S. On a bank of flowers
We part—but by these precions drops,	Parts.
S. Farewell, dear mistress †	Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts
We part to meet no more! S. From thec, Eliza,	An thank him kindly? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21s.
He bleez'd owre her, an' she owre him, As they wad never mair part, Halloween. 8.	May fireside discords jar a base To a' their parts! . Ep. to Maj. Logan. ;
I can die,-but canna part, S. Hark! the mavis t	She [nature] form'd of various parts the various man.
Sae droops our heart when we maun part S. Lovely Davies.	Ep. to R. Graham
O sad and heavy should I part,	whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits; Frag., inscr. to Fox
But for her sake sae far awa; S. Sae far awa. Swift from this desert let me port	(O Ferguson! thy glorious parts.
Swift from this desart let me part, S. Slow spreads the gloom †	Ill-suited law's dry, musty arts! To W. Simpson
	"As far surpassing other common villains, "As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more."
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday. When that grim foe of life below,	Tragic Frag
Comes in between to bid us part; S. The day returns †	Party. And damn a' Parties but your own; A Ded. to G. H.,
From thee, my Jeany, must I part! The Farewell.	Expect me o' your party,
As from the fondest lover part, The plighted husband of her youth? The Lament.	Party-matches. The Men cast out in party-matches, The Twa Dogs. 3:
The cruel fate should bid us part, S. The cruel fate	Pass. Ahont to beg a pass for leave to beg; To R. G. of F.
And curst be the cause that shall part us! To Mary.	Pass, to. O, pass not by! A Bard's Epin
Ae kind blink before we part; . S. Turn again, thou †	That frequent pass donce Wisdom's door
Partake. I'll partake wi' naehody; S. Naebody.	Add. to Unco Guid. 2
Our humhle cot, and hamely fare, Ye freely shall partake it, S. When wild War's †	I set me down, to pass the time, Ep. to Davie Ye Manchline bairns, as on ye pass
Parted.	To school in bands thegither, Epit. on a Wag
They parted aff careerin Fu' blythe . Halloween. 28.	In ev'ry hour that passes, O: S. Green grow the Rashes
Ent I hae parted frae my Love,	An' pass not in thy mercy by 'em, Holy Willie's Prayer. 15
Never to meet again, S. It was a' for †	Whare gor-cocks through the heather pass, S. My Lord a-hunting
When frae her than hast parted, S. O wat ye wha that loes † Never met—or never parted,	Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days, S. O Logan! sweetly
We had ne'er been broken-hearted. S. One fond kiss,	The weary winter soon will pass, S. Oh, how can I be blythe
When frae my Jeany parted,	I pass by hunders, nameless wretches,
Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted, S. Sleep'st thou,† Since my true love is parted from me	That ape their hetters. Poem on Pastoral Poetry
S. The Winter it is past †	The coward slave, we pass him by, S. The Honest Man Or in gulravage rinnin scow'r To pass the time,
And mair, we'se ne'er be parted S. When wild War's †	To Rev. J. M'Math
Partial. Still agxious to secure your partial favor,	What may pass within this hower, Let it pass, quo' Findlay; S. Wha is that at
This partial view of human-kind	And pass the heartless day Winter
Is surely not the last! Man was made to Mourn.	Passenger.
I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy, S. One fond kiss, †	Stop, passenger! my story's brief, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit
The Parents partial eye their hopeful years; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	Passing. Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign; To R. G. of F., 2.	Each passing year! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 18 "The passing moment's all we rest on!"
Particular.	Sketch. New-Yr's Day
One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him!	Or why regard the passing year?
Parting. Fragment, inser. to Fox.	And, like a passing thought she fled, In light away The Vision. D. 11. 23
O what is death but parting breath? S. Farewell, ye dungcons t	With talents passing most of my compeers, Tragic Frag.
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,	Her eyes outshine the radiant beams
Parting wi Nancy, Oh! ne'er to meet mair. [re.] S. Gloomy December.	That gild the passing shower, S. Young Peggy
Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure,	Passion. Thon know'st that thou hast formed me, With Passions wild and strong;
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour; , . Ib.	
And soft as their [lovers'] parting tear, Jessy. S. Here's a health to ane †	My passion I will ne'er declare, I'll say I wish thee well S. Ah! Chloris

With a series as a series and forming as height	Both shoos make of life I amake a shoos
With passions so potent and fancies so bright, Frag., inser. to Fox.	Path. those paths of life I ought to shun; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours, . Ib.	The stream adown its hazelly path, A Vision.
Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will show him. Ib. Licentious passions burn; . Man was made to Mourn.	The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave. Lament on leaving Nat. Land.
But when compar'd with real passion	And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.
Poor is all that princely pride, S. Mark yonder Pomp † Her een sae bonie blue betray,	Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford. The path of man to shun it; S. Now westlin winds t
How she repays my passion; . S. O poortith cauld t	Amid life's thorny path o' care. S. O bonie was you rosy t
A prayer from the muse you well may excuse, 'Tis seldom her favourite passion. The Sons of old Killie.	Now gay in hope explore the paths of men: On Death of R. Dundas,
By Passion driven; The Vision. D. II. 17.	Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil av :
Passion's hirth and infants' play To a Kiss. Chloris, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest.	The Brigs of Ayr, q.
S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e t	'Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray, 'Implore his counsel and assisting might:
Those headlong furious passions to confine; Why am I loth t	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6. Alas! Life's path may be unsmooth! The Lament.
Passive. heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks, To R. G. of F., 7.	37 70 11 11 11
Past. 'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell, How monie stories past, The Holy Fair. 23.	Never Boreas hoary path,
My Prenticeship I past where my Leader breath'd his last,	Again in Folly's path might go astray; . Why am I loth
The Jolly Beggars. S. I. Ye winged Hours that o'er as past, The Lament.	Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path, S. Yon wild mossy mountains †
This past for certain, undisputed; To W. Simpson. P.S.	Patnetic.
Till crash! the cruel conlter past Out thro' thy cell To a Mouse.	M'Q[nh]e's pathetic manly sense, . The Twa Herds. 17. Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
I past the mill, and trysting thorn, S. When wild War's +	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
Has thy Prime unheeded past?	Pathless. The pathless wild, and wimpling burn, S. O bonie was you rosy t
S. Contented wi' little t	The snellest blast, at mirkest hours, That round the pathless wanderer pours, S. O Lassie, art thou
When past the show'r, and every flow'r The garden is adorning: S. Lovely Davies.	S. O Lassie, art thou †
The past was had, and the future hid; S. My father was a farmer †	Pathos. That's the true pathos and sublime Of human life. To Dr. Blacklock.
Love has o'er me past.	Patmos. How he, who lone in Patmos banished, Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand:
And blighted a my bloom, . S. Now Spring has clad † My pains o' bell on earth are past, S. O ay my wife she dang.	Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
The past returns, the present flies; On Lincluden.	Patrlarchal. The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace. The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's gride: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
When flow'r-reviving rains are past; S. On Cessnock banks † O'er the Past too fondly wandering, S. Kaving winds †	Patrician.
Pursuing past, unhappy loves! . S. The gloomy night †	Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire, May to Patrician rights aspire! . Add. of Beelzebub.
Appear no more before Thy sight Than yesterday that's past. The 1st 6 V.s of goth Ps.,	Patriot. "My patriot son fills an antimely grave!"
The winter it is past, and the sammer comes at last	On Death of Sir J. Blair. "My patriot falls, but shall he lie nasnag Ib.
S. The winter it is past † Those records dear of transports past, To Mary in Heaven.	(The Patriot's God, peculiarly thou art,
There will surely be some pleasant weather	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21. But still the Patriot, and the Patriot-Bard,
When a their storms are past and gone. When clouds † Paste. And in paste gems and frippery deck her [life];	In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard! 16.
Poem on Life.	The independent patriot, The honest man, and a' that. The Election Ballads, II.
Pastime. To thee shall bome, or food, or pastime yield. On seeing wounded Hare.	Around it a' the patriots dance, . The Tree of Liberty.
Pasture,	'Some rouse the Patriot up to bare Corruption's beart: The Vision. D. II. 4.
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport, S. Caledonia. Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale,	"Shall heroes and patriots ever produce: The Whistle. 18.
Because thy pasture's scanty; The Ordination. 6.	Patriot-heat. An' tell them, wi' a patriot heat,
Well fed on pastures orthodox, . The Twa Herds. Pasture, to.	Ye winna bear it? The Author's Cry and Prayer. 11.
Or faith! I fear that, wi' the geese,	Patriot-lore. 'To mend the honest Patriot-lore, 'And grace the hand, The Vision, D. II. 5.
I shortly hoost to pasture	Patriot-name. Where many a Patriot-name on high
Pat [pot]. Then up they gat the maskin-pat, A Fragment.	And Hero shone [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I. Patriotic. O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
Till something held within the pat, Halloween. 12. And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,	Patriotic. O Thon! who pour'd the patriotic tide, That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
On Grose's Peregrinations.	Patron. Its just sic Poet an' sic Patron. A Ded. to G. H., 2.
It puts but little in your pat ; The Inventory Pat [put],	The Patron, (Sir, ye mann forgie me, He's just—nae better than he should be
I there wi' Something does forgather, That pat me in an eerie swither; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.	Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes!
It pat me fidgean-fain to hear't, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 5.	Ep. to R. Graham. 5. But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory
Her dowf excuses pat me mad; Ib., Ap. 21st, 4.	At once may illustrate and honour my story. Frag., inscr. to Fox.
But for to meet the Deil her lane, She pat but little faith in:	My much-honor'd Patron, believe your poor poet, . Ib.
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to The Inventory.	The Friend thou valued'st, I, the Patron, lov'd; Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Patch. Squire Pope but husks his skinklin patches O' heathen tatters; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	"The drooping arts surround their patron's bier.
Patch, to. The pie-bald jacket let me patch once more; Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	On Death of Sir J. Blair. Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace. The Brigs of Ayr.
Patent-bliss.	The Brigs of Ayr.
As theirs alone, the patent-bliss To hold a Fête Champetre The Fête Champetre.	And should some Patron he so kind, As hless you wi' a Kirk,

Dear to his country by the names, Friend, Patron, Benefactor! The Election Ballads. VI.	Ye've gien auld Britain peace, A Dream, 6.
Friend, Patron, Benefactor! The Election Ballads. VI.	It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
Our Fatron, nonest man: Offencarrily, The Oramation. 8.	That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure; S. Braw lads on Yar. braes.
Patronage. Would thou hae nobles' patronage, "First learn to live without it!"	There will never be peace till Jamie comes hame,
Extent. on Comments of Thomson.	S. By you castle wa' †
Consume that high-place Patronage,	A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war, S. Caledonia.
From off thy holy hill; New Psalmody.	It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
For gen'rous patronage, and meikle kindness, Scots Prologue.	To purchase peace and rest; Ep. to Davie. 5.
Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' airn, Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin, The Ordination. 8.	Till the Fates nae mair severe, Friendship, Love, and Peace restore. S. Frae the friends †
Or Patronage intrusion,	Domestic peace and comforts crowning
They'll talk o' patronage an' priests,	Domestic peace and comforts crowning The hail design Friend of the Poet †
Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts, The Twa Dogs. 18.	I tint my peace and pleasure; S. Gat ye me,
Patronize.	Then in my bosom try, What peace is there! S. Had I a cave+
Then patronize them wi' your favour, A Ded. to G. H., 13.	Peace, thy olive wand extend, S. How can my poor heart t
Oblige them, patronize their tinsel lays,	Content and love bring peace and joy, S. In simmer when †
They persecute you all your future days! Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	The deities that I adore,
Not only hear-but patronise-defend them, Scots Prologue.	Are social Peace and Plenty, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav
Pattle v. Pettle. Paughty [haughty].	Ye Powers of peace, and peaceful song, Nature's Law.
As ve disown you paughty dog	On peace and rest my mind was bent, S. O ay my wife she dang.
As ye disown you paughty dog That bears the Keys of Peter, A Dream. 12.	But soon may peace bring happy days, S. O Logan! sweetly t
Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 12.	O NI and at they would be access
Pauky v. Pawky.	Who for thy sake would gladly die! S. O Mary, at thy Window †
Pause. Dissolve in pause-and sentimental tears-	S. O Mary, at thy Window †
Add, sp. by Fontenelle.	Ye wreck my peace between ye; . S. O poortith cauld, †
To round the period an pause, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	this scene of peace and love, O Thou dread Pow'r
No pause the dire extremes between, . The Tears I shed.	Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure! . S. One fond kiss, t
Pause, to. Here pause—and thro' the starting tear, Survey this grave. A Bard's Epit	the numerous ills that hurt our peace, Remorse. A Frag
It's slightest touches, instant pause Ep. to Young Friend. 8.	Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace? Ib. Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath,
Pausing. Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning, To J. S., 15.	The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
Paw. That aft ha'e made us black and blac,	When the vanquish'd foe Sues for peace and quiet,
Wi' vengefu' paws. The Twa Herds. 12.	S. The Captain's Lady. Can they the peace and pleasure feel
Pawky, -ie, Pauky [sly, mischievous].	Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel? S. The Contented Cottager.
A thief sae pawky is my Jean . S. O this is no my ain t	Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
Her pauky smile, her kittle een, The Ans. to the Guidwife. Dear S[mith] the sleest pawkie thief, To J. S.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
Pawn. Tho' I should pawn my pleugh an' graith,	For why? that God the good adore Hath giv'n them peace and rest, The 1st Psalm.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 7.	My peace with these, my love with those
Gude ale gars me pawn my shoon, S. O gude ale comes t	S. The gloomy night †
For worth and honour pawn their word, The Fête Champetre.	There's peace an' rest nae langer; The Holy Fair. 14.
Pawn'd. Pawn'd in a gin-shop Quenching holy drouth.	But the Peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
The Election Ballads. IV. They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd their duds,	The folly Beggars. S. II. Ah! must the agonizing thrill
The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.	For ever har returning Peace! The Lament.
Pay. That he intends to pay your debt, . A Dream. 7.	For in this world Rest or Peace
To pay your Queen, with due respect,	I never more shall know! S. The sun he is sunk †
My fealty an' subjection	Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow, The warld would live in peace, man; The Tree of Liberty.
'His only son for Hornbook sets, 'And pays him well, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27.	Her heart was tint, her peace was stown ! S. There was a lass †
The Game shall Pay, owre moor an' dail,	(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms) . To Chloris.
For this, niest year Ep. to J. R., 10.	I'm turn'd a gauger-Peace be here! . To Dr. Blacklock.
Half-a-crown a-piece Will pay for their fleece, Johnny Peep.	But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest, To Miss Graham.
No mercenary Bard his homage pays; The Cotter's Sat. Night.	When shall my soul, in silent peace,
The parent pair their secret homage pay, Ib. 18.	Resign Life's joyless day?
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,	Canst thou wreck his peace for ever Wha for thine won'd gladly die! S. Turn again, thou †
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle; The Inventory.	In wildest fury hae made hare
But Charlie gat the soring to pay For kissin' Theniel's honie Mary. S. T. Menzie's bonie Mary.	My peace, my hope, for ever! . V.s, under Grief.
My Pegasus is poorly shod,—	And gentle Peace returning, S. When wild War's †
	Where is the peace that awaited my wand'ring,
You think I'm glad; oh, I pay weel For a' the joy I borrow, V.s under Grief.	At evening the wild-woods among? S. Where are the joys †
Pay [to beat].	At evening the wild-woods among? S. Where are the joys \\ While chearful peace, with linnet song. Chants the lowly dells among. Wr. in Friars-Carse H
And new-light herds could nicely drub,	Chants the lowly dells among. Wr. in Friars-Carse H Peace, the tenderest flower of Spring; Wr. in Hermitage at F.C. Peacefulfu'.
Or pay their skin, The Twa Herds. 8.	Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.
Pay'd, -'t, Paid.	Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale, . A Winter Night. 7.
ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow A Gude New-Year † 9.	And peaceful raise its ingle reek, As on the banks †
'Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay, 'An's weel pay'd for't; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.	Make the gales you waft around her
So gat the whissle o' my groat,	Soft and peaceful as her breast, . S. Highland Mary.
An' pay't the fee Ep. to J. R. 9.	From peaceful slumber she arose, S. It was the charming t
To Death she's dearly pay'd the kane, Tam Samson's El.	And the next flowers, that deck the spring,
I've paid enough for her already, The Inventory.	Bloom on my peaceful grave. Lament of Mary of Scots.
Sol paid him with a sonnet	The little floweret's peaceful lot S. Now Spring has clad† Peaceful keep your dimpling wave, On scaring Water-fowl.
Peace. May Health and Peace with mutual rays,	And life's poor season peaceful spend
Shine on the evining o' his days; . A Ded. to G. H., 14.	O yield me now a peaceful grave, . S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
	beneating Process

Peach.	A Lord—a Peer—an Earl's son, . On dining with Daer.
While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,	The Man of Worth, and has not left his peer, [v.A.10]
They fade and they wither awa, man. Ronalds of Bennals.	Abjuring their democrat doings,
Pearl. An' down the briny pearls rowe Poor Mailie's El.	By kissin' the a- of a peer, The Election Ballads, 111.
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran, The Jolly Beggars. S. II'. On every hlade the pearls hung; S. 'Twas even—the dewy t	For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;
	Peer, to. S. The Poste.
Pearly. Tripping o'er the pearly lawn, S. It was the charming	And ne'er n ane to peer her S. O wat ye wha that loss
Sweetly deckt with pearly dew Sad thy tale, †	And such a leg! my Bess, I ween,
Peasant. Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,	Could only peer it; . The Vision. D. I. 11.
Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	Peerage.
Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,	An sic a Lord—lang Scotch ells twa, Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a', . On dining with Daer.
S. Farewell, thou fair day t	Peerest.
I scorn not the Peasant, tho' ever so low: S. No Churchman am I †	Peerest to meditate the healing leap: Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
	Peerless. Then thou mayest freely boast
nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed, The Brigs of Ayr. Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,	Thou hast given a peerless toast The Toast.
He's greater than a lord, man, . The Tree of Liberty.	Peevish.
Pease.	But truce with peevish, poor complaining! . To J. S., 20.
'The Faring of beans and pease,	He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows, S. What can a yng lassic
He has't in plenty; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.	Peg.
An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn, Perfume the plain, Scotch Drink. 3.	Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep, The Ordination. 7.
To slink thro' slaps an' reave an' steal,	Peg. But pretty Peg, my dearie S. As I gaed up by
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail. The Death of Mailie.	Peg Nicholson was a good hay mare, El. on Peg Nicholson.
Peat. The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,	Peg-a-Ramsey.
Enhasked by a fog infernal: . Ep. to H. Parker.	But honie Peg-a-Ramsey Gat grist to her mill S. Cauld is the e'enin'
And nought hut peat reek i' my head,	Barrages My chayet Persons will limb
A toom tar barrel An' twa red peats . Letter to J. Goudie.	Pegasus. My spavet Pegasus will limp, Till ance he's fairly het; . Ep. to Davie. 11.
Pebbled. Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd bis pebbled shore, S. To Mary in Heaven.	
Pechin [fetching the breath short, panting].	Come then, wil uncouth, kintra fleg. O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg. The Election Ballads. I'll.
My Pegasus I'm got astride,	O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg, The Election Battaas, VI.
And up Parnassus pechin; On W. Chalmers. Peck. E'en mony a plack, an' mony a peck, El. on Vear 1788.	O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride, The Kirk's Alarm With Pegasus upon a day, Apollo weary flying. To J. Taylor
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck;	Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus
Leeze me on the calling	My Pegasus is poorly shod
Fills the dusty peck S. Hey, the dusty miller t	Pegasean. Jenny, my Pegasean pride! Ep. to II. Parker.
O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, . S. O Willie brew'd t	Peggy. My honie Peggy Alison. [re.] S. An' I'll kiss thee yet
Peculiar. Still take her, and make her,	Vet happy, happy would I be
Thy most peculiar care! . Ep. to Davie. 9.	Had I my dear Montgomerie's Peggy. [re.] S. Montgomerie's Peggy
Peculiarly. (The Patriot's God, peculiarly thou art, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.	Wi' man and nature leagu'd my foes,
Pedagogic.	So Peggy ne'er I'd known! S. Now Spring has clad
In all his pedagogic powers elate, The Vowels.	But Peggy dear, the ev'ning's clear, S. Now westlin winds
Pedant.	Far in their shade my Peggy's charms First blest my wond'ring eyes. [re.] S. Peggy Chalmers.
Philosophy, no idle pedant dream, Prologue, sp. by Woods. The poicy demicile of pedant pride: The Vowels.	If ye gae up to you hill-tap,
The notsy dominence of pedants prints	Ve'll there see bonie Peggy; . I'm I wootton Ensists
The Fedant stilles Recti the Fedanti Sound	Young Peggy blooms our honniest lass, [re.] S. Young Peggy
The pedant swing his felon chager round,	Peghan [the stomach].
The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast,	Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their peghan Wi's succe ragonts, an' sic like trashtrie, The Twa Dogs, q
S. There liv'd ance a carle	111 Sauce, ragorita and and
Peebles, Rev. Dr. Wm.	Peli and mell. Say pell and mell, wi' muskets knell
There's D[unca]n deep, and P—s, shaul, The Twa Herds. 10.	
For [Peebles], frae the water-fit,	3. The Battle by Sherra-moor
Ascends the holy rostrum: I'll Field Fair. 10.	Pen. By word, or pen, or pointed steel! A. Ded. to G. H., 14 dips in gall unmixed his eager pen, Ep. fr. Esopus
Peel. And black Joan, frae Chricton Peel, O'gipsy kith and kin, . The Election Ballads. I.	
Pool to See, how she peels the skin an iell,	As Phœbus and the famous Nine Were glowran owre my pen Ep. to Davie. II
As ane were peem omous: The Orannerron, ici	A and nen's worn to the grissle:
Peel a willie wand, to be him boots and jacket; S. Wee Willie Gray	
	Abjuring a' intentions evil, I quat my pen: Poem on Life.
Peelln. As ane were peelin onions! . The Ordination. 12. Peep. Here am I, Johnny Peep; Johnny Peep.	Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
And so Johnny Peep gets free	When your pen can be spared, P. S. to " The Kirk's Alarm."
Pean to When Phosbus peens over the mountains,	
	My transports wi my Anna! 3. 176 good. Beste 9
O were my love you vi'let sweet, That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray;	Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it . Third Ep. to J. Lap.
S. O were my love	My pen I here fling to the door,
I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view, S. The Posie.	Pence. On eighteen pence a week I've liv'd before. Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
t - the same	Pendent. Or ruins pendent in the air, [v. A.4] The Vision. D. I.
Peep'd o'er the mountains night; 3.1 mills the 1 mills	The Vision. D. I.
Auld Phœbus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill, S. The heather was blooming t	Penn'd. And some great lies were never penn'd. Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Peeping.	Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it, To W. Simpson.
Pluch at the curious stranger peeping in; Ep. fr. Esopus.	Denny We has pennies to spend S. Hey ca' thro'.
m my Lan't engry I give him his how;	I can win my five pennies in a day, S. My Collier Laddie.
S. No Churchman am It	I was an only man by

I hae a penny to spend, .

S. Nachody.

Period. My periods that decyphering defy, Ep. fr. Esopus. I fee'd a man at Martinmas, Those mighty periods of years Wi' arle pennies three; . S. O can ye labour lea t Which seem to us so vast, . . The 1st b V.s of ooth Ps .. Without a penny in my purse Perish. To buy a meal to me. . S. The Highl, Widow's Lament, Nay, by heaven, said I, may I perish if ever I plant in your bosom a thorn. Spoke extern. to yng Lady. Singet Sawney, Singet Sawney, are ye herding the penny.

The Kirk's Alarm, Though Fate said, a hero should perish in light;

The Whistle, 16. The Pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'. S. There's a youth t Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny
S. What can a yng lassie† Perished. Who nobly perished in the glorious cause. Frag. of Ode. Penny-fee [wages]. And perish'd mony a bonie boat, . . . Tam o' Shanter. 15. My riches a's my penny-fee, . . . A' for a penny fee, jo? . . . S. Behind von hills t Perjur'd. . S. O wat ve what my t Curse on his perjur'd arts! . The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee, Perjury. Laugh o'er thy perjury . . S. Had I a cave t The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4. Permission. Who has no will but by her high permission; I will awa to Edinburgh and win a pennie fee,
S. There grows a bonie † The Henpecked Husband. Permit. Ere we permit a foreign foe, Penny-wheep [small beer]. On British ground to rally, S. Does haughty Gaul, † Be't whisky-gill or penny-wheep, . . The Holy Fair. 19. A last request, permit me here, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L. Pennyworths. Perplex. But pennyworths again is fair, Ep. to J. R., 13. That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them;
The Twa Dogs. 20. Pension. For neither Pension, Post, nor Place, A Dream, 3. Am I your humble debtor : Persecute. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom They persecute you all your future days Ep. to R. Graham. 5, Wi' them wha grant them:

The Author's Cry and Prayer. Persecuted. Still persecuted by the limmer Frae year to year; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 10. Persecution. Pensive. Still cronding thoughts, a pensive,

Come autumn. sae pensive, in yellow and grey,

S. My Nanic's Awa. Small heer persecution, . . Epit. on J. Dove, Innkceper. Persevering. . On Lincluden. And, pensive gaze with wistful eyes, You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D.. Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe Per se. On Death of Sir I. Blair. In that sober pensive mood, Dearest to the feeling soul. . 'Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd per se; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22. . S. Streams that glide t The robin pensive Autumn chear,

The robin pensive Autumn chear,

The Petition of Br. Water. Person. Nor person to befriend me, O; S. My father was a farmer t To vent thy bosom's swelling rise, Thy mither's person, grace an' merit, Add. to Illegit. Child. In pensive walk. The Vision. D. II. 15. Personal. O Nature! a' thy shews an' forms Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit, Is proof to all other temptation. . . Exten., To Mr. S. To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms! To IV. Simpson. 11. O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder A heartfelt sang! Persuaded. I once was persuaded a venture to make;
S. No Churchman am I † 16. 15. Pensivelie. Persuasion. Ben i' the Spence, right pensivelie, I gaed to rest. . Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed, To see me thro' the barley. . The Vision. D. I. 2. . S. The Rigs o' Barley. People. Pert. But while we sing, God save the king,
We'll ne'er forget the People. . S. Does haughty Ganl Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette, Ep. fr. Esopus. Frae G-d's ain priests the people's hearts He steals awa', Holy A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight, . . Sketch. Holy Willie's Prayer. 11. Perth. She swoor she saw some rebels run
To Perth and to Dundee, man:
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. But for thy people's sake destroy 'em, . . . 16. 15. The feather'd people, you might see, Perch'd all around on every tree, . S. It was the charming † Pennse Peruse them an' return them quickly; . Auld comrade t Ye may ha'e some pretence to having and sense. e may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense,
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better. . The Kirk's Alarm,
ome people tell me gin I fa', . . . V.s to J. Ranken. Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to peruse : Fragment, inser. to Fox. Some people tell me gin I fa', . Perusing. Per cent. Perusing Bunyan, Brown, and Boston; . Auld comrade t Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent, An' muckle wame, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 11. Perverse. I'd kiss ber maids, and kick the perverse b-h The Henpecked Husband. Perching. the perching red-breast shrill, The Brigs of Ayr. Pet. The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,
Was Laird himsel. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27, Perdition. An' may they never learn the gaets, Of ither vile, wanrestfu' Pets! And he wha acts the traitor's part The Death of Mailie. It to perdition sends, man. . . The Tree of Liberty. Peter. As ye disown yon paughty dog, That bears the keys of Peter, . Perfect. And no a perfect kintra cooser. Kind Sir, I've read t . A Dream. 12. Or fricassee wad mak her spew Dear Peter, dear Peter, . . . To Mr. P. Stuart. Wi' perfect sconner, . To a Haggis. Perfection.

Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
Eehold the lass o' Ballochmyle! [v.A.31]
S. 'Twas even—the dewy† Petition. And see his lordly fellow-worm, The poor petition spurn, Man was made to Mourn. Perfidy. Whilst I here, must cry here, At perfidy ingrate! . Despondency, an Ode. 4. Perform'd. And in their dear petitions place him : On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. Petitioner. She [Fortune] promis'd fair, and (S. I dream'd I lay †
perform'd but ill; \ S. Tho' fickle Fortune † And your Petitioner shall ever A Ded. to G. H., 13. Petrify. But Och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling! Ep. to Young Friend. 6. Perfume. Whose innocence did sweets disclose Petted. But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care, S. Last May a braw wooer t

On Poet's Daughter.

S. Their groves of t

Scotch Drink. 3.

Petticoat. Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,

The Author's Cry and Prayer.

She draigl't a' her petticoatie
Comin thro' the rye. . . S. Comin thro' the rye †

Petticoatie [dim. of petticoat].

Beyond that flower's perfume, .

An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn,

Perfume, to.

Where bright beaming summers exalt the perfume;

Perfume the plain, .

	11009
Pettle, Pattle [a plough-staff, or small spade with a long shaft to enable the ploughman clear away the earth adhering to the plough.]	Bright Phœbus ne'er witnessed so joyous a corps.
long shaft to enable the ploughman clear away	The Whistle, 13.
I have four brutes o' gallant mettle,	So nprose hright Phœbus—and down fell the knight. 15. 16. Phosphorus.
As ever drew afore a pettle The Inventory.	The martial phosphorus is taught to flow, Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
1 wad be laith to rin an' chase thee, Wi' murd'ring pattle! . To a Mouse.	Phrase. In shepherd's phrase will woo : S. Behold, my love, †
Or faith! I'll wad my new plengh-pettle	In ploughman phrase 'God send you speed,'
Ye'll see't or lang, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.	Ep. to Young Friend, 11.
	tho' the phrase may seem uncivil,
Phely. O Phely, happy he that day, [re.] . S. O Phely † So ilka day to me mair dear	'In uncouth rhymes, The Vision, D. H. 12.
And charming is my Phely. [re.]	Phrase, to [flatter].
O saw ye my dear, my Phely ? [re.] S. Saw ye my Phely.	To phrase you an' praise you,
Phemie.	Ve ken your Laurent scorns: . To Gav. Hamilton. Phraisin' [flattering].
But Phemie was a bonier lass Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw. [re.] S. Blythe was she, †	Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it, To W. Simpson.
Philadelphia. Till Willie H-e took o'er the knowe	Physically.
For Philadelphia, man; A Fragment. 3.	An' physically causes seek,
Philibeg [a kilt]. Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg	An' physically causes seek, In clime an' season, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
The cut of Adam's philineg; On Grose's Peregrinations.	Physician.
But had ye seen the philihegs	Fy, bring Black-Jock, her [Superstition's] state physician, To see her w-t-r; Letter to J. Goudie.
But had ye seen the philinegs And skyrin tartan trews, man, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. With his Philines and tasten Plaid	Physics.
With his Philibeg, an' tartan Plaid, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	Law, physics, politics, and deep divines: Ep. to R. Graham.
The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	Pibroch. "Twas Pihroch, Sang. Strathspey, or Reels. S. Amang the trees t
Phillis. Of Phillis to muse and to sing. [re.] S. Adown winding Nith †	Pick. the pick and the wale O' lasses Ronalds of Bennals.
Wherefore sighing art thou Phillis? Blue Bonnets.	An' runts o' grace the pick an' wale, The Ordination. b.
But did you see my dearest Phillis,	the pick o' his band, S. There liv'd ance a carle t
But did you see my dearest Phillis, In simplicity's array; S. Mark youder Pomp† Phillis the fair. [re.] S. Phillis the Fair.	Picking. Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 8.
Phillis the fair. [re.]	Pickle [a small quantity; a single grain].
S. Wac is my heart t	A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller : Auld comrade †
Philomel. Where Philomel, While nightly breezes sweep the vines,	She gies the Herd a pickle nits,
Her griefs will tell! Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
Philosopher.	Pickle. In what a pickle thou hast left us! El. on Year 1788.
Twa sage Philosophers to glimpse on! And comrade dear† Philosophers have fought an wrangled,	Pictish. Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Nae mair we see his levee door	There, where a sceptr'd Pictish shade
Philosophers and Poets pour, To IV. Creech.	Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
Philosophic.	Picture. "When a' my weel-clad banks could see, "Their woody picture in my tide: S. As on the banks †
She [nature] kneads the lumpish philosophic dough, Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	"Their woody picture in my tide: S. As on the banks †
An' raise a philosophic reek.	r un the string, runng passion, the picture win show him.
An' raise a philosophic reek, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. Philosophy.	Fragment, inser. to Fox. Picture o' the great Clanronald; S. Hee balou †
Philosophy, no idle pedant dream, Here holds her search by heaven taught Reason's beam;	My face was but the keekin' glass
Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam; Prologue, sp. by Woods.	And there ye saw your picture. In Defence of a Lady.
Phineas.	Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave, The picture of thy mind! On seeing Seat of Lord G.
Or Phineas drove the murdering blade, The Ordination. 4.	Here is Satan's picture,
Phiz. Ye did present your smoutie phiz, Mang better folk, Add. to the Deil. 17.	Like a hizzard gled, The Election Ballads. IV.
Phœbe. Phœbe, in her midnight reign. A Winter Night. 6.	Pictur'd.
Phœbus.	Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks; The Twa Dogs. 33.
When Phobns gies a short-liv'd glow'r, A Winter Night.	Pidgeon. Here lies Johnny Pidgeon, [rc.] Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.
When Phoebus peeps over the mountains, S. Adown winding Nith †	Pie. An' bake them up in brunstane pies
Now Phoebus blinkit on the hent, . S. As I came o'er †	For poor d-n'd Drinkers. Scotch Drink. 20.
While Phœhus sunk beyond Ben-ledi; S. By Allan stream †	Pie-bald. The pie-hald jacket let me patch once more;
As Phochus and the famous Nine	Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Piece. My Sandy brak a piece o' goud, S. My Sandy gied †
Were glowran owre my pen Ep. to Davie. 11. when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow, . Ep. to H. Parker.	To gather matter for a serious piece; . Scots Prologue.
Now Phoebus chears the crystal streams,	Pier. The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith, S. My bonic Mary.
Lament of Mary of Scots.	The ither flutters o'er the rising piers: The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Like Phoebus in the morning, S. Lovely Davies.	Pierce.
Till fley'd awa' by Phoebus' light S. O were my love †	Sin' that day Michael did you pierce, Add. to the Deil. 19.
When rising Phoehus first is seen, . S. On Cessnock banks † When Phoehus sinks behind the seas; Ib.	What Sorrows yet may pierce me thro', Despondency, an Ode.
May, When evining Phoebus shines serene, . Ib., Sett II.	Your Honor's bearts wi' grief 'twad pierce, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Phoebus, gilding the brow of the morning, S. Sleep'st thou, †	Piene'd. They has piere'd mony a gallant heart;
What the their Phoebus kinder warms.	Death and Dr. Hornook, 13.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	'Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart 'Of a kail-runt
And Phoebus himsel, as he peep'd o'er the hill, S. The heather was blooming †	Fate gave the word, the arrow sped,
saucy Phœbus' scorching heams, The Petition of Br. Water.	And pierc'd my darling's heart: S. Fate gave the word,
Phoebus, low. Shall kiss the distant, western main.	Piercin. His piercin words, like Highlan swords, Divide the joints an marrow; The Holy Fair. 21.
The Lament.	Pietv. The piety of ancient days! On Lincluden.
I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view, S. The Posie.	And heaven-horn piety her sanction seals. To Miss Graham.
	T. Control of the con

Pigmy.	A pint o' the best o't, And twa pints mair. S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †
A pigmy Scraper wi'his Fiddle, The Jolly Beggars. R. V.	We hae pennies to spend,
Pike, Pyke [to pick]. The hungry bike did scrape and pike S. Amang the trees †	And we hae pints to hring S. Hey ca' thro'.
Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke, The Jolly Beggars. S. V.	Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine, S. My bonic Mary.
Pile. And, hark! what more than mortal sound	O Willie, come sell your fiddle And buy a pint o' wine : . S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.
Of music breathes the pile around? . On Lincluden.	And buy a pint o' wine; . S. Kattlin, Koarin Witte. Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles, The Brigs of Ayr.	The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Pile, to. Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap!	Yestreen I had a pint o' wine . S. The gowd. Locks of A.
A Winter Night, 9.	Pint-stoup, -stowp [a measure containing two quarts].
Pilfer'd.	And surely ve'll be your pint-stoup.
When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor; The Kirk's Alarm.	And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup, And surely I ll be mine; S. Should auld acquaintance †
Plll. Has clad a score i' their last claith, By drap and pill. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.	An' there the pint-stowp clatters; The Holy Fair. 18.
Surrounded thus by bolns pill	Plous. O ye who are see guid yoursel, Sae pious and sae holy, . Add. to Unco Guid.
And potion glasses Poem on Life.	Draw near with pions rev'rence and attend!
Pillar. I'm bere a pillar in thy temple, Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.	Epit. for Author's Father.
Pillow. Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow	But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store, Commandment tenth remember'd The Dean of Fac.
Talk of him that's far awa S. Musing on the roaring †	Commandment tenth remember'd The Dean of Fac. O a' ye pions godly flocks, The Twa Herds.
Pillow, to.	Pipe. Scotland drew her pipe an' blew, . A Fragment. 7.
And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose! Ep. fr. Esopus.	And [Caledon] to her pipe was singing; O
Pillow'st. The walk sould be the glave where they pillowe't the head	S. Amang the trees t
Though could be the clay, where thou pillows't thy head, On Death of fav. Child.	She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
Pilot. When Guilford good our Pilot stood, A Fragment.	He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl, Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Pimp.	The time may come, with pipe and drum We'll welcome hame fair Albany. S. The bonic Lass of Albany. Symptomy dhis pipes wil grave grimage.
The news o' princes, dukes, and earls,	S. The bonie Lass of Albany.
Pimps, sharpers, bawds and opera-girls; Kind Sir, I've read † Pin. And ay she shook the temper-pin. S. Duncan Davison.	
For the guld gudeman o' London court	The Jolly Beggars. R. III. No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains; The Lament.
She didna care a pin; The Election Ballads. I.	The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill, The Twa Dogs. 20.
He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't. The Kirk's Alarm.	Pipe, to.
Your pin wad help to mend a mill	And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.
In time o' need, To a Hagg is.	S. You wild mossy mountains t
And screw your temper-pins aboon A fifth or mair, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.	Piper. The pipers and youngsters were making their game, S. As I was a-wand ring †
Pinch.	Control of the standard blooms of the standard s
Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on What ails ye now t	Till piper lads were wae and weary,
Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,. What ails ye now † Pinch, to.	Till piper lads were wae and weary, S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.
Pinch, to. O Lord, when hunger pinches sore,	Till piper lads were wae and weary, S. T. Mens.'s bonic Mary. There came a piper out o' Fife, There came a piper to the state of the st
Pinch, to. O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stend,	Pirate. Hapless bird! a prey the surest
Pinch, to. O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stend, Pindus. Nae beathen name shall I prefix Fare Findus or Parnassus; To Miss Ferrier.	Pirate. Hapless bird! a prey the surest To each pirate of the skies S. Sensibility †
Pinel, to. O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, Pindus. Nae beathen name shall I prefix Frae Pindus or Parnassus; To Miss Ferrier. Pine Let Ritain boast her hardy oak.	Pirate. Hapless bird! a prey the surest To each pirate of the skies S. Sensibility †
Pinch, to. O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, Pindus, Nae heathen name shall I prefix Fare Pindus or Parnassus; Pine, Let Britain boast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man. To Miss Ferrier.	Pirate. Hapless bird! a prey the surest To each pirate of the skies S. Sensibility †
Pinch, to. O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, Pindus, Nae heathen name shall I prefix Fine Findis or Parmassis; Pine, Let Britain hoast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man, O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine, To Miss Ferrier.	Pirate. Hapless bird! a prey the smeat. To each pirate of the skies. To each pirate of the skies. So Sensibility † Pisgah. As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumcision, So may be, on this Pisgah height, Bob's purblind, mental vision: The Dean of Fac.
Pinch, to. O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stend, Pindus, Nae heathen name shall I prefix Frae Pindus or Parnassus; Pine. Let Britain boast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man, O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Give me the cot below the pine, Give me the cot below the pine, S. Twas even—the dewy	Pirate. Hapless bird! a prey the surest. To each pirate of the skies. To each pirate of the skies. Pisgah. As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumciation. So may be, on this Pisgah height, Eob's purblind, mental vision: The Dean of Fac. Piss. Which shews that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac.
Pinel, to O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, Pindus, Nae heathen name shall I prefix Frae Findus or Farnassus; Pine. Let Britain hoast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man. O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; To Miss Ferrier. To Mary. Give me the cot below the pine, S. Twas even—the dewy! Pine [paln, uneasiness].	Pirato. Hapless bird! 2 prey the surest To each pirate of the skies
Pinch, to. O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, Pindus, Nae heathen name shall I prefix Fine Pindus or Parnassus; Pine, Let Britain boast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man, O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Soveet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Soveet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine, Soveet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine, Soveet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine, Soveet grows the lime and the orange, Soveen the dewy † Soveen the dewy † Soveen the dewy † Soveen the soveet grows the soveet grows the soveet grows the pine, Soveet grows the soveet gro	Pirato. Hapless bird! 2 prey the surest To each pirate of the skies
Pineh, to. O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, D Lord, when hunger pinches sore, D Lord when hunger pinches sore, D Lord when hunger pinches sore, D Lord Was beathen name shall I prefix Frace Findus or Farnassus; Pine. Let Bittain boast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pinc, man, The Tree of Liberty. O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pinc; O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pinc; O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pinc; O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pinc; O was cven—the dewy the pinc pinc, to. Pinc [paln, uneasiness].	Pirate. Hapless bird! a prey the surest. To each pirate of the skies. To each pirate of the skies. So as one oo Piscaph purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumcision, So may be, on this Pisgah height, Bob's purblind, mental vision: The Dean of Fac. Piss. Which shews that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac. Pissed. An'p—d wi'drend, Holy Willie's Prayer. 14. Pistol. An' durk an 'pistol at her belt, She'll tak the streets, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17.
Pinel, to. O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, Pindus, Nae heathen name shall I prefix Fine. Let Britain hoast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man. O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Give me the cot below the pine, Fine [paln, uneasiness], When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin: Scotch Drink. 5. Pine, to. Where Gnilt and poor Misfortune pine! At Globe Tav., D. At Globe Tav., D. To Miss Ferrier. To Miss Ferrier. To Mary. To Mary. Six Even—the dewy the pine pine pine pine pine pine pine pin	Pirate. Hapless bird! a prey the surest. To each pirate of the skies. To each pirate of the skies. So as one oo Piscaph purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumcision, So may be, on this Pisgah height, Bob's purblind, mental vision: The Dean of Fac. Piss. Which shews that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac. Pissed. An'p—d wi'drend, Holy Willie's Prayer. 14. Pistol. An' durk an 'pistol at her belt, She'll tak the streets, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17.
Pinel, to. O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, Findus. Nae heathen name shall I prefix Fine Findus or Parnassas; Pine. Let Britain hoast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man. O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Give me the cot below the pine, Fine [paln, uneasiness], When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin: Scotch Drink. 5. Pine, to. Where Gnilt and poor Misfortune pine! A Winter Night. 9. "In weary heing now I pine, "In weary heing now I pine," In weary heing now I p	Pirate. Hapless bird! 2 prey the surest. To each pirate of the skies S. Sensibility † Pisgah. As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumcision, So may be, on this Pisgah height, Bob's purblind, mental vision: The Dean of Fac., Piss. Which shews that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac., Pissed. An' p—d wi' dread, Holy Wilkie's Prayer. 14. Pistol. An' durk an 'pistol at her belt, She'll tak the streets, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17. Pit. Some luckless hour will send him linkan, To your black pit; . Add. to the Deil. 20.
Pineh, to O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, Pindus. Nae heathen name shall I prefix Frae Findus or Parnassus; Pine. Let Bitain boast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man, O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Give me the cot below the pine, Give me the cot below the pine, When heavy-dragged wi pine an' grievin: Scotch Drink, 5. Pine, to. Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine! A Winter Night, 9. "In weary heing now I pine, Lament for Glencairn. Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Lns on Fergusson.	Pirate. Hapless bird! a prey the surest. To each pirate of the skies. To each pirate of the skies. So as one oo Piscaph purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumcision, So may be, on this Pisgah height, Bob's purblind, mental vision: The Dean of Fac. Piss. Which shews that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac. Pissed. An'p—d wi'drend, Holy Willie's Prayer. 14. Pistol. An' durk an 'pistol at her belt, She'll tak the streets, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17.
Pinel, to. O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, Pindus, Nae heathen name shall I prefix Fine. Let Dritain hoast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man. O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Give me the cot below the pine, Fine [paln, uneasiness], When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin: Where Gnilt and poor Misfortune pine! A Winter Night, q. Where Gnilt and poor Misfortune pine! A Winter Night, q. In weary being pow! Dine, to. Oh, why should truest worth and genies pine Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Lns on Fergusson. Or guilt affighes thy contemplation,	Pirato. Hapless bird! 2 prey the surest To each pirate of the skies
Pineli, to O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, D thou stand us in stead, Pindus, Nac heathen name shall I prefix Frace Findits or Farmassus; Pine. Let Eritain boast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man, O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Give me the cot below the pine, Fine [pain, uneasiness], When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin: Scotch Drink, 5- Pine, to. Where Gnilt and poor Misfortune pine! However will be a work of the for Glencairn. Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woc, Las on Fergusson. Or guilt affights thy contemplation, And makes thee pine, And makes thee pine, The Lament.	Pirate. Hapless bird! 2 prey the surest To each pirate of the skies
Pineh, to O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, Pindus. Nae heathen name shall I prefix Frae Findus or Parnassus; Pine. Let Bitain boast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man, O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Give me the cot below the pine, S. Twas cven—the dewy † Pine [pain, uneasiness]. When heavy-dragg'd wi pine an' grievin: Scotch Drink. 5. Pine, to. Where Gnilt and poor Misfortune pine! A Winter Night. 9. "In weary heing now I pine, Lament for Clencairn. Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Wooc, Lns on Fergusson. Or guilt affrights thy contemplation, And makes thee pine, Thou seest a wretch who inly pines, The Lament. Pining. Nor make our scenary pleasures less.	Pirate. Hapless bird ! a prey the surest To each pirate of the skies
Pineli, to O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, D Lord, when hunger pinches sore, D Lord, when hunger pinches sore, D Lord when hunger pinches sore, D Lord when the pinch was a constant of the pinches of	Pirate. Hapless bird ! a prey the surest To each pirate of the skies S. Sensibility † Pisgah. As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumciston, So may be, on this Pisgah height, Bob's purblind, mental vision: The Dean of Fac. Piss. Which shews that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac. Pissed. An' durk an' pistol at her belt, She'll tak the streets, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17. Pit. Some luckless hour will send him linkan. To your black pit; Add. to the Deil. 20. They filled up a darksome pit With water to the brim, A vast, unbottom'd, boundless Pit, Fill'd fon o' lowan brunstane, Pit (put). It pits me ay as mad's a hare; Ep. to J. R., 12. She pits bereal an' Rob in; Halloween, 10. Halloween, 10.
Pineh, to O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, Pindus. Nae heathen name shall I prefix Frae Findus or Parnassus; Pine. Let Bitain boast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man, O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Give me the cot below the pine, S. Twas cven—the dewy † Pine [pain, uneasiness]. When heavy-dragg'd wi pine an' grievin: Scotch Drink. 5. Pine, to. Where Gnilt and poor Misfortune pine! A Winter Night. 9. "In weary heing now I pine, Lament for Clencairn. Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Wooc, Lns on Fergusson. Or guilt affrights thy contemplation, And makes thee pine, Thou seest a wretch who inly pines, The Lament. Pining. Nor make our scenary pleasures less.	Pirate. Hapless bird ! a prey the surest To each pirate of the skies
Pineh, to O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, Pindus. Nae heathen name shall I prefix Frae Findus or Parnassus; Pine. Let Bitain boast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man, O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Give me the cot below the pine, S. Twas even—the dewy † Pine [pain, uneasiness]. When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin: Scotch Drink. 5. Pine, to. Where Gnilt and poor Misfortune pine! A Winter Night. 9. "In weary heing now I pine, Lament for Glencairn. Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Wooc, Lns on Fergusson. Or guilt affrights thy contemplation, And makes thee pine, Thou seest a wretch who inly pines, Pinings. Nor make our scenty pleasures less, By pining at our state: Ep, to Davie, 7. Pinlon.	Pirato. Hapless bird! 2 prey the surest To each pirate of the skies. Pisgah. As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumcision, So may be, on this Pisgah height, Bob's purblind, mental vision: Piss. Which shews that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac. Pissed. An' p—d wi'd read, Holy Withe's Prayer. 14. Pistol. An' durk an' pistol at her belt, Sime and the streets, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17. Pit. Some luckless hour will send him linkan, To your black pit; Add. to the Deil. 20. They filled up a darksome pit With water to the brim, A vast, unhottom'd, boundless Pit, Fill'd fou o' lowan brunstane, The Holy Fair. 22. Pit (put). It pits me ay as mad's a hare; Eb. to J. R., 13. She pits bersel an' Rob in; An' 1.—d' if ance they pit her till'; The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Pineh, to O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, Pindus. Nae heathen name shall I prefix Frae Pindus or Parnassus; Pine. Let Britain boast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man, Os weet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Give me the cot helow the pine, S. Twas even—the dewy † Pine [paln, uneasiness]. When heavy-draged wi pine an' grievin: Scotch Drink. 5. Pine, to. Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine! A Winter Night. 9. "In weary heing now I pine, Lament for Glencairn. Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Lns on Fergusson. Or guilt affrights thy contemplation, And makes thee pine, Thou seest a wretch who inly pines, The Lament. Pining. Nor make our scenty pleasures less, By pining at our state: Fp. to Davie, 7. Pinlon. To shun impelling ruin A while (the dove) her pinions tries; S. How cruel! The fluttring gory pinion! S. Now westlin winds t	Pirato. Hapless bird! 2 prey the surest To each pirate of the skies. Pisgah. As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumcision, So may be, on this Pisgah height, Bob's purblind, mental vision: Piss. Which shews that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac. Pissed. An' p—d wi'd read, Holy Withe's Prayer. 14. Pistol. An' durk an' pistol at her belt, Sime and the streets, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17. Pit. Some luckless hour will send him linkan, To your black pit; Add. to the Deil. 20. They filled up a darksome pit With water to the brim, A vast, unhottom'd, boundless Pit, Fill'd fou o' lowan brunstane, The Holy Fair. 22. Pit (put). It pits me ay as mad's a hare; Eb. to J. R., 13. She pits bersel an' Rob in; An' 1.—d' if ance they pit her till'; The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Pinel, to O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, D Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Pine Let Estain boast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man, O sweet grows the lime and the roange, And the apple on the pine; To Mary, Give me the cot below the pine, S. Twas even—the dewy fine [pain, uneasiness]. When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an grievin: Scotch Drink, 5. Pine, to. Where Gnilt and poor Misfortune pine! A Winter Night, 9, "In weary heing now I pine, Lament for Glencairn. Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woc, Lanent for Glencairn. Or guilt affights thy contemplation, And makes thee pine, The Hermit. Thou seest a wretch who inly pines, Dining. Nor make our scanty pleasures less. By pining at our state: Ep, to Davie, 7. Pinlon. To shun impelling ruin A while (the dove) her pinions tries; S. How crue! t The flut'ring gory pinion! S. Now westlin winds t Pinioned. Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Pirate. Hapless bird! 2 prey the surest To each pirate of the skies
Pineh, to O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, Pindus. Nae heathen name shall I prefix Frae Pindus or Parnassus; Pine. Let Britain boast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man, Os weet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Give me the cot helow the pine, S. Twas even—the dewy † Pine [paln, uneasiness]. When heavy-draged wi pine an' grievin: Scotch Drink. 5. Pine, to. Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine! A Winter Night. 9. "In weary heing now I pine, Lament for Glencairn. Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Lns on Fergusson. Or guilt affrights thy contemplation, And makes thee pine, Thou seest a wretch who inly pines, Pining. Nor make our scenarty pleasures less, By pining at our state: Fp. to Davie, 7. Pinlon. To shun impelling ruin A while (the dove) her pinions tries; S. How cruel! The fintt'ring gory pinion! S. Now westlin winds † Pinloned. Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Plink.	Firate. Hapless bird! 2 prey the sures. Pisgah. As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumcision, So may be, on this Pisgah height, Bob's purblind, mental vision: The Dean of Fac. Piss. Which shows that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac. Pissed. An'p—d wi'd freend, Holy Willie's Prayer. 14. Pistol. An' durk an' pistol at her belt, She'll tak the streets, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17. Pit. Some luckless hour will send him linkan, To your black pit; Add. to the Deil. 20. They filled up a darksome pit With water to the brims. Pit, Fill'd fon o' lowan brunstane, The Holy Fair. 22. Pit [put]. It pits me ay as mad's a hare; Ep. to J. R., 13. She pits bersel an' Rob in; Halloween, 10. An' L—d! if ance they pit her till't, The Author's Cry and Prayer. To pit some havins in his breast! The Death of Maille. An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in, I own it's past my comprehension. The Twa Dogs, 0. Pit-a-pat. My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat, S. When First I saw t
Pineh, to. O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, Pindus. Nae heathen name shall I prefix Frae Pindus or Parnassus; Pine. Let Britain boast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man, The Tree of Liberty. O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Give me the cot helow the pine, S. Twas even—the dewy? Pine [paln, uneasiness]. When heavy-draged wi pine an' grievin: Scotch Drink. 5. Pine, to. Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine! Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine! In weary heing now I pine, Lament for Glencairn. Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Lns on Fergusson. Or guilt affrights thy contemplation, And makes thee pine, Thou seest a wretch who inly pines, The Lament. Pining. Nor make our scanty pleasures less, By pining at our state: By pining at our state: Fp. to Davie, 7. Pinlon. To shun impelling ruin A while (the dove) her pinions tries; S. How crued! The fintt'ring gory pinion! S. Now weestlin winds? Pinloned. Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Dink. O dinna think my pretty pink, But I can live without thee: S. Here's to thy health, 1	Firato. Hapless bird? Ja prey the sure. Firato. Hapless bird? Ja prey the sure. Flsgah. As once on Piscah purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumcision, So may be, on this Pisgah height, Bob's purblind, mental vision: The Dean of Fac. Piss. Which shews that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac. Pissed. An' p—d wi'd rend, Holy Withe's Prayer. 14. Pistol. An' durk an' pistol at her belt, Sime Inckless hour will send him linkan, To your black pit; Add. to the Deil. 20. They filled up a darksome pit With water to the brim, John Barleycorn. A vast, unhottom'd, boundless Pit, Fill'd fou o' lowan brunstane, The Holy Fair. 22. Pit (put). It pits me ay as mad's a hare; Ep. to J. R., 13. She pits bersel an' Rob in; Halloween, 10. An' 1.—d! if ance they pit her till', The Author's Cry and Prayer. To pit some havins in his breast! The Death of Maille. An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch. The Twa Dogs, 0. Pit-a-pat. My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat, S. When first I sawt Pitch. To thresh my back at sic a pitch? What alls ye now t
Pinel, to. O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, Pindus. Nae beathen name shall I prefix Frae Pindus or Parnassus; Pine. Let Britain boast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man, O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Give me the cot below the pine, S. Twas even—the dewy† Pine [paln, uneasiness]. When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin: Scotch Drink. 5. Pine, to. Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine! A Winter Night. 9. "In weary heing now I pine, Lament for Glencairn. Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Wooc, Lns on Fergusson. Or guilt affrights thy contemplation, And makes thee pine, The Hermit. Thou seest a wretch who inly pines, By pining at our state: By pining at our state: By pining at Or state: S. Now westlin winds? Pinlon. A while (the dove) her pinions tries; S. How cruel! The flutting gory pinion! S. Now westlin winds! Pinioned. Dangers, eagle-pinioned, hold, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Pink Odinas think my pretty pick, Bit I can live without thee: S. Here's to thy health, ! And I will live the pine he melbem o'n w dear:	Pirate. Hapless bird! a prey the sures. Firato. Hapless bird! a prey the sures. Fiscah. As once on Piscah purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumciston, So may be, on this Pisgah height, Bob's purblind, mental vision: The Dean of Fac. Piss. Which shews that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac. Pissed. An' durk an' pistol at her belt, She'll tak the streets, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17. Pistol. An' durk an' pistol at her belt, She'll tak the streets, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17. Pit. Some luckless hour will send him linkan. To your black pit; Add. to the Deil. 20. They filled up a darksome pit With water to the brim, A vaxt, unhottom'd, boundless Pit, Fill'd fon o' lowan brunstane, The Holy Fair. 22. Pit [put]. It pits me ay as mad's a hare; E.f. to f. R., 13. She pits bereal an' Rob in; . Halloween, 10. An' L—d! if ance they pit her till't, The Author's Cry and Prayer. To pit some havins in his breast! . The Death of Maille. An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in, I own it's past my comprehension. Pit-a-pat. My heart went finitering pit-a-pat, S. When first I saw t Pitch. To thresh my back at sic a pitch' What alls ye novel Pitcur. The band Pitcur fell in a fur. S. Killierankie.
Pineh, to. O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, Pindus. Nae heathen name shall I prefix Frae Pindus or Parnassus; Pine. Let Britain boast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man, The Tree of Liberty. O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Give me the cot helow the pine, S. Twas even—the dewy? Pine [paln, uneasiness]. When heavy-draged wi pine an' grievin: Scotch Drink. 5. Pine, to. Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine! Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine! In weary heing now I pine, Lament for Glencairn. Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Lns on Fergusson. Or guilt affrights thy contemplation, And makes thee pine, Thou seest a wretch who inly pines, The Lament. Pining. Nor make our scanty pleasures less, By pining at our state: By pining at our state: Fp. to Davie, 7. Pinlon. To shun impelling ruin A while (the dove) her pinions tries; S. How crued! The fintt'ring gory pinion! S. Now weestlin winds? Pinloned. Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Dink. O dinna think my pretty pink, But I can live without thee: S. Here's to thy health, 1	Firate. Hapless bird! 2 prey the surest. Firate, Hapless bird! 2 prey the surest. Fisgah. As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumcision, So may be, on this Pisgah height, Bob's purblind, mental vision: The Dean of Fac. Piss. Which shows that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac. Pissed. An' p—d wi' dread, Holy Willie's Prayer. 14. Pistol. An' durk an pistol at her belt, She'll tak the streets, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17. Pit. Some luckless hour will send him linkan, To your black pit; Add. to the Deil. 20. They filled up a darksome pit With water to the brims. A vast, unhottom'd, boundless Pit, Fill'd fou o' lowan brunstane, Fill'd fou o' lowan brunstane, An' I.—d' if ance they pit her till't, The Author's Cry and Prayer. To pit some havins in his breast! The Death of Maille. An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in, I own it's past my comprehension. The Twa Dogs, O. Pit-a-pat. My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat, S. When first I saw t Pitcur. The bould Pitcur fell in a furr, S. Killiterankie. Pittous. Maggie's was a pitcous case, S. Duncan Gray †
Pineh, to. O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, Pindus. Nae heathen name shall I prefix Frae Pindus or Parnassus; Pine. Let Britain boast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man, The Tree of Liberty. O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Give me the cot helow the pine, S. Twas even—the dewy? Pine [paln, uneasiness]. When heavy-draged wi pine an' grievin: Scotch Drink. 5. Pine, to. Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine! A Winter Night. 9. "In weary heing now I pine, Lament for Glencairn. Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Lns on Fergusson. Or guilt affrights thy contemplation, And makes thee pine, Thou seest a wretch who inly pines, Pining. Nor make our scenty pleasures less, By pining at our state: By the fact over the down her pinions tries; S. How cruel't The fintt'ning gory pinion! S. Now westlin winds? Pinlon. Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Pink. O dinna think my pretty pink, Ent I can live without thee: S. Here's to thy health, And i will put the pink, the emblem o' my dear: For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer; S. The Posic. Pint la Scotch pint is two English quarts.	Pirate. Hapless bird! 2 prey the sures. Firate, Hapless bird! 2 prey the sures. Fiscal, As once on Piscaph purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumciston, So may be, on this Pisgah height, Bob's purblind, mental vision: The Dean of Fac. Piss. Which shows that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac. Pissed. An' durk an' pistol at her belt, She'll tak the streets, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14. Pit. Some luckless hour will send him linkan. To your black pit; Add. to the Deil. 20. They filled up a darksome pit With water to the brim, A vast, unhottomd, boundless Pit, Filld fon o' lowan brunstane, Pit (put). It pits me ay as mad's a hare; Ep. to f. R., 13. She pits bereal an' Rob in; An' L—d! if ance they pit her tillt, An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in, I own it's past my comprehension. The Author's Cry and Prayer. To pit some havins in his breast! The Death of Mailie. An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in, I own it's past my comprehension. The Twa Dogs, 9. Pit-a-pat. My heart went fluttering pita-pat, I have the short of the pitcur fell in a fur. S. When first I saw the Pitcur. Pitcous. Maggie's was a pitcous case, Educan Gray † Reluctant, E stalk' din with niteous race
Pinel, to. O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, Pindus. Nae beathen name shall I prefix Frae Pindus or Parnassus; Pine. Let Bittain boast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man, O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Give me the cot below the pine; Fine Pinel, nuesainess). When heavy-drage'd wi' pine an' grievin: Scotch Drink, 5. Pine, to. Where Gnilt and poor Misfortune pine! Where Gnilt and poor Misfortune pine! I a Winter Night, 9. "In werry heing now! I pine, Lanunt for Glencairn. Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Lns on Fergusson. Or guilt affrights thy contemplation, At makes thee pine, The Hermit. Thou seest a wetch who inly pines, By pining at our state: Finlon. To shun impelling ruin To shun impelling ruin To shun impelling ruin The flutt'ring gory pinion! S. Now westlin winds the Pinloned. Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Pinlon Od inna think my pretty pink, Ent I can live without thee: S. Here's to thy health, And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear: For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer; For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer; For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer; For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer; For she's the rank o' womankind, and blooms without a peer; For the Control of the control of the province bank to the control of the province bank to the control of the pineline of the province bank to the control of the province bank to the control of the province bank to the control of the pineline of the province bank to the control of the pineline of t	Pirate. Hapless bird! a prey the surest. To each pirate of the skies. As once on Piscaph purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumciston, So may be, on this Pisgah height, Bob's purblind, mental vision: The Dean of Fac. Piss. Which shows that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac. Pissed. An' durk an' pistol at her belt, She'll tak the streets, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17. Pistol. An' durk an' pistol at her belt, She'll tak the streets, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17. Pit. Some luckless hour will send him linkan. To your black pit; Add. to the Deil. 20. They filled up a darksome pit With water to the brim, A vast, unbottom'd, boundless Pit, Fill'd fon o' lowan brunstane, Ar' state pit her till't, The Author's Cry and Prayer. An' L—d! if ance they pit her till't, The Author's Cry and Prayer. To pit some havins in his breast! The Death of Maille. An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in, I own it's past my comprehension. The Twa Dogs, 9. Pit-a-pat. My heart went finitering pit-a-pat, S. When, first I sawt Pitch. To thresh my back at sic a pitch' What alls ye novo Pitch. To thresh my back at sic a pitch' What alls ye novo Pitch. To thresh my back at sic a pitch' What alls ye novo Pitch. To thresh my back at sic a pitch' What alls ye novo Pitch. To thresh my back at sic a pitch' What alls ye novo Pitchen. To the baild Pitcur fell in a fur, S. Killiterankie. Pitcous, Maggie's was a pitcous case, The pistling tears ran down his bonest face! The Vowels, Pith. At Brooses thou had ne'er a fellow.
Pinel, to O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, Pindus. Nae heathen name shall I prefix Frae Pindus or Parnassus; Pine. Let Britain boast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man, Os weet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Go sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Give me the cot helow the pine, S. Twas even—the dewy † Pine [pain, uneasiness]. When heavy-draged wi pine an' grievin: Scotch Drink. 5. Pine, to. Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine! A Winter Night. 9. "In weary heing now I pine, Lament for Glencairn. Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Lns on Fergusson. Or guilt affrights thy contemplation, And makes thee pine, Thou seest a wretch who inly pines, Pinlon. Nor make our scanty pleasures less, By pining at our state: Ep, to Davie, 7. Pinlon. A while (the dove) her pinions tries; S. How crued's Pintoned. Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Plink. O dina think my pretty pink, But I can live without thee: S. Here's to thy health, And a will be pink, the emblem o' my dear: For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer; S. The Paic. Pint [a Scotch pint is two English quarts]. They'll step in and tak a pint S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank tan' dayer tawalier.	Pirato. Hapless bird? Ja prey the sure. Pisgah. As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumciston, Son my be, on this Pisgah height, Ebb's purblind, mental vision: The Dean of Fac. Piss. Which shews that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac. Pissed. An' p—d wi'd rend, Holy Willie's Prayer. 14. Pistol. An' durk an' pistol at her belt, Shell tak the streets, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17. Pit. Some luckless hour will send him linkan, To your black pit; Add. to the Deil. 20. They filled up a darksome pit With water to the brim, John Barleycorn. A vast, unbottom'd, bonndless Pit, Fill'd fon o' lowan brunstane, The Holy Fair. 22. Pit (put). It pits me ay as mad's a hare; Ep. to J. R., 13. She pits bersel an' Rob in; Halloween, 10. An' L—d! if ance they pit her till'. An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in, I own it's past my comprehension. The Twa Dogs, 0. Pit-a-pat. My heart went finttering pit-a-pat, Pitch. To thresh my back at sic a pitch? What ails ye now! Pitcur. The bundle Pitcur fell in a furr, Pitcous. Maggie's was a pitcous case. S. Duncan Gray! Reluctant, E stalk'd in; with pitcous race The justiling tears rand down his bonest face! The Vowels. Pith, At Brooses thou had ne'er a fellow. For pit an' speed; A Guid New-Year to.
Pinel, to. O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, D Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Pinel, Let Bittain boast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pinc, man, O sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Give me the cot below the pine; S. Twas even—the dewy to Pine [paln, uneasiness]. When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin: Scotch Drink, 5- Pine, to. Where Gnilt and poor Misfortune pine! A Winter Night, 9. "In werp heing now I pine, Lanunt for Glencairn. Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Lus on Fergusson. Or guilt affrights thy contemplation, The Hermit. Thou seest a wetch who inly pines, The Hermit. Thou seest a wetch who inly pines, By pining at our state: Finlon. To shun impelling ruin A while (the dove) her pinions tries; S. How cruelt The flutt'ring gory pinion! S. Now weestlin winds to Pinioned. Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Pink. O dinna think my pretty pink, Ent I can live without thee: S. Here's to thy health, And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear: For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer; S. They'll step in and tak a pint S. A' the lads o' Thornic-bank An' dawtet, wal-pint Hawkie's gane As yell's the Bill. Add. to the Deil, 10.	Firato. Hapless bird! a prey the surest. Firato. Hapless bird! a prey the surest. Firato. Hapless bird! a prey the surest. Firato. As once on Piscaph purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumciston, So may be, on this Pisgah height, Bob's purblind, mental vision: The Dean of Fac. Piss. Which shews that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac. Pissed. An' —d wi' dread, Haly Willie's Prayer. 14. Pistol. An' durk an' pistol at her belt, She'll tak the streets, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17. Pit. Some luckless hour will sen thim linkan, To your black pit; Add. to the Deil. 20. They filled up a darksome pit With water to the brim, John Earleycorn. A vast, unhettom'd, boundless Pit, Fill'd fon o' lowan brunstane, The Holy Fair. 22. Pit [put]. It pits me ay as mad's a hare; £f. to J. R., 13. She pits bersel an' Rob in; Halloween, 10. An' L—d if ance they pit her till't, The Author's Cry and Prayer. To pit some havins in his breast! The Death of Maille. An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in, I own it's past my comprehension. The Twa Dogs, 9. Pit-a-pat. My heart went finttering pit-a-pat, S. When first I sauc' Pitcur. Fol in a farr, S. Killicerankie. Pitcous. Maggie's was a pitcous case, Reluctant, E stalk' din ; with pitcous race The justing tears ran down his bonest face! The Vowels. Pith. At Process thon had ne'er a felon. An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd briket,
Pinel, to O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, Pindus. Nae heathen name shall I prefix Frae Pindus or Parnassus; Pine. Let Britain boast her hardy oak, Her poplar and her pine, man, Os weet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Go sweet grows the lime and the orange, And the apple on the pine; Give me the cot helow the pine, S. Twas even—the dewy † Pine [pain, uneasiness]. When heavy-draged wi pine an' grievin: Scotch Drink. 5. Pine, to. Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine! A Winter Night. 9. "In weary heing now I pine, Lament for Glencairn. Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Lns on Fergusson. Or guilt affrights thy contemplation, And makes thee pine, Thou seest a wretch who inly pines, Pinlon. Nor make our scanty pleasures less, By pining at our state: Ep, to Davie, 7. Pinlon. A while (the dove) her pinions tries; S. How crued's Pintoned. Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Plink. O dina think my pretty pink, But I can live without thee: S. Here's to thy health, And a will be pink, the emblem o' my dear: For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer; S. The Paic. Pint [a Scotch pint is two English quarts]. They'll step in and tak a pint S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank tan' dayer tawalier.	Pirato. Hapless bird? Ja prey the sure. Pisgah. As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumciston, Son my be, on this Pisgah height, Ebb's purblind, mental vision: The Dean of Fac. Piss. Which shews that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. The Dean of Fac. Pissed. An' p—d wi'd rend, Holy Willie's Prayer. 14. Pistol. An' durk an' pistol at her belt, Shell tak the streets, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17. Pit. Some luckless hour will send him linkan, To your black pit; Add. to the Deil. 20. They filled up a darksome pit With water to the brim, John Barleycorn. A vast, unbottom'd, bonndless Pit, Fill'd fon o' lowan brunstane, The Holy Fair. 22. Pit (put). It pits me ay as mad's a hare; Ep. to J. R., 13. She pits bersel an' Rob in; Halloween, 10. An' L—d! if ance they pit her till'. An' what poor Cot-folk pit their painch in, I own it's past my comprehension. The Twa Dogs, 0. Pit-a-pat. My heart went finttering pit-a-pat, Pitch. To thresh my back at sic a pitch? What ails ye now! Pitcur. The bundle Pitcur fell in a furr, Pitcous. Maggie's was a pitcous case. S. Duncan Gray! Reluctant, E stalk'd in; with pitcous race The justiling tears rand down his bonest face! The Vowels. Pith, At Brooses thou had ne'er a fellow. For pit an' speed; A Guid New-Year to.

	11100
And gloriously she'll whang her, Wi' pith this day The Ordination. 3.	With tears I pity thy unhappy fate !
Wi' pith this day The Ordination. 3. But pith and power, till my last hour,	Pitied. Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.
I'll mak this declaration; S. The Union.	My blessings age attend the chiel, Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man, The Tree of Liberty.
Pitt, Pit [the statesman].	Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man, The Tree of Liberty. He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife,
I'm no mistrusting Willie Pit, When taxes he enlarges,	S. There liv'd ance a carle t
The toolzie's tengh 'tween Pitt an' Fox, El. on Year 1788.	Pitying. With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears.
Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow, The Election Ballads. VI.	Add. to Edinburgh, b.
A Garter gie to Willie Pit; To J. S., 23.	Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us, Wi' pitying moan; . Add. to Toothache. 2.
Pity. This boasted Honor turns away, Shunning soft Pity's rising sway, A Winter Night. 9.	Pitying the propless climber of mankind, Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
Hear me, Powers divine! Oh, in pity hear me! S. Ay waking, O† And canst thou leave me thus for pity?	Epit. for Author's Father.
S. Canst thou leave me † That e'er he [the Deil] nearer comes oursel	Frae woman's pitying e'e. Lament of Mary of Scots. The tender thrill, the pitying tear, S. My Mary's face †
'S a muckle pity. Death and Dr. Hornbook, 2.	A ray direct from pitying Heaven, On scaring Water-fowl. Pityless.
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath; . S. Duncan Gray †	While pityless the tempest wild
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn, Frae man exil'd. El. on Capt. M. H., 2.	Sore on you heats A Winter Night. 5.
A look of pity hither cast,	Pizarro. Between Almagro and Pizarro; Add. of Beelzebub. Placad [a public proclamation].
O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,	The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads, . A Fragment. 7.
Your pity I will not implore,	Place. For neither Pension, Post, nor Place, Am I your humble debtor: A Dream. 3.
For pity ye have nane; Epit. on Holy Willie. But, oh! Eliza, hear one prayer, For pity's sake forgive me! S. Farewell, thou stream †	Because we've stang'd her through the place, Adam A—'s Prayer.
What pity, in rearing so heauteons a system.	Where'er that place be priests ca' hell, Add. to Toothache. Nor ever sorrow stain the honr,
One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss d him!	The place and time I met my dearie! S. By Allan stream t
Fragment, inser. to Fox. Give over for pity—my Nanie's awa'. S. My Nanie's Awa.	I've dar'd his (death's) face, and in this place
For pity's sake, this ae night, . S. O Lassie, art thou	I scorn him yet again! . S. Farewell, ye dungeons † Let him be planted in my place,
Take pity on my weary feet,	Syne, say, I was a fautor S. Had I the wyte †
If love for love thou wilt na gie, At least be pity to me shown; S. O Mary, at thy window †	'I daur you try sic sportin, 'As seek the foul Thief onie place,
At least some pity on me shaw, If love it may na be	A burnin' un' a shinin' light, To a' this place. Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.
For pity's sake, sweet hird, nae mair! S. O stay sweet warbling †	Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest, On seeing wounded Hare.
Pity's flood there never rose. Odc, to Mem. of Mrs	And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share
Oh, open the door, some pity to shew, S. Oh open the door	A rival place? . Poem on Pastoral Poetry. (Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,
In his breast no pity dwells, On scaring Water-fowl.	Can only charm us in the second place,)
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh, On seeing wounded Hare.	Or like the borealis race, Prologue, sp. by Woods.
That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity: Prologue, at Th., D	That flit ere you can point their place; Tam o' Shanter. 7. tho' a Mioister grow dorty, An' kick your place, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 23.
To anger them n' is a pity, S. Tam Glen.	
An' rouse them up to strong conviction, An' move their pity. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	The pride of the place and its neighbourhood a'; The Belles of Mauchline.
Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.	But there's a youth, a witless youth, That fills the place where she should be; S. The bonic Lass of Albany.
For pity's sake, forgive me! S. The last time I t	And, agonising, curse the time and place The Brigs of Ayr, q.
There's a youth in this city, it were a great pity, That he from our lasses should wander awa:	Retrieve its doom and take its place. S. The capt. Ribband.
S. There's a youth †	For talents to deserve a place
pity's notes, in luxury of tears, To Miss Graham.	Are qualifications saucy; The Dean of Fac. A place where body saw na; S. The gowd. Locks of A.
For pity, hide the cruel sentence Under friendship's kind disguise. S. Turn again, thou †	Ye but smelt, man, the place where he [Pegasus] sh-t.
And the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in my ear. S. Wae is my heart	Ye but smelt, man, the place where he [Pegasus] sh-t. The Kirk's Alarm. My blessings on that happy place, S. The Rigs o' Barley.
My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity, S. What can a yng lassie †	'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle, That hears the name o' auld king Coil, The Twa Dogs.
Take pity on a sodger S. When wild War's †	But whalpet some place far abroad,
It's a pity ane sac pretty Should na do the thing they can. S. Will ye go and marry †	And gat him friends in ilka place;
Pity, to. Gude pity me, because I'm little, Adam A-'s Prayer.	Aboon them a' ye tak your place, To a Haggis.
Whoe'er he he that sojourns here, I pity much his case, Epig. on being neglected at In. Inn.	Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely, On sic a place To a Louse.
Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train, Ep. to R. Craham. 5. Pity our Kirk also; New Psalmody.	Then canie, in some cozie place, They close the day To J. S., 18.
An' I was but a young thing,	Where is thy place of blissful rest? To Mary in Heaven.
Wi' nane to pity me, jo S. O wat ye what my † 'Tis thine to pity and forgive. Sent to a Gent. offended.	They a' mann meet some ither place, Willie's awa! To W. Creech.
If thou refuse to pity me, S. Sweet fa's the eve t	Place. to. Ye weel may wi' the fairest place: S. O this is no my ain t
Oh! I pity the pangs that you endure: S. The winter it is past! Pity my sad disaster! To J. Taylor.	And in their dear petitions place him: On Scot. Bard gne to IV.I.
Wyon you we helpless crew. I nity you:	And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there; S. The Posie.
Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity: Tragic Frag	And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above, Ib.

Placed, -'d. Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below! A Winter Night. 7.	She sees his pale corse on the plain, Oh; S. Oh, open the door,† In these savage, liquid plains, On scaring Water-found.
lonely Hermit plac'd Where never human footstep trac'd, Despondency, an Ode. 4. placed by thee upon the wish'd-for height	No more the thickening hrakes and verdant plains On seeing wounded Hare. The gathering floods hurst o'er the distant plains; On Death of R. Dundas.
in life where-ever plac'd,	Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
Ye'll find ane plac'd; To W. Simpson, P.S Placid. Across her placid, azure sky, She sees the scowling tempest fly: S. The gloomy night †	An' Pease an' Beans, at een or morn, Perfume the plain
Plack (a small copper coin, equal to the third part of	The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
an English penny).	Where rich ananas blow! The Farewell.
No, stretch a point to catch a plack; . A Ded. to G. H., & In my last plack thy part's be in't, . Add. to Illegit. Child. E'en mony a plack, an' mony a peck, . El. on Year 1788. For monie a Plack they (the lasses) wheelle frae me,	I see it driving o'er the plain; S. The gloomy night t Aboon the plain sae rashy, O, S. The Highland Lassie. 'Some teach to meliorate the plain, With tillage-skill; The Vision. D. II. 8.
Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 1st, 17. Ev'n love an' friendship should give place	lov'd Nith, thy gladsome plains, . S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
To catch-the-plack! Ib. 20.	We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' fells, . To W. Simpson. The' shelter'd in the lowest shed
Nae howdie gets a social night Or plack frae them. [v.A.25] Scotch Drink.	That ever rose on Scotland's plain! S. Twas even—the dewy †
Plackless [penniless].	Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain, . S. Young Jamie †
Poor, plackless devils like mysel, Scotch Drink. 16. Plague.	My Jockey toils upon the plain, . S. Young Jockey †
And ranked plagues their numbers tell, Add. to Toothache. 5.	Plaint. Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
O! may it ne'er be a livin' plague . Holy Willie's Prayer. 7. Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues Wad seize you quick Letter to J. Goudie.	And Common Sense is gaun, she says, To mak to Jamie Beattie Her plaint this day. The Ordination. 11.
And other Poets sing of wars,	Plaintive. When on my ear this plaintive strain, Slow-solemn, stole A Winter Night.6.
And he had a wife was the plague of his days,	Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
S. There liv'd ance a carle †	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13. In plaintive notes my tale rehearses . To Clarinda.
To plague you with this draunting drivel, . Poem on Life.	Plaister [plaster].
Plaid, But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal, S. Behind you hills †	O how they fire the heart devout Like cantharidian plaisters The Holy Fair. 13.
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid, S. Ca' the Erves.	Plaister, to [to plaster].
And ye may rowe me in your pland,	Her [Britain's] broken shins to plaister; . A Dream. 6.
And rowed his Highland plaid about her. S. Donald Brodie. Wore a plaid and was fu' braw, S. Highland Laddie.	Plan. Be sure ye follow out the plan Nae waur than he did, honest man! El. on Year 1788.
The marled plaid ye kindly spare, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	But willly he [Satan] changed his plan, Epig. on A. Turner.
With his Philibeg, an' tartan Plaid, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV. Ye wha were ne'er hy lairds respekit, To wenr the plaid, The Twa Herds. 4.	'The social, friendly, honest man, Whate'er he be, 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, And none hut he. Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 15.
Plaiden (a kind of coarse woollen cloth differing	Her [nature's] eye intent on all the mazy plan, Ep. to R. Graham.
from plaid and flannel]. To warp a plaiden wah; S. My heart was ance †	But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan, Frag. inscr. to Fox.
To warp a wah o' plaiden ; . S. Robin shure in hairst.	To oppose great Nature's plan? S. Let not woman t
Plaidie [dim. of plaid].	Here Douglas forms wild Shakspeare into plan, Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Wha wad mind the wind and rain, Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie. [re.] S. As I came o'er †	Except it he some idle plan O' rhymin clink,
Among the heather, in my plaidie, S. Montgom.'s Peggy.	Some useful plan, or book could make,
My plaidie to the angry airt, I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee S. O wert thou in t	The Ans. to the Guidwife. While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie, Kissin' Theniel's honie Mary. S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.	The Pights of Wasses
Plain. And on his honnet grav'd was plain,	And trust, the Universal Plan Will all protect The Vision. D. 11. 22.
The sacred posy—Libertie! A Vision. Plain truth to speak; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 12.	She's turn'd you off, a human-creature On her first plan,
Plain plodding industry, and soher worth: Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	Gae fa' uno' anither plan What ails we now t
In plain, braid Scots hold forth a plain, braid story: The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan; S. What can a yng lassie† Who not so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan? Why am I loth
Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them Ib. 10. But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans, To W. Simpson. P.S.	Planet. And ne'er shall glimmering planet fix My worship to its ray. S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Plain, s. Dark-muffl'd, [Phoche] view'd the dreary plain;	Plant. Protect and guard the mother plant, On Birth of Posth. Child.
O, rivers, forests, hills, and plains! Oft have ye heard my canty strains: El. on Capt. M. H., 11.	A Knave an' Fool are plants of ev'ry soil: Scots Prologue. Plant, to.
On many a bloody plain I've dar'd his [death's] face, . S. Farewell, ye dungeons †	But I maun lie before the storm, And ithers plant them in my room. Lament for Glencalrn.
	Nay, by heaven, said 1, may I perish if ever
Drifting o'er the frozen plain. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting † Fu' stately strode he on the plain, S. My Harry was a gallant † Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains . Values's Law	I plant in your hosom a thorn. Spoke extem. to yng Lady. She plants the forests, pours the flood;
tine bang me mjares m comes passes.	S. Streams that glide†
waving grain, wide o'er the plain, S. Now westlin winds †	Sure plant this far-famed tree, man; The Tree of Liberty.

I play'd my fillie sic a shavie, . .

And I served out my Trade when the gallant game was play'd,

The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

. The Inventory.

But aiblins she may please ye. . The Tarbolton Lasses.

An' please themsels wi' countra sports, . The Twa Dogs. 26.

359

Plantation. Whare horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle. But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
That play'd a Dame a shavie The Jolly Bergars, K. VIII. Your thick plantations. To a Louse. Planted. Let him be planted in my place, Syne, say, I was a fautor. S. IIad I the swyte? Sic game is now owre aften play'd; . The Twa Dogs. 21. He play'd our cousin Kate a spring. Why was an independent wish When fient a body hade him. There came a piper t E'er planted in my mind? Man was made to Mourn. This game was play'd in monie lands. To W. Simpson P.S. Ae market-night, Tam had got planted unco right;

Tam o' Shanter. 5. O, lassie, ye hae played the fool, . S. Ye hae lien wrang. Playful. In playful bands disporting. . S. Young Peggy t On ilka brow she's planted a horn, S. The Cooper o' cuddy t Playing. She saw three bonie boys playing at the ba'; Plashy. S. Lady Mary Ann. Plashy sleets and beating rain, Plea. Ae night, at tea, began a plea. . A Fragment. No other plea I have, But, Thou art good;

A Prayer in Prosp. of Death. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t Plate [a large pewter plate placed at the door or gate of a church for the collection]. How daddie Burke the plea was cookin, Kind Sir, I've read † When by the plate we set our nose, Weel heaped up wi' ha pence. . The Holy Fair, S. Platie [dim. of plate]. So how this weighty plea may end,
Nae mortal wight can tell: . . The Election Ballads, I. owre the wee bit cup an' platie, . . The Twa Dogs. 33. Play. But what he said it was nae play. . . A Vision. Plead. My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs. Now nae langer sport and play, I would na write. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 2. Mirth or sang can please me; . S. Blythe hae I been t Pleading. Heroes in Cesarean fight When a' the lave gae to their play. . S. Duncan Grav. Or Ciceronian pleading. The Election Ballads. VI. May still your life from day to day, Nae "lente largo" in the play, Pleasant. How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below. Et. to Mai, Logan, 5. S. Afton Water. I hope to gie the jads a clearin' Simmer's a pleasant time, Flow'rs of ev'ry colour; 11. 11 In fair play yet. S. Av waukin, O. O Whisky! soul o' plays an' pranks! . Scotch Drink, 18. A bonie Lass, all will confess, Is pleasant to the e'e, . . S. Handsome Nell How this new Play, and that new Sang is comin? Scots Prologue. How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon, S. How pleasant the banks t Will bauldly try to gie us Plays at hame? . . . Ib. Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle. Tam o' Shanter, 11. Bring Autumn's pleasant weather; S. Now westlin winds t O there had been noe play ; . The Election Ballads. V. The happy hour may soon he near, And mickle mirth and play. . S. The last braw bridal † That brings us pleasant weather.
There will surely be some pleasant weather
When a' their storms are past and gone.
When clouds in skies † That brings us pleasant weather: S. The noble Maxwells t . . The Twa Does. 22. At Operas an' Plays parading, The Curlers quat their roaring play, The Vision. D. I. 1. The Curlers quat their roaring play, The Vision. D. I. 1.

'I saw thy pulse's maddening play, Ib. D. II. 17. Please. Mann please the Great-folk for a wamefon : Passion's birth, and infants' play . To a Kiss. A Ded. to G. H., 2. Like school-boys, at th' expected warning, To joy and play While Nobles strive to please Ye, . A Dream. q. To J. S., 15. And if it please thee, heavenly guide,
May never worse he sent;

A Grace before Dinner. Play, to. And still the clap plays clatter. Add. to Unco Guid. The music of her pretty foot, On my heart it did play so, They'll mak what rules and laws they please. Add. of Beelzebub. S. As I eacd up by t But what your Lordships please to gie them! . . Ib. 3. Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes, 'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, And o'er the chrystal streamlet plays; Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illerit. Child. S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go t I was bred up at nae sic school, My shepherd-lad, to play the fool, Now nae langer sport and play, . S. Ca' the Ewes. Mirth or sang can please me; S. Blothe ha'e I been t Than I, no lonely Hermit - - - Less fit to play the part, . . 'Aqua-fontis, what you please,
'He can content ye. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21. . Despondency, an Ode. 4. Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays, . . . Halloween. 25. On braes when we please then, We'll sit and sowth a tune; Ep. to Davie. 4. He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes Holy Willie's Prayer, 11. Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift, Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 21st, 13. Would play another Charles the twalt; Kind Sir, I've read t And if it please thee, Pow'r above, Grace after Dinner. And I mysel' the zephyr's breath, Amang its bonie leaves to play. 'Tis this in Nelly pleases me, . . S. Handsome Nell. . S. O were my love t Wha, as it pleases best thysel', The silvery moonbeams trembling play: . On Lincluden. Sends ane to heaven and ten to hell, Holy Willie's Prayer. 1. The warl' may play you monie a shavie; Second Ef. to Davie. But please transmit the enclosed letter, And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:

The Cotter's Sat. Night 6. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. Can please a lassie better. , S. O gie my love brose t The lightly-jumping, glowria trouts,
That thro' my waters play,
The Petition of Br. Water. . S. O Tibbie! That ye can please me at a wink, . Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays! The Ordination. 11. Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng. Prologue, sp. by Woods. The polish'd leaves, and berries red, How can ye please, ye flowers, with all your dies? Did rustling play; The Vision, D.II. 23. Sonnet, on Death of R .. Played, -'d. But what a weary wight can please, And care his bosom wringing. O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune. . . S. A red, red Rose. S. Sweet fa's the evet 'Twad please me to the Nine. The Ans. to the Guidwife. When linnets sang, and lammies play'd. S. As on the banks t But nae ane could their fancy please,

One'er a one but tway. . . . The Election Ballads. I. An' play'd on man a cursed brogue, Add. to the Deil. 16. 'It just play'd dirl on the hane, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16. For some had gentle folks to please, I've play'd mysel a bonie spring, . . . Ep. to J. R. 6. And some wad please themsel. . He play'd a spring and danc'd it round, Would then my noble master please S. Farewell, ye dungeons t The Petition of Br. Water. To grant my highest wishes, Churches built to please the Priest.

The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. Play'd me sic a trick, . S. Robin sure in hairst. (Deil na they never mair do guid, Play'd her that pliskie!) The Anthor's Cry and Prayer. To please the Moh they hide the little giv'n.

The Ordination, Mott. While he, sub rosa, play'd his part The Election Ballads. VI. She's dour and din, n deil within,

Then please sir, to lea'e sir, The orders wi' your lady To Gav. Hamilton.	Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give, Yet haply wanting where withal to live; Ep. to R. Graham 3.
But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's To Mr. J. Kennedy.	But come ye who the godlike pleasure know, Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow!
'To please us a', I've just ae ither What ails ye now t I never can please him, do a' that I can:	A' pleasure exile me, , S. Eppie Adair.
S. What can a yng lassie †	When Remembrance wracks the mind, Pleasures but unvail Despair. S. Frae the friends †
The leafless trees my fancy please, Winter.	And pleasure is a wanton trout, . S. Gane is the day t
I took the way that pleas'd mysel,	I tint my pence and pleasure; S. Gat ye me, †
And sae did Death. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.	Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure, S. Gloomy December.
There was ae sang, amang the rest. Aboon them a' it pleas'd me hest, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 3.	Such the pleasures I enjoy'd; . S. I dream'd I lay †
Nature well pleased pronounced it very good; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	My cheerless suns no pleasure koow; Improm., on Mrs. —'s Eirthday.
Weel pleased, he greets a wight sae famous.	while rosy pleasure
Weel plensed, he greets a wight sae famous, And Death was nae less pleased wi' Thomas, Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath, Innocence † And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
I'm better pleas'd to make one more, Than be the death of twenty. Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav	That ne'er wad blink on mine! Lament of Mary of Scots. I grant him [Wisdom] his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures.
Long, long be pleas'd to spare; . O Thou dread Pow'rt	Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav
Weel-pleas'd to think her hairn's respected like the lave. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	Or youthful Piensure's rage? Man was made to Mourn. In Pleasure's lap carest;
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the Soul; Ib. 17.	In Pleasure's lap carest;
Which pleased them ane and a', man. The Tree of Liberty.	What are their noisy pleasures? . S. Mark yonder Pomp †
'While ye [Powers] are pleas'd to keep me hale, 'I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal	Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will, But here I never miss't it yet S. My love she's but †
But, Sir, this pleas'd them warst of ava, What ails ye now t	In vain I've roam'd for pleasure, S. My Love's a winsome t
Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd. And yet can starve the author of the pleasure.	Thus ev ry kind their pleasure find, S. Now westlin winds †
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure. Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.	O why should Fate sic pleasure have, Life's dearest hands untwining?. S. O poortith cauld, †
Pleasing. Have I so found it full of pleasing charms? Why am I loth †	
leasure.	Glories in his heart humane— And creatures for his pleasure slain. S On scaring Water-fowl.
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him [Want], A Ded. to G. H., 16.	Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart! On sceing wounded Hare.
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails, I'm tauld ye're driving rarely; A Dream, 10.	Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign.
The pride, the pleasure o' the wood, S. A Rosebud by my †	On Death of R. Dundas. Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure! . S. One fond kiss, †
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie, Ev'n to a deil, To skelp nn' scaud poor dogs like me, . Add. to the Deil. 2.	Thy auld damned elbow yeuks wi' joy,
When Phoebus peeps over the mountains, On music, and pleasure and love. Adown winding Nith †	And hellish pleasure; Poem on Life. Firm may she rise with generous disdain At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain;
Youth, grace, and love attendant move, And pleasure leads the van, S. A. Mastrin's bonic Anne.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share, Than sic n moment's pleasure, O!	Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . S. Raving winds † What pleasure, what treasure,
Than sic n moment's pleasure, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee, yet †	Unto these rosy lips to grow: S. Sae flaxen
With " Mary, when shall we return,	Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure, Scenes that former thoughts renew; . S. Scenes of woe †
"Sic pleasure to renew?" . S. As down the burn t Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi him,	My chief, amaist my only pleasure, Second Ep. to Davie.
S. As I was a-wand ring †	Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure, Thrill the deepest notes of woe, S. Sensibility, †
Since thou then deny'st the pleasure, Now 'tis fit that thou shouldst mourn. S. Blue Bonnets.	As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,	The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure: Tam o' Shanter. 6.
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure; S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †	But pleasures are like poppies spread, You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
I listened to a lover's sang, And thought on youthful pleasures many;	Can they the peace and pleasure feel
S. By Allan stream † Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure; Ib.	Of Bessie at her spinning-wheel? The Contented Cottager. 'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare, The Cotters Sat. Night. 9.
Come ease, or come travail, come pleasure or pain; My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again!"	
My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again!" S. Contented wi' little †	Or nature aught of pleasure give; . S. The day returns † If sae their pleasure was The Election Ballads. I.
But pleasure they [flowers, birds] hae nane for me S. Craigie-burn Wood,	And now a widow I must mourn The Pleasures that will ne'er return; The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
the pleasure The fickle Fair can give thee. Is but a fairy treasure, S. Deluded swain †	If we lead a life of pleasure, 'Tis no matter how or where
But ah! those pleasures, Loves and Joys, Which I too keenly taste, Despondency, an Ode, 4.	From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn, The Lament.
Which I too keenly taste, Despondency, an Ode, 4. When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze, Ib. 5.	Nae joy nor pleasure can she see; S. The lovely lass †
When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,	O, these are the pleasures the poor man enjoys! S. The Poor Thresher.
Religion may be blinded; . Ep. to Young Friend. 10. Nae treasures, nor pleasures	But a' the pleasures e'er I saw. Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
Could make us happy lang; Ef. to Davie 5.	That happy night was worth them a' S. The Kigs o' Barley.
Nor make our scanty Pleasures less, By pining at our state:	But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair, When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care?
There's a' the Pleasures o' the Heart,	S. The small birds t
The Lover and the Friea';	Was keepet for His Honor's pleasure; . The Twa Dogs. Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
And sing their pleasures, hopes an' joys,	'Wild-send thee Pleasure's devious way, The Vision. D. II. 17.
In some mild sphere,	Gay Pleasure ran riot as humpers ran o'er; The Whistle. 13.
To call at Park Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.	Turn away thine eyes of love, Lest I die with pleasure S. Thine am I †

Where Pleasure is the magic-wand,	The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh; The Cotter's Sat. Night. Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin A cannie errand The Father cracks of horses, pleughs and kye. A country fellow at the pleugh,
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture, That thy presence gies to me. S. Turn again, thou † O Love thou hast pleasures, and deep have I lov'd, S. Wae is my heart †	His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; The Twa Dogs. 30. Pleugh-pettle [a plough-staff]; pettle]. Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle, Ye'll see't or lang, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.
And eyes again with pleasure heam'd S. When wild War's† No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure.	Pliant. subtile Litigation's pliant tongue On Death of K. Dundas. Plight, A mutual faith to plight, On Miss J. Lewars.
S. Where are the joys t Then we'll kiss and clap at pleasure, S. Will ye go and marry t Pleasure with her siren air May delude the thoughtless pair; Wr. in Friars-Carse H	O plight me your faith, my Mary, And plight me your lily-white hand; To Mary. Flighted.
Pleasures, insects on the wing Round Peace, the tenderest flower of Spring: Wr. in Hermitage at F.C And yet can starve the author of the pleasure.	Is this thy plighted, fond regard S. Canst thon leave me all thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! S. Had I a cave! And thy attentions plighted. S. O wat ye wha that loss! By the faith you fondly plighted; S. S. Stay, my charmer!
Why is the bard unpitied by Wr. under Port. of Fergusson. We has so keen a relish of its pleasures? Pledge. 1 gied my heart in pledge o' his ring. S. My Sandy gied !	The plighted faith; the mutual flame; . The Lanvent. The plighted husband of her youth? . 1b. We have plighted our troth, my Mary. And thou hast plighted me love of the dearest! . To Mary. S. Twas na her bonie blue c'et
Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love, On Birth of Posth. Child. These were the pledges of my love! The Lament.	S. Twas na her bonic blue e'et Pliskie [a trick]. (Deil na they never mair do guid, Play'd her that pliskie!) The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Tend'rest pledge of future bliss, To a Kiss. 'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend, To Chloris.	Pliver [plover]. To speet him like a Pliver, The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.
Pledge, to. And pledge we ne'er shall sunder; . S. Come, let me take t How aften didst thou pledge and vow, . S. O mirk, mirk t	Plain plodding industry, and sober worth: Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
"Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above," "To be my ain dear Willy S. O Phely,† Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, [re.] S. One fond kiss,†	Eut bark! I'll tell you of a plot, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30 I was suspected for the plot; Ep. to J. R., 9 Plot, to. No Statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	S. No Churchman am I
And pledge me in the generous toast— "The whole of human kind!". To a Lady. Pledged, -'d. And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good. S. Caledonia.	My horny fist assume the plough again; E.p. to R. Craham.; They took a plough and plough'd him down, John Barleycorn The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough, The Brigs of Ayn The sword would help to mak a plough, The Tree of Likerty.
I wat they pledged their faith, man. The Tree of Liberty. Pledging. And pledging aft to meet again, We tore ourselves asundeer. S. I'e banks, and braes, and streams†	Henceforth, I'll rove where busy ploughs Are whistling thrang, To J. S., 9 Plough, to.
Plenish'd. A mailin plenish'd fairly: S. When wild War's† Plenty. An 'gie you lads a plenty: A Dream. 14. They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof, Tho'l mysel' ha'e plenty; S. And O for ane and twenty†	For, Lord be thanket, I can plough; . A Ded. to G. H., 2 To plough and sow, to reap and mow. S. My father was a farmer! I moil, and I toil, and I harrow and plough, S. The Poor Thresher
1 was na fou, but just bad plenty; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3. The Farina of beans and pease, He bas't in plenty; 1b.	For gold the merchant ploughs the main, The farmer ploughs the manor; S. When wild War's Ploughboy. The merry Ploughboy cheers his team, S. Again rejoicing Nature
To see the new [year] come laden, groaning, Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin To thee and thine; Friend of the poet	Plough'd. The stibble rig is easy plough'd, . S. O can ye labour leave Ploughman. In ploughman phrase 'God send you speed,'
And plenty of bacon each day in the year: . Impromptu. It's plenty beets the lover's fire S. In simmer when † The deities that I adore. Are social Peace and Plenty, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.	Ep. to Young Friend. 11 1 heard a young Ploughman sae sweetly to sing; S. Lns on a Ploughman. There's nae life like the Ploughman in the month o' sweet May.
Farewell then, lang hale then, An' plenty be your fa: . The Ans. to the Guidwife. All-chearing Plenty, with her flowing born, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	And wi' the merry Ploughman she'll whistle and sing, 1b An stumpan on his ploughman shanks, On dining with Daer Nor sauce, nor state that I could see,
For lapfu's large o' gospel kail Sball fill thy crib in plenty, The Ordination. b. Pleugh, Plew [plough].	Mair than an bonest ploughman. An' Ploughmen gather wi' their graith, The Ploughman he's a bonie lad, S. The Ploughman
My Pleugh is now thy bairn-time a'; A Guid New-year † 15. But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh, S. Behind yon hills † 'Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.	Then up wit a', my Ploughman lad, And hey, my merry Ploughman;
'Ye needna yoke the pleugh,	My Ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
Then tho' I drudge thro' duh an' mire At pleugh or cart,	The boniest sight that e'er I saw Was the Ploughman laddie dancin. I never pat my coggie fou Till I met wi' the Ploughman. Ib
Or hand a yokin at the pleugh, The Ans. to the Guidwife. 2 Z	The tither was a ploughman's collie, . The Twa Dogs. 4

Ploughman-chiel. The brawnie, hanie, ploughman-chiel Scotch Drink. 11. Plough-share. Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate, Full on thy bloom, To a Mountain-Daisy. Plover. Ye whistling plover; El. on Capt. M. H., 7.	So long, sweet Poet of the Year, Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won; Add. to Shade of Thomson. I am nae Poet in a sense, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, q. Her Hogarth-art perbaps she meant to show it) She forms the thing and christens it—a poet.
The Plover loves the mountains; S. Now westlin Winds† Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill; The Brigs of Ayr.	Ep. to R. Graham. 3. My much-honor'd Patron, believe your poor Poet,
Plumage. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The growt. Locks of A. Her plumage outlustred the pride o' the spring, S. The heather was blooming †	Frign., inser. to Fox. Friend of the poet tried and leal, Friend of the poet † To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust. Inserip. on Tomb of Fergusson. O how shall I, unskilfu', try
In spite at her plumage he [Phœbus] tried his skill: . Ib. Plume.	The Poet's occupation?
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar, Ep. fr. Esopus. Plume, to.	Was e'er puir Poet sae befitted, On B.'s Horse Impound deep I feel Your interest in the poet's weal; Poem on Life.
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride, On scaring Water-fowl. Plummet.	Rash mortal, and slanderous Poet, Reproof by Himself. There are no mony poets sae braw, man. Ronalds of Bennals.
That you may keep th' unerring line, Still rising by the plummet's law, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.	Let other poets raise a fracas 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken Bacchus, Is there nae Poet, burning keen for Fame,
Plump. A' plump and strapping in their teens, Tam o' Shanter. 13.	Will bauldly try to gie us Plays at hame? Scots Prologue. Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation.
As plump an' gray as onie grozet; To a Louse. Plumpet [plumped].	Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack, Ib. Last day I grat wi' spite and teen, As Poet E[urns] came by, . The Petition of Br. Water.
Out owre the lugs sbe plumpet, Halloween. 26. Plunder. My hand unstain'd wi' plunder: . S. When wild War's †	The Poet did request, To lowse his pack an' wale a sang. The folly Beggars. R. VIII. Poet Burns. Poet Burns wi' your priest skelping turns.
Plunder'd. They [the eagles] darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land:	The folly Beggars. R. VIII. Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns, The Kirk's Alarm,
S. Caledonia. An' plunder'd o' her hindmost groat, By gallows knaves? The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Poet Willie, Poet Willie, gi' the Doctor a volly, Ib. Give the poet's darling flame,
Plunderer. Plunderer of Armies, lift thine eyes, Ode to Mem. of Mrs	Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell, The Whistle. 3. Fair Empress of the Poet's soul, To a Lady.
Plundering. As hees bizz out wi' angry fyke,	And with them take the poet's prayer; To a young Lady. My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness Bestow'd on your servant, the Poet; To Capt. Riddel.
When plundering herds assail their byke; Tam o' Shanter. 17. Plunge. Out owre the lugs she plumpet, Wi'a plunge Halloween. 26.	And doubly were the poet blest These joys could be improve To Chloris.
Plunge, to. Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain, May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain;	"There's ither Poets, much your betters, To J. S., &. Will generous G[raham] list to his Poet's wail? To R. G. of F.
Plunged, -'d.	The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life 1b. 5. With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear! 1b. 9. (The second sight, we lean is given.
Thou might ha'e plunged me in hell, Holy Willie's Prayer. 4. And [Love] plung'd me deep in woe. S. Talk not of Love † Plush. That ance were plush, o' gude hlue hair,	(The second sight, ye ken, is given To ilka Poet)
Ply. Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving; A Ded. to G. H., 8.	Philosophers and Poets pour, To W. Creech. Nac Poet thought her worth his while, To W. Simpson. The Muse, nac Poet ever fand her,
As husy Trade his labours plies: Add. to Edinburgh. 2. She, tardy, hell-ward plies. Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.	Till by himsel he learnt to wander, Ib. Not the Poet in the moment
As Arts or Arms they understand, Their labors ply. The Vision. D. II. 3. The dinner being over, the claret they ply, The Whistle. 12.	Fancy lightens in his ee, S. Turn again, thou † Poetic. Nor limpet in poetic shackles; Ep. to H. Parker. With more poetic fire
Ply'd. Yet while the busy means are ply'd, They bring their own reward: Despondency, an Ode. 2.	That I might catch poetic skill, S. O were I on Parnass. † (What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds.
Twas where the birch and sounding thong are ply'd, The Vowels.	And execrates man's savage, rnthless deeds!) The Brigs of Ayr.
Plying. On foot [Apollo] the way was plying. To J. Taylor. Poacher-Court.	No idly-feign'd, poetic pains,
Somehody tells the Poacher-Court, Ep. to J. R., S. Pock [a small bag, a wallet]. The and guidman rangbt down the pock, Halloween. 17.	Laurel-houghs, To garland my poetic brows! To J. S., q. King David o' poetic brief, What ails ye now †
The anid guidman raught down the pock, Halloween. 17. They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd their duds, The folly Beggars. R. VIII.	Poetic ardours in my bosom swell, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Poetry. O Thou whom Poetry abhors, Epig. on E.'s Martial.
Poesy, -ie. And even th' abuse of poesy abused! . Ep. fr. Esopus.	Poind [pronounced Pind; to distrain, to seize a tenant's effects for rent unpaid].
Hail Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd! Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Here Poesy might wake her heaven-taught lyre,	He'll apprehend them, poind their gear; The Twa Dogs. 13. Poin'd. While they're only poin'd and herriet They'll keep their stubborn, Highland spirit.
Vr. in Kenmore Inn. Poet. It's just sic Poet and sic Patron. A Ded. to G. H., 2.	Point. No-stretch a point to catch a plack; A Ded. to G. H. S.
The Poet, some guid Angel help him,	One point must still be greatly dark, The moving Why they do it; . Add. to Unco Guid. 7. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith
So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Wi rattlin an' thumpin! The Holy Fair. 13. In some sma' points, altho' not a'; . V.s to J. Ranken.
And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet! Ib.	The breaking of ae point, tho' sma', Breaks a' thegither. 16.

Point, to. But point the Rake that taks the door;	Polly. O lovely Polly Stewart,
A Ded. to G. H., S. Point ont a censuring world, and bid me fear;	O charming Polly Stewart, [re.] S. Polly Stewart, Polycrate.
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way;	'Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate: . Add. of Beelsebub.
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes	From pomp and pleasure torn; Man was made to Mourn. Mark youder pomp of costly fashion, S. Mark youder fomf †
To scenes beyond the grave Sad thy tale, † Or like the horealis race,	In all the pomp of ignorant conceit; The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
That flit ere you can point their place; Tam o' Shanter. 7.	In all the pomp of method, and of art,
Anticipation forward points the view; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	The Cotter's Sat Night, 17. What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Points to the Parents fondling o'er their Child? . 1b. 10.	Disgnising oft the wretch of human kind,
And points to ruin and disgrace, The Farewell. Or point the inconclusive Page	The joy can scarcely reach the heart. The Twa Dogs. 31.
Pointed. Full on the eye. [v.A.4] The Vision. D. II.	Pompous. Shall venal lays their [princes'] pompous exit hail; El. on Miss Burnet.
By word, or pen, or pointed steel! A Ded. to G. H., 14. His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears, John Barleycorn.	No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay, Inscrip on Tomb of Fergusson.
More pointed still we make ourselves, Regret, Remorse and Shame! Man was made to Mourn.	O, bitter mockery of the pompous bier, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Pointer.	The pompous strain, the sacredotal stole;
While pointers round impatient burn'd, Tam Samson's El., 8.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17. Ponder. I pray an' ponder butt the house, Anid comrade †
Pois'nous. Never Eurus' pois'nous breath, . To Miss C. Poison. An' his heart is rank poison," Efit, on Walter S—.	I sat me down to ponder,
Poison. An his heart is rank poison, "Efit. on Watter S—. Tonds with their poison, docters with their drug, To R. G. of F	Upon an auld tree-root: One night as I † O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
Poison, to.	A heart-felt sang! To W. Simpson.
Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay, An's weel pay'd for't; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29. Poison'd.	Pondering. On the hopeless Future pondering, S. Raving winds † Pond'rous.
Are worse than poison'd darts of steel, . O leave novels †	The pond'rons wall and massy bar, Add, to Edinburgh, 5.
And secret hung, with poison'd crust, The dirk of Defamation: The Holy Fair. Mott.	Before this ponderous globe itself Arose at Thy command: The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank, . The Twa Herds. 5. And fretful envy grins in vain	Ponotaxi. Or Hunters wild on Ponotaxi, A Ded. to G. II., 6. Pool. "And stately oaks their twisted arms,
The poisoned tooth to fasten S. Young Peggy †	Threw broad and dark across the pool: As on the banks †
Poker. 1 made a poker o' the spin'le, The Inventory. Poland.	Cauld is the e'enin blast O' Boreas o'er the pool, S. Cauld is the e'enin blast †
Or Poland, who had now the tack o't; Kind Sir, I've read † Polar.	My coggie is a baly pool, That heals the wounds o' care and dool; S. Gane is the day t
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes	But mist a fit, an' in the pool, Out owre the lugs she plumpet,
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams. To R. G. of F., 7. Pole. Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole, A Bard's Epit.	The scented birk and hawthorn white.
Or turn the pole like any arrow; Ep. to H. Parker.	Across the pool their arms unite, S. The Contented Cottager. And view, deep-hending in the pool.
Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles, Ep. to R. Graham, 2.	And view, deep-bending in the pool, Their shadows' wat'ry bed: The Petition of Er. Water.
The wretch beneath the dreary pole, S. Farewell, dear mistress †	Your hearts are just a standing pool, To f. S., 26. Poor. He downa see a poor man want: A Ded. to G. H., 5.
The lightnings flash from pole to pole; Tam o' Shanter. 10.	Of our poor sinfu', corrupt Nature;
Tho' cruel fate should hid us part,	the poor man's friend in need,
Far as the pole and line; S. Tho' crucl fate † Polecat.	Be to the poor like onie whunstane,
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure. To R. G. of F	Make you as poor a dog as I am, Ib. 16.
Polish. But it's innocence and modesty That polishes the dart S. Handsome Nell.	For who would humbly serve the poor?
Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love Sketch.	by a poor man's hopes in Heaven!
Polish'd. The polish'd jewel's blaze S. Mark yonder Pomp †	Where Guilt and poor Misfurtune pine! 16. 9.
With Arts most polish'd blaze S. Peggy Chalmers. Her limbs the polish'd marble stane.	As for the jurr, poor worthless body, Adam A-'s Prayer.
S. The lass that made the bed.	Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire, Add. of Beelsebub.
in far less polish'd days The Rights of Woman.	An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit, Without his failins, Add. to Illegit. Child.
To ev'ry nobler virtue bred, And polish'd grace The Vision. D. I. 15.	To scand poor wretches! Add. to the Deil. An' let poor, danned bodies bee;
The polish'd leaves, and berries red, Did rustling play; Ib. D. II. 23.	Hear me, ve venerable Core,
when Wit and Refinement has polish'd her [Beauty's] darts,	As counsel for poor mortals, . Add. to Unco Guid. 2.
S. You wild mossy mountains † Politesse. The frank address, and politesse, O leave novels †	Before ye gie poor Frailty names, Suppose a change o' cases;
Politics And longer with Politics, not to be cramm'd.	Assist poor Simson a' ye can, Auld comrade † Comin thro' the rve, poor body. S. Comin thro' the rye †
Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd; At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.	Comin thro' the rye, poor body, S. Comin thro' the rye† Gart poor Duncan stand ablegh; S. Duncan Gray†
Law, physics, politics and deep divines: Ep. to R. Graham. 2. In politics if thou would'st mix, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav	If ony whiggish whingin sot, To blame poor Matthew dare, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.
Heroes and heroines commix	when he approached where poor Francis lay moaning,
All in the field of politics, . The Election Ballads. VI. A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss	Epig. on Capt. Grose. An athiest-laugh's a poor exchange
Sir Politics to fetter, The Fête Champetre.	For Deity offended! Ep. to Young Friend. 9.
When Politics came there, to mix And make his ether-stane, man! 1b. Polled. thy hair, tho' erst from gipsy polled, Ep. fr. Esopus.	The followers o' the ragged Nine, Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine Ep.to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 16.

The poor wee thing was little hurt; Ep. to J. R., S.	As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in Tam o' Shanter. 7.
Ochon for poor Castalian drinkers. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.	And left poor Muggie scarce u stump 1b. 18.
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work. Ep. to R. Graham. 4.	for poor and Scotland's sake . The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Who make poor will do wait upon I should 1b. 5	To see his poor, and Mither's pot, Thus dung in staves,
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain, Ib.	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
The poor man weeps-here G-N sleeps, Epit. for G. H.	Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty, Before his face
Poor silly hody see him; Epit. on Holy Willie.	mony a huntit, poor Red-coat S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
To what dark cave of frozen night, Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie;	Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
S. Farewell, dear mistress †	your poor, narrow foot-path of a street, 1b. 6.
A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses, Frag., inser. to Fox.	Compar'd with this, how poor Religiou's pride,
My much-honor'd Patron, believe your poor Poet, . 1b.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17. And in His Book of Life the Inmates poor enroll. 16.
Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the poct †	
Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift, Hallowcen. 4.	For your poor friend, the Bard afar,
Poor Willie, wi' his how-kail ruut,	My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir, The Death of Mailie. For your poor friend, the Bard afar, He only hears and sees the war, The Election Ballads. VI. Pourging poor Padacath Sprawlin' like a tree!
	Pouncing poor Redcastle Sprawlin' like a taed Ib. IV. We dare be poor for a' that! S. The Honest Man.
How can my poor heart be glad. S. How can my poor heart that And to the wealthy booby	
Poor woman sacrifice: S. How cruel are t	The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor, Is king o' men, for a' that
My poor heart then break it must, S. Husband, husband †	Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport, The Jolly Beggars. S. 111.
We may be poor, my Rob and I, Light is the hurden love lays on; S. In simmer when t	Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird, As weel as poor Gutscraper;
	Wi' ghastly e'e poor Tweedledee
So, e'en to preserve the poor body in life, S. Last May a braw woocr't	Upon his hunkers bended,
Poor gapin', glowrin' Superstition, Letter to J. Goudie.	When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor; The Kirk's Alarm, For something beyond it poor man sure must live.
why all this sneering 'Gainst poor Excisemen? Lns on Window, K.'s A., D	S. The lazy mist †
See youder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,	Hard by a poor Thresher whose toil it was great, S. The Poor Thresher.
So abject, mean, and vile, . Man was made to Mourn. 8. And see his lordly fellow-worm,	This poor man was seen to go early to work, Ib.
The poor petition spurn	Did meet the poor Thresher and freely did talk; Ib.
The poor, oppressed, honest man	What tho' it be possible we do live poor, Ib.
O Death! the poor man's dearest friend, Ib. 11.	O, these are the pleasures the poor man enjoys! 1b.
But when compar'd with real passion, Poor is all that princely pride. S. Mark yonder Pomp †	Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd, My fate will scarce hestow:
all obscure, unknown, and poor, S. My father was a farmer t	S. The sun he is sunk †
Is nought to what poor she endures	What sort o' life poor dogs like you have; The Twa Dogs. 7.
That's trusted faithless man, jo. S. O Lassic, art thou †	What way poor hodie's liv'd ava
That make the miser's treasure poor: S. O Mary, at thy window †	wee, blastet wonner, Poor, worthless elf,
'Compar'd wi' my delight is poor S. O Phely, †	They gang as saucy by poor folk,
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair! Or my poor heart is broken! . S. O stay, sweet warb. †	As I wad by a stinkan brock
Or my poor heart is broken! . S. O stay, sweet warb. † Ye geck at me because I'm poor, S. O Tibbie! †	Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
The deil a ane would spier your price,	But surely poor-folk mann be wretches! 16. 14. The ne'er-a-bit they're ill to poor folk 16. 26.
Were ye as poor as l	And a' that she has made o' that,
'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear, In flinders flee: On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	Is ne poor pund o' tow S. The weary pund.
Else why within so thick a wall	He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea, The Whistle.
Enclose so poor a treasure? On Com. Goldie's Brains.	And like a poor pedlar he trudg'd wi' his pack, S. There liv'd ance a carle t
And life's poor season peaceful spend. On scaring Water-fowl. poor wanderer of the wood and field,	Poor devil! see him owre his trash, To a Haggis.
On seeing wounded Hare.	Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner,
"The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry;	On some poor hody To a Louse. At me, thy poor earth-born companion, . To a Mouse,
On Death of Sir J. Blair. Poor man the flie, aft bizzes bye, Poem on Life.	At me, thy poor earth-born companion, . To a Mouse. What then? poor beastie, thou mann live!
A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh.	Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin; To J. S., 19.
Poet. Add. to Tytler.	But truce with peevish, poor complaining! 1b. 20.
Poor Mailie's dead! Poor Mailie's El	Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus To J. Taylor.
Poor is the task to please a barh'rous throng, Prologue, sp. by Woods.	We poor sons of metre Are often negleckit, ye ken; To Mr. P. Stuart.
For though 1 he poor, unnoticed, obscure, Mystomach's as proud as them a' man. Ronalds of Bennals.	Are often negleckit, ye ken; To Mr. P. Stuart. thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! Ib. 3.
My stomach's us proud as them a' man. Ronalds of Bennals.	(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale), To R.G. of F.
But spare poor Sensibility The ungentle, harsh rebuke. Rusticity's ungainly †	See him, the poor man's riend in need, To Rev. J. M'Math.
The poor man's wine; Scotch Drink. 7.	Poor Burns-e'en Scotch drink canna quicken, To IV. Creech.
Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken hash O' half his days;	Ironic satire, sidelins sklented, On my poor Musie;
	Ye poor, despis'd, ahandon'd vagabonds, . Tragic Frag
Poor, plackless devils like mysel,	To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lau'.
Are my poor verses: 10. 15.	S. What can a young lassie †
Au' bake them up in brunstane pies For poor d—n'd Drinkers , Ib. 20.	A poor and honest sodger S. When wild War's † Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
God beln us -we're but poor-ve'se get but thanks i	The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,
Scots Prologue.	Poorest. the poorest wretch in life, The Henpecked Husband.
The Muse, poor hizzie! Second Ep. to Davie.	Poorly. 'Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard, 'Thus poorly low! The Vision. D. II. 2.
On this poor being all depends; . Sketch. New-Yr's Day. Life's poor day I'll musing rave, . S. Streams that glide †	Thus poorly low! The Vision. D. II. 2. My Pegasus s poorly shod , To J. Taylor.
emes pes, day an inmonig tare; . Or or theme shed gittle !	

Poortith (poverty).	Who has not sixpence but in her possession;
A man may hae an honest heart,	The Henpecked Husband
Tho' Poortith hourly stare him; Ep. to Young Friend.	Possest. The brightest o' heauty may cloy, when possest; S. Awa' wi' your witcheraft t
Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,	S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft t
Heaven send your heart-strings ay in time,	Possible.
Ep. to Maj. Logan.	What tho' it be possible we do live poor, The Poor Thresher.
The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race. Wha count on poortith as disgrace	Post. For neither Pension, Post, nor Place,
O poortith cauld, and restless love,	Am I your humble nebtor: A Dream. 3.
Ve week my peace between ye '	Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Wi' them wha grant them:
Ye wreck my peace between ye; Yet poortith a I could forgive,	
An' twere na for my Jennie. S. O poortith cauld +	Posterity. The Author's Cry and Frayer. 5.
In poortith I might mak' a fen'; S. Tam Glen.	And may his great posterity Ne'er fail in old Scotland! John Barleycoru.
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink, . The Twa Dogs. 15.	Ne'er fail in old Scotland! John Barleycoru.
Poosie-Nansie's [a change-house in Mauchline].	Posy. The sacred posy-Libertie A Vision.
	But Whigs cam like a frost in June
In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	And wither'd a' our posies S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Poosion'd [poison'd].	And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May. [re.] S. The Posie.
In guid time comes an antidote	I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love, . Ib,
Against sie poosion'd nostrum; The Holy Fair. 16.	Pot. A sheep-head's in the pot, gudeman, [rc.]
Poossie [a hare].	S. O gin ve zvere dead.
And morning Poossie whiddan seen. Ep.to J. L-k, Ap. 1st.	To see his poor, auld Mither's pot,
Pop! When, pop! she starts before their nose;	Thus dung in staves, The Author's Cry and Prayer. Which shews that heaven can boil the pot, Though the devil p—s in the fire. Paratee
Tam o Shanter. 17.	Which shews that heaven can boil the pot,
Pope. Thought I, 'Can this he Pope, or Steele, Or Beattie's wark; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4.	Though the devil p-s in the lire, . The Dean of Fac.,
Or Beattie's wark; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4.	Potatoe.
On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours,	Curse thou his basket and his store,
Fragment, inser. to Fox.	Curse thou his basket and his store, Kail an' potatoes. Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.
Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives Horatian fame; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Potatoe-bing [a potatoe-heap].
	Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith The Brigs of Ayr
Squire Pope but husks his skinklin patches	Potence.
O'heathen tatters:	And for thy potence vainly wisht.
O Pope, had I thy satire's darts . To Rev. J. M. Math.	And for thy potence vainly wisht, Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
Poplar.	
Let Britain hoast her hardy oak,	Frag., tuscr. to Fox.
Her poplar and her pine, man, . The Tree of Liberty.	Potentate.
Poppy.	For you, young Potentate o' W[ales], A Dream. 10.
But pleasures are like poppies spread.	Potion. Surrounded thus by holus pill,
on seize the flower, its bloom is shed; I am o Shanter. 7.	And potion glasses Poem on Life.
Populace. Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,	Or ony stronger potion, The Holy Fair. 19.
A virtuous Populace may rise the while, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.	They sip the scandal-potion pretty; . The Twa Dogs. 33.
	Potosi. Had you the wealth Potosi boasts
Pore. While thro' your pores the dews distil Like nmber bead To a Haggis.	S. My father was a farmer t
Like amber bead 10 a Haggis.	And trust me, not Potosi's mine, Nor Kings regard,
Pore, to. Or lee-lang nights, wi' crahbet leuks, Pore owre the devil's pictur'd heuks; . The Twa Dogs. 33.	Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, The Vision, D. II. 21.
	Pou [pull],
Porritch v. Parritch.	To burn their nits, an pon their stocks, Halloween. 2.
Pont Pright as a cloudless summer sun.	
With stately near he moves: U's helen Picture	To pou their stalks o corn;
Port. Bright as a cloudless summer sun. With stately port he moves; V.s, below Picture.	
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.	Pouch [pocket].
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch, S. Contented we little.
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations.	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my ponch, S. Contented wi' little,† the meikle deil. Wi' a' his witches
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold,	Pouch (pocket). My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch, S. Contented we' little,† the meikle deil. Wi' a' his witches Are at it. skeloin! iig and reel.
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Epit. on J. Dove, Innheeper. And port. O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Gross's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold, The Election Ballads. VI.	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my ponch, S. Contented we' little, 1 the meikle deil, WI' a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the post 1
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Epit. on J. Dove, Innheeper. And port. O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Gross's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold, The Election Ballads. VI.	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch, S. Contented w? little,† the meikle deil, Wi' a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor poaches. Friend of the foet † Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibble!
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then yell see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold, The Election Ballads. VI. Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now!	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my ponch, S. Contented we' little, 1 the meikle deil, Wi' a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie! 1 Yet coin his pouches wand na bide in;
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold, The Election Ballads. VI. Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now! Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unco Guid. 2.	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch, S. Contented wt little,† the meikle deil, Wi' a' his witches Are at it, skelpint jig and reel, In my poor ponches. Friend of the poet † Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie!† Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; On Scot, Bard sene to W.L.
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Epit. on J. Dove, Innheeper. And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold. The Election Ballads. I'I. Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now! Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unco Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the Jealous portal fast. Ep. Fr. Esopus.	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my ponch, S. Contented we' little, 1 the meikle deil, Wi' a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie! 1 Yet coin his pouches wand na bide in;
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold, Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now † Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unco Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast, Ep. fr. Esopus. Portentous.	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch, S. Contented wi! little,† the meikle deil. Wi! a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the poet † Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie!† Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Efit. on f. Dove, Innkeeper. And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold. The Election Ballads. 1'I. Port. Aud Clinkum at the Inner Port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now? Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unco Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast, Ef. fr. Esofus. Portentous. Like some portentous omen; On dining with Daer.	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my ponch, My mirth and gude humour are coin in my ponch, S. Contented wi little,† the meikle deil, Wl' a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the poet † Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie!† Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; Picking her nouch as bare as Winter.
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold. Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now! Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unco Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast. Ep. Jr. Esopus. Portentous. Like some portentous omen; On dining with Daer. Porter.	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my ponch, S. Contented wi little, 1 the meikle deil, Wi a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the poet 1 Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie! 1 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; The Author's Cry and Prayer, they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch,
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Efit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. And port, Oport! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold. Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now? Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unco Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the Jealous portal fast, Ef. fr. Esofus. Portentous. Like some portentous omen; On dining with Daer. Porter. Bot when we tirl'd at your door.	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch, S. Contented to? little,† the meikle deil. Wi' a' his witches, S. Contented to? little,† the meikle deil. Wi' a' his witches, Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, I my poor pouches. I my poor pouches. Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie!† Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; Pet coin his pouches wad na bide in; Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, The Author's Cry and Prayer, they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch, To W. Simpson. P.S
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. And port, Oport! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold. Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye new! Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unoo Guids. Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast. Ep. Jr. Esopus. Portentous. Like some portentous omen; On dining with Daer. Porter. But when we tirl'd at your door, Your porter dought na hear ns: V.s., on Window. Carron.	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch, S. Contented to? little,† the meikle deil. Wi' a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the post † Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie!† Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, The Author's Cry and Prayer, they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch, Pouchie [dim. of pouch]. But just the pouchie put the nieve in, Second Ep. to Davie,
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Epit. on J. Dove, Innheeper. And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold, The Election Ballads. VI. Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now † Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unco Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast. Ep. fr. Esopus. Portentous. Like some portentous omen; On dining with Dacr. Porter. But when we tirl'd at your door, Your porter dought na hear ns: V.s., on Window. Carron. Come bonse about the porter! The Ordination. 13.	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch, S. Contented to? little,† the meikle deil. Wi' a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! sig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the poet † Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie! † Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, The Author's Cry and Prayer, they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch, To IV. Simpson. P.S Pouchle [dim. of pouch]. But just the pouchle put the nieve in, Second Ep. to Davie, Pouk [to pluck].
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Efit. on J. Dove, Innheefer. And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold. The Election Ballads. I'I. Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now the Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. Unoo Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the Jealous portal fast. Ef. Fr. Esofus. Portentous. Like some portentous omen; On dining with Dacr. Porter. But when we tirl'd at your door, Your porter dought na hear ns: V.s., on Window. Carron. Come bouse about the porter! The Ordination. 13. Portion. And lo! the Bard, a great reward,	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch, S. Contented to? little,† the meikle deil. Wi' a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! sig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the poet † Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie! † Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, The Author's Cry and Prayer, they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch, To IV. Simpson. P.S Pouchle [dim. of pouch]. But just the pouchle put the nieve in, Second Ep. to Davie, Pouk [to pluck].
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold, Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now † Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unco Guid. z. Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast. Ep. fr. Esopus. Portentous. Like some portentous omen; On dining with Daer. Porter. But when we tirl'd at your door, Your porter dought na hear us: V.s., on Window. Carron. Come bonse about the porter! The Ordination. 13. Portion. And lo! the Bard, a great reward, Has got a double portion! Nature's Law.	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my ponch, S. Contented to? little, 1 the melkle deil. W? a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the post 1 Although his pouches wad na bide in, Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in, Picking her ponch as bare as Winter. Or Scot. Bard gne to W.I. Picking her ponch as bare as Winter. The Author's Cry and Prayer, they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch, But just the pouchie put the nieve in, Second Ep. to Davie, Pouk [to pluck]. The wans hand out their fingers laughin, And pouk my hips. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14. Pounce. Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry.
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold. Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now! † Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unco Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast. Ep. Jr. Esopus. Portentous. Like some portentous omen; On dining with Dacr. Porter. But when we tirl'd at your door, Your porter dought na hear us! V.s., on Window. Carron. Come house about the porter! Portion. And lo! the Eard, a great reward, Has got a double portion! Nature's Law.	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my ponch, S. Contented w? little,1 the meikle deil. Wi'a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! Jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbit! Yet coin his pouches wand na bide in; Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, The Author's Cry and Prayer, they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch. Pouch [clim. of pouch], But just the pouchic put the nieve in, Pouk [to Pluck]. The weans hadd out their fingers laughin, And pouk my hips. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14. Pounce. Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry, S. Catelonia.
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Efit. on f. Dove, Innkeeper. And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold. Port. Aud Clinkum at the Inner Port. Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What aits ye now? Portal, For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unco Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast. Efp. fr. Esofus. Portentous. Like some portentous omen; On dining with Daer. Porter. But when we tirl'd at your door, Your porter dought na hear us; V.s., on Window. Carron. Come bouse about the porter! The Ordination. 13. Portion. And lo! the Bard, a great reward, Has got a double portion! . Nature's Law. He wales a portion with judicious care: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my ponch, S. Contented wi little,† the meikle deil, Wi a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the post † Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie!† Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in, Picking her pouch as bare as Winter. The Author's Cry and Prayer, they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch, Pouchie [dim. of pouch]. But just the pouchie put the nieve in, And pouk my hips. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14. Pounce. Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry, Pouncing.
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Efit. on J. Dove, Innheefer. And port, Oport! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold. Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now? Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unco Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the Jealous portal fast. Ef. fr. Esofus. Portentous. Like some portentous omen; On dining with Dacr. Porter. But when we tiri'd at your door, Your porter dought na hear us; V.s., on Window. Carron. Come bonse about the porter! The Ordination. 13. Portion. And lo! the Bard, a great reward, Has got a double portion! Nature's Law. He wales a portion with Judicious care: The Cottler's Sat. Night. 12. O Dulness! portion of the truly blest! . To K. C. of F., 7.	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my ponch, S. Contented wi little,† the meikle deil, Wi a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the post † Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie!† Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in, Picking her pouch as bare as Winter. The Author's Cry and Prayer, they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch, Pouchie [dim. of pouch]. But just the pouchie put the nieve in, And pouk my hips. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14. Pounce. Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry, Pouncing.
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Efit. on J. Dove, Innkeefer. And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold. Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now! Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unco Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast. Ef. Jr. Esopus. Portentous. Like some portentous omen; On dining with Dacr. Porter. But when we tirl'd at your door, Your porter dought na hear us: V.s., on Window. Carron. Come bouse about the porter! The Ordination. 13. Portion. And lo! the Earl, a great reward, Has got a double portion! And when the wales a portion with judicious care! He wales a portion with judicious care! The Cetter's Sat. Night. 12. O Dulness! portion of the truly blest! To R. G. of F., 7. Portuguese.	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my ponch, S. Contented wi little, 1 the meikle deil, Wi a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the poet 1 Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie! 1 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, Hey'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch, Pouchie [dim. of pouch], But just the pouchie put the nieve in, Second Ep. to Davie, Pouk (to pluck). The weans haud out their fingers laughin, And pouk my hips. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14. Pounce, Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry, Pouncing. Pouncing poor Redcastle Sprawin like a taed. The Election Ballads. 1V.
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Efit. on J. Dove, Innheefer. And port, Oport! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold. Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now? Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Uneo Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast, Ef. fr. Esofus. Portentous. Like some portentous omen; On dining with Dacr. Porter. But when we tiri'd at your door, Vour porter dought na hear us; V.s., on Window. Carron. Come bonse about the porter! The Ordination. 13. Portion. And lo' the Eard, a great reward, Has got a double portion! Nature's Law. He wales a portion with judicious care. O Dulness! portion of the truly blest! . To R. G. of F., 7. Portuguese. If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch, My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch, S. Contented w? little, 1 the meikle deil. W! a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the poet 1 Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbit! 1 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, The Author's Cry and Prayer. they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch. Pouch [cdim. of pouch], But just the pouchic put the nieve in, Pouk [to Pluck]. The weans hand out their fingers laughin, And pouk my hips. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14. Pouncing. Pouncing. Pouncing. Pouncing poor Redcastle Sprawin' like a taed. The Election Ballads. 1V. Pound.
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Efit. on J. Dove, Innheefer. And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold. Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now 'P Portal, For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. O Unco Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the Jealous portal fast. Ef. Fr. Esofus. Portentous. Like some portentous omen; On dining with Dacr. Porter. But when we tirl'd at your door, Your porter dought na hear ns! V.s., on Window. Carron. Come bouse about the porter! The Ordination. 13. Portion. And lo! the Bard, a great reward, Has got a double portion! Nature's Law. He wales a portion with judicious care: He wales a portion with judicious care: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. O Dulness! portion of the truly blest! To R. G. of F., 7. Portuguese. If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss, Were sayin or takin aught amiss: Kind Sir, Foe read!	Pouch (pocket). My mirth and gude humour are coin in my ponch, S. Contented wi little, 1 the meikle deil, Wi a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! gig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the post 1 Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie! 1 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, Pouch [dim. of pouch], But just the pouchic put the nieve in, Second Ep. to Davie, Pouk [to pluck]. The weans haud out their fingers laughin, And pouk my hips. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14. Pounce. Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry, Pouncing poor Redcastle Sprawin like a taed. Pound. That one pound one, I sairly want it; Friend of the poet 1
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Efit. on f. Dove, Innkeeper. And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold. Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port. Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now? Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unco Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast, Ef. fr. Esofus. Portentous. Like some portentous omen; . On dining with Daer. Porter. But when we tirl'd at your door, Your porter dought na hear us; V.s, on Window. Carron. Come bonse about the porter! . The Ordination. 13. Portion. And lo! the Eard, a great reward, Has got a double portion! . Nature's Law. He wales a portion with judicious care! The Cetter's Sat. Night. 12. O Dulness! portion of the truly blest! . To R. G. of F., 7. Portuguese. If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss, Were sayin or takin aught amiss: . Kind Sir, Fee read the Position.	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch, My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch, S. Contented wt little, 1 the meikle deil, Wi'a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! Jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the poet 1 Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie! 1 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, The Author's Cry and Prayer, they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch's Simpson. P.S. Pouchie [dim. of pouch], But just the pouchie put the nieve in, Pouk (to Pluck). The weans haud out their fingers laughin, And pouk my hips. Death and Dr. Hornkook. 14. Pounce, Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry, S. Calcdonia. Pouncing. Pouncing poor Redcastle Sprawin like a taed. The Election Ballads. IV. Pound. That one pound one, I sairly want it; Friend of the poet 1 And are they of no more avail,
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Efit. on J. Dove, Innkeefer. And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold. Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now! Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unco Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast. Ef. Jr. Esopus. Portentous. Like some portentous omen; On dining with Dacr. Porter. But when we tirl'd at your door, Your porter dought na hear us! V.s., on Window. Carron. Come bouse about the porter! The Ordination. 13. Portion. And lo! the Earl, a great reward, Has got a double portion! Nature's Law. He wales a portion with judicious care! He wales a portion of the turly bleat! To R. G. of F. 7. Portuguese. If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss, Were sayin or takin aught amiss: Kind Sir, l'ce reau! Position.	Pouch (pocket). My mirth and gude humour are coin in my ponch, S. Contented wi little, 1 the meikle deil, Wi a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the poet 1 Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie! † Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch, Pouchie [dim. of pouch], But just the pouchie put the nieve in, Second Ep. to Davie, Pouk (to pluck). The weans haud out their fingers laughin, And pouk my hips. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14. Pouncing. Pouncing poor Redcastle Sprawin like a taed. Pound. That one pound one, I sairly want it; Friend of the poet 1 And are they of no more avail, Ten thousand clittering pounds a year?
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Efit. on J. Dove, Innheefer. And port, Oport! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold. Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port. Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now? Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Uneo Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the Jealous portal fast, Ef. fr. Esofus. Portentous. Like some portentous omen; On dining with Dacr. Porter. But when we tiri'd at your door, Your porter dought na hear us! F.s, on Window. Carron. Come bonse about the porter! The Ordination. 13. Portion. And lo! the Eard, a great reward, Has got a double portion! He wales a portion with Judicious caree: The Cetter's Sat. Night. 12. O Dulness! portion! Undicious caree: If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss, Were sayin or takin aught amiss: . Kind Sir, I'ce read the Position. For, in spite of his fine theoretic positions. Mankind is a science defies definitions. Frag., inser. to Fox.	Pouch (pocket). My mirth and gude humour are coin in my ponch, S. Contented wi little, 1 the meikle deil, Wi'a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! Jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbit! 1 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, The Author's Cry and Prayer, they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch. Pouch! Pouch! But just the pouchic put the nieve in, Pouk [to pluck]. The weans haud out their fingers laughin, And pouk my hiss. Death and Dr. Hornkook. 14. Pouncing. Pouncing. Pouncing. Pouncing poor Redcastle Sprawlin like a taed. The Election Ballads. IV. Pound. That one pound one, I sairly want it; Friend of the poet 1 And are they of no more avail, Ten thousand glittering pounds a year? Odd, to Mem. of Mrs. —
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Efit. on J. Dove, Innheefer. And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold. Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now! Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unco Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast. Ef. Jr. Esopus. Portentous. Like some portentous omen; On dining with Dacr. Porter. But when we tirl'd at your door, Your porter dought na hear us! V.s., on Window. Carron. Come bouse about the porter! The Ordination. 13. Portion. And lo! the Bard, a great reward, Has got a double portion! Nature's Law. He wales a portion with judicious care: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. O Dulness! portion of the truly blest! To R. G. of F., 7. Portuguese. If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss, Were sayin or takin aught amiss: Kind Sir, Fee read! Position. For, in spite of his fine theoretic positions, Mankind is a science defies definitions. Frag., inser. to Fox.	Pouch (pocket). My mirth and gude humour are coin in my ponch, S. Contented wi little, 1 the meikle deil, Wi a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the poet 1 Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie! † Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch, Pouchie [dim. of pouch], But just the pouchie put the nieve in, Second Ep. to Davie, Pouk (to pluck). The weans haud out their fingers laughin, And pouk my hips. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14. Pouncing. Pouncing poor Redcastle Sprawin like a taed. Pound. That one pound one, I sairly want it; Friend of the poet 1 And are they of no more avail, Ten thousand clittering pounds a year?
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Efit. on J. Dove, Innheefer. And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold. Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port. Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now? Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Uneo Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the Jealous portal fast. Ef. fr. Esofus. Portentous. Like some portentous omen; On dining with Dacr. Porter. But when we tiri'd at your door, Your porter dought na hear us; V.s., on Window. Carron. Come bonse about the porter! The Ordination. 13. Portion. And lo! the Bard, a great reward, Has got a double portion! Mature's Law. He wales a portion with Judicious care: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. O Dulness! portion of the truly blest! . To K. C. of F., 7. Portuguese. If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss, Were sayin or takin aught amiss: Kind Sir, Foe read! Position. For, in spite of his fine theoretic positions. Mankind is a science defice definitions. Frag., inser. to Fox. Possess. May be who wins thy matchless charms Prossess.	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my ponch, S. Contented wi little, 1 the meikle deil, Wi a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the poet 1 Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie! 1 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch, Pouchie [dim. of pouch]. But just the pouchie put the nieve in, Second Ep. to Davie, Pouk [to pluck]. The weans haud out their fingers laughin, And pouk my hips. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14. Pounce, Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry, S. Calcdonia. Pouncing. Pouncing poor Redcastle Sprawin like a taed. The Election Ballads. IV. Pound. That one pound one, I sairly want it; Friend of the poet 1 And are they of no more avail, Ten thousand glittering pounds a year? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. — And then my fifty pounds a year Vill little gain me. To Dr. Blackhock. Pour, White o'er the linns the burnie pours.
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Efit. on J. Dove, Innheefer. And port, Oport! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold. Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port. Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now? Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unco Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the Jealous portal fast. Ef. Fr. Esofus. Portentous. Like some portentous omen; On dining with Dacr. Porter. But when we tiri'd at your door, Your porter dought na hear us; V.s., on Window. Carron. Come bonse about the porter! The Ordination. 13. Portion. And lo! the Bard, a great reward, Has got a double portion! Mature's Law. He wales a portion with Judicious care: The Cotturguese. If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss, Were sayin or takin aught amiss: Kind Sir, Foe read! Position. For, in spite of his fine theoretic positions. Mankind is a science defice definitions. Frag., inser. to Fox. Possessing. Possessing the one shall imply you've the other. Possessing. Possessing the one shall imply you've the other. Frag., inser., to Fox.	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my ponch, S. Contented w? little,1 the meikle deil. Wi'a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! Jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbit?! Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, The Author's Cry and Prayer. they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch. Simpson. P.S. Pouchie [dim. of pouch], But just the pouchic put the nieve in, Pouk [to Pluck]. The weans hand out their fingers laughin, And pouk my hips. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14. Pounce. Their ponnees were murder, and terror their cry, S. Catedonia. Pouncing. Pouncing poor Redcastle Sprawin like a taed. The Election Ballads. IV. Pound. That one pound one, I sairly want it; Friend of the poet t' And are they of no more avail, Ten thousand glittering pounds a year? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. — And then my fifty pounds a year? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. — And then my fifty pounds a year? Will little gain me. To Dr. Blacklock. Pour. White o'er the linns the burnie pours. S. Emie lassie, will ye go t
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Efit. on f. Dove, Innkeeper. And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Graze's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold. Port. Aud Clinkum at the Inner Port. Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unco Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast. Ef. fr. Esofus. Portentous. Like some portentous omen; . On dining with Daer. Porter. But when we tirl'd at your door, Your porter dought na hear us; V.s., on Window. Carron. Come bouse about the porter! . The Ordination. 13. Portion. And lo! the Bard, a great reward, Has got a double portion! . Nature's Law. He wales a portion with judicious care: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. O Dulness! portion of the truly blest! . To R. G. of F., 7. Portuguese. If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss, Were sayin or takin aught amiss: . Kind Sir. I've reau! Position. For, in spite of his fine theoretic positions. Mankind is a science defies definitions. Frag., Inser. to Fox. Possess. May he who wins thy matchless charms. Possess. May be who wins thy matchless charms. Possessing. Possessing the one shall imply you've the other. Possessing. Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my ponch, S. Contented wi little, 1 the meikle deil, Wi a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the poet 1 Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie! 1 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch, Pouchie [dim. of pouch]. But just the pouchie put the nieve in, Second Ep. to Davie, Pouk [to pluck]. The weans haud out their fingers laughin, And pouk my hips. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14. Pounce, Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry, S. Calcdonia. Pouncing. Pouncing poor Redcastle Sprawin like a taed. The Election Ballads. IV. Pound. That one pound one, I sairly want it; Friend of the poet 1 And are they of no more avail, Ten thousand glittering pounds a year? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. — And then my fifty pounds a year Vill little gain me. To Dr. Blackhock. Pour, White o'er the linns the burnie pours.
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Efit. on J. Dove, Innheefer. And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench' d his hold. Port. Auld Clinkum at the Inner Port. Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now? Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unco Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the Jealous portal fast. Ef. fr. Eaofus. Portentous. Like some portentous omen; On dining with Dacr. Porter. But when we tirl'd at your door, Your porter dought na hear us! V.s., on Window. Carrow. Come bouse about the porter! The Cordination. 13. Portion. And lo! the Bard, a great reward, Has got a double portion! Nature's Law. He wales a portion with judicious care: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. O Dulness! portion of the truly bleat! To R. G. of F., 7. Portuguese. If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss, Were sayin or takin aught amiss: Kind Sir, I've read! Position. For, in spite of his fine theoretic positions, Mankind is a science define definitions. Frag., inser. to Fex. Possessing. Possessing the one shall mily you've the other. Possessing. Possessing the one shall mily you've the other. Possessing. Possessing the one shall mily you've the other. Possessing. Possessing the one shall mily you've the other. Possessing.	Pouch [pocket]. My mirth and gude humour are coin in my ponch, S. Contented w? little,1 the meikle deil. Wi'a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! Jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbit?! Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, The Author's Cry and Prayer. they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch. Simpson. P.S. Pouchie [dim. of pouch], But just the pouchic put the nieve in, Pouk [to Pluck]. The weans hand out their fingers laughin, And pouk my hips. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14. Pounce. Their ponnees were murder, and terror their cry, S. Catedonia. Pouncing. Pouncing poor Redcastle Sprawin like a taed. The Election Ballads. IV. Pound. That one pound one, I sairly want it; Friend of the poet t' And are they of no more avail, Ten thousand glittering pounds a year? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. — And then my fifty pounds a year? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. — And then my fifty pounds a year? Will little gain me. To Dr. Blacklock. Pour. White o'er the linns the burnie pours. S. Emie lassie, will ye go t
Port. And Port was celestial glory. Efit. on f. Dove, Innkeeper. And port, O port! shine thou a wee, And then ye'll see him! On Graze's Peregrinations. Mid Lawson's port entrench'd his hold. Port. Aud Clinkum at the Inner Port. Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now Portal. For glaikit Folly's portals; Add. to Unco Guid. 2. Where turnkeys make the jealous portal fast. Ef. fr. Esofus. Portentous. Like some portentous omen; . On dining with Daer. Porter. But when we tirl'd at your door, Your porter dought na hear us; V.s., on Window. Carron. Come bouse about the porter! . The Ordination. 13. Portion. And lo! the Bard, a great reward, Has got a double portion! . Nature's Law. He wales a portion with judicious care: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. O Dulness! portion of the truly blest! . To R. G. of F., 7. Portuguese. If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss, Were sayin or takin aught amiss: . Kind Sir. I've reau! Position. For, in spite of his fine theoretic positions. Mankind is a science defies definitions. Frag., Inser. to Fox. Possess. May he who wins thy matchless charms. Possess. May be who wins thy matchless charms. Possessing. Possessing the one shall imply you've the other. Possessing. Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.	Pouch (pocket). My mirth and gude humour are coin in my ponch, S. Contented wi little, 1 the meikle deil, Wi a' his witches Are at it, skelpin! gig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the poet 1 Although his pouch o' coin were clean, S. O Tibbie! 1 Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in; Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, they'll fetch it wi' them, Just i' their pouch, Pouchle [dim. of pouch], But just the pouchie put the nieve in, Second Ep. to Davie, Pouk (to pluck). The weans hand out their fingers laughin, And pouk my hips. Death and Dr. Hornhook. 14. Pounce. Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry, S. Caledonia. Pouncing. Pouncing poor Redcastle Sprawin' like a taed. The Election Ballads. IV. Pound. That one pound one, I sairly want it; Friend of the poet 1 And are they of no more avail, Ten thousand glittering pounds a year? And then my fifty pounds a year Will little gain me. To Dr. Blacklock. Pour, White o'er the linns the burnie pours. S. Bonie lassie, will ye go 1 And pours his veogeance in the burning line, Ep. Fr. Espopus.

To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.	Pow [the head, the skull].
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson. The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,	But my white pow, nne kindly thowe Shall melt the snaws of age; . S. But lately seen †
That round the pathless wanderer pours, S. O Lassie, art thou t	Our Mess John, wi' his auld grey pow, S. Donald Brodie †
May He who gives the rain to pour, On Birth of Posth. Child.	Vet blessings on your frosty pow, S. John Anderson † She brak it o'er my pow S. The weary Pund.
And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail! On Death of R. Dundas.	Wi'his teethless gab and his auld beld pow, S. To daunton me. Until a pow as auld's Methusalem!
But when thon pours thy strong heart's blood, There thou shines chief Scotch Drink. 4.	He canty claw! To IV. Creech.
In twining hazel bowers.	Powder. She reduc'd him to dust, and she drank up the Powder. Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
His lay the linnet pours; S. Sleep'st thou.† Nor pour your descant grating on my ear:	Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
Sonnet, on Death of R That strain pours round th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies.	While recollection's pow'r is giv'n, A Ded. to G. H., 16.
Ib.	which Powers above prevent,
Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe, [v.A.10] Ib. She plants the forest, pours the flood; S. Streams that glide †	Wi' pith an' pow'r, A Gude New Year † 12. The pow'rs you proudly own? . A Winter Night. 9.
Before him Doon pours all his floods; Tam o' Shanter. 10.	Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs! . Add. to Edinburgh.
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, The Election Ballads. VI.	Far less [right] to riches, pow'r or freedom, Add. of Beclaebub. Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame; Add. to the Deil. 3.
When all his wintry billows pour Against the Buchan Bullers	And (Deil) write their names in his black heuk Wha gae the whigs the power o't! S. Awa, whigs, awa.
An' aff the godly pour in thrangs, The Holy Fair. 14. An' pour your creeshie nations; . The Ordination.	Henr me, Powers divine! Oh, in pity hear me! S. Ay waking, O
An' pour divine libations For joy this day	To count her horns, wi' a' my pow'r,
'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, 'They ardent, kindling spirits pour; The Vision. D. II. 5.	I set mysel, . Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4. It's hardly in a body's pow'r,
'I taught thee how to pour in song, 'To soothe thy flame	To keep, at times, frae being sour, Ep. to Davie. 2. O, all ye Pow'rs who rule above! Ib. 9.
'Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow, 'Warm on the heart 'Ib. 19.	O, had I power like inclination, Ep. to H. Parker.
Nae mair we see his levee door	The cruel powers reject the prayer Fragment. Your blood shall with incessant cry
The roaring Evers pours his mossy floods:	Awake at last th' unsparing power Frag. of Ode.
Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Pour'd. 'The liquid fire of strong desire	Powers celestial whose protection
Pour'd. 'The liquid fire of strong desire 'I've pour'd it in each bosom; Nature's Law. While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.	Ever guards the virtuous fair, S. Highland Mary. When winter rules with boundless power,
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	S. How can my poor heart † Is this the power in freedom's war
O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide, That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21. Here, Deep pour'd down his for fetch il goods:	That wont to hid the battle rage? Liberty. Was worth thy power, thou cursed leaf.
The Vision. D. I. 14.	Lns, on Back of Bank Note. The tuncfu' powers, in happy hours,
Pouring. And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies. The Brigs of Ayr.	That whisper inspiration; S. Lovely Davies. My Muse to dream of such a theme,
And joy and music pouring forth, In ev'ry grove, . The Vision. D. II. 14.	Her feeble powers surrender;
Then low'ring, and pouring, The storm no more I dread; To Ruin.	To make his fellow mourn? Man was made to Mourn.
Pourtray'd.	But the present hour was in my pow'r, S. My father was a farmer †
I mark'd a martial Race, pourtray'd In colours strong; [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.	All you who follow wealth and power
Pouse [a push]. I gi'e their wames a random pouse, What ails ye now †	Ye Powers of peace, and peaceful song, Ib.
Pouther, Powther [powder].	As little reckt 1 sorrow's power, S. Now Spring has clad †
by my pouther an' my hail, Ep. to J. R., 10. Three vollies let his mem'ry crave	"Whilst thou did pledge the Powers above, "To be my ain dear Willy. "S. O Phely,
Three vollies let his mem'ry crave O' poutlier an' lend, Tam Samson's El., 13.	The powers ahoon will tent thee, . S. O saw ye bonie L. O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above!
They down abide the stink o' powther; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	O Thou dread Pow'r Had ne'er sic powers nlarming: S. O wat ye wha that lo'es
Your hearts are the stuff, will be pouther enough, The Kirk's Alarm.	Now, by the Powers o' Verse and Prose!
Pouthered. Some mim-mou'd pouthered priestie, . On W. Chalmers,	On Grose's Peregrinations. But O for Hogarth's magic pow'r . On dining with Daer.
Pouthery [powdery].	Man with all his powers you scorn; On scaring Water-fowl.
Chanticleer Shook off the pouthery snaw, A Winter Night, 10. Poverty. Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare,	Now half-extinct your powers of song, On Death of Lap-dog. May powers aboon unite you soon, On W. Chalmers
El. on Death of R. Ruisscaux. Poverty's low barren vale, Lament for Glencairn.	Where first I felt their power. S. Peggy Chalmers. Prepar'd power's proudest frown to brave, Poet. Inscription.
And throw on poverty his [Oppression's] cruel eyes;	It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song;
On Death of R. Dundas. Who poverty ne'er held in scorn, On Window of C. Inn, F	Prologue, sp. by Woods. O thou, dread Power! whose empire-giving hand
My poverty keeps me in awe, man, Ronalds of Bennals.	Has off been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land! . Ib. Nor ba'e't in her power to say na, man, Ronalds of Bennals.
in lone poverty's dominion drear, Sonnet, wr. on Birthday. By early Poverty to hardship steel'd, The Brigs of Ayr.	See approach proud Edward's power, S. Scots wha ha'e
Where's he for honest poverty, That hangs his head, and a' that? S. The Honest Man.	Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love, S. Somebody.
An' sklent on poverty their joke,	Sic flights are far beyond her [my Muse's] pow'r; Tam o' Shanter. 16.
Wi bitter sneer, , . To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Ev'n then a wish (I mind its power) The Ans. to the Guidwife.

366

	1
Forbid it, ev'ry henvenly Power, You e'er should be a Stot!	Something in ilka part o' thee To praise, to love, I find, S. It is na, Jean †
The Power, incens'd, the Pageant will desert,	Him it's only justice to praise. The Election Ballads. III.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17. Thy power is all prevailing! The Election Ballads. VI.	To phrase you an' praise you,
That Pow'r which rais'd and still opholds This universal frame, The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.	Ye ken your Laureat scorns: To Gav. Hamilton. Prais'd. Admir'd and prais'd—and there the bomage ends: Et. to R. Graham. 3.
lust and pride, The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers, The Hermit.	Praising,
What signifies his barren shipe,	While praising and raising His thoughts to Heaven on high. Despondency, an Ode. 3.
Of moral pow'rs an' reason? The Holy Fair. 15.	Prance. How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' scriegh,
Thou husy pow'r, Remembrance, cease! . The Lament. The oft-attested Powers above;	A Gude New-Year † S. On sprightly coursers prance;
The noble Maxwells and their Powers	Then orthodoxy yet may prance, The Twa Herds. 16.
Are coming o'er the border, . S. The noble Maxwells †	Pranc'd.
For Heresy is in her pow'r, The Ordination. 3.	That day, ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride, A Guid New-Year †6.
Ye Pow'rs who preside o'er the wind and the tide. S. The Sons of old Killie.	Prank. O Whisky! soul o' plays an' pranks! Scotch Drink. 18.
And get the brutes the power themsels, To choose their herds. The Twa Herds. 15.	O Whisky! soul o' plays an' pranks! Scotch Drink. 18. Till Lairds forbad, by strict commands, Sic bluidy pranks. To W. Simpson. P.S.
But pith and power, till my last hour,	Ye hypocrites! are these your pranks? V. on Nat. Thanks
I'll mak this declaration; S. The Union. 'Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame.	Prank, to. Or [Spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood. Add. to Shade of Thomson.
'Where once the Campbells, chiefs of fame, 'Held ruling pow'r: The Vision. D. II. 11.	
In all his pedagogic powers elate	Frate. For fools will prate o' right and wrang, The Election Ballads, I.
Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care, To a Haggis. O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us	rrattling. The disping infant, pratting on his knee.
To see oursels as others see us! To a Louse.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.
To spare thee now is past my pow'r, Thou bonie gem. To a Mountain-Daisy.	The prattling things are just their pride, The Twa Dogs. 17. Pray. I had amaist said, ever pray. A Ded. to G. H., 13.
And kneel, 'Ye Pow'rs, and warm implore, . To J. S., 21.	I pray an' ponder butt the house, Auld comrade †
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power To R. G. of F. thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd, To Ruin.	Thou beardless boy, I pray tak' care, El. on Year 1788.
thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd, To Ruin. With that controuling pow'r assist ev'n me, Why am I loth †	This freedom, in an unknown frien,' I pray excuse Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st.
For all unfit I feel my powers be,	All I can—I weep and pray
Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty Scheme, These woes of mine fulfil; Winter.	For his weal that's far away. S. How can my poor heart † And pray, a' gude things may attend you!
Ye powr's of bonour, love, and truth,	Kind Sir, I've read t
From ev'ry ill defend her; S. Young Peggy† Detraction's eye no aim can gain,	What are they pray? but spiritual Excisemen. Lns on Window, K.'s A., D.
Her winning powers to lessen;	With earnest tears I pray, O Thou dread Pow'r
Powerful. But powerful love enslaves the man: S. A Mastrin's bonie Anne.	Your humble Bardie sings an' prays While Rab his name is. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
He felt the powerful high behest, Nature's Law.	While Rab his name is. The Author's Cry and Prayer. We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray, S. The bonie Lass of Albany. The Saint the Either and the Hubband prays:
Powerless.	
And one the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age. Liberty. Pownie [a pony].	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
Or die a cadger pownie's death, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 7.	I pray with boly fire: The Election Ballads. VI Anither sighs an' prays: The Holy Fair. 10.
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik, Ib., Ap. 21st.	Then let us pray that come it may, S. The Honest Man.
Powt [a poult, a chicken]. An' the wee powts begun to cry. Ep. to J. R., 11.	And yet you are chearful, I pray tell me how That you do maintain them so well as you do.
Pow't [pulled].	The Poor Thresher.
An' pow't, for want o' better shift,	I've little to say, but only to pray, As praying's the ton of your fashion; S. The Sons of old Killie.
A runt was like a sow-tail	S. The Sons of old Killie,
Poz [sure].	Syne let us pray, auld England may Sure plant this far-famed tree, man; The Tree of Liberty.
I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	So prays thy faithful friend, the hard. To a young Lady.
Practice. [Smith] opens out his cauld harangues, On practice and on morals; The Holy Fair. 14.	And [wish and] pray in rhyme sincere, A' gude things may attend you! To Miss Ferrier.
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,	Then how should I for Heavenly Mercy pray, Who act so counter Heavenly Mercy's plan? Why am I loth!
In Robert Burns. To W. Simpson. Praise. Flow gently, I'll siog thee a song in thy praise: S. Afton Water.	Pray'd. An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face, The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.
Here lies who weel had won thy praise.	Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd, S. Duncan Gray t
A Scot still, but blot still,	An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour, Fu' fast that night Halloween. 22.
I knew no higher praise The Ans. to the Guidwife.	He yow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid
And all his well-earn'd praise disclaim. The capt. Ribband.	Forgiving all and good. S. On a bank of flowers to Prayer. Learn three-mile prayers, an balf-mile graces,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise: The Cotter's Sat. Night.	A Dea. to G. H., 9.
Nae unison hae they, with our Creator's praise Ib. 13.	But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r, That kens or hears about you, Sir,
Together hymning their Creator's praise, 16. 16. But praise be blest, my mind's it rest, S. The tither morn!	Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray'rs! A Winter Night. 9.
On every tree appear my verses	When twilight did my Graunie summon,
That to her praise resound	To say her pray'rs,
Her weel-sung praise To IV. Simpson.	O hear my tervent pray r:
Praise, to. I bless and praise thy matchless might, Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.	But, oh! Eliza, hear one pray'r, For pity's sake, forgive me! S. Farewell, thou stream t
t oress and braise my materiess might, 1700 it the constitution	• •

The cruel pow'rs reject the prayer Fragment.	Stand forth and tell you Premier Youth,
L-d, hear my earnest cry an' pray'r,	The honest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4.
Holy Willie's Prayer, 13.	There's even, I'm tauld, i' the Court
Nor hear their pray'r;	A Tumhler ca'd the Premier. The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
That lips could speak thy heart could muve. S. I do confess †	Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him, The Twa Dogs. 22.
to Jove his prayer preferred; Improm. on Mrs's Birthday.	Premier, to.
Now hear our pray'r, accept our song, New Psalmody.	Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville,
When for this scene of peace and love, I make my pray'r sincere O Thou, dread Pow'r	To watch and premier owre the pack vile! Add. of Beelzebub.
1 make my pray'r sincere O Thou, dread Pow'r	Prent [print].
That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Lincluden.	To try my fate in guid, black prent; To J. S., 7. Prent, to [to print].
And mutter forth a half-heard prayer,	And, faith, he'll prent it. On Grose's Peregrinations.
And ward o' mony a prayer, . On Birth of Posth. Child.	Prentice. truant 'prentices, yet young in sin, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Still in prayers for K—G— I most heartily join, Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer	An' then she made the lasses, O. S. Green grow the Rashes.
In vain assail him with their prayer, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	He's there but a prentice, 1 trow, But 1 am a fool by profession. The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
To you a simple Bardie's prayers	Prenticeship,
Are humbly sent. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	My Prenticeshin I nost where my Leader broath'd his less
Shall he my prayer when far awa. The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.	My Prenticeship I past where my Leader breath'd his last, The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
Wi' humble prayer to join and share	Prepare. Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale Ep. fr. Esopus.
Wi' humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The Fête Champetre.	And honours masonic prepare for to throw;
Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at	Prepar'd. S. No Churchman am I †
The hermit's prayer The Hermit.	Prepar'd power's proudest frown to brave, . Poet. Inscrip.
But, O Maria, hear my prayer, S. The last time I †	For the future be prepar'd, . Wr. in Hermitage at F. C
A prayer from the muse you well may excuse. S. The Sons of old Killic.	Presage. With every kindliest, best presage,
But if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,	Ul luture bliss, To a Foung Lady.
Gie her a Haggis! To a Haggis.	Presbyt'ry. L—d hear my earnest cry an' pray'r, Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr; Holy Willie's Prayer. 13. Presbyterial.
And with them take the poet's prayer; To a young Lady.	Against that presbyt'ry o' Ayr: Holy Willie's Prayer 12
The prayer still, you share still, Of grateful Minstrel Burns To Gav. Hamilton.	Presbyterial.
O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer! To R. G. of F., q.	Within thy presbyterial bound
Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!	A candid lib ral band is found Of public teachers,
Their three-mile prayers, an hauf-mile graces,	Presence. To Kev. J. M'Math.
Prayin.	In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
For prayin I hae little skill o't; . A Ded. to G. H., 13.	Perhaps I must appear! A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
Preach.	Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,
The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife.	To hope may be forgiven; . S. Anna, thy charms † Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
He could na preach for thinkin' o't. S. My love she's but t	At my presence thus you fly? . On scaring Water-fowl.
Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:	"For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint!
Or R[obinson] again grown weel,	S. There lived ance a earle t
To preach an' read? . Tam Samson's El	But in the fair presence of lovely young Jessie, Unseen is the lily, unbeeded the rose. S. True hearted was he then the pleasure, feels the rapture,
A text for infamy to preach; To W. Creech.	S. True hearted was he t
Preacher.	Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture, That thy presence gies to me. S. Turn again, thou t
My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie, Auld comrade †	That thy presence gies to me. S. Turn again, thou † Present. At present we will ask no more, . A Grace.
As men, as Christians too, renown'd, An' manly preachers. To Rev. J. M'Math.	Nae mair at present can I measure, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.
Preaching.	But the present hour was in my pow'r,
But still the preaching cant forbear, Ef. to Young Friend. 9.	S. My father was a farmer t
Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye.	The past returns, the present flies; On Lincluden.
For preaching that three's ane and twa. The Kirk's Alarm.	The present only toucheth thee: To a Mouse.
The house morns precede the summed and The Direct Co.	Present, to.
The hoary morns precede the sunny days, The Brigs of Ayr.	Ye did present your smoutie phiz, Add. to the Deil. 17.
Precept. The Precepts sage they wrote to many a land: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	"Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them, Lns add. to J. Ranken.
i recious.	I hen on the tither hand present her
We part—but by these precious drops,	A blackguard Smuggler, right behint her, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
That fill thy lovely eyes! S. Farewell, dear mistress † Mispending all thy precious hours.	Should Hornie, as in ancient days.
Man was made to Mouru. 4.	Mang sons o G - present him, . The Holy Fair, 12.
And still his precious self his dear delight: Sketch.	Presently. Till presently he hears a squeak. Hallowers to
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious: Tam o' Shanter, 5.	When presently it does appear,
Precipice. Hanging with threat'ning jut like precipices;	Preserve. The Holy Fair. 22.
Pree'd v. Prie'd.	But gude preserve us frae the gallows, Adam A—'s Prayer.
Preen [a pin].	
My memory's no worth a preen; . To IV. Simpson, P.S.	So e'en to preserve the poor body in life.
Prefer.	S. Last May a brazu zuggert
A cheerful honest-hearted clown	The Lord preserve us from to the preserve as from the preser
1 will prefer hefore you, O. S. My father was a farmer †	Preserve the dignity of Man,
Preferred.	Preside, The Sprites that over the Prize of Augustia
to Jove his prayer preferred: Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday. Prefix. Nae heathen name shall I prefix To Miss Ferrier.	Preside. The Sprites that overe the Brigs of Ayr preside. The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
	But chiefly, in their hearts with Grace divine preside.

But chiefly, in their hearts with Grace divine preside.

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.

. The Hermit.

The arch-fiend's dearest, darke st powers, In state preside,

Termer.

What premiers, what? even Monarchs mighty gaigers:

Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.

Premier.

Prevent. which Pow'rs above prevent, A Ded. to G. II., 10. Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide, S. The Sons of old Killie. And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile! Precided Presided o'er the Sons of light : The Farewell. To St. I.'s L.. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20. Mark maiden-innocence a prey Press. To love pretending snares, A Winter Night, 8. Coffins stood round, like open presses, Tam o' Shanter, 11. For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin : Add. to the Deil. 4. Press. to. And yellow Autumn presses near, S. Bonie Bell. 'Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey, Wi' his d-mn'd dirt! Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29. He bade me on you press this one word-"Think!" Prologue at Th., D.. That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care; That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish, El. on Miss Burnet. Remorse. A Frag., Creature, tho' oft the prey of grief and sorrow. Deaf as my friend, he sees them press, Sketch. New-Yr's Day, When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow. Tell them, and press it on their mind, Wr. in Friars-Carse H .. There keen indignation shall dart on her prey, Monody, on a Lady. Ep. to R. Graham, 3. Pressed, -'d, Prest, Within the bush, her covert nest now a prey to insulting neglect, A little linnet fondly prest, S. A Rosebud by my t now a prey to insulting negreca,

The bird that charm'd his summer day,

S. O Lassie, art thou t . . . Ib. Epit. A little linnet tongry press, . . .

Her sweet halmy lip when 'tis prest;

S. Adown winding Nith † Or haply, prest with cares and woes,

Man was made to Mourn. And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel. S. O leave novels t Marking you his prey helow, . On scaring Water-food, Have a big-belly'd bottle when pressed with care [v. A. 28] View unsuspecting Innocence a prey, On Death of R. Dundas. S. No Churchman am It I'll grasp thy waist and fondly prest,

S. Now westlin winds † Hapless bird! a prey the surest To each pirate of the skies. . S. Sensibility t The devil the prey will despise. The Election Ballads, III. The springing lilies sweetly press'd, S. On a bank of flowers t Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race, And sieze the prey: The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest, To J. S., 18. On seeing wounded Hare. Price. Give me love at ony price; . S. Jockey fout An' liquor guid to fire his bluid, That's prest wi' grief an' care: . The deil a ane would spier your price, Scotch Drink, Mott. Were ye as poor as I. . S O Tibbie ! + Hard upon noble Maggie prest, Tam o' Shanter. 18. An' hardly, in a winter season, By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. L'er spier her [my Muse's] price. Scotch Drink. 14. And aft he's prest, and aft be ca's it guid; Prick the louse [a term of contempt for a tailor]. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse,

An' iso the flae. . . What ails ye now † While here I wander, prest with care, S. The Gloomy Night † When round the Tinkler prest her, The Jolly Beggars. R. VI. Prickly. And I, I wat, Wi' fainness grat, While in his grips he press'd me. All in its rude and prickly bower, S. O bonie was you rosy t S. The tither morn t Pride. The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest, To Mary in Heaven. Though prest with care and sunk in woe,
S. To thee, lov'd Nith† That day ye pranc'd wi' muckle pride,
When ye bure hame my bonie Bride; A Gude New-Year + 6. The pride, the pleasure o' the wood. S. A Rosebud by my t Pressing. Architecture's noble pride . . . Add. to Edinburgh, 2. Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod, To W. Simpson. "Ye might hae seen me in my pride, As on the banks † Accept the gift a friend sincere Wad on thy worth be pressin': . Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers
In double pride were gay. . . S. But lately seen t V.s. under Grief. Presumption. The pride of her kindred the heroine grew; S. Caledonia. Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption

Death soon will end her. Letter to J. Goudie. But what avails the pride of art, When wastes the soul with anguish? S. Could aught of song t Pretence. the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn wood, Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence, Epig. on Henpecked Squire. S. Craigie-burn Wood. In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves;
El. on Miss Burnet. An' hae to Learning nae pretence, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 9. Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense.
Wi' people wha ken ye nae better. . The I . The Kirk's Alarm. Princes whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth, We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride. . Pretend. Nor meikle speech pretend, . . . The Election Ballads. I. There's naething here but Highland pride, Ep. on being neglected at In. Inn. Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend, The Whistle. 9. But hanker and canker. Pretending. Mark maiden-innocence a prey
To love pretending snares, A Winter Night. 8. To see their cursed pride. . . Et. to Davie. . Ep. to H. Parker. Jenny, my Pegasean pride! . Pretension. Pretensions rather brassy, The Dean of Fac.. 'Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
'In a' their pride!' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 13. Pretty. But pretty Peg, my dearie. S. As I gaed up by t The music of her pretty foot, . . Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows. Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose. Ep. to R. Graham. 5. O dinna think my pretty pink, But I can live without thee: . S. Here's to thy health, † The dauntless heart that fear'd no human Pride;
Epit, for Author's Father. All for to court this pretty maid, . . Katharine Jaffray. Her pretty ancle is a spy, . . . S. Sae flaxen t So fell the pride of all my hopes, S. Fate gave the word, † . The Ordination. 11. I vow it's unco pretty: . Some [nits] start awa, wi saucy pride, . . Halloween. 7. They sip the scandal-potion pretty; . The Twa Does, 33. The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn. Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies, "His country's pride, his country's stay:

**Lament for Glencairu. S. How pleasant the banks t Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies, To Dr. Blacklock. It's a pity ane sae pretty
Should na do the thing they can. S. Will ye go and marry † The pride of my bosom, my Mary's no more. Lament, on leaving Nat. Land. Prevailed. My pride and my darling to be? . . S. Leezie Lindsay. Th' ungodly o'er the just prevailed, A haughty lordling's pride; . Man was made to mourn, 3. For so thou hadst appointed; . New Psalmody. The Caird prevail'd-th' unblushing fair But when compar'd with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride.

S. Mark yonder Pomp † The Jolly Beggars. R. VII. In his embraces sunk; Prevailing. To quell the Wicked's pride : New Psalmody.

The Election Ballads. VI.

Its [the warld's] pride, and a' the lave o't; S. O poortith cauld t

The Muse was a' that he took pride in, On Scot. Eard gne to IV. I.

Thy power is all prevailing! .

Hence, Dempster's truth-prevailing tongue; [v.A.23]

The Vision. D. II. 6.

Again the dome, in pristine pride,	Prie [to taste].
Lifts high its roof and arches wide, On Lincluden.	And ither some will prie their mou, . S. John, come kiss.
The pride of all the flowery scene,	Prie'd, Pree'd [tasted].
S. On Cessnock banks † Sett I.	Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonie mou,
The gentle pride, the lordly state, On dining with Daer.	For ay he pree'd the lassies mou, . S. The Taylor he cam
The feint a pride, nae pride had he,	Prief [proof]. For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride, On scaring Water-fowl.	Against your arts, To L.S.
"Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride! On Death of Sir J. Blair.	I see thy life is stuff o prief,
Wi' hraw new branks in mickle pride, On W. Chalmers.	Priest. Scarce quite half worn To Terraughty.
With grateful pride we own your many favors :	As a' the priests had seen me get thee Add. to Illegit. Child.
Prologue, at Th., D	Where'er 'that place be priests ca' hell,
Then Anna comes in, the pride o' her kin,	Add. to the Toothache.
Ronalds of Bennals.	And ance she bore a priest; El. on Peg Nicholson.
Though I canna ride in weel-hooted pride, Ib.	And the priest he rode her sair:
In pride of beauty's light; S. Sleep'st thou, †	Eve's honie squad priests wyte them sheerly
a' the pride of Spring's return . S. Sweet fa's the eve †	Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.
The pride of the place and its neighbourhood a';	Frae G-d's ain priests the people's hearts
The Belles of Mauchline.	He steals awa'. Holy Willie's Prayer, 11.
Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride! The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	Nay, what are Priests? those seeming godly wisemen: Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.
Yet I hae seen him on a day	The Priest he was oxter'd, the Clerk he was carried,
The pride of a' the parishen S. The cardin o't.	S. O ken ye what Meg t
Oh wha wad leave this humble state For a' the pride of a' the great? S. The Contented Cottager.	Nay been bitch-fon 'mang godly priests.
	On dining with Daer,
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,	The priest o' the parish fell in anither [fever]. S. Scroggam.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. The hig ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride:	Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck, Lay stinking, vile, in every nenk. [v.A.16] Tam o' Shanter.
Compar'd with this how poor Polizion's pride	Lay stinking, viie, in every nenk. [v.A.16] Tam o Shanter.
Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride, In all the pomp of method, and of art, 16. 17.	Churches built to please the Priest. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,	They'll talk o' natronage an' priests.
Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride, Ib. 21.	They'll talk o' patronage an' priests, Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts, The Twa Dogs. 18.
Than a' the price that loads the tide, S. The day returns †	Wi kindling fury i' their breasts, The Twa Dogs. 18. The priest and hedgehog in their robes are snug. To R. G. of F Than many scores as guid's the priest.
A dame wi' pride eneugh, The Election Ballads. 1.	To R. G. of F.
And she spak up wi' pride,	Than mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sae ahus't him. To Rev. J. M'Math.
Nor from the seat of scornful Pride	And the Priest shall say, Amen. S. Will ye go and marry
Casts forth his eyes abroad, The 1st Psalm.	Priesthood. As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little,
In beauty's pride array'd; . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.	
In heauty's pride array'd; . The 1st b V.s of 90th Ps. Her plumage outlustred the pride o' the spring, S. The heather was blooming to	w nose noty priesthood nane can stain,
S. The heather was blooming t	
lust and pride, The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers, The Hermit.	Priestie [dim. of priest].
The pith of sense, and pride of worth,	Some mim-mou'd ponthered priestie, . On W. Chalmers. Priest-like. The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
Are higher ranks than a' that S. The Honest Man.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
In flaming summer pride, . The Petition of Br. Water.	Priest-rid.
ance whan in my wooing pride The Inventory.	And much oppressed and bruised she was;
Irvine side, Irvine side, wi' your turkey-cock pride,	As priest-rid cattle are El. on Peg Nicholson.
The Kirk's Alarm. Must 1 see thee, my youthful pride.	Priest-skelping [priest-slapping].
Must I see thee, my youthful pride, Thus brought so very low! S. The sun he is sunk †	Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns, The Kirk's Alarm.
And now she sees wi' pride, man,	Prig. And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
	S. No Churchman am I †
The fient a pride na pride had he The Twa Dogs.	Prig, to [to entreat].
The prattling things are just their pride, Ib. 17.	I'll ne'er prig for red or white; S. Jockey fou, t
And some, the pride of Coila's plains, Become thy friends. The Vision. D. 11, 18.	Priggin [haggling].
	Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an raisins,
The noisy domicile of pedant pride; The Vowels.	The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Prime. My barmie noddle's working prime, . To J. S., 4.
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North, . The Whistle.	
The flower and pride of a' the glen; S. There was a lass † By human pride or cunning driv'n	Prime, s. Has thy Prime unheeded past? . Blue Bonnets. Thou golden time o' youthful prime, . S. But lately seen
To Mis'ry's brink, . To a Mountain-Daisy.	"Fall in hold manhood's harder prime! I amount for Committee
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,	"Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime! Lament for Glencairn.
He hears the unbroken blast from every side:	Thy glorious, youthful prime! Man was made to Mourn. 4. Look not alone on youthful Prime,
To R. G. of F., 3.	
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces	It no er should flourish to its prime, The Tree of Liberty. How I had spent my youthfu prime,
Want nor their nonsense. To Rev. J. M'Math. Not the hee upon the blossom,	An' done nae-thing, The Vision. D. I. 4.
In the pride of sunny noon; . S. Turn again, thou t	And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime. [re.]
Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep;	S. There liv'd ance a carle
S. Twas even—the dewy †	And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime, Are so much nearer Heav'n. To Miss L., with "Beattie."
My joy, my pride, my Hoggie! . S. What will I do gin +	Primage
Proclaim it the pride of the year S. Where are the joys †	Primrose. Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blows
to me more dear, Than all the pride of May : . Winter,	Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow; S. Afton Water.
The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride,	
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	The haunt o' Spring's the primrose-brae.
Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain, . S. Young Jamie †	The primrose banks how fair; S. Behold, my love,† The haunt o' Spring's the primrose-brae, S. By Allan stream † The primrose down the bree.
ride, to. That purity ye pride in, Add. to Unco Guid. 3.	The primrose down the brae; Lament of Mary of Scots.
Nae wonder that it pride him! The Holy Fair. 11.	The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn.
ridefu', Mall's nit lap out, wi' pridefu' fling, Halloween. 9.	S. My Nanie's Awa.
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench, The Twa Dogs. 21.	The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year, S. The Posie.

Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench, The Twa Dogs, 21.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year, S. The Posie.

Pronounc'd

The primroses blow in the dews of the morning, Prodigal. O Man! while in thy early years,

How producal of time! . Man was made to Mourn. 4. S. The small birds Primsie [demure, precise]. Was brunt wi' primsie Mallie ; . Halloween, o. your fathers, prodigal of life, [v.A.12] . . Scots Prologue. Prince. Princes whose cumb'rous pride was all their worth, For prodigal thoughtless bestowing,
His merit had won him respect. The Election Ballads. 111. El, on Miss Burnet. The news o' princes, dukes and earls, Pimps, sharpers, bawds and opera-girls; Kind Sir, I've read t Prodigious. But oh! prodigions to reflect, Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift, That maks us mair than princes; A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck! . El. on Year 1788. . S. Lovely Davies. Produce. among the princes chief In our Jerusalem, New Psalmody. Princes and lords are but the hreath of kings,

The Cotter's Sat. Night, 10. While quacks of state must each produce his plan, Here's an honest conscience The Rights of Woman. . The Election Ballads, IV. Might a prince adorn; . "Shall heroes and patriots ever produce: The Whistle, 1S. And Burke shall sing, O prince, arise! . . . Ib. V1. Profane. A prince can make a belted knight, A marquis, duke, and a' that; S. The Honest Man. While deil a hair yoursel ye're better, But mair profane. Third Ep. to 1. Lap. Princely. The princely revel may survey
Our rustic dance wi scorn; S. Behold, my love, Profess. Would I could guess, I do profess, S. The Joyful Widower. But when compar'd with real passion,
Poor is all that princely pride. . S. Mark yonder Pomp Profession. We've got frae a' professions, sorts, an' ranks : Poor is all that princery princely name
And a town of fame whose princely name
Should grace the Lass of Albany.
S. The bonie Lass of Albany. Scots Prologue. The Jolly Beggars. S. III. But I am a fool by profession. To a Medical Gent. I' the way of our profession. . And whose that generous princely mien V.s below Picture. Proffer. A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird, Printed. Said, nothing like his works was ever printed; And marriage aff-hand, were his proffers:
S. Last May a braw wooer t Add. sp. by Fontenclle. Your proffer o' love's an airle-penny, S. O meikle thinks my love t But I, the Queen of a' Scotland, Lament of Mary of Scots. Maun lie in prison strang. . Proffer, to. And proffer up to Heaven the warm request, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. The Tree of Liberty. A prison built by kings, man, Profound. A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd: Prisoner. Extem. on W. Smellie. But a royal ghaist wha ance was cas'd A prisoner anghteen year awa, S. Amang the trees t . On Lincluden. lost in thought profound, Progeny. Or, Moses bade etercal warfare wage,
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. Pristine. the dome, in pristine pride, . . On Lincluden. Private. Seek not the proofs in private life to find;

Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Progress. Matron [Summer] oft. delighted, stops to trace S. O May thy morn t And private was the chamber: The progress of the spiky blade.

Add. to Shade of Thomson. Nor even the man in private life forgot: Prologue, sp. by Woods. What aspects old Time in his progress has worn; They lay aside their private cares S. The lazy mist t The Twa Dogs. 18. To mind the Kirk and State affairs; May bliss domestic smooth his private path; To R. G. of F., q. as the boughs all temptingly project, Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Priviledge. But for the glorious priviledge Of being independant. Ep. to Young Friend. 7. Prologue. A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter, 'Twould vamp my bill, Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Prize. El. on Miss Burnet. And last, my prologue-husivess slily hinted. Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize, Wha mak the Whisky stells their prize! Scotch Drink. 20. Prolong. On Lincluden. There, welcome, win and wear the prize, S. Talk not of Love † Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong; I wish you luck o' the prize, man. S. The deil cam fiddlin't Promise. But Foorsday, Sir, my promise leal, Expect me o' your party. The Whistle. S. "Before I surrender so glorions a prize, Promise. to. Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field, An' if she promise auld or young To tak their part, Tho' by the neck she should be strung She'll no desert. The Author's Cry and Prayer, 22. . S. When wild War's t But glory is the sodger's prize, To Beauty what man but maun yield him a prize, S. You wild mossy mountains t Fain promise never more to disobey; . Why am I loth \$ Promised -'d. And by that life, I'm promised mair o't.

Friend of the poet † P.S. Prize, to. How cruel are the parents
Who riches only prize, S. How cruelt Let her lo'e nae man hut me; She [Fortune] promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill; S. I dream'd I lay t . S. Jockey fou t That's the tocher gude I prize, She has promis'd right soon to be mine.

S. My love's a winsome t Prizing. Beyond what fancy e'er refin'd The voice of Nature prizing. S. Could aught of song t Robin promis'd me A' my winter vittle; S. Robin shure in hairst. Problem. All in all he's a problem must puzzle the Devil. Frag., inser. to Fox. The Lament, 3. The promis'd Father's tender name; . Proceed. Heard'st thou that groan-proceed no further, She promis'd fair and perform'd but ill; S. Tho. fickle Fortune † Epig. on E.'s " Martial. An' lea'e us nought hut grief an pain, For promis'd joy! For shame! gie o'er-proceed no further V. on Nat. Thanks.. Procession. Prone. Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,

Ep. to R. Graham. 3. To hold our grand procession; . . To a Medical Gent. Proclaim. While Scotia, with exulting tear, Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Proclaims that Thomson was her son Add. to Shade of Thomson. Prone-descending. Now he [Death] proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
Tam Samson's dead! Tam Samson's El., 10. Or find a sheltering, safe retreat, From prone-descending showers. The Petition of Br. Water. No. no! the bees, humming round the gay roses, Proclaim it the pride of the year. S. Where are the joys Pronounce. ronounce.
But [Judges] of meet, or unmeet, in a fabrick complete,
I'll holdly pronounce they [reviewers] are none, Sir.
To Capt. Riddel.

Pronounc'd.

And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heaven's command. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.

Proclaim'd.

Go, for yoursel procure renown, .

Till too, too soon the glowing west Proclaim'd the speed of winged day. To Mary in Heaven.

S. Highland Laddic.

Proof. Let time mak proof; . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 7.	Lament in rhyme, lament in prose, . Poor Mailie's El
PPOOI. Let time mak proof; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 7. Seek not the proofs in private life to find; Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	With all the venal soul of dedicating Prose? The Brigs of Ayr.
the is proof to thy personal converse and wit.	What verse can sing, what prose narrate, The Election Ballads. VI.
Is proof to all other temptation Extem., To Mr. S. And ev'ry time has added proofs,	Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose,
That Man was made to mourn. Manwas made to Mourn.	I rhyme away To J. S., 25. Prose, to. 'An' if ye winna mak it clink,
Proof o' shot to Birth or Money, S. Sweetest May † Wha's honour is proof to the storm; The Election Ballads. III.	Prose, to. 'An' if ye winna mak it clink, 'By Jove I'll prose it!' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 6.
That I, henceforth, would be rhyme-proof The Vision. D. I. 6.	Prose-folk. the dull prose-folk, latin splatter In logic tulzie, To W. Simpson. P.S.
Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof, S. There was a lad t	Prospect. I, listless, yet restless,
Prop. Prop of my dearest hopes for future times. Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Find every prospect vain Despondency, an Ode, 2.
Prop, to.	Wi' a' this care and a' this grief. And sma', sma prospect of relief, Ep. to H. Parker.
But huild a castle on his head, His scull will prop it under Epig. on a Coxcomb.	I hackward cast my e'e, On prospects drear! To a Mouse.
7	Prosperous.
Lang may she [Coila] stand to prop the land, Nature's Law. Spring, like their fathers, up to prop Their honour'd native land! The Petition of Br. Water. Proper.	Then may heaven with prosperous gales, Fill my sailor's welcome sails, S. How can my poor heart †
Proper.	The prosperous man is asleep,
But I maturely thought it proper, . A Ded. to G.H., 12.	Prostrate. Let the blast sweep o'er the valley, See it prostrate on the clay! S. Sensibility †
after proper purpose of amendment, . Remorse. A Frag In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,	See it prostrate on the clay! S. Sensibility †
And proper young lasses and a, man; Konalds of Bennals.	Protect. May prudence protect her [liberty] frae evil! S. Here's a health to them †
To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man	Guardian angels! O protect her, S. Highland Mary.
In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles, The Belles of Mauchline.	May heaven protect my bonie Scots Laddie, S. O whare did ye get †
And still my delight is in proper young men:	Protect thee frae the driving shower, On Birth of Posth. Child.
And still my delight is in proper young men: The Jolly Beggars. S. 11.	Protect and guard the mother plant,
Come, let a proper text be read, The Ordination. 4. Property. Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide:	And trust, the Universal Plan Will all protect. The Vision D. II. 22.
Prophane. A Winter Night. 8.	Your impudence protects you sairly: To a Louse. Protected.
Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range.	A fig for those by law protected! The Jolly Beggars, S. VIII.
Be complaisance extended; Ep. to Young Friend. 9. Prophesied. She prophesied that late or soon,	Protection.
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon	Adieu, my Liege! may Freedom geck Beneath your high protection; A Dream, &.
Prophet. Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink:	Powers celestial whose protection
The Whistle, 17.	Ever guards the virtuous fair, S. Highland Mary. Fancies that our guid Brugh denies protection,
Propitious. Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs, Nature's Law.	The Brigs of Ayr. 8. 'Twas noble, Sir; 'twas like yoursel,
Fair on Isahella's morn	To grant your high protection: To Mr. M Adam.
This day's propitious to he wise in. Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	Protest. Ay vow and protest that ye careoa for me, . S. O whistle, †
Propless. Pitying the propless climber of mankind,	Proud. owre proud to snool, A Bard's Epit.
Propone [lay down, propose].	Lnoks o'er proud Property, extended wide; A Winter Night. 8.
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes Would here propone defences, . Add. to Unco Guid, 2.	I should be proud to meet you there; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 18.
Proportion.	But take it [fortune's road] like the unbacked filly,
With nae proportion wanting, S. As I gaed up by † Her pretty ancle is a spy,	Proud o' her speed Ep. to Maj. Logan. Ye may be proud,
Betraying fair proportion, S. Sae flarent	That sic a couple fate allows ye
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them, In like proportion, less will hurt them. The Twa Dogs. 29.	In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands, S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Which I in just proportion have almsed . Tragic Frag.	Lest he owre high and proud shou'd turn,
Propose. And say, 'How can you e'er propose,	Holy Willie's Prayer. q. England, triumphant, display her proud rose;
rod wha ken hardly verse frae prose,	S. How pleasant the banks t
Propriety. To mak a sang? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 10.	Were I a Baron proud and high, S. Montgomerie's Peggy, saucy quean That looks sae proud and high. S. O Tibbie!
Propriety's cold, cautious rules Warm Fervour may o'erlook; Rusticity's ungainly t	Wi' his proud, independant stomach,
Warm Fervour may o'erlook; Rusticity's ungainly † Propt. Was timmer-propt for thrawin : Halloween. 23.	On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. Man, your proud usurping foe, On scaring Water-fowl.
Prosaic. An' scriechan out prosaic verse.	My stomach's as proud as them a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.
An' like to brust! The Author's Cry and Prayer. A creeping cauld prosaic fog To Miss Ferrier.	See approach proud Edward's power, S Scots, wha ha'e t
Prose. Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse,	Lay the proud usurpers low,
In Prose or Rhyme. Add. to the Deil. 19. Whom Prose has turned out of doors, Ep. on E.'s "Martial."	Yet unco proud to learn The Ans. to the Guidwife.
A land unknown to Prose or Rhyme; Ep. to H. Parker.	Or proud imperial purple
A land that prose did never view it, Except when drunk he stacher't thro' it;	The Brigs of Ayr.
'You wha ken hardly verse frue prose,	Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace, S. Their groves of t
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 10. In rhyme or prose or baith thegither, Ib., Ap. 21st, 7.	We'll a' be proud o' Robin S. There was a lad t
Yet vilest reptiles in their hegging prose. Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Wi' screw'd up, grace-proud faces; The Holy Fair. 10. For me I would be mair than proud
Now, by the Powers o' Verse and Prose! On Grose's Peregrinations.	To share the mercies wi you To a Medical Gent.
On Grose's 1 tregrinations.	Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is, To Dr. Blacklock.

Their sighan, cantan, grace-proud faces, To Rev. J. M. Math. Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?	Provoking. wi'hoast-provoking smeek, The Vision. D. 1. 3. Provost [the chlef magIstrate of a royal burgh]. Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief,
Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	The Kirk's Alarm,
Proud-nodding. Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels. Fragment, inser. to Fox.	Prowling. Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood;
Prouder.	Prude. Cease, ye prudes, your envious railing, Lns under Pict. of Miss B.,
Now prouder still, Maria's temples press. Ep. fr. Esopus.	Prudence.
And prouder than a belted knight,	May Prudence. Fortitude and Truth
I'd be my Jeanie's lover S. When first I saw † Proudest. Blest Highland bonnet! Once my proudest dress,	Erect your brow undaunting! Ep. to Young Friend, 11. Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
Ep. fr. Esopus. Deserves the prondest wreath departed heroes claim. Fragment of Ode.	Ep. to R. Graham, 5. Your courage much more than your prudence you show it, Fragment, inser. to Fox.
Crushing the despot's proudest bearing, Liberty. Prepar'd power's proudest frown to brave, Poet. Inscription.	May prudence protect her [liberty] frae evil!
Proudly. The pow'rs you proudly own? A Winter Night. q.	S. Here's a health to them
That proudly cock your cresting cairns;	Prudence, with decorous sneer, . In vain wid Prudence †
El. on Capt. M. H., 3.	Let Prudence' direst bodements on me fall, Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all! Ib.
The Thames flows proudly to the sea, S. The Banks of Nith.	But prudence is her o'erword ay, S. O poortith cauld \
Prove. And who wou'd to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,	O wha can prudence think upon.
May his son he a hangman, and he his first trial. At Meet. of D. Volunteers.	And sic a lassie by him; O wha can prudence think upon
I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun: S. Caledonia. 6.	And sae in love as I am?
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true? Ep. fr. Esopus,	I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able, S. Tho. fickle fortune †
To prove our loyal truth-we can no more; . Frag. of Ode.	Let Prudence bless enjoyment's cup, Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Thy goodness constantly we prove, Grace after Dinner.	Prudent. prudent, cautions, self-controll A Bard's Epit.
They may prove as bad as I am S. Here's to thy health, †	Each prudent cit a warm existence finds, Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,	Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
S. Oh, open the door,†	We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good? Ib. 5.
He'll prove you fully, On Grose's Peregrinations. Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove, S. She's fair and fause t	Whiles glowring round wi' prudent cares, Tam o' Shanter. 9. Unskilful he to note the card
But Friendship's pure and lasting joys	Of prudent Lore, To a Mountain-Daisy.
My heart was form'd to prove : . S. Talk not of Love †	Prussian. How cut-throat Prussian blades were hingin;
Right, Sir! your text I'll prove it true, The Calf.	Prying, -in. Kind Sir, Tve read t
"Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe, . What ails ye now t	Whiles, in the human bosom pryin, Add. to the Deil. 4.
Proved, -'d. She [Nature] prov'd to be no journey-work, S. John Anderson,	And steal from me Maria's prying eye. Ep. fr. Esopus.
I found that old Solomon proved it fair, No Churchman am I†	Pu' [to pull, gather].
'Twas then I prov'd false to my Sodger laddie.	And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May [re.] S. The Posie.
'Twas then I prov'd false to my Sodger laddie. The folly Beggars. S. II.	The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
Your faith proved so loyal, in hot bloody trial,	And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear; Ib.
S. The small birds rejoice † O Love thou hast sorrows, and sair have I prov'd;	I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view, Ib. The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey, Ib.
S. Wae is my heart †	The woodbine I will pu', when the ev'ning star is near, Ib.
Has proven to its [the Kirk's] ruin : . The Ordination. 8.	Public.
Proverb. In his sly, dry, sententious, proverb way!	And dares the public like a noontide sun. Ep. fr. Esopus. Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,
Proverb'd. Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard wrung boon. Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	An' public shame. Holy Willie's Prayer. 10. by a generous Public's kind acclaim, Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Will time, amus'd with proverb'd lore,	Thou art the life o' public haunts ; . Scotch Drink. 8.
Add to our date one minute more? Sketch. New-Yr's Day,	Their galloping thro' public places, The Twa Dogs. 31.
Proveses [Provosts].	A candid libral hand is found
Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie, Wha in the paths o' righteonsness did toil ay;	Of public teachers, To Rev. J. M'Math. Pu'd [pulled, gathered].
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
Provide. O Thou, who kindly dost provide	That spotless breast o' thine; S. Behold, my love †
For every creature's want! A Grace before Dinner.	How sune it [wild-rose] tines its scent and hue When pu'd and worn a common toy! S. I do confess †
Would, in the way His Wisdom sees the best,	When pu'd and worn a common toy! S. I do confess † And pu'd the gowans fine; S. Shld auld acquaintance †
For them and for their little ones provide; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.	Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a roce
Provided.	Wi' lightsome beart I pu'd a rose, S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.
Then chance and fortune are sae guided, They're ay in less or mair provided; The Twa Dogs. 16.	Puddin-race [pudding-race].
They're ay in less or mair provided; The Twa Dogs. 16. Providence.	Great Chieftan o' the Puddin-race! To a Haggis.
16 Providence has sent me here.	Puddock-stool [a toad-stool, a mushroom].
Twas surely in an anger. Ep. on being neglected at In. Inn.	May sprout like simmer puddock-stools In glen or shaw; To W. Creech.
Province.	
To mark where England's province stands S. The Union.	Puff'd. Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride! The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Proving.	Puir [poor].
But Mousie, thou art no thy-lane, In proving foresight may be vain; To a Mouse.	Was e'er puir Poet sae besitted, . On B.'s Horse Impound.
Provoke.	Puir harmless beast! tak thee nae care, 1b.
"Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!"	my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter Second Ep. to Davie. But for the Muse, she'll never leave ye,
	Tho' e'er sae puir,
We live like two lambs and we seldom provoke: S. The Poor Thresher.	Or frae puir man a blessin wan, . S. The Laddies by t
Provok'd.	For what ? to gie their malice skouth
Provok'd beyond bearing, at last she arose, S. Caledonia.	On some puir wight, To Rev. J. M'Math.

Then like a swine to puke an' wallow, To Mr. J. Kennedy.

O were my love you lilac fair, With purple blossoms to the spring; S. O were my love †

The Ans. to the Guidwife.

Or proud imperial purple. .

Purpling.

When upward-springing, blythe, to greet

Auld comrade †

Then like a swine to puke an' wallow, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	When upward-springing, blythe, to greet The purpling East To a Mountain-Daisy.
Pull. Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will show him. Frag. inscr. to Fox.	Purpose.
Pulse. Think, when your castigated pulse	The generous purpose, nobly dear, . S. My Mary's face †
Gies now and then a wallop, Add. to Unco Guid. 4.	after proper purpose of amendment, . Remorse. A Frag
Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption Death soon will end her. Letter to J. Goudie.	He cam on purpose for to court me, . S. The auld man †
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll, S. On a bank of flowers †	Purse. There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his purse; S. No Churchman am I †
Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	
While Love's luxurious pulse heat high, The Lament.	A beardless boy comes o'er the hills,
'I saw thy pulse's maddening play, The Vision. D. II. 17. Ev'ry pulse along my veins,	Noosing with care a bursting purse, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs.—. A beardless boy comes o'er the hills, Wi'uncle's purse, and a' that; The Election Ballads. II. Without a penny in my purse
Tells the ardent lover S. Thine am I †	To buy a meal to me S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
Pulteney. Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save;	He draws a bonie, silken purse
The Election Ballads. VI. Pumps. And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,	As lang's my tail, The Twa Dogs. 8. My purse is light, I've far to gang, S. When wild War's †
Ronalds of Bennals.	Purse-proud.
Pun' [pounds]. He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least The Inventory.	Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent,
Punch.	An' muckle wame, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 11.
Out owre a glass o' Whisky-punch Scotch Drink. 17.	The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7. Pursie [dim. of purse].
Pund [pound].	I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa, A Guid New-year 15.	For mony a pursie she had hooked, The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.
That sark she coft for her wee Nanuie, Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches), Tam o' Shanter. 15.	Pursue.
The weary pund, the weary pund,	But shall thy legal rage pursue The Wretch, already crushed low . A Winter Night, 9.
The weary pund o' tow; S. The weary Pund.	The Wretch, already crushed low . A Winter Night. 9. I saw mysel, they did pursue
And a' that she has made o' that, Is ae poor pund o' tow	The horse-men back to Forth, man
Punish. And punish each transgression; The Ordination. 5.	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.
Puny. And the the puny wound appear,	S. The lazy mist †
Short while it grieves To J. S., 16. Pupit [pulpit].	Nor idle texts pursue: To Miss Ainslie.
Ye ministers, come mount the pupit, . El. on Year 1788.	My savage journey, curious, I pursue, Wr. in Kenmore Inn
Puppy.	Pursued. And long pursued me with her eye. S. Slow spreads the gloom †
For pupples like you there's hut few. The Kirk's Alarm. Purblind.	Pursuing, The rav'ning hawk pursuing,
So may be, on this Pisgah height,	The trembling dove thus flies, S. How eruel † And furious Whigs pursuing! The Election Ballads. VI.
Bob's purblind, mental vision: The Dean of Fac	Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba', The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.,
Purchase. It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank, To purchase peace and rest; Ep. to Davie. 5.	The Control of the state of the
Tak tent how ye purchase a dram ; The Election Ballads. III.	Pursuit. Or darkling grubs this earthly hole, In low pursuit, A Bard's Epit.
Pure.	Pursy. But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd up stairs,
How fair and how pure is the lily, S. Adown winding Nith †	S. No Churchman am I †
Anguish unmingl'd and agony pure. S. Gloomy December. You rose-buds in the morning dew,	Push. And here's to them, that, like oursel, Can push about the jorum; S. O May thy morn †
How pure, among the leaves sae green;	Push'd. They rush'd, and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
While larks with little wing,	S. The Battle of Sherra-Bloor.
Fann'd the pure air, S. Phillis the Fair.	Pussie [a hare]. As open pussie's mortal foes,
How true is love to pure desert, S. Sae far awa.	When, pop! she starts before their nose; Tam o' Shanter. 17.
Friendship's pure and lasting joys So trembling, pure, was tender love So trembling, pure, was tender love	Put. 'Gudeman', quo he, 'put up your whittle,
Within the breast of bonie Jean. S. There was a lass †	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10 The witching cursed delicious blinkers
The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair, . S. The Posie.	Hae put me hyte, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.
Purely. A cool spectator purely! The Election Ballads. VI. Purer.	Put clods upon his head, John Barleycorn.
How fair and how pure is the lily.	To put a young thing in a fright, S. O wat ye wat my † My father put me frac his door, S. Oh how can I be blythe †
But fairer and purer her breast. S. Adown winding Nith †	Bright wines and bonie lasses rare,
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew, Nae purer is than Nanie, O. , S. Behind yon hiils †	To put us daft; Poem on Life.
But purer was the lover's vow S. O bonie was you rosy †	And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps, Ronalds of Bennals.
Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys,	But just the pouchie put the nieve in, Second Ep. to Davie.
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday, Purest.	Put life and mettle in their heels Tam o' Shanter. 11.
When purest in the dewy morn; . S. On Cessnock banks †	My mither she hade me put him to hed, S. The auld man t
Purge.	I put him to hed and he swore he wad wed, Ib. It puts hut little in your pat;
An purge the bitter ga's an cankers, O' curst Venetian b—res an' ch-ncres. [v.A. 13]	Sae dinna put me in your buke, The Inventory.
An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers, O' curst Venetian b—res an' ch-ncres. [v.A.13] The Twa Dogs. 23.	Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,
Purg'd. As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight Of a son of Circumcision, The Dean of Fac.	The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on, What ails ye now t
Purity. That purity ye pride in, . Add. to Unco Guid. 3.	Puzzle. All in all he's a problem must puzzle the Devil.
It is not purity and worth,	Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
Else Jessy had not died Epit. on Miss Lewars. Purple.	My mither she hade me gie him some pye, S. The auld man †
When purple morning starts the hare, . S. Now rosy May †	I gae him some pye, and he lay'd the crust by, 1b.
	Pvet [a magnie].

Pyet [a magpie].

To cast my een up like a Pyet, When by the gun she tumbles o'er,

Quebec.

Pyke v. Pike.	Quebec.
Pyle [a single grain].	But yet, whatreck, he, at Quebec, Montgomery-like did fa', man, A Fragment. 2.
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight May hae some pyles o' caff in; Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.	Queen. In loyal, true affection.
Quack. Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption, Will ever mend her, Letter to J. Goudie.	To pay your Queen, with due respect, My fealty an' subjection A Dream. 8.
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,	Whaever has met wi' my Phillis,
The Rights of Woman.	Has met wi'the queen o'the fair. S. Adown winding Nith† The Queen of love could never move
Quaffing. Wi' quaffing and laughing.	With motion more enchanting . S. As I gaed up by t
They ranted an' they sang; The Jolly Beggars, R. I.	And we will live like king and queen, S. Duncan Davison. One Queen Artemisa, as old stories tell,
I, ance, was ty'd up like a stirk, For civilly swearing and quaffing; Ib, S. III.	Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
Quagmire. Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,	But Queen N—, of a diffrent complexion, Ib.
Rair for his sake. El, on Capt. M. H. S. Quaick [quack].	Content and love bring peace and joy. What mair hae queens upon a throne? S. In simmer when † But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick, Add. to the Deil. 8. Quail. And nocht could him quail, S. There was a bonie lass t	Maun lie in prison strang Lament of Mary of Scots.
Quaint. No fabled tortures, quaint and tame. The Lament.	I was the Queen o' bonie France,
Quake. Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer, Ye midnight b-es. On Grose's Peregrinations.	For ever to remain. S. O lay thy loof
Quaking, -in.	Thou art a queen, fair Lesley, . S. O saw ye bonie L.
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror! A Ded. to G. H., 10.	O that's the queen o' woman-kind, S. O wat ye wha that loes† The brightest lewel in my crown.
My very heart an' saul are quakin', Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.	The brightest jewel in my crown, Wad be my queen, wad be my queen. S. O wert thou in t
Qualification. For talents to deserve a place Are qualifications saucy; The Dean of Fac.	Yet an insect's an insect at most, Tho' it crawl on the curl of a queen. On an empty Fellow,
Quality. Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe, Frag., inscr. to Fox.	Tho' matching heauty's fabled queen; S. On Cessnock banks t
But without some better qualities	The Q-, and the rest of the gentry, Poet. Add. to Tytler.
She's no the lass for me S. Handsome Nell. Quantum.	To paint the lovely hapless Scottish Queen! Scots Prologue.
I wave the quantum o' the sin; . Ep. to Young Friend. 6.	O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanse, Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway! The Lament.
Quarrel.	And Queen of Poetesses; To a Lady.
Will you leave your justings, your jars, and your quarrels. Fragment, inser. to Fox.	Parnassian queens, I fear, I fear, Ye'll now disdain me, . To Dr. Blacklock.
wad send relief, An' end the quarrel Letter to J. Goudie.	Oneen shall she he in my bosom for ever.
How easy can the barley-hrie Cement the quarrel! . Scotch Drink. 13.	S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e † Queen, to. That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity:
An' so the quarrel ended; . The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.	Prologue, at Th., D
Quarry.	Queensberry.
'I might as weel hae try'd a quarry 'O' hard whin-rock. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.	But Queensberry, thine the virgin claim, From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensberry.
Bairan a quarry, an' sic like, The Twa Dogs. 10.	As Queensberry blue and huff unfurled, The Election Ballads. VI.
Quart. But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers contend? The Whistle. 16.	But cautious Queensberry left the war,
Quarter.	Queer. wi' funny, queer Sir John, A Dream. 11.
Morality's demure decoys Shall here nae mair find quarter: The Ordination. 13.	Yet, scarce as lang's a guid kail whittle I'm unco queer. Adam A—'s Prayer.
An', large upon her quarter Come full that day. A Dream, 13,	Their capon craws and queer ha ha's, S. Amang the trees t
She's twisted right she's twisted left.	Yon mixtie-maxtie queer hotch-potch, The Coalition. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
To balance fair in ilka quarter; . S. Willie Wastle † Quarter basin. A mickle quarter hasin. S. Gat ye me, †	Queerest. The queerest shape that e'er I saw, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.
Quarters Death takes him hame to gie him quarters.	The Souter tauld his queerest stories; Tam o' Shanter. 5.
Epit. on Tani the Chapman. Quat [quit].	Quell. To quell the Wicked's pride; New Psalmody.
Sae I conclude and quat my chanter, . Auld comrade †	That charm that can the strongest quell, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Abjuring a' intentions evil, I quat my pen: Poem on Life.	Quench.
Your friendship sir, I winna quat it, Third Ep. to J. Lap	To quench their lowan drouth. The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench, The Twa Dogs. 21.
Then I maun rin amang the rest An' quat my chanter; Ib.	Quenched.
a small only time and the contract of	quenched in darkness like the sinking star, Liberty.
Quat [quitted]. But now he's quat the spurtle-blade.	Quenching. Pawn'd in a gin-shop
And dog-skin wallet, On Grose's Peregrinations. He blush'd for shame, he quat his name, The Fête Champetre.	Quenching holy drouth The Election Ballads, IV.
	Quentin. And Quentin o' lads not the worst. The Election Ballads. III.
The Curlers quat their roaring play, . The Vision. D. I. Quaukin [quaking].	Question. But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question; Prologue, at Th., D
Guid L-d! but she was quaukin! Halloween. 12.	And many a question he ask'd him at large, S. The Poor Thresher.
Quean [a young woman]. Weel I wat she was a quean	Questions [the Shorter Catechism of the West- minster Divines. "Getting his questions," pre-
Wad made a hodie's mouth to water; S. Donata Broate.	paring his lessons, or speech.
Wha follows only stately queen	The billie is gettin his questions,
A' plump and strapping in their teens, I am o Shanter. 13.	The Election Datitues, 111.
I see her yet, the sonsy quean, That lighted up my jingle; The Ans. to the Guidwife.	1 on the questions targe them tightly; The Inventory. Quey [a cow from one year to two years old].
Now I mann thole the scornfu' sneer O' mony a saucy quean; . The Ruined Maid's Lament.	The Deil or else an outler Quey, Halloween. 26.
O mony a saucy queau,	1

Quick.	Shall I like a fool, quoth he,
Was quick to learn and wise to know. A Bard's Epit.	For a baughty hizzie die? S. Duncan Gray
Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues Wad seize you quick. Letter to I. Goudie.	Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink, I vow I'll close it; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 6.
Wad seize you quick. Letter to J. Goudie. The dancers quick and quicker flew; . Tam o' Shanter. 12.	"L-d, G-d," quoth he, "I have it now, Lns to J. Ranken.
How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues.	Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
S The large mint +	I think ye seem to ken me; The Holv Fair. 4.
Quicken.	Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't; 1b. 6.
Poor Burns-e'en Scotch drink canna quicken, To W. Creech.	Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame, S. The weary pund.
Quicker. But souple Donald quicker flew, S. Donald Brodie †	Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass, S. When wild War's t
Quickly.	Rab [dim. of Robert].
Peruse them an' return them quickly; . Auld comrade † And quickly stopped Ranken's breatb.	She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab. [re.] S. Eppie M'Nab.
Lns add, to L. Ranken	Eut Rab slips out, an' jinks about,
But I call d her quickly back again,	Our Stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen,
S. The lass that made the bed. Let me, lassie, quickly die,	While Rab his name is The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Trusting that thou lo'es me : S. Wilt thou be my t	Sae I subscribe mysel in haste,
Quiet. But bamely, tawie, quiet an' cannie,	Yours, Rab the Ranter Third Ep. to J. Lap.
An' unco sonsie. A Guid-New-year † 5.	Race. Down the zodiac urge the race, . Ep. to H. Parker.
Long quiet she reign'd S. Caledonia.	Mauchline Race or Mauchline Fair,
And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet, The Hermit.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 18. Who life and wisdom at one race begun, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Nay even thus invade a lady's quiet. The Rights of Woman, In quiet let me live; To Lord G.	Our race of existence is run S. Farewell, thou fair day
In quiet let me live;	An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races, The Twa Dogs. 31.
To the bed of lasting sleep; Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Reluctant, E stalk'd in; with piteous race
Quill. I doubt he's but a grey nick quill, The Twa Herds. 14.	The justling tears ran down bis bonest face! The Vowels,
And self-conceited critic skellum	Thro' fair, thro' foul, they urge the race, To J. S., 18.
His quill may draw; To W. Creech,	Perhaps related to the race: A Ded. to G. H.
Quire v. Choir.	There's monie waur been o' the Race [of kings], And aiblins ane been better
Quirk. Ye'll catecbize him every quirk, To Gav. Hamilton. Quit.	the Diamond's Ace, of Indian race, A Fragment.
Nor quit for me the trembling spray, S. O stay, sweet warbl.	Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam!
I, careless, quit aught else helow,	Add. to Edinburgh, 6,
But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in t	Awa ye selfish, warly race, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 20.
Quite. Than quite refuse our law, man A Fragment.	The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.
But honest Nature is not quite a Turk, Ep. to R. Graham. 4.	Whose arms of love would grasp the human race: Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Quite sick of merit's rudeness, The Dean of Fac.	The warly race may riches chase, S. Green grow the Rashes.
Quo' [quoth]. 'Gudeman,' quo' he, put up your whittle. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.	For here thou hast a chosen race; Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.
'Ay, ay!' quo' he, an' shook his head,	'Go on, ye human race! Nature's Law,
Quo' she, 'Ye ken we've been sae busy	Conscious, blushing for our race, . On scaring Waterfowl.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 3.	Discarded remnant of a race Once great in martial story! On Duke of Oucensberry.
Hiccup, quo' Kimmer, [re.] S. Gudeen to you Kimmer† My head and my heart, now quo' she, are at rest,	Once great in martial story! On Duke of Queensberry. A race outlandish fills their throne;
Jenny M'Craw.	An idiot race, to honour lost; On Window at Stirling.
Quo' she, an' langhan as she spak, . The Holy Fair. 4.	Or like the borealis race,
Quo' scho, wha lives will see the proof [re.] S. There was a lad t	That flit ere you can point their place; . Tam o' Shanter. 7. Auld Brig appear'd of ancient Pictish race, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she, S. There's news, lasses \$	Fit only for a doited Monkish race,
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay [re.] S. Wha is that at my +	And, agonising, curse the time and place When ye begat the base, degen rate race!
Quo' I, 'I fear unless ye geld me, I'll ne'er be better.' . What ails ye now t	
"Geld yon!" quo' he, "and whatfore no, Ib.	By her inspired, the new-born race Soon drew the avenging steel, man; The Tree of Liberty.
'Na, na,' quo' I, 'I'm no for that,	To see a Race heroic wheel, [v.A.4] . The Vision. D. I.
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed, . S. When wild War's +	She boasts a Race, To ev'ry nobler virtue bred.
Quo' sbe, my grandsire left me gowd,	And polish d grace
Quod [quoth]. Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side. Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	They Scotia's Race among them share; Ib. D. II. 4.
Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side. Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Quondam.	'Explore at large Man's infant race, 1b. 10. Free as the wind, or feather'd race
'Tis thy trusty quondam Mate, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs	That hop from spray to spray To Clarinda.
Quorum.	The warly race may drudge an' drive, To IV. Simpson. 16.
managing St. Stephen's quorum; Kind Sir Ive read †	Racer Jess.
The dearest o' the quorum [re.] . S. O May thy morn +	There racer Jess, an' twa-three wh-res, Are blinkan at the entry The Holy Fair. o.
When mighty Squireships of the quorum,	Are blinkan at the entry The Holy Fair. 9. Rachel.
Their hydra drouth did sloken. On dining with Daer.	Coila's fair Rachel's care to day, . Sketch, New-Yr's Day.
Quotation. 'The mock'd quotation of the scorner's jest, In vain wld Prudence †	Rack. Dr Mac, Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,
quote.	Racked, -'d. The Kirk's Alarm.
And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true? Ep. fr. Esopus.	And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose! Ep. fr. Esopus.
Quoted.	Our Laird gets in his racked rents, . The Twa Dogs. 8.
He quoted and he binted, . Extem. in Court of Session. Quoth.	Racking.
Quoth Mary, "Love, I like the burn, S. As down the burn †	Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
"Alas!" quoth I, "what ruefu' chance. As on the hanket	Rade [rode]. Like racking engines! . Add. to Toothache.
Quoth I, 'Guid faith,	That auld grey yaud, yea, Nidsdale rade
'Ye're maybe come to stap my breath; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.	That auld grey yaud, yea, Nidsdale rade. Astray upon Nidside. The Election Ballads. V.
Waes me for Johnny Ged's-Hole now, Quoth 1, . 16.23.	Where'er I gaed, where'er I rade,
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	A mistress still I had aye: S. When first I came †

Ib. Q.

hе		

But now his radiant course is run, . . El. on Capt. M. H. Out-rival'd by the radiant eyes

S. It was the charming ! Of youthful, charming Chloe. Her eyes outshine the radiant heams

That gild the passing shower, . S. Young Peggy t

Raep v. Rape.

Rafters. Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. Tam o' Shanter. 11.

First, niest the fire, in auld, red rags, Ane sat;

The Jolly Beggars. R.I. And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my hum, . Ib. S. I. His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy, . 16. S. 11.

Rage.

Not all your rage, as now, united shows
More hard unkindness [than Man's], A Winter Night, 7.

But shall thy legal rage pursue The Wretch, already crushed low, . . Some cock or cat your rage mann stop, Add. to the Deil. 14.

Sinks in time's wintry rage. . . . S. But lately seen † To show their deadly rage. . . John Barleycorn. Or youthful Pleasure's rage? . Man was made to Mourn. The gentle look that rage disarms; . S. My Mary's face t When thro' his dear Strathspeys they hore with Highland rage; The Brigs of Ayr. 12.

Such is the rage of Battle. The Election Ballads, VI. They bind the wild, Poetic rage In energy, [v.A.4] . The Vision, D. I.

He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage ! To R. G. of F., 5.

Rage, to.

While maniac Winter rages o'er The hills whence classic Yarrow flows Add, to Shade of Thomson.

Is this the power in freedom's war . Liberty. That wont to bid the battle rage? . Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!

On Death of R. Dundas.

Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er! To a Mountain-Daisy.

Ragged. Yet aft a ragged Cowte's been known,
To mak a noble Aiver: A Dream, 11. thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall, A Winter Night. 9. The followers o' the ragged Nine, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 10. Mark our jovial, ragged ring! The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. Here's our ragged Brats and Callets! 1b. Or leaves the faithfu' lass he lo'ed,

To wear a ragged coat. The Ruined Maid's Lament. Amang the heathy hills and ragged woods

Wr. by Fall of Fyers.

Raging.

And raging hend the naked tree ; S. Again rejoic. Nature † raging fortune's withering blast [re.] S. Luckless Fortune. Tho' raging winter rent the air : . S. O wat ye wha's in t

My heart is wae, and unco wae, To think upon the raging sea, S. The bonie Lass of Alb .. And I maun cross the raging sea. S. The Highland Lassie.

Whase raging flame, an' scorching heat, Wad melt the hardest whun-stane! The Holy Fair. 22. Why am I loth t Or still the tumult of the raging sea: .

Ragings. What ragings must his veius convulse.

That still eternal gallop: Add. to Unco Guid. 4. Ragout.

Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie, The Twa Dogs. o. owre his French ragout, To a Haggis.

Ragweed [the plant ragwort].

Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags, They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, Add. to the Deil. 9.

Raible [to rattle nonsense]. An' Orthodoxy raibles, . . . The Holy Fair. 17.

Rail. No Churchman am I for to rail and to write, S. No Churchman am I † He rails at our mountebank squad, The Jolly Beggars. S. III.

Railing. Cease, ye prudes, your envious railing, Lns under Pict. of Miss B.

Rain. Wha wad mind the wind and rain. Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie. S. As I came o'er. The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain;
S, As I was a-wand ring †

And frae my een the drapping rains

. El. on Capt. M. II., 11. Maun ever flow. Plashy sleets and heating rain, S. lockey's ta'en the parting t That long has stood the wind and rain; Lament for Glencairn And shield me frae the rain, io. S. O Lassie, art thou t O tell na me of wind and rain,

When flow'r-reviving rains are past; S. On Cessnock banks t May He who gives the rain to pour, On Birth of Posth. Child. Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains, On Death of R. Dundas.

Despising wind, and rain, and fire; Tam o' Shanter. Q. beavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains The Bries of Avr. 7. You murky cloud is foul with rain, S. The gloomy Night + Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e,
My tears rin down like rain, The Ruined Maid's Lament,

And the rain rains down frac his red blear'd e'e,
S. To daunton me.

And hail and rain does blaw; Winter. Rainbow. Or like the rainbow's lovely form

Tam o' Shanter, 7. Evanishing amid the storm. The night's haith mirk and rainy, O ; S. Behind you hills t

The night's haith mirk aug rawy, And winter nights were dark and rainy; S. Montgomeric's Peggy.

Rair [to roar].

Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels, Rair for his sake. El. on Capt. M. H., S.

The storm without might rair and rustle, Rairan [roaring].

But now the L-d's ain trumpet touts,

The Holy Fair, 21. Rair't [roared; 'wad rair't," would have roared]. Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' risket,

Raise.

When Masons' mystic word an' grip, In storm an' tempests raise you up, Add, to the Deil, 11.

A Gude New-Yeart 12.

Let other Poets raise a fracas 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken Bacchus. Scotch Drink.

No nation, no station
My envy e er could raise: . The Ans. to the Guidwife.

But raise your arm, an' tell your crack
Before them a', The Author's Cry and Prayer. Au' raise a philosophic reek, . . . The tickl'd ears no heartfelt raptures raise :

The Cotter's Sat. Night, 13. But still the Patriot, and the Patriot-Bard, In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard! 1b. 21.

They raise a din, that, in the end, Is like to breed a rupture O' wrath The Holy Fair, 18. Thinking the story himself he did raise, S. The Poor Thresher. It raises man aboun the brute, . S, The Tree of Liberty. How could you raise so vile a bustle, The Twa Herds. 3. Some rhyme to court the countra clash, An' raise a din;

Raise, Rase [rose].

Till Suthron raise, an' coost their claise A Fragment, Q. "And peacefu' raise its ingle reek, . As on the banks t Fu' lightly rase I on the morn, Lament of Mary of Scots. Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs, The Election Ballads. I. Upon the morrow when we raise,

I thank'd her for her courtesie; S. The lass that made the bed. The Taylor rase and sheak his duds, S. The Taylor he cam t Raised. Which rais'd us baith : Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.

Is heaven-ward raised in ecstasy. . . . On Lincluden. That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds This universal frame, . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.,

Raising.

While praising, and raising
His thoughts to Heaven on high, Despondency, an Ode, 3. Ralsins. Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins. The Brigs of Ayr. 10.

But point the Rake that taks the door; A Ded. to G. H., 8. Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless Rake.

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.

Rake, to.	Range.
Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah, In branstane stoure To Terranghty.	Look abroad through Nature's range, S. Let not woman †
Rak'd.	Range, to. Then let me range by Cassills' banks, S. Now bank and brac †
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools . Add. to Toothache.	I could range the world around.
The Fiddler rak'd her, fore and aft.	For the sake of Somebody S. Somebody. When wretches range, in famish'd swarms,
Behint the Chicken cavie: The Jolly Beggars. R. VII. Rakish.	The scented groves, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel. O leave novels †	Altho' thro' foreign climes I range, S. The Highland Lassie.
Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel	I wha sae late did range and rove, S. Young Jamie,
Rallied.	Ranged, -'d. In order, on the clean hearth-stane,
And scarcely had be Maggie rallied, When out the hellish legion sallied. Tam o' Shanter. 16.	The Luggies three are ranged;
When out the hellish legion sallied. Tam o' Shanter. 16. Rally. Ere we permit a foreign foe,	We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
On British ground to rally. S. Does haughty Gaul †	Where late with careless thought I rang'd,
Ram.	Ranging.
She was nae get o' runted rams, [v. A.19] Poor Mailie's El.	Whyles, ranging like a roaran lion, . Add. to the Deil. 4.
Especial, rams that cross the breed The Ordination. 5. Rambling. The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys,	never ranging, still unchanging, S. Bonie Bell.
The rambling squad: To J. S., 28.	Rank, adj. "An' his beart is rank poison," Another replies Epit. on Walter S.
Ramfeezl'd [fatigued, overspent].	O for some rank, mercurial rozet, To a Louse.
The tapetless, ramfeezl'd bizzie, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 3.	Rank, s.
Ramgunshoch [rugged, surly, crabbed].	Thou ance was i' the foremost rank, A Guid New-Yeart 3.
our ramgunshoeb, glum goodman S. Had I the wyte † Ramsay. Ramsay an' famous Ferguson	Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; To W. Simpson.	It's no in titles nor in rank ; It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,
Ram-stam [headlong, thoughtless].	To purchase peace and rest; Ep. to Davie. 5.
The hairum-scairum, ram-stam boys, To J. S., 28.	The words came skelpan, rank and file,
Ran. An' ran them till they a' did wauble, Far, far bebin'! A Gude New-Year † 7.	Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks, . Halloween. And thieves of every rank and station, Lns add, to J. Ranken.
Towns-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh,	She talks of rank and fashion. S. O poortith cauld, †
For thus the royal Mandate ran, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 15.	Henceforth to meet with unconcern.
An' ran thro' midden-hole an' n',	One rank as well's another; . On dining with Daer.
Sing round about the fire wi' a rung she ran, S. O gin ye were dead.	Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks At ither's arses! Scotch Drink. 18.
Bright ran thy line, O G On same Lord G.	We've got frae a' professions, sorts, an' ranks : Scots Prologue.
So ran the far-fam'd Roman way, So ended in a mire Ib.	Miller brought up the artillery ranks.
Auld Aire ran by before me, One night as I†	The Election Ballads. VI. The Tory ranks are broken
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him, She ran wi' speed: Poor Mailie's El	The Tory ranks are broken
She ran wi' speed: Poor Mailie's El And reekin red ran mony a sbengh, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Foreby a Cowt o' Cowts the wale.	The pith of sense, and pride of worth,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Are higher ranks than a that
Foreby a Cowt, o' Cowts the wale, As ever ran afore a tail	'The humbler ranks of Human-kind, The Vision. D. II. 7. Rank. to.
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	Could rank my rig and lass; . The Ans. to the Guidwife.
The hirelings ran—her foes gied chase, The Tree of Liberty.	Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
The justling tears ran down his honest face! The Vowels.	To rank amang the Nowte
Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er; The Whistle. 13.	What flock wi' M[ood]y's flock could rank, The Twa Herds.
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran? Why am I loth †	Ranked, -'d. And ranked plagues their numbers tell,
Randie [boisterous, quarrelsome].	In dreadfu' raw, Add. to Toothache.
a merry core O' randie, gangrel bodies, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	The glittering spears are ranked ready, S. My bonie Mary.
Randie, -y [a scold, shrew].	An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief O' lang syne sannts What ails ye now †
And hann'd the cruel randy, S. Had I the wyte t	Kanken.
Reif randies I disown ye! S. Louis what reck I †	"There's just the man I want in faith," And quickly stopped Ranken's breath. Lns to J. Ranken.
Random.	He who of R-k-n sang, lies stiff and dead,
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight For random fits o' daffin. Add, to Unco Guid. Mott.	Rankling, -in'.
Or if she [Religion] gie a random-sting	l canna to mysel' conceal
It may be little minded; . Ep. to Young Friend. 10.	My deeply-ranklin' sorrow Verses under Grief.
Wha dearly like a random-splore; On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. Knowledge, on a random tramp, . The Brigs of Ayr, 10.	Find balm to sootbe her bitter rankling wounds: Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Knowledge, on a random tramp, . The Brigs of Ayr. 10. If in their random, wanton sponts.	Rant [a jollification; uproar, tumult, outrage].
Knowledge, on a random tramp, . The Brigs of Ayr, 10. If, in their random, wanton sponts, They near the margin stray; The Petition of Br. Water.	in your wicked, druken rants, Ep. to J. R., 2.
beneath the fandom bleid O clod of stane,	But thee, what were our fairs and rants? Scotch Drink. S.
Has blest me with a random-shot	As fill'd bis after life wi' grief An' bloody rants, What ails ye now †
O' countra wit To J. S., 6.	My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants,
I gi'e their wames a random pouse, . What ails ye now †	Rant, to [live wastefully].
Random, at. Let Fortune's gifts at random flee, S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go t	While Coofs on countless thousands rant, Ep. to Davie. 2.
'Let fortune's wheel at random rin, S. O Phely, †	Ranted [made boisterously merry].
Rang. Wi' jumping, an' thumping,	Wi' quaffing and laughing, They ranted an' they sang; The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
The vera girdle rang. The Jolly Beggars. R. I. The bells they rang, and the carlins sang.	Ranter [a roving, frolicking fellow].
The bells they rang, and the carlins sang, S. The last braw bridal	Yours, saint or sinner, Rob the Ranter. Auld Comrade †
Except where green-wood echoes rang S. Twas even—the dewy †	Sae I subscribe mysel in haste, Yours, Rab the Ranter. Third Ep. to J. Lap.
3. I was even—the dewy	tours, Nati the Kanter. I nira Ep. 10 J. Lap.

Rantin [boisterous mirth]. A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin, Add. to the Deil. 20.	Then raptured sip and sip it up. Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Rapturous. the rapturous charin of the bonie green knowes,
Run de'ils for rantin' an' for noise; . The Inventory.	S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft † Rare. Mally's rare, Mally's fair S. O Mally's meek.
Ranting, -an (making merry). When ranting round in Pleasure's ring, Ep. to Young Friend, 10,	Bright wines and honnie lasses rare. To put us daft:
The young anes rantan thro' the house The Twa Dogs. 20.	O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
Ranting, -in, -an [jolly, merry].	I' the lugget caup! Scotch Drink. 10.
'An' ay a rantan Kirn we gat, Halloween. 15.	Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep, . The Ordination. 7.
I wad bestow my widowhood	Rarely. Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
Upon a rautin Highlandman. S. O gin ye were dead.	I'm tauld ye're driving rarely; A Dream. 10.
The rantin dog, the daddie o't. S. O wha my babie-clouts †	Her heart was beating rarely : . S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Lament him a' ye rantau core, On Scot. Eard gue to W.I. For mony a rantin day	l cauna say but ye strunt rarely, To a Louse.
My fiddle and 1 hae had S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.	Rarer.
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, The Twa Dogs.	Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet, Ep. to K. Graham. 2.
They get the jovial, rantan Kirns,	Rascal.
thae frank, rantan, ramblan billies, 16. 26.	And rascals whyles that do him wrang, A Ded. to G. H., 5.
Rantin' rovin' Robin! S. There was a lad t	Must earth no rascal, save thyself, endure? Ep. fr. Esopus.
Rantingly [with great glee].	I'd take the rascal by the nose, Wad say, Shame fa' thee. On Grose's Peregrinations.
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly, Sae dauntingly gaed he; S. Farewell, ye dungcons †	Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench, . The Twa Dogs. 21.
	And that curs'd rascal ca'd M'[Quh]e, The Twa Herds. 12.
Rap. But bark! a rap comes gently to the door; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.	O Pope, had I thy satire's darts
Rape.	To gie the rascals their deserts, . To Kev. J. M. Math.
No murders or rapes worth the naming, To Capt. Riddel.	Rase v. Rose.
Rape, Raep [a rope].	Rash. For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed. Monody, on a Lady.
That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep! . Poor Mailie's El. A thief, new-cutted frae a rape Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Rash mortal, and slanderous Poet, Reproof by Himself.
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,	When awful Beauty joins with all her charms.
The Brigs of Ayr. 2.	Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms? The Rights of Woman.
	Or some rash aith, The Vision. D. I. 6.
An 'twere na the cost o' the rape. The Election Ballads, III.	I own 'twas rash, an' rather hardy, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Wha should swing in a rape for an hour. The Kirk's Alarm.	Rash [a rush].
They'll gie her on a rape a hoyse, . The Ordination. 13.	Green grow the rashes, O; S. Green grow the rashes.
Rapid. Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part,	As feckless as a wither'd rash, To a Haggis.
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	Rash-buss [a bush of rushes].
Rapier. An' draws a roosty rapier. The Jolly Beggars R. VI.	Ye, like a rash-huss stnod in sight, Wi' waving sugh. Add. to the Deil. 7.
Raploch [coarse].	
Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure, She's seldom lazy. Second Ep. to Davic.	Rashy [rushy]. Aboon the plain sae rashy, O, S. The Highland Lassie.
	Rate.
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;	Wha rate the wearer by the cloak, To Mr. J. Kennedy.
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. Rapture.	Rattle.
Or thro' each nerve the rapture dart,	
Like meeting her, our hosom's treasure. S. By Allan stream †	He [Time] bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle, That the first blow is ever half the battle: Prologue, at Th., D
In holy rapture,	Hurl down wi' crashing rattle; The Election Ballads. VI.
Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, [v.A.6] Death and Dr. Hornbook.	Rattle, to.
Here, for my wanted rhyming raptures,	List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle, A Winter Night. 3.
I sit and count my sins by chapters; Ep. to H. Parker.	'Their Latin names as fast he rattles
But folly has raptures to give. Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.	As A B C. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20.
And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll. S. Mark yonder Pomp †	Still she undaunted reels and rattles on, Ep. fr. Esopus.
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!	If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.	Your speed will out-rival the dart: Extent pinned to Coach. Thou comes—they rattle i' their ranks
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise; Ib. 13.	At ither's arses! Scotch Drink. 18.
While dying raptures in her arms,	When the drums do beat,
I give and take with Anna! S. The gowd. Locks of A.	And the cannons rattle, S. The Captain's Lady.
In raptures sweet this hour we meet. The folly Beggars. S. VII.	To rattle the thundering drum was his trade; The Jolly Beggars, S. II.
Round and round take up the Chorus,	Then back I rattle on the rhyme
And in raptures let us sing	As gleg's a wbittle! There's nacthin like †
Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture, That thy presence gies to me S. Turn again, thou	Rattl'd. Or rattl'd dice wi' Charlie By night or day A Dream. 10.
That thy presence gies to me. S. Turn again, thou t With joy, with rapture, I would toil; S. Twas even—the dewy t	A ratton rattl'd up the wa',
Rapture-giving.	Rattling, -in, -an. I'll learn my kin a rattling sang, [re.]
The saul o' life, the heav'n below.	
Is rapture-giving woman. The Ans. to the Gutawife.	Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 2. H. H. Abelin invalid of partial William F. A. to Mai Logar.
Raptured, -'d,	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st. 2.
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of jay! Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	Haii, thairm-ruspinu, rattin white. Ep. to may. Eugan.
An' all the soul of Love they shar'd, The raptur'd hour, . Add. to the Deil, 15.	
the Lover's raptur'd hour	down-hill, scrievin, Wi' rattlin glee. Scotch Drink. 5. The rattling showers rose on the blast; Tam o' Shanter. 8.
How have the raptur'd moments flown! The Lament. 4.	Hear how he clears the points o' Faith
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene:	Wi' rattlia an' thumpin! The Holy Fair. 13.
S. To Mary in Heaven.	
O why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers, S. Why, why tell thy †	Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlan tow, Begins to jow an' croon;

Ratton, -an [a rat].	Ray. May Health and Peace, with mutual rays, Shine on the evining o' his days; A Ded. to G. H., 14.
A ratton rattl'd up the wa',	Shine on the ev'ning o' his days; A Ded. to G. H., 14.
Satan, Watches, like hawd'rons by a rattan, . Poem on Life.	And bless the parent's evening ray, S. A Rosebud by my
While frighted rattons hackward leuk,	And ne'er shall glimmering planet fix
An seek the benmost hore: . The Jolly Beggars. R. II.	My worship to its ray. S. Farewell, dear mistress †
And heard the restless rattons squeak	That only ray of soluce sweet S. Forlorn, my Love †
Ahout the riggin The Vision. D. I. 3. Ratton-key.	Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays, . Halloween. 25.
from Glenbuck, down to the Ratton-key, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	Nae ray of fame was to be found: Lament for Glencairn. When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite † I'd fan it wi'n constant gale.
Raucle [rash; stout; fearless].	when Cynthia lights, wi silver ray,
Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;	
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 22.	Beneath the noontide's scorching ray: S. O were my love !
Then niest outspak a rancle Carlin, The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.	A ray direct from pitying Heaven, On scaring Water-fowl.
Raught [reached].	Blooming in the sunny ray; S. Sensibility †
The auld guidman raught down the pock. Halloween. 17.	To Evan-hanks, with temp'rate ray,
Ravage.	Home of my youth, he leads the day. S. Slow spreads the gloom †
And bid wild war his ravage end, S. How can my poor heart †	Shading from the hurning ray
By early Winter's ravage torn; . S. The gloomy night †	Hapless wretches sold to toil, . S. Streams that glide †
Rave. cease your strife, Nor longer idly rave,	While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays. The Brigs of Ayr.
S. Husband, husband	There ever hask in uncreated rays, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave; S. I dream'd I lay t	Ilk star gae hide thy twink'ling ray S. The gowd. Locks of A.
And in the narrow house o' death Let winter round me rave; Lament of Mary of Scots.	He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae—
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,	His rays were outshone, and but mark'd where she lay.
Lament on leaving Nat. Land.	S. The heather was blooming t
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will, . Scotch Drink. 21.	I joyless view thy rays adorn, The faintly-marked distant hill; The Lament.
Life's poor day I'll musing rave, . S. Streams that glide †	Ev'n ev'ry ray of Hope destroy'd,
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave. S. The gloomy night †	Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray,
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,	Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning! . To J. S., 15.
The Petition of Br. Water.	Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray, To Mary in Heaven.
Howling tempests o'er me rave! S. Thickest night †	Reach. To reach their native, kindred skies,
When winds rave thro' the naked tree; To W. Simpson. 13.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 18.
His sad complaining dowie raves S. Young Jamie, †	When soon or late they reach that coast,
Rav'd. So touched, hewitched, I rav'd ay to mysel:	O'er life's rough ocean driven, . O Thou dread Pow'r
The Ans. to the Guidwife.	The joy can scarcely reach the heart. The Twa Dogs. 31.
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd, To W. Simpson. P.S	Reach'd. Her strappan limb an' gausy middle, (He reach'd nae higher) The Jolly Beggars, R. V.
Raven.	At length I reach'd the bonny glen,
Her flowing locks, the raven's wing, S. Her flowing locks †	Where early life I sported; . S. When wild War's †
Your locks were like the raven, . S. John Anderson, †	Read, to.
He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,	
He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song †
He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song † And nought but peat reek i' my head.
He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The raving hawk pursuing.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover. And nought but peat reek i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? Ep. to H. Parker.
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The rav ning hawk pursuing, The trainling dove thus files, S. How cruel?	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song † And nought hut peat reek i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? Here's freedom to him that wad read,
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, 5. The good. Locks of A. Ravening. The rav ning hawk pursuing, The trembling dove thus files, S. How cruel † Even as two howling, ravening wolves	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover. And nought but peat reek i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? Ep. to H. Parker.
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, 5. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The rav ning hawk pursuing. The trembling dove thus flies, S. How cruel † Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. Nes will keen the ravenine wolf from the door.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover. , . S. Could aught of song † And nought but peat reek i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? . Ep. to H. Parker. Here's freedom to him that wad read, Let simple maid the lesson read, . S. O Lassie, art thou t when you read the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly lov'd †
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The rav ning hawk pursuing, The trainling dove thus files, S. How cruel† Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail New Psathnody. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. The Poor Thresher.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song † And nought but peat reek! i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? Ep. to H. Parker. Here's freedom to him that wad read. S. Here's a health to them † Let simple maid the lesson read, . S. O Lassie, art thou † when you read the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly lov'd † Now, what his tale o' truth shall read.
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, 5. The groud. Locks of A. Ravening. The rav ning hawk pursuing. The trembling dove thus files, S. How cruel † Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. New Psatmody. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. The Poor Thresher. Ravings.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover, And nought hut peat reek i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? Ep. to H. Parker. Here's freedom to him that wad read, S. Here's a health to them t Let simple maid the lesson read, When you read the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly lov'd † Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son take heed: Tam o' Shanter. 19.
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The good. Locks of A. Ravening. The ravining hawk pursaing, The trembling dove thus files, S. How cruel† Even as two howing, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. New Psatmody. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. Raving. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song† And nought but peat reek! i' my head, How can! I write what ye can read? . Ep, to H. Parker. Here's freedom to him that wad read, Let simple maid the lesson read, . S. O Laszie, art thou; when you read the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly tov'd † Now, what his tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son take heed: Or RJohinson lagain grown weel,
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The good. Locks of A. Ravening. The ravining hawk pursaing, The trembling dove thus files, S. How cruel † Even as two howing, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. New Psatmody. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle While raving mad, I wish a heckle Were in their doup. Add. to Toothache. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover, And nought hut peat reek i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? Here's freedom to him that wad read, Let simple maid the lesson read, S. O Lassie, art thout when you read the simple artless rhymes, Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son take heed: Tam o' Shanter. 19. O'r R[ohinson] again grown weel, To preach an' read? Tam Samson's El.
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The rav ning hawk pursuing, The trambling dove thus files, S. How cruel \(\) Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail New Psalmody. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. The Poor Thresher. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle Were in their doup Add. to Toothache. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. On Death of Sir J. Blair.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover, And nought hut peat reek i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? Here's freedom to him that wad read, Let simple maid the lesson read, S. Here's a health to them t When you read the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly lov'd t Now, what this tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son take heed: Tam o' Shanter. 19. O' R[ohinson] again grown weel, To preach an' read? The priest-like father reads the sacred page, The Cotter's Sat. Night, 14.
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plamage, night, S. The good. Locks of A. Ravening. The tranvining hawk pursuing, The trembling dove thus files, S. How cruel† Even as two howing, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. New Psalmody. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle While raving mad, I wish a heckle Where in their donp. Add. to Toothache. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. Raving winds around her blowing, S. Raving winds 1	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song † And nought but peat reek! i' my head, How can! I write what ye can read? . Ep, to H. Parker. Here's freedom to him that wad read, Let simple maid the lesson read, . S. O Laszie, art thou t when you read the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly too'd † Now, what his tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son take heed: Or R[ohinson] again grown weel, To preach an' read? Tam o' Shanter. 19. Tam Samson's El Tam Samson's El Tam Samson's El Read. Read.
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The rav ning hawk pursuing, The tranbling dove thus files, S. How cruel † Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail New Psalmody. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle Were in their doup. Add. to Toothache. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. Raving winds around her blowing, S. Raving winds † Arhyming, ranting, raving billie, The Two Dogs. 4.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song † And nought but peat reek i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? . Ep, to H. Parker. Here's freedom to him that wad read, When you read the lesson read, . S. O Lassie, art thou then you read the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly lovid † Now, what this tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son take heed: Tam o' Shanter. 19. Or Rohinson] again grown weel, I o preach an' read? Tam Samzon's El. The priest-like father reads the sacred page, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. Read. Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read the
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The tranving hawk pursuing, The trembling dove thus files, S. How cruel† Even as two howing, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. New Psatmody. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. Raving. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle While raving mad, I wish a heckle While raving with the raving storm. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. Raving winds around her blowing, S. Raving winds 1 A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, The Twa Dogs. 1. Ravish'd. So deck the woodhine sweet yon aged tree;	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover. And nought but peat reek! in whead, How can! write what ye can read? Ep. to II. Parker. Here's freedom to him that wad read, S. Here's a health to them the simple maid the lesson read, S. O Lassie, art thout when you read the simple artiess rhymes, Once fondly lov'd to Now, what this tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son take heed: Or Rlohinson! again grown weel, To preach an' read? The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. Read. Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read to'er and o'er, Synnon Gray the source of the
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The tranvining hawk pursuing, The trembling dove thus files, S. How crucl † Even as two howing, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle Were in their doup. And mis'd her wailings with the raving storm. On Death of Sir J. Blair. Raving winds around her blowing, S. Raving winds † A rhyming, ranting, raving bille, The Twa Dogs. 1. Ravish'd. So deckt the woodhine sweet yon aged tree, So from it ravish d, leaves it bleak and bare. El on Milis Enret.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song † And nought but peat reek! i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? . Ep, to H. Parker. Here's freedom to him that wad read. Let simple maid the lesson read, . S. O Lassie, art thou † when you read the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly loved † Now, what his tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son take heed: Or R[ohinson] again grown weel, To preach an' read? Tam o' Shanter. 19. The priest-like father reads the sacred page, The Coller's Sat. Night. 14. Read. Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, Tee read 'I've read i o'er, Symon Gray! Come, let a proper text be read, . The Ordination. 4.
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The rav ning hawk pursuing, The tranbling dove thus files, S. How cruel † Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail New Psalmody. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle Were in their doup Add. to Toothache. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. Raving winds around her blowing, S. Raving winds t A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, . The Twa Dogs. 1. Ravish'd. So deckt the woodbine sweet yon aged tree, So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and hare. El. on Miss Eurnet.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover, And nought but peat reek i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? Here's freedom to him that wad read, Let simple maid the lesson read, S. O Lassie, art thou't when you read the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly lov'd t Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son take heed: Tam o' Shanter. 19. Or R[ohinson] again grown weel, To preach an' read? The priest-like father reads the sacred page, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 1s. Read. Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, Fve read f I've read it o'er and o'er, Symon Gray't Come, let a proper text be read, Still, as in Scottish story read, The Vision, D. 1. 15.
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plamage, night, S. The good. Locks of A. Ravening. The tranhing dove thus files, S. How cruel † Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. New Psalmody. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle While raving mad, I wish a heckle Where in their donp. Add. to Toothache. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. Raving winds around her blowing, S. Raving winds 1 A rhyming, ranting, raving billie. The Twa Dogs. 1, Ravish'd. So deckt the woodhine sweet yon aged tree. So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and hare. El, on Miss Eurnet. The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fatte gave the word, t	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song † And nought but peat reek! i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? Here's freedom to him that wad read, S. O Lassie, art thou t when you read the simple artless rhymes, Now, what his tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son take heed: Or R[ohinson] again grown weel, To preach an' read? The priest-like father reads the sacred page, The Coller's Sat. Night. 14. Read, Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, Free read t' I've read it o'er and o'er, Come, let n proper text be read, Still, as in Scottish story read, The Vision. D. I. 15. Your news and review, Sir, I've read
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The tranbling dove thus files, S. How cruel † Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail New Psatmody. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle While raving mad, I wish a heckle Were in their doup Add. to Toethache. And mis'd her wailings with the raving storm. On Death of Sir I, Blair. Raving winds around her blowing, . S. Raving winds 1 A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, . The Twa Dogs. 4. Ravish'd. So deck the woodhine sweet yon aged tree, So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and hare. The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd young; . S. Fate gave the word, † Raw (a row).	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover,
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The ravining hawk pursuing, The trembling dove thus files, S. How cruel † Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. New Psalmody. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. Raving. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle While raving mad, I wish a heckle While raving with the raving storm. Raving winds around her blowing, And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. Raving winds around her blowing, S. Raxing winds 1, Blair, Raving winds around her blowing, S. Raxing winds 1, Elsair, Raving winds around her blowing, S. Raving winds around her blowing, S. Raxing winds 1. The Twa Dogs. 1. Ravish'd, So deck the woodhine sweet yon aged tree, So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and hare, Elsa will sher ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word, † Raw (a row). Coost their claise Behind him in a raw, A Fragment, 9.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song † And nought but peat reek! i'my head, How can! avite what ye can read? Here's freedom to him that wad read, S. Here's a health to them † Let simple maid the lesson read, S. O Lassie, art thou t when you read the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly lov'd t Now, what this tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son take heed: Or Robinson! again grown weel, To preach an' read? The priest-like father reads the sacred page, Read. Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read! I've read it o'er and o'er, Come, let a proper text be read, Still, as in Scottish story read, Your news and review, Sir, I've read Free Yes and review, Sir, I've read Though and through, Sir, To Capt. Riddel. Reader. Reader attend. A Bard's Epil.
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The tranbling dove thus files, S. How cruel † Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail New Psatmody. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle Wree in their doup Add. to Toethache. And mis'd her wailings with the raving storm. On Death of Sir J. Blair. Raving winds around her blowing, S. Raving winds 1 A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, . The Twa Dogs. 4. Ravish'd. So deck the woodhine sweet yon aged tree, So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and hare. The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word, † Raw (a row).	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song † And nought but peat reek! i' my head, How can! I write what ye can read? Here's freedom to him that wad read, S. Here's a health to them † Let simple maid the lesson read, . S. O Lassie, art thou † when you read the simple artless rhymes, Once foundly lov'd † Now, what his tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son take heed: Or Rlohinson! again grown weel, To preach an' read? The priest-like father reads the sacred page, The Cotter's Sat. Night, 1s. Read. Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read I've read it o'er and o'er, Come, let n proper text be read, Still, as in Scottish story read, Your news and review, Sir, I've read Reader, Reader attend But when Divinity comes cross me, My readers then are sure to lose me. A Ded, to G. H., 11.
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The trawning hawk pursuing, The trembling dove thus files, S. How cruel † Even as two howing, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. Raving. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. Raving winds around her blowing, A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, The Twa Dogs. J. Ravish'd, So deck the woodhine sweet yon aged tree, So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and hare. Ele mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word, † Raw (a row). coost their claise Behind him in a raw, A Fragment. 9. And ranked plagues their numbers tell, In dreadir' raw, Add, to Toothache.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song † And nought but peat reek! 'my head, How can I write what ye can read? Here's freedom to him that wad read, when you read the lesson read, . S. O Lassie, art thou't when you read the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly lov'd † Now, what his tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son take heed: Or R[ohinson] again grown weel, To preach an' read? The priest-like father reads the sacred page, The verad it o'er and o'er,
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The ravining hawk pursuing, Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. Raving. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle Where in their doop. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. Raving winds around her blowing, Arhyming, ranting, raving billie, So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and hare. El on Mits Eunret. The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd young; So Fate gave the word, † Raw (a row). Coost their claise Behind him in a raw, And ranked plagues their numbers tell, In dreadfu' raw, Add, to Toothache. Still shearing and clearing The tilther stooked raw; The Ans, to the Guidwolfe.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song † And nought but peat reek! in whead, How can! I write what ye can read? Here's freedom to him that wad read, S. Here's a health to them † Let simple maid the lesson read, S. O Lassie, art thou † when you read the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly lov'd † Now, what his tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son take heed: Or Rlohinson! again grown weel, To preach an' read? The priest-like father reads the sacred page, The Cotler's Sat. Night. 1, Read. Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read I've read it o'er and o'er, Come, let a proper text be read, Your news and review, Sir, I've read Hough and through, Sir, Your news and review, Sir, I've read henogh and through, Sir, Reader attend . A Bard's Epil. But when Divinity comes cross me, My readers then are sure to lose me. Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know, That Death has murder'd Johnie; Epil. on Wee Johnie.
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The tranvining hawk pursuing, The tranvining hawk pursuing. Even as two howing, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle Were in their doup. Add. to Toothache. And mis'd her wailings with the raving storm. On Death of Sir J. Blair. Raving winds around her blowing. A rhyming, ranting, raving bille. The Twa Dogs. 1. Ravish'd. So deckt the woodhine sweet yon aged tree. So from it ravish d, leaves in black and bare. El. on Miss Eurnet. Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word, t' Raw (a pow). coost their claise Behind him in a raw, Afragment. Q. And ranked plagues their numbers tell, In dreadfu' raw, In dreadfu' raw, The Hoty Fair. Q. Her sits a raw o' titlan jads, The Hoty Fair. Q.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song † And nought but peat reek! 'my head, How can I write what ye can read? Here's freedom to him that wad read, when you read the lesson read, . S. O Lassie, art thou't when you read the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly lov'd † Now, what his tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son take heed: Or R[ohinson] again grown weel, To preach an' read? The priest-like father reads the sacred page, Read, Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read if I've read it o'er and o'er, Synnon Gray? Synnon Gray? Sour news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir, The Ordination. J. Reader. Reader attend
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The raving hawk pursuing, The trembling dove thus files, S. How cruel † Even as two Lowling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. The Poor Threther. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle Were in their dosp. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. Raving winds around her blowing, S. Raving winds † A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, The Two Dogs. 1, Ravish'd. So deckt the woodhine sweet yon aged tree, So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and hare. The mother limet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word, † Raw (a row). coost their claise Behind him in a raw, And ranked plagues their numbers tell, In dreadir' raw, Still shearing and clearing The tither stooked raw; Here sits a raw o' titlan jads, The Holy Fair. 9, Then of the Degbe-'s in a raw, The Ordination.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song † And nought hut peat reek! i' my head, How can! I write what ye can read? Here's freedom to him that wad read, S. Here's a health to them † Let simple maid the lesson read, . S. O Lassie, art thou † when you read the simple artless rhymes, Once foundly lov'd † Now, what his tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son take heed: Or Rlohinson! again grown weel, To preach an' read? The priest-like father reads the sacred page, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 1. Read. Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read I've read it o'er and o'er, Come, let n proper text be read, Your news and review, Sir, I've read I've read it o'er and o'er, Come, let n proper text be read, Your news and review, Sir, I've read hrough and through, Sir, Your news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir, Reader. Reader attend . A Bard's Epit. But when Divinity comes cross me, My readers then are sure to lose me. Whoc'er thou art, O reader, know, That Death has murder'd Johnie; Reader, dost value matchless worth? Lus m Window, F.'s-C, Her.
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The tranvining hawk pursuing, The tranvining hawk pursuing. Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle While raving mad, I wish a heckle While raving mad, I wish a heckle Where in their doup. Add. to Toothache. And mis'd her wailings with the raving storm. On Death of Sir J. Blair. Raving winds around her blowing, A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, The Twa Dogs. 1. Ravish'd. So deck the woodhine sweet yon aged tree, So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and hare. El. on Miss Eurnet. Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word, it Raw (a pow). coost their claise Behind him in a raw, Afragment. q. And ranked plagues their numbers tell, In dreadfu' raw, Here sits a raw o' titlan jads, Then aff to B—gb—'s in a raw, And toothy rities by the score.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song † And nought but peat reek! 'my head, How can I write what ye can read? Here's freedom to him that wad read, when you read the lesson read, . S. O Lassie, art thou't when you read the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly lov'd † Now, what his tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son take heed: Or R[ohinson] again grown weel, To preach an' read? The priest-like father reads the sacred page, Read, Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read if I've read it o'er and o'er, Synnon Gray? Synnon Gray? Sour news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir, The Ordination. J. Reader. Reader attend
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The ravining hawk pursuing, The trembling dove thus files, S. How cruel † Even as two howing, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. New Psalmody. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. The Poor Threther. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle Were in their dosp. Add. to Toothache. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. Raving winds around her blowing, S. Raving winds † A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, The Twa Dogs. 1, Ravish'd. So deckt the woodhine sweet yon aged tree, So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and hare. The mother limet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word, † Raw [a row]. And ranked plagues their numbers tell, In dreadir vaw, Add. to Toothache. Still shearing and clearing The tither stooked raw; Here sits a raw o' titlan jads, Then aft to B—gh—sin a raw, And toothy critics by the score, In bloody raw! To W. Creech.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song † And nought but peat reek! in whead, How can! write what ye can read? Here's freedom to him that wad read, S. Here's a health to them † Let simple maid the lesson read, S. O Lassie, art thout when you read the simple artiess rhymes, Once fondly lov'd † Now, what this tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son take heed: Or Rlohinson! again grown weel, To preach an' read? The Driest-like father reads the sacred page, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. Read. Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read to'er and o'er, Come, let a proper text be read, Silill, as in Scottish story read, Your news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir, Your news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir, Sir, Sir, Sir, Sir, Sir, Sir, Sir
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plamage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The tranhing dove thus files, S. How cruel † Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail New Psalmody. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. Raving. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle Raving	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song † And nought but peat reek! i' my head, How can! a write what ye can read? Here's freedom to him that wad read, Let simple maid the lesson read, . S. O Lassie, art thou the when you read the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly too'd † Now, what his tale o' truth shall read, Ilk man and mother's son take heed: Or Rlohinson Iganin grown weel, To preach an' read? The priest-like father reads the sacred page, Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read to er, Come, let a proper text be read, . Symon Gray † Vour news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir, Vour news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir, Reader, Reader attend . A Bard's Epil. But when Divinity comes cross me, My readers then are sure to lose me. Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know, That Death has murder'd Johnie; . Epil. on Wee Johnie. Reading. Whoe't thou art, these lines now reading, . The Hermit.
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The tranvining hawk pursuing, The tranvining hawk pursuing. Even as two howing, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle Were in their doup. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. On Death of Sir J. Blair. Raving winds around her blowing, A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, The Twa Dogs. 4. Ravish'd. So deckt the woodhine sweet you aged tree, So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and hare. El. on Miss Surnet. Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word, it Raw [a row]. coost their claise Behind him in a raw, And ranked plagues their numbers tell, In dreadfu' raw, Here sits a raw o' titlan jads, Then aft to B—gb—'s in a raw, And to thy critics by the score, In bloody raw! Rax [to Streich]. An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck, A Dream. \$.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The ravining hawk pursuing, Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. Raving. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle Where in their doup, Add. to Toothache. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. Raving winds around her blowing, A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, The Twa Dogs. 1. Ravish'd. So deck the woodhine sweet yon aged tree, So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and hare. The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word, † Raw (a row). coost their claise Behind him in a raw, And ranked plagues their numbers tell, In dreadir' raw, Add. to Toothache. Still shearing and clearing The tither stooked raw; Here sits a raw o' tittlan jads, Then aft to B—gh—'s in a raw, And toothy critics by the score, In bloody raw! Rax (to stretch). And may Ye rax Corruption's neck, Wharey emay nobly rax your leather; A Guid New-Year 18.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The tranving hawk pursuing, The tranving hawk pursuing. Even as two howing, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle Were in their doup. Add. to Toothache. And mis'd her wailings with the raving storm. And mis'd her wailings with the raving storm. Raving winds around her blowing, A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, The Twa Dogs. 1. Ravish'd. So deck the woodhine sweet yon aged tree, So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare. El. on Miss Eurnet. Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word, it Raw (a pow). coost their claise Behind him in a raw, Afragment. q. And ranked plagues their numbers tell, In dreadfu' raw, Here sits a raw o' titlan jads, Then aff to B—gb—'s in a raw, And toothy critics by the score, In bloody raw! The Ordination. To W. Creeck. Rax (to stretch). An' raw hal eather rax an' draw, The Ordination. The Vor Psat 18.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The rav ning hawk pursuing, Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. The Poor Thresher. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle Were in their dosp. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. Raving winds around her blowing, A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, The Twa Dogs. 1, Ravish'd. So deck the woodhine sweet yon aged tree, So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and hare. The mother limet in the bruke Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word, † Raw [a row]. And ranked plagues their numbers tell, In dreadir' raw, Still shearing and clearing The tither stooled raw; Here sits a raw o' tittlan jads, Then aft to B—gb—'s in a raw, And toothy critics by the score, In bloody raw! Rax [Is stretching]. An' may Ve rax Corruption's neck, A Dream, S. Whare ye may nobly rax your leather; A Guid New-Year † 18. An' may Ve rax Corruption's neck, A Dream, S. Whare ye may nobly rax your leather; A Guid New-Year † 18. An ye wha leather rax an' draw, The Ordination.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plamage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The tranvining hawk pursuing, The trembling dove thus files, S. How cruel † Even as two howing, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. Raving. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle While raving with the raving storm. So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and hare. Exavish'd. So deck the woodhine sweet yon aged tree, So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and hare. Et on Miss Eurnet. The mother linnet in the brake Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fatle gave the word, I Raw (a row). coost their claise Behind him in a raw, Af Fragment. 9. And ranked plagues their numbers tell, In dreadir' raw, Add, to Toothache. Still shearing and clearing The tither stoolecd raw; Here sits a raw o' tittlan jads, Then aft to B—gh—'s in a raw, And toothy critics by the score, In bloody raw! Rax (to stretch). An' may Ye rax Corruption's neck, Whare ye may nobly rax your leather; A Guid New-Year *1 18. An' ye wha leather rax an' draw, The Ordination. Raxan [stretching].	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover
He who stills the raven's clam rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Come, in thy raven plumage, night, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ravening. The rav ning hawk pursuing, Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. We still keep the ravening wolf from the door. The Poor Thresher. Raving. While raving mad, I wish a heckle Were in their dosp. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. Raving winds around her blowing, A rhyming, ranting, raving billie, The Twa Dogs. 1, Ravish'd. So deck the woodhine sweet yon aged tree, So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and hare. The mother limet in the bruke Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word, † Raw [a row]. And ranked plagues their numbers tell, In dreadir' raw, Still shearing and clearing The tither stooled raw; Here sits a raw o' tittlan jads, Then aft to B—gb—'s in a raw, And toothy critics by the score, In bloody raw! Rax [Is stretching]. An' may Ve rax Corruption's neck, A Dream, S. Whare ye may nobly rax your leather; A Guid New-Year † 18. An' may Ve rax Corruption's neck, A Dream, S. Whare ye may nobly rax your leather; A Guid New-Year † 18. An ye wha leather rax an' draw, The Ordination.	And in the keen, yet tender eye, O read th' imploring lover

The landlord's laugh was ready chorus: Tam o' Shanter, 5.

O mount and go, Mount and make you ready;
S. The Captain's Lady.

An' soon I made me ready; . . . The Holy Fair. 6.

Tam tint bis reason a' thegither,

What signifies his barren shine,

Of moral pow'rs an' reason?

But tell me Whisky's name in Greek,
I'll tell the reason. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne, To Clarinda.

. . The Holy Fair. 15.

Reason, to.

Reasoning.

Can reason down its [his heart's] agonizing throbs:

Records. Shall no longer appear in the records of fame;

Recount. Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,

Those records dear of transports past, To Mary in Heaven.

Eternity cannot efface

Reproof by Himself.

On Death of R. Dundas.

Remorse. A Frag.

Yes-all such reasonings are amiss! Sketch, New-Yr's Day, From the gilded Spontoon to the Fife I was ready, The Jolly Beggars. S. 11. Reave. With the ready trick and fable 16, S, VIII. To slink thro' slaps an' reave an steal, The Death of Mailie. . An' cut you up wi' ready slight. . To a Haggis. Rebel. To cowe the rebel generation, Add. of Beelsebub. She swoor she saw some rebels run he swoor she saw some revers had.
To Perth and to Dundee, man:
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Ready-witted. O Rough, rude, ready-witted R[ankine], Ep. to J. R. Real. Till by an' by, if I haud on, I'll grunt a real Gospel groan: When awful Beauty joins with all her charms. Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms? The Rights of Woman. Auld comrade t 'Tis real hangmen, real scourges bear! . Ep. fr. Esopus. Rebel, to. And if be offers to rebel, The real, harden'd wicked, Just heave him in. Adam A-'s Prayer. Wha hae nae check but human law, Ep. to Young Friend. 3. Wha fain would openly rebel, The Twa Herds, 14. They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth, Rebellion. Ep. to Davie. 7. The real guid and ill. . . With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife; S. Caledonia. 5. Tho' real friends I b'lieve are few, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 15. Vain ev'n the omnipotence of Female charms, But when compar'd with real passion;
Poor is all that princely pride. . S. Mark yonder Fomp 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms Scots Prologue. For a' the real judges rise, Rebuke. The ungentle, barsh rebuke. Rusticity's ungainly t . The Holy Fair. 11. They canna sit for anger. That when nae real ills perplex them, They mak enow themsels to vex them; Rebute fa rebut, repulsel. Ne'er break your heart for ae rebute, . S. O steer her up t The Twa Dogs. 29. The Tree of Liberty. Recalling. Nae real joys we know, man. . . While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang; S. Sae flaxen † . To J. S., 23. But give me real, sterling Wit, . Reality. The Hermit Receding. though from the world receding, I start and see The ruined sad reality! . . On Lincluden. Receipt. Your billet, Sir, I grant receipt; To Mr. Renton. Really. Receive. And faith, to me, 'twas really new! Kind Sir. I've read t And offers, bliss to give and to receive. Prologue, at Th., D., ealm.

To realms unknown while fate exiles me,

Fill my home. . . S. Highland Mary. Receivin. Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin. She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —. When heavy dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin ; Scotch Drink. 5. Reck. And may ye better reck the rede,

Than ever did th' Adviser! Ep, to Young Friend. II. O never, never Scotia's realm desert.

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21. Louis what reck 1 by thee, . . S. Louis what reck I t Ream [cream]. When I, what reck, Did least expect, S. The tither morn t The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream, . The Twa Dogs. 20. Reckless. Ream, to [to cream, froth, foam]. And come to stop those reckless vows, Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink, Would soon been broken. The Vision, D. I. q. Scotch Drink, 2. In glorious faem, . Reckon. Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon, But there it streams an' richly reams,
My Helicon I ca' that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. S. Their groves of t Reckon'd. When first among the yellow corn
The Ans. to the Guidwife. Ream'd [frothed, foamed]. The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle.

Tam o' Shanter. 11. Reckt. Reaming [creaming, foaming]. As little reckt I sorrow's power, S. Now Spring has clad t Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely; Tam o' Shanter. 5. Recline. Reap. To plough and sow, to reap and mow, S. My father was a farmer t Oft in the vocal bowers recline? S. Slow spreads the gloom t Reclined. Reaper. Reclined on the lap of thy mother, On Death of fav. Child. The Petition of Br. Water. by the reaper's nightly heam, Reclined that banner, erst in fields unfurl'd, the Reaper's rustling noise. . . The Vision. D. 11. 15. On Death of Sir I. Blair Rear. Recognise. With all the servile wretches in the rear, A Winter Night. 7. I, through the tender-gushing tear, Should recognise my Master dear, Rear'd. A Ded. to G. H., 16. Her horn the pale-fac'd Cynthia rear'd; [v.A.20] A Vision. Recoiling. An ancient Borough rear'd her head; The Vision. D. I. 15. While back-recoiling seem'd to reel Their Suthron foes. [v.A.4] The Vision. D.I. Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth To a Mountain Daisy. Thy tender form. . As deep recoiling surges foam below, Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Recollection. What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system, One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him! While recollection's power is giv'n, . A Ded. to G. H. 10. . . The Lament. Fragment, inser. to Fox. Keen Recollection's direful train, . Reason. Recompence. Thoughts, words and deeds, the Statute blames with reason; Had there not been some recompence
To comfort those that mourn! Man was made to Mourn. A Dream. Who feel by reason and who give by rule, Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Reconcile. Here holds her search by heaven-taught Reason's beam; Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction Prologue, sp. by Woods. Fragment, inser. to Fox. Alake! that e'er my Muse has reason. Reconcil'd. Scotch Drink. 14. To wyte her countrymen wi' treason! to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Tam o' Shanter, 16.

Recover'd. If she had recover'd her hearing; S. Last May a braw woocr† Recreation. When rural life, of ev'ry station,	Reduc'd. But the Peace it reduc'd me to beg in despair, The Jolly Beggarz. S. II. She reduc'd him to dust, and she drank up the Powder. Efig. on Henfecked Squire.
Unite in common recreation; The Twa Dogs. 19. Recruit. The corps is no nice of recruits; The Kirk's Alarm. Rectangle. Rectangle. reading the figure we'll choose. S. Caledonia. 6.	Re-echo'd. Shook with a thunder of applause Re-echo'd from each mouth! The folly Beggars. R. VIII. Reed. Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
Red v. Rede. Red [advised]. But Davie, lad, I'm red ye're glaikit; Second Ep. to Davie.	S. Again rejoicing nature † The shepherd stops his simple reed, Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! Poor Mailie's El
Red. O my Luve's like a red, red rose, . S. A red, red Rose. brimstone drink, Red, reeking, het. The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel, And blude red wine's the rysin Sun. S. Gane is the day	I kittle up my rustic reed; It gies me ease. To W. Simpson. And the shepherd tents his flock as be pipes on his reed. S. You wild massy mountains t Reedy. Ye heathy wastes immix d with reedy fens,
An' twa red cheeket apples, Halloween. 21. I'll ne'er prig for red or white; S. Joekey fou,†	Reek [smoke].
A toom tar harrel An' twa red peats . Letter to J. Goudie. My Lady's white, my Lady's red, . S. My Lord a-hunting † O gin my love were you red rose, S. O were my love †	"And peacefu' raise its ingle reek, "That slowly curling clamb the hill. As on the banks † Hid in an atmosphere of reek, And nought but peat reek i' my head, 16.
Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains, On Death of R. Dundas. And reekin red ran mony a sheugh,	An' raise a philosophic reek, The Anthor's Cry and Prayer. P. The death o' devils. smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. niest the fire, in auld, red rags, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	The Brigs of Ayr. I sat and ey'd the spewing reek The Vision. D. I. 3. Reek, to [to smoke].
The polish'd leaves, and berries red, Did rustling play; . The Vision. D. II. 23. Turned o'er in one humper a bottle of red, The Whistle. 14.	An' pownies reck in pleugh or braik, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st. The nappy recks wi' mantling ream, . The Twa Dogs. 20.
Or fell, red smeddum,	Reeket, -it [smoked, smoky]. Wi' reeket duds, an' reestet gizz, . Add. to the Deil. 17.
And rain rains down frae his red hlear'd e'e,	Till ilka carlin swat and reekit, . Tam o' Shanter. 12. A reekit wee deevil looks ower the wa', S. There liv'd ance a carle t
Red-breast. The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill, The Brigs of Ayr. Red-brown.	Reeking, -in, -an [smoking]. brimstone drink, Red, recking, het. Adam A-'s Prayer.
Her moors red-brown wi' heather hells, To W. Simpson. 10. Redcastle.	The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter, An' kirs'n him wi' reekin water; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 19. Or reekan on a New-year-mornin
But we winna mention Redcastle, The Election Ballads. III. Pouncing poor Redcastle Sprawlin' like a taed Ib. IV.	In cog or bicker, Scotch Drink. 9. She'll teach you, wi' a reekan whittle, Anither sang. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Red-coat. "The red-coat lads wi' black cockauds S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. And mony a huntit, poor Red-coat	And reekin red ran mony a sheugh, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
For fear amaist did swarf, man	'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. II. 5. And then, O what a glorious sight, Warm-reekin, rich! To a Haggis.
Red-rusted. Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted; Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Reeky, -ie [smoky; "Auld Reekie," Edinburgh]. Now he's ta'en ber hame to his ain reeky den.
Red-wat-shod [red-wet-shod]. Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,	S. There liv'd ance a carle † Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest, To IV. Creech. Reel. Rock and reel and spinnin wheel, . S. Gat ye me,†
Red-wud (very angry, stark mad). An' now she's like to rin red-wud	Oh leeze me on my rock and reel; S. The Contented Cottager.
About her Whisky. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 16. A d—n'd red-wud Kilhuroie blastie; The Inventory. Rede [counsel].	Reel [a lively dance]. 'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel In gore a shoe-thick; . Add, to Toothache.
And may ye hetter reck the rede, Than ever did th' Adviser! Ep. to Young Friend. 11.	'Twas Pibroch, Sang, Strathspey, or Recls, S. Amang the trees† Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel,
Rede, Red, to [to counse]]. Ye gallants bright I rede ye right, S. A Masterton's bonic Anne.	In my poor pouches. Friend of the poet † But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels, Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Ye gallants braw, I rede ye a',	"There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels, S. The deil cam fiddlin' † Reel, to.
I rede you right, gang ne'er at night, S. My heart was ance† If there's a hole in a' your coats,	Ye bitterus, till the quagmire reels, Rair for his sake. El. on Capt. M. H., 8. Still she undaunted reels and rattles on, Ep. fr. Esopus.
I rede you tent it: On Grose's Peregrinations. I red you beware at the hunting, young men; S. The heather was blooming †	They make your youthful fancies reel, O leave novels † Till block an' studdie ring an' reel Wi' dinsome clamour. Scotch Drink. 11.
"I red you, honest man, tak teat! To J. S., 7. Redeem. Which spurning contempt shall redeem from his ire. Monody, on a Lady.	While back-recoiling seem'd to reel Their Suthron foes. [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
Redemption. Enthusiasm's past redemption, Letter to J. Goudie.	Reel'd. They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit, Tant o' Shanter. 12. He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger, Tam Santson's El., 11.
Redoubled. Dulness, with redoubled sway Symon Gray † Redoubtable. Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Reeling.
Redress. Wrongs injurious to redress, S. Thickest night †	The ricket recting of a crooked swagger? Ep. fr. Esopus. The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide; The Brigs of Ayr.

Reestet [dried, singed, withcred]. Regimental. His rags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy, Wi' reeket duds, an' reestet gizz, The Jolly Beggars. S. II. Add, to the Deil, 17. Region. Through the dire desert regions of sorrow. Reestet [stood restive]. On Death of far, Child. In cart or car thou never reestet, A Gude New-Year + 14. Regret. Refined. -'d. More pointed still we make ourselves, Regret, Remorse and Shame! Man was made to Mourn. Beyond what Fancy e'er refin'd . S. Could aught of song t The voice of Nature prizing. Rehearse Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd! Or they rehearse, in equal verse, The charms o' lovely Davies. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. . S. Lovely Davies. The joys refin'd of sense and taste, To Chloris. In plaintive notes my tale rehearses . To Clarinda. a' your doings to rehearse, . . . Add, to the Deil, 19. Reid [the Scotch mctaphysician]. Refinement. when Wit and Refinement hae polish'd her [Beauty's] darts, S. Yon wild mossy mountains t Reid, to common sense appealing. . Auld comrade † Reif [reaving, thieving; "reif randles," thieving beggars; v. also Rief]. Reflect. But oh! prodigious to reflect, Kings and nations, swith awa! A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck! . El. on I car 1788. Reif randies I disown ye! . . S. Louis what reck It Reflected. eflected.

Reflected beams dwell in the streams,

S. The Fête Champetre. Reign. Phoebe, in her midnight reign, A Winter Night. 6. Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign. S. Calcdonia. And may those pleasures gild thy reign,

That ne'er wad blink on mine! Lament of Mary of Scots. Reflection. So, nae reflection on Your Grace, . A Dream, 2. He hugs his chain, and owns the reign . S. Lovely Davies. nae reflection on your lear, . . The Ordination. 9. See aged winter 'mid his surly reign, Sonnet, writ, on Birthday. Reft. Your royal nest, beneath Your wing, Is e'en right reft an' clouted, . A Dream. s. Condemn'd to see my rival's reign, . . S. The last time I + Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us! El. on Year 1788. Reign, to. She reigns without control. . S. Handsome Nell. I reign in Jeanie's hosom. . S. Louis what reck It Refuse. Ought he can lend he'll not refus't. A Ded. to G II . s Or were I monarch o' the globe, Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign, . S. O wert thou in t An' did nae less, in full Congress, Than quite refuse our law, man. . A Fraement. Wildly here without control, Nature reigns and rules the whole: S. Streams that glide ! Oh! what will my torments be, Nature reigns and rules are him.

Fancy, chief, Reigns, hagard-wild, in sore afright:

The Lament. If thou refuse thy Johnie? . S. Craigie-burn Wood. Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead To her two een sae honie blue. . . . S. I gaed a waefu't To Clarinda. Another happy reigns. . Ronalds of Bennals. Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone: 13 Vet I wadna choose to let ber refuse, Reigned, -'d. Long quiet she reign'd; . S. Caledonia. If thou refuse to pity me, . . S. Sweet fa's the eve t Here Stuarts once in glory reigned, On Window at Stirling. Now, wham to choose, and wham refuse,
At strife thir carlines fell; The Election Ballads. I. And reign'd resistless king of love. . S. Young Jamie, t At strife thir carlines fell; Nor thou the gift refuse. To Chloris. Reign'st. O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above!

O Thou dread Pow'r t S. Wilt thou be my t Say na thou'lt refuse me. Refus'd. Could I for shame refus'd ber, S. Had I the wyte t O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanse, Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway! The Lament. Regard. Rein. 'The threat'ning Storm, some, strongly, rein;
The Vision. D. II. S. But cast a moment's fair regard Add. to the Unco Guid. 3. Is this thy plighted, fond regard S. Canst thou leave me † Reins. And gae his bridle reins a shake, With, adieu for evermore, Forgive the Bard! my fond regard For ane that shares my hosom, . On W. Chalmers. Reject. The cruel powers reject the prayer . Fragment. But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard, Rejected. Loves and graces all rejected, To Miss Fontenelle. Poet, Add. to Tytler. Rejoice. All Creatures joy in the sun's returning, And I rejoice in my Bonie Bell. . S. Bonie Bell. Others now claim your chief regard; Sketch. New-Yr's Day. I am a Bard of no regard, In love and freedom they rejoice, Lament of Mary of Scots. Wi' gentle folks an' a' that; The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. The furrow'd waving corn is seen not Potosi's mine, Nor King's regard, Rejoice in fostering showers. S. Now Spring has clad \$ Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, The Vision. D. II. 21. The hirds rejoice in leafy how'rs, . S. O Logan! sweetly † Regard, to. Who, equal to the hustling strife, No other view regard! Despondency, an Ode. 2. May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost, A Family in Heaven! O They dread Pow'r t But as daily bread is all I need, While birds rejoice on every spray;
S. On Cessnock banks, † Sett II. I do not much regard her, [fortune] O. S. My father was a farmer t Or why regard the passing year? Sketch. New-Yr's Day. Rejoice, ye birring Paitricks a'; . Tam Samson's El., 7. . S. Sweetest May t "We'll laugh, sing and rejoice, man; As thy constant slave regard it; . S. The deil cam fiddlin' † Life is all a variorum. We regard not how it goes; . The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. The Election Ballads. VI. How Fox and Sheridan rejoice; 'In me thy native muse regard! . The Vision. D. II. 2. The Ordination. 13. O bappy day! rejoice, rejoice! The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning, Regarded. S. The small birds rejoice t . S. When wild War's t By whom true love's regarded, Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day, S. The young Highl. Rover. Regarding. For without an honest manly heart,
No man was worth regarding, O.
S. My father was a farmer t While birds rejoice in leafy bowers; S. Where Cart rins t Regardless. Regardless of the tears and unavailing pray'rs!

A Winter Night. 8. In uproar and riot rejoice the night long; Ye true "Loyal Nat.s." † I live to-day as well's 1 may, Regardless of to-morrow, O. S. My father was a farmer † Rejoic'd. But lately seen, in gladsome green, The woods rejoic'd the day, . S. But lately seen t Regeneration. And winter once rejoic'd in glory. It's just a carnal inclination, And Och! that's nae r-g-n-r-t-n! [v.A.29] A Ded. to G. H., 6. Improm., on Mrs. —'s Eirthday. My heart it rejoic'd at a Sodger-laddie.

The Jolly Beggars, S. II. Regent. Nae band-cuff'd, muzzl'd, baff-shackl'd Regent,

El. on Year 1788.

Regiment. The Regiment at large for a husband 1 got;
The Jolly Eeggars. S. II.

Rejoic'd they were na men but dogs; . The Twa Dogs. 35.

My heart rejoic'd in nature's joy, S. Twas even-the dewy t

Rejoicing, -in'. Again rejoicing Nature sees Her robe assume its vernal hues, S. Again rejoicing Nature. The conscious sun out o'er yon hill, Rejoicin' clos'd the day so, S. As I gaed up by †	Nought but griefs with me remain. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting † But thou art queen within my breast For ever to remain. S. O lay thy loof† The bitter little that of life remains:
The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing; S. Bonic Bell. The bees rejoicing o'er their summer-toils, The Brigs of Ayr. The hungry Jew in wilderness Rejoicing o'er his manna, S. The govod. Locks of A.	On seeing wounded Hare. How little cf life's scanty span may remain; S. The lazy mist † Here this night if ye remain, I'll remain, quo' Findlay; S. Wha is that at †
He, rising, rejoicing Between his twa Dehorahs, The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction, Tragic Frag	Remained. Which [trophy] now in his house has for ages remained; The Whistle, 5.
Relate. And truth I shall relate, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Related. Perhaps related to the race: A Ded. to G. H.	Remaining. Beneath what light she has remaining, Let's sing our Sang. To J. S., 20. Remains. Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains, Epit. for Author's Father.
Relation. No two virtues, whatever relation they claim Possessing the one shall imply you've the other. Fragment, inser. to Fox. Relations.	Remarkin. 'Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin!" The Holy Fair. 6. Remead [remedy].
Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign, Release. In bliss till Fate some day is sent, For ever to release Ye Frae Care Relent. Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,	Damnation then would be our fate, Beyond remead; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 14. Our Bardie's fate is at a close,
Relent. Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe, Such sweetness would relent her, S. Young Peggy† Relenting. Guilt, erring Man, relenting view! A Winter Night, 9.	Past a' remead! Poor Mailie's El He had twa fauts, or maybe three. Yet what remead? . Tam Samson's El., 14. An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear.
Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. Relentless. "Relentless fate has laid their gnardian low.	An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear, To get remead. The Author's Cry and Prayer. Remember. An' L-d, remember singing Sannock, Auld comrade †
On Death of Sir J. Blair. I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe, To R. G. of F., g. Relic. strumpets, relics of the drunken roar, Ep. fr. Esopus.	Sad was the parting thou makes me remember, S. Gloomy December. But thou remembers we are dust, Holy Willie's Prayer. 6. But, L—d remember me and mine Ib. 16.
Relief. For relief a sigh she brings; S. Duncan Gray † Her dear idea brings relief, And solace to my breast	"But I'll remember thee, Glencairn, "And a' that thou hast done for me!" Lament for Glencairn.
And sma', sma' prospect of relief,	Remember him for me! Lament of Mary of Scots. And dear was she I darena name, But I will ay remember. [re.] . S. O May thy morn † Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare. Tam o' Shanter, 19.
That weary-laden mourn! Man was made to Mourn. Provost John is still deaf to the church's relief. The Kirk's Alarm.	I, with a much indebted tear, Shall still remember yon! The Farewell. And now, remember Mr. Ak-n, The Inventory.
Ev'n day, all-bitter, brings relief, From such a horror-breathing night	"You shou'd remember "To ent it aff., an' whatfore no
I, sighing, drop the silent tear, But no relief can find	Once fondly lov'd,† O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings. The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
I know thou doom'st me to despair Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me; S. Farewell, thou stream †	But pious Bob, 'mid learning's store, Commandment tenth remember'd. The Dean of Fac., Remembrance. When Remembrance wracks the mind,
Sma' siller will relieve me. S. Here's to thy health,† Wee [Miller] neist, the Guard relieves, An 'Orthodoxy raibles, The Holy Fair. 17. Thou wilt nor canst relieve me: S. The last time I†	Pleasures but unvail Despair. S. Frae the friends to Thou busy pow'r, Remembrance, cease! The Lament. Your dear remembrance in my breast,
I once could relieve the distrest; S. The sun he is sunk † Relieved. She's from a world of woe relieved, On Poet's Daughter.	My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd 16. Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set! 16. Remembrance oft may start a tear, . V.s, under Grief. Remnant.
Religion. When ranting round in Pleasure's ring, Religion may he blinded; Ep. to Young Friend. to. What was his religion, Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.	Discarded remnant of a race Once great in martial story! On Duke of Queensberry. Remonstrate.
Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride, In all the pomp of method and of art, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.	As Something, loudly, in my breast, Remonstrates I have done; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death. Remorse.
In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye; To Clarinda. They take religion in their mouth; To Rev. J. M'Math. All hail, Religion! maid divine!	More pointed still we make ourselves, Regret, Remorse and Shame! Man was made to Mourn. Or worser far, the pangs of keen remorse; Remorse. A Frag That fell remorse, a conscience bleeding
Relinquish. Unless he would from that time forth Relinquish her for ever: . The Jolly Beggars. R. I'I. Relique.	Remorse's throb, or loose desire;
The reliques of the vernal quire; Lament for Glencairn. Relish. Yet has so keen a relish of its pleasures? Wr. under Port. of Fergusson,	That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remove, S. The Posie. Oh! you that are in love, and cannot it remove S. The winter it is past †
Remain. But now, what else for me remains But tales of woe; El. on Capt. M. H. II.	Removed. From friendship and dearest affection removed; **Nionody, on a Lady,

O why the dence should I repine. . Extem. Ap. 1782. Rend. And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart t Far, far from thee, the fate severe No savage e'er could rend my heart. At which I most repine, Love. . S. Forlorn, my Love. † As, Jessy, thou hast done. . On Miss J. Lewars. With the hand and heart of my wee thing,
No more at my fate I'll repine. S. My Love's a winsome t The Election Ballads, VI. when the storm the forest rends, Hear'st thou the groaps that rend his breast? Sair, sair may I repine; S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. To Mary in Heaven. And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.

Wr. by Fall of Fyers. The Vision D II 21 'Then never murmur nor repine; Render'd. Ye hae render'd moments dear; S. Scenes of weet Reply. Renew. And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply. And in kirk-vards renew their leagues, Ep. fr. Esopus. Owre howcket dead. Add. to the Deil. o. . The Vowels. In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd, reply: With "Mary, when shall we return, "Sic pleasure to renew?" . . . Reply, to. And the distant-echoing glens reply. A Vision. S. As down the burn t "Nae bitter blast," the sp'rit replies. . As on the banks t S. Here is the glen. t And let us all our vows renew, "An' his heart is rank poison." And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower, Another [reptile] replies. Epit. on Walter S. That steals on the evening, each leaf to renew.

S. How pleasant the banks † "By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies, The Whistle. On IV. Stewart. The bowl we maun renew it; . . Renly'd. . S. Polly Stewart. And Art can ne'er renew it, . . S. What will I do gin t The tod reply'd upon the hill, Scenes that former thoughts renew ; . S. Scenes of wee t Renose Renewed, -'d. The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose, S. Caledonia. 5. When merry May its bloom renew'd. . S. O were my love t And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose! Ep. fr. Esopus. The Whistle. 5. . S. Had I a cave t The jovial contest again have renewed. There seek my lost repose, . Renewing. Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd, Were seal'd in soft repose; . S. C. Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms:

Why am I loth S. On a bank of flowers t The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose: The Cotter's Sat. Night. Renown. Go, for yoursel procure renown, S. Highland Laddie. . Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Beck'ning thee to long repose; Here's a noble Earl's Fame and high renown, Repose, to. The Election Ballads. IV. . Sketch. New-Y'r's Day. Repose us in the silent dust. . Renown'd. As men, as christiaos too, renown'd, An' manly preachers. To Rev. J. M'Math. Repos'd. Wi' arm repos'd on the chair-back, Rent. Tho' raging winter rent the air; S. O wat ye wha's in t The Halv Fair, II. He sweetly does compose him; . Then howe'er crowns and coronets he rent, A virtuous Populace may rise the while, Represent. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20. In some hit Brugh to represent Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 11. A Baillie's name? Rent. s. A Danne's name.
Ye Irish lords, ye knights an' squires,
Wha represent our Brughs an 'Shires,

The Author's Cry and Prayer. Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kaoe, nn' n' his stents: . The Twa Dogs. &. Rent-roll. Representative. What are your landlords' rent-rolls? taxing ledgers:

Lus on Window, K.'s Arms. Our representative to he, For weel he's worthy a' that. The Election Ballads. II. Repair. Broken trade o' Broughton.

The Election Ballads. IV. Reproach. Save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,

Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford. Repair, to. . Poet. Inscription. Thy own reproach alone dost fear, . Theo through the dews I will repair, . S. Now rosy May t He need na fear their foul reproach A loss these evil days can ne'er repair! The Author's Cry and Prayer. On Death of R. Dundas. An' to the muckle house repair,
Wi' instant speed, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 18. Reprobation. To save them from stark reprobation.

The Election Ballads. III. Reptile. Or to the N-th-rt-n repair, And turn a Carpet-weaver Aff-hand . The Ordination. 9. The worm that gnaws my bonie trees, As on the banks t To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,

The Whistle. 10. "That Reptile wears a Ducal crown! Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose. Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Epit. on Walter S -. And deal from iron hands the spare repast; Ep. fr. Esopus. Sic a reptile was Wat, "In his flesh there's a famine," Repay. Her een sae honie blue betray, How she repays my passion; S. O poortith cauld, t A stary'd reptile cries: A starv'd reptile cries:
And far he thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn.
S. How pleasant the banks † But I'se repeat each poor man's pray'r, A Ded. to G. H., 13. Foodly he'll repeat her name; S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t Mansions that would disgrace the building-taste
Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast; The Brigs of Ayr. 8. Repeated. Repeated, successive, for many long years, S. Caledonia. Never, never reptile thief Repel. No arts could appease them, no arms could repel;
S. Caledonia. To Miss C. Riot on thy virgio leaf! . Repulse. Sketch. New-Yr's-Day. (A sight life's sorrows to repulse, And oft repell'd th' Invader's shock. Add. to Edinburgh. 5. Reputation. . S. Handsome Nell. Repent. Her reputation is complete, My loss I mourn, but not repent it, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12. Here's a reputation Tint by Balmaghie.

The Election Ballads. IV. Repentance. And whare will ye get Howes and Clintons
To bring them to a right repentance? . Add. of Beelzebub. . The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. What is reputation's care? Request. Why arge the only, one request You know I will deny! S. Talk not of Love ? Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance; Add. sp by Fontenelle. And proffer up to Heaven the warm request, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Where infamy with sad repentance dwells; Ep. fr. Esopus. I little thought the time was near, Repentance I should buy sae dear: A last request permit me here, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L. . S. Young Jamie, t A daimen-icker in a thrave To a Mouse. 'S a sma' request: , Repine.

(Oh, do thou grant This one request of mine!) . Winter.

Then, man my soul with firm resolves
To hear and not repine! A Prayer under Press. of Anguish,

Request, to. Sir, as your mandate did request, The Inventory.

"Awake, resound thy latest lay, . Lament for Glencairn.

"Awake, resound toy takes, a.g., As eager runs the market-crowd, When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud; Tam o' Shanter, 17. The Poet did request,
To lowse his pack an' wale a sang, The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. Requested. The trembling earth resounds his tread, . To a Haggis. From the white hlossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested,
A sprig her fair breast to adorn; Spoke extem. to yng Lady. Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds. Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Requiem. Resounded. And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill. The Whistle. 3. And loud resounded mirth and dancing. Tam o' Shanter. 10. And every bird thy requiem sings : . . To Miss C. Respect. To pay your queen, with due respect,
My fealty an' subjection . . A Dream. 8. Requit. But, in requit. Has blest me with a random shot
O' countra wit. In respect for the love and affection he'd showed her. To 1. S., 6. She reduc'd him to dust, and sue drank up the Powder Requited. By my love so ill requited; S. Stay, my charmer t Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Resemble. The heart benevolent and kind Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence, The most resembles God. A Winter Night. 11. Not to show her respect, but to save the expence. Not to show ner respect, out to account with the work of wisdom denied her respect,

Monody, on a Lady. Epit. The leafless trees my fancy please, Their fate resembles mine! . . Winter. Resentment. For prodigal thoughtless bestowing, His merit has won him respect. The Election Ballads. III. Dead, even resentment, for his injured page, To R. G. of F., 5. Reserve. A heapet stimpart, I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you. A Guid New Year 17. And served me with due respect;
S. The lass that made the bed. Respect, to. Friends, that parting tear reserve it, . S. Scenes of woet But, oh! [ye maggots] respect his lordship's taste,
And spare his golden bindings. . . . The Book Worms. Reserv'd. Hail Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd!

Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Respected. Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
Your most obedient. Et. to I. R. 13. Reside. And winds by the cot where my Mary resides, S. Afton Water, Stuart, a name once respected, Poet, Add. to IV. Tytler. All, all my hopes of bliss reside Where Evan mingles with the Clyde. Stuart, a name once respected,
Scotland, my auld, respected Mither!

The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. S. Slow spreads the gloom t Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.
S. You wild mossy mountains t My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend, The Cotter's Sat. Night. Resign. If thou at Friendship's sacred ca' Wad life itself resign, El. on Capt. M. H. Epit. Weel-pleas'd to think her hairn's respected like the lave. Ib. Respecting. 'This lower world I you resign; . . . Nature's Law, And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art: . Despondency, an Ode. 4. Its joys and griefs alike resign. . S. O bonic was you rosy t Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign, Respects. On Death of R. Dundas, My kindest, hest respects I sen' it. Auld comrade t Gladly how would I resign thee [Life], . S. Raving Winds t Respectueuse. And would you ask me to resign Faites mes baissemains respectueuse,
To sentimental sister Susie, . . . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13. The sole reward that crowns my pain. S. The capt. Ribband. And resign to Parent Earth Respekit [respected]. The lovliest form she e'er gave birth. . . To Miss C. Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respekit, The Trua Herds, 4. Since to enjoy Thou dost deny, Assist me to resign! Winter. Responsive. Resigned. Still fan the sweet connubial flame With soul resolved, with soul resigned; . Poet. Inscription. Responsive in each bosom, . S. Young Peggy t Thus, resigned and quiet, creep Rest. There was ae sang, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,

Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 3. . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.. To the hed of lasting sleep; . Resist. Resist the crumbling touch of time; . On Lincluden. Nothing could resist my Nancy: . S. One fond kiss t The Q[ueen], and the rest of the gentry, Poet. Add. to Tytler. Resisted. Tak a' the rest, . . . Scotch Drink 21 What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted. Add. to Unco Guid. 8. For Nannie, far before the rest, Hard upon noble Maggie prest, Hard upon noble Maggie press, .
I'll make thy days easy the rest of thy life:

The Poor Thresher. . Tam o' Shanter, 18. Registless. And all resistless charming, . . . S. Mark yonder Pomp†
Resistless desolution; . . . The Election Ballads, VI. If ance I had my lovely treasure,
Let the rest admire and die.

S. Will ye go and marry † And reign'd resistless king of love. . S. Young Jamic, + Rest. Resolve. Rest I canna get For thinking o' my dearie. S. Ay waking, Q † Then, man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine! . A. A Prayer under Anguish. To bear and not repine:

Come Firm Resolve take thou the van,

To Dr. Blacklock. It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank, To purchase peace and rest; Ep. to Davie 5. When heart-corroding care and grief Deprive my soul of rest, Ib. q. Resolve, to. Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar, Resolve to drink, nay, half to whore no more; Ep. fr. Esopus. An honest man here lies at rest, . . Epit. on a Friend. O, do thou kindly lay me low With him I love at rest. . S. Fate gave the word, t His awful chair of state resolves to mount, . The Vowels. Breathing in the breeze that fans her, Resolved. -'d. . S. Highland Mary. Soothe her bosom into rest: . Resolv'd was I, at least to try,
To mend my situation, O. . S. My father was a farmer t My head and my heart, now quo' she, are at rest. Jenny M'Craw † With soul resolved, with soul resigned; . Poet. Inscription. The mavis mild wi' many a note, Resolv'd to meet some ither day. . . The Twa Dogs. 35. Sings drowsy day to rest: Lament of Mary of Scots. With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye, Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest, · · · To Ruin. I saw they were resolved a' S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite t . . . What ails ye now t Welcome the hour, my aged limbs On my oppression. Resolutely. And resolutely keep its [Honor's] laws. Man was made to Mourn. Are laid with thee at rest ! Uncaring consequences. Ep. to Young Friend. 8. The curtain draws of Nature's rest, . S. Now rosy May t On peace and rest my mind was bent,
S. O ay my wife she dang. Resort. But chiefly the woods were her favirite resort. S. Caledonia. Resound. There's mony a lass has broke my rest, S. O lay thy loof t Thou dart of Heav'n that flashest by,

S. O mirk, mirk † Thou stock dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen. S. Afton Water.

She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

Ode to Mem. of Mrs. --

She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest! Ode to Mem. of Mrs	Resurrection.
His bosom ill at rest S. On a bank of flowers t	And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection! The Brigs of Ayr. S.
Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest, No more of rest, but now thy dying hed!	Retire. The sun from India's shore retires S. Slow spreads the gloom t
On seeing wounded Hare. My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest, On Death of fav. Child.	The youngling Cottagers retire to rest; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
But I look to the West when I gae to rest, S. Out over the Forth †	"Let me, O Lord! from life retire, The Hermit. Retired.
There, low he lies, in lasting rest: [v.A.15] Tam Samson's El. And little fishes' caller rest: S. The Contented Cottager. Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend, The Cotter's Sat. Night.	All creatures retired to rest, S. The sun he is sunk† Retreat. No shelter or retreat, S. How cruel† Or find a sheltering, safe retreat, From prone descending showers. The Petition of Br. Water.
The youngling Cottagers retire to rest: Ib. 18. For why? that God the good adore Hath givn them peace and rest, The 1st Psalm.	Retreat, to. While summer with a matron grace Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade, Add. to Shade of Thomson.
All creatures retired to rest, . S. The sun he is sunk †	Retreating. The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh; The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Her cares for a moment at rest:	Retrieve. Retrieve its doom and take its place. S. The capt. Ribband.
I never more shall know!	Return. a' the pride of Spring's return S. Sweet fa's the eve t
When a' to rest are gaun, O S. The Taylor he cam † But praise he blest, my mind's at rest, S. The tither morn †	Sae fam'd for his gratefu' return? The Election Ballads, III.
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment The Twa Dogs. 16.	Alas! can I make it no better return! S. The small birds †
Ben i' the Spence, right pensivelle, I gaed to rest The Vision. D. I. 2.	Return, to.
Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,	With "Mary, when shall we return, "Sic pleasure to renew?" S. As down the burn †
S. The winter it is past † And love will break the soundest rest. S. There was a lass †	Peruse them an' return them quickly; Auld comrade †
The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane:	The soger frae the wars returns, S. It was a' for † And at night she'll return to her nest hack again.
S. There's auld Rob M. † Then I maun rin amang the rest . Third Ep. to J. Lap.	S. Lns on a Ploughman. I've seen you weary winter-sun
Where is thy place of hissful rest? To Mary in Heaven.	Twice forty times return; Man was made to mourn. 3.
But peace attune thy gentle soul to rest, To Miss Graham	As annual it returns,
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest); To R. G. of F O Dulness! portion of the truly blest!	Sae may it on your heads return! S. O Logan! sweetly † Return again, fair Lesley,
Calm sheltered haven of eternal rest!	Return to Caledonie! S. O saw ye bonie L. †
And give a love-lorn maiden rest! . S. To thee, lov'd Nith †	The past returns, the present flies; On Lincluden. The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,
Yet never met with that surprise That broke my rest, . V.s to J. Ranken.	On Death of fav. Child.
I can feel by its throbbings, will soon be at rest. S. Wae is my heart t	The hollow caves return a sullen moan. On Death of R. Dundas.
Rest, to. Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest, Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.	Return, ye moments of delight, S. Slow spreads the gloom † The day returns, my bosom hurns, S. The day returns †
Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, S. O were my love t "The passing moment's all we rest on!"	Again thon say'st 'Ye sons of men, 'Return ye into nought!'. The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps
Rest on-for what? what do we here? Sketch. New-Ir's-Day.	An' echos hack return the shouts; The Holy Fair. 21.
Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be! Tam Samson's El., 14. Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers, S. Wandering Willie.	And listen mony a grateful bird Return you tuneful thanks. The Petition of Br. Water. And now a widow I must mourn
And hird and heast, in covert, rest, And pass the heartless day Winter.	The pleasures that will ne'er return; The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
Here, firm, I rest, they must be best, Because they are Thy Will!	Scenes, never, never to return! The Lament.
Restless. I, listless, yet restless, Find every prospect vain. Despondency, an Ode, 2.	As hleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns, They get the jovial, rantan Kirns, The Twa Dogs. 19.
I restless lie frae e'en to morn, S. How lang and dreary t	Return him safe to fair Strathspey, S. The young Highl. Rover.
O poortith cauld, and restless love, Ye wreck my peace hetween ye; S. O poortith cauld t	So Clootie was glad to return wi' his pack, S. There liv'd ance a carle †
Their nights, unquiet, lang an' restless . The Twa Dogs. 30.	And all the tribute of my heart returns, To R. Graham.
And heard the restless rattons squeak Ahout the riggin The Vision. D. I. 3.	Return sae dowf and weary O: S. When o'er the hill † Thon mind'st me of departed joys,
Fame a restless, airy dream; . Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.	Departed, never to return S. Ye banks and bracs †
Restoration. A joyful noise, even for the king His restoration. New Psalmody.	Returned, -'d. Till, thence returned, they softly stray
Restore.	O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay: . On Lincluden.
Till the Fates, nae mair severe, Friendship, Love and Peace restore. S. Frae the friends †	But, Och! he gaed and ne'er return'd! Tam Samson's El., 8. My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey, S. The young Highl. Rover.
Till Future Life, future no more, To light and joy the good restore, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	
Restored. And now thou hast restored our State,	Returning. All Creatures joy in the sun's returning, . S. Bonic Bell.
Pity our Kirk also; . New Psalmody. Restricked [restricted].	Meet ev'ry sad-returning night.
The real, harden'd wicked,	And joyless morn the same. Despondency, an Ode. 2. Ah! must the agonizing thrill,
Are to a few restricked; Ep. to Young Friend. 3. Restriction. Unaided through thy curs'd restriction; Lus on Back of Bank Note.	For ever har returning peace! The Lament, 2. The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning.
E' ain' show laid that curst restriction	S. The small birds rejoice
E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction On Aquavitæ; The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Mark Scotia's fond returning eye, It dwells upon Glencairn V.s below Picture.
Resume. "I saw my sons resume their ancient fire; On Death of Sir J. Blair.	And gentle Peace returning, S. When wild War's †

Reveal.	Could I the rich reward secure, S. O Mary at thy window †
howsoe'er our tongues may ill reveal it, Prologue, at Th., D As modest want the tale of woe reveals; To Miss Graham.	Yourself, you wait your bright reward. Sketch. New-Yr's Day. Fame, honest fame, his great his dear reward.
Revel. The princely revel may survey Our rustic dance wi' scorn; S. Behold, my love, †	The Brigs of Ayr.
Revel, to.	Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
While by their nose the tears will revel, Tam Samson's El	The sole reward that crowns my pain. S. The capt. Ribband.
Revenge.	(The Patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
Till Revenge, wi' lanrell'd head Bring our Banish'd hame again; S. Frae the friends †	His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!) The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces	'I come to give thee such reward,
Wanr nor their nonsense. To Rev. J. M'Math.	
But mean revenge, an' malice fause He'll still disdain,	These he thy guardian and reward; . To a young Lady. Reward, to.
Revere.	For its faith and truth reward it S. Sweetest May †
The great Creator to revere, Must sure become the Creature; Ep. to Young Friend. 9.	Rewarded, I am the man-and thus may still
This ivied cot revere! . Lns on Window F.'s C. Her.	True lovers he rewarded. S. When wild War's t
Virtue alone who dost revere, Poetical Inscription.	An' with rhetoric clause on clause
Revered, -'d.	To mak harangues; . The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Revered defender of heanteons Stuart, Poct. Add. to Tytler.	Rheum. Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows, Pity's flood there never rose. Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —. Rheumatics
My fathers, that name have rever'd on a throne; Ib. That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abrond:	Pity's flood there never rose. Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.	micumatics.
Reverend, -'rend. For you, right rev'rend O[snahnrg],	Rheumatics gnaw, or cholic squeezes; Add. to Toothache.
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter, A Dream, 12.	Rhyme. Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd an' ready, A Dream. 2. I winna ventur't in my rhymes
I've heard my rev'rend Graunie say, Add. to the Deil. 5.	quoth my man of rhymes Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Dread of hlack coats and rev'rend wigs, Letter to J. Goudie.	Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse.
Began the rev'rend sage; . Man was made to Mourn. Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie, Tam o' Shanter. 15.	In Prose or Rhyme. Add, to the Deil. 19.
Nae langer Rev'rend Men, their country's glory,	He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair, El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
In plain, braid Scots held forth a plain, braid story:	Then wi' a rhyme or song he lash't 'em, [poverty, care] Ib.
The Brigs of Ayr. q. And, in your lng, most reverend J-, The Calf.	And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme, Ep. to Davie.
Observ'd ye yon reverend lad	A land unknown to prose or rhyme; . Ep. to H. Parker. Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
Mak faces to tickle the Mob; The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 6.
The rev'rend grey-heards rav'd an' storm'd, To W. Simpson, P.S.	In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither, Ib., Ap. 21st. 7.
Keverence, - rence.	Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes! Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Draw near with pions rev'rence and attend! Epit. for Author's Father.	Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, Sir, ne'er deign to pernse:
Wi' reverence be it spoken; On dining with Daer.	Fragment, inser. to Fox.
Reverence, to. Reverence with lowly heart	Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains . Nature's Law. With future rhymes, an' other times,
Him whose wondrons work thou art; Wr. in Hermitage, F. C.	To emulate his sire:
keverentiai.	Fareweel, my rhyme-composing billie!
With deep-struck reverential awe, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I. Rev'rently.	On Scot. Eard gne to W. I. when you read the simple artless rhymes, Once fondly lov d †
His honnet rev'rently is laid aside, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	Lament in rhyme, lament in prose, . Poor Mailie's El
Rever'st. Thon, who thy hononr as thy God rever'st,	For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Lns sent to Sir J. Whiteford. Revers'd. Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war,	Does little or maething at a', man. Ronalds of Bennals. Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill,
On Death of Sir 1. Blair.	An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will, . Scotch Drink. 21.
Review.	Leeze me on rhyme! it's ay a treasure, Second Ep. to Davie.
Your news and review, Sir, I've read through and through, Sir, To Capt. Riddel.	The other day, When you sent me some rhyme, Symon Gray† The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes? The Brigs of Ayr.
Revlew, to.	A panegyric rhyme, I ween.
When a' my works I did review, . A Ded. to G. H., 12.	A panegyric rhyme, I ween, Ev'n as I was he shor'd me; The Petition of Br. Water.
Reviewer. Our friends the reviewers, those chippers and hewers,	But stringing blethers up in rhyme For fools to sing The Vision. D. I. 4.
To Capt. Riddel.	'Thy rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase,
Revisit. And joy shall revisit my bosom no more.	'Thy rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase, 'In uncouth rhymes, Ib. D. II., 12.
Reviving. Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.	if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme, The Whistle. 17.
When flow'r-reviving rains are past; S. On Cessnock banks †	Then back I rattle on the rhyme As gleg's a whittle! There's naethin like†
Revolution.	But to conclude my silly rhyme, To Dr. Blacklock.
And here's the grand fabric, our free Constitution, As built on the base of the great Revolution;	Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme, To J. S., 4.
At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.	'Grant me but this, I ask no more, 'Ay rowth o' rhymes Ib. 21.
But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions, With bloody armaments and revolutions:	And [wish and] pray in rhyme sincere,
The Rights of Woman	A' gude things may attend you! . To Miss Ferrier.
Reward. Is this thy faithful swain's reward,	To you I dedicate the hour In idle rhyme. To Rev. J. M'Math.
An aching hroken heart, S. Canst thou leave me thus	My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants, What ails ye now t
Yet while the busy means are ply'd.	Rhyme, to.
They hring their own reward: Despondency, an Ode. 2. Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all!	Syne rhyme till't, well time till't, And sing't when we hae done Ep. to Davie. 4.
In rain and Dondana +	'So dinna ye affront your trade, 'But rhyme it right. Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 4.
And lo! the Bard, a great reward, Has got a double portion!	So I can rhyme nor write nae mair; Ep. to J. R., Ap. 21st, 4.
77	

Some rhyme a neebor's name to lash; Some rhyme, (vain thought!) for needfu' cash; Some rhyme to court the countra clash,	Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind. To Miss Graham. Clad in rich dulness' comfortable fur. To R. G. of F., 3.
I rhyme for fun	The poor in gear, we're rich in love, S. When wild War's t
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose, I rhyme away. 1b. 25.	How rich the hawthorn's blossom; S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t
Rhyme-composing.	Not Gowrie's rich valley, S. Fon wild mossy mountains
Fareweel, 'my rhyme-composing brither! To W. Simpson.	Rich-clust'ring. See future wines, rich-clust'ring rise:
thyme-inspiring.	Rich-clust'ring. See future wines, rich-clust'ring rise: The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Auld Reekie dings them a' to sticks, For rhyme-inspiring lasses To Miss Ferrier.	Richard. And there will be wealthy young Richard. The Election Ballads. III.
Rhyme-proof. That I, henceforth, would be rhyme-proof Till my last breath The Vision. D. I. 6.	Richardton.
Rhymer.	Bold Richardton's heroic swell; [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
But just a Rhymer like by chance, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 9.	Richer. "Still richer breathes and fairer blows, S. O Phely,
I Rhymer Robin, alias Burns, . On dining with Daer.	Hicher. "Still richer breathes and fairer blows, S. O Phety,† Her lips still as she fragrant breath'd, It richer dy'd the rose. S. On a bank of flowers †
Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside.	Return, ye moments of delight, With richer treasures bless my sight!
Rhyming, -in.	S. Slow spreads the gloom t
Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,	Not but I had a richer share Than mony ithers; . To Dr. Blacklock.
I sit and count my sins by chapters; . Ep. to H. Parker.	A richer dye has graced them; S. Young Peggy †
Though fortune's road be rough an' hilly	Riches. Far less [right] to riches, pow'r or freedom,
To every fiddling, rhyming billie, Ep. to Maj. Logan.	Add. of Beelsebub. 3.
An' trowth my rhymin' ware's nae treasure: . Ib. 14.	My riches a's my penny-fee, . S. Behind you hills t
For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter Some less mann sair. Second Ep. to Davie.	And joys that riches ne'er could buy; . Ep. to Davie. 8.
Except it be some idle plan O' rhymin clink, Ib.	Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,
	Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live; Ep. to K. Granam. 3.
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether, Tam Samson's dead! Tam Samson's El. 12.	The warly race may riches chase, An' riches still may fly them, O; S. Green grow the Rashes.
A rhyming, ranting, raving hillie, The Twa Dogs. And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade. To R. G. of F	How cruel are the parents Who riches only prize,
Rhymin-ware. An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware, Wi' ane anither. Ep. to f. L-k, Ap. 1st, 18.	Riches denied, thy boon was purer joys.
	Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
I've sent you here some rhymin ware, Ep. to J. R. 5.	What care I in riches to wallow, S. Tam Glen. That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Ribbon, Ribban, Ribband. Although a ribban at your lug	Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches), Tam o' Shanter. 15.
Wad been a dress compleater: A Dream, 12.	I see how folk live that hae riches:
Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet, . S. Ca' the Ewes.	But surely poor-folk mann be wretches! The Twa Dogs. 14.
We'll sew a green ribban round about his hat,	Richest.
S. Laay mary Ann.	In richest ore the brightest jewel set! El. on Miss Burnet.
Dear Myra, the captive ribband's mine, S. The capt. Ribband. The Ribband shall its freedom lose	Richly. Or. richly brown, ream owre the brink Scotch Drink. 2.
	Or, richly brown, ream owre the brink, . Scotch Drink. 2. But there it streams an richly reams,
For why, a lord may be a gonk, Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that [re.] The Election Ballads. II.	My Helicon I ca' that The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
His ribband, star, and a' that, . S. The Honest Man.	Richly deck thy native stem; To Miss C.
A feather in his honnet and a ribbon at his knee,	Richly-gleaming.
S. There grows a bonic t	These, their richly-gleaming waves,
They gied me rings and ribbons fine; S. Where Cart rins	I leave to tyrants and their slaves; S. Streams that glide †
Rich, drooping rich the dewy head, S. A Rosebud by myt	Ricket. The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger? Ep. fr. Esopus.
Say, you'll be merry tho' you can't be rich. Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Piokio Gin of pioks a small hear; a small pick of
Yet rich in kindest, truest love, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †	Rickle [dim. of rick; a small heap; a small rick of grain, not higher than a man can reach, set up
maiden May, in rich array, S. But lately seen t	in the field].
Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize, El. on Miss Burnet.	Nor kick your rickles aff their legs, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
If Happiness hae not her seat	Riddell. Riddell, much lamented man! Lns, on Window in F.'s C. Her
And center in the breast,	th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies. Sonnet, on Death of R
We may be wise, or rich, or great, But never can be blest:	Riddle.
Were this the charter of our state, On pain o' hell he rich an' great, ' Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 21st, 14.	Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle, The Jolly Beggars. R. V.
On pain o' hell he rich an' great, Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 21st, 11.	Ride. Should rue this hasty ride, Ep. to Davie. 11.
See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew, S. I do confess t	Ride, to. An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride Wi' maiden air! A Gude New-Year † 6.
Clarinda, rich reward! o'erpays them all! In vain wld Prudence †	
Vet, think not all the Rich and Great,	The ship rides by the Berwick-law, . S. My bonie Mary.
Are likewise truly blest Man was made to Mourn.	There's no a heart that fears a Whig, That rides by Kenmure's hand.
Tho' to be rich was not my wish, Yet to be great was charming, O:	That rides by Kenmure's hand. S. O Kenmure's on and awa t
S. My father was a farmer† But now I've found a treasure	Though I canna ride in weel-hooted pride, Ronalds of Bennals.
Too rich for a king to huy S. My Love's a winsome t	The hour approaches Tam maun ride; Tam o' Shanter. 7.
Could I the rich reward secure, S. O Mary at thy window †	Wi' winged spurs did ride, The Election Ballads. V.
And there will be rich brother Nabobs,	I like a blockhead boost to ride, The Inventory.
The Election Ballads, 111.	I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair ;
There is a second of the secon	Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car, S. Tibbic Dunbar,
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig, And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value. The Kirk's Alarm.	
The Kirk's Alarm.	Riding, -in.
Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny vallies, S. Their groves of t	An' warn him ay at ridin time, To stay content wi' yowes at hame; [v.A.3] The Death of Mailie.
Take away these rosy lins.	
Rich with balmy treasure: S. Thine am IT	Here, farmers gash, in ridin graith, . The Holy Fair. 7.
Warm-reekin, rich!	In days when riding was nae crime The Inventory.
	I .

Rief [reaving; v. also Reif].	I set her down, wi' right good will, S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief,	right an' tight in thack an' raep The Twa Dogs. 10.
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,	Are handed round wi' right guid will;
Rifled. Rifled ilka charm about her S. Donald Brodie †	His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; Ib. 30.
Pig [a pidge]	right pensivelie, I gaed to rest The Vision. D. I. 2.
I'll flit thy tether, To some hain'd rig, A Guid New-Year † 18.	
A Guid New-Year † 18.	An' a' the vittel in the yard, Au' theekit right, . Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 2.	Na faith ve vet! ve'll no be right,
Sin I could striddle owre a rig;	Na faith ye yet! ye'll no be right, Till ye've got on it, To a Louse.
Our Stibble-rig was Rab M'Graen, Halloween. 16.	My sooth! right hauld ye set your nose out, Ib.
O gear will buy me rigs o' land, . S. In simmer when t	Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is, To Dr. Blacklock.
The stibble rig is easy plough'd, S. O can ye labour lea †	That, wielded right, Maks Hours like Minutes, To J. S., 12.
Could rank my rig and lass; . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	To right or left, eternal swervin, Ib. 19.
Lammas night, When corn rigs are bonie, S. The Rigs o' Barley.	a true good fallow Wi' right ingine, To Mr. J. Kennedy.
S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Is grown right eerie now she's done it, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Amang the rigs o' barley: [re.]	Au' stay ae mouth among the Moons
Corn rigs, an' harley rigs, An' corn rigs are bonie:	An' see them right. To W. Simpson. P.S.
I'll ne'er forget that happy night, Amang the rigs' wi' Aunie. Ib.	"If that your right hand, leg, or toe,
But he sae trig Lap o'er the rig, . S. The tither morn t	"Should ever prove your spiritual foe, What ails ye now the She's twisted right, she's twisted left, S. Willie Wastlet
I hae as gude a craft rig	
As made o' yird and stane; . S. There's news, lasses †	Right, s. Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire,
May Boreas never thrash your rigs, Third Ep. to J. Lap	May to Patrician rights aspire! Add. of Beelzebub.
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig, S. When o'er the hill t	They ! they he d d! what right hae they
Rigg'd. Weel rigg'd for Venus harter; . A Dream. 13.	To meat, or sleep, or light o' day?
Riggin [the top or ridge of a house].	And wha wad betray Old Albions rights,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin, On Grose's Peregrinations.	May they never eat of her bread! S. Here's a health to them t
And heard the restless rattons squeak	
Ahout the riggin The Vision. D. I. 3.	Supported is his right: Man was made to Mourn.
Right, adj. adv.	Dare invade your native right, . On scaring Water fowl.
Faith, you and A[pplecros]s were right Add. of Beelzebub.	The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong: On Death of R. Dundas.
To hring them to a right repentance?	if howls row right, and right succeeds, [v. A.12]
At my right-hand assign'd your seat, Ib. 5.	Scots Prologue.
Right on ye scud your sea-way; . Add. to Unco Guid. 4.	The royal right of Albany S. The bonie Lass of Alb
Ye gallants bright I rede ye right S. A Mastrin's bonie Anne.	For fools will prate o' right and wrang, The Election Ballads. I.
It spak right howe,- 'My name is Death,	The Election Ballads. I.
Death and Dr. Horubook. 9.	Yet luckily roars in the right 16. 111.
If self the wavering balance shake,	Yerl Galloway lang did rule this land Wi' equal right and fame, Ib. V.
It's rarely right adjusted! Ep. to Young Friend. 3.	Wi equal right and lame, 10. V.
The heart ay's the part ay, That makes us right or wrang Ep. to Davie. 5.	Right to the wrang did yield: S. The Highl, Widow's Lament.
That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,	But ne'er a word o' faith in That's right The Holy Fair. 15.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 3.	He gave him the rights of it all in his hand.
So dinna ye affront your trade,	S. The Poor Thresher.
But rhyme it right	And even children lisp the Rights of Man ;
Au' never think o' right au' wrang By square au' rule, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.	The Rights of Woman.
With possions so potent and fancies so bright	The Rights of Woman merit some attention Ib.
With passions so potent and fancies so bright, No man with the half of 'em e'er weut quite right,	One sacred Right of Woman is protection
Fragment, inscr. to Fox.	Our second Right—but needless here is caution, To keep that right inviolate's the fashion,
Right fear't that night	
Thy strong right hand, L-d make it bare,	For Right the third, our last, our best, our dearest, That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.	Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
He turn'd him right and round about, . S. It was a for	Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration! Ib.
She has promis'd right soon to be mine. S. My Love's a winsome t	His right are these hills, and his right are these vallies, S. The small birds †
On right, on left, and every hand,	And equal rights and equal laws
We saw none to deliver New Psalmody.	Wad gladden every isle, man The Tree of Liberty.
And wasna Cockpen right saucy witha', S. O when she cam ben t	In the cause of right engaged, S. Thickest night †
	An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,
Your native soil was right ill-willie; On Scot. Bard gue to W. I.	To ruin straight To Rev. J. M'Math.
And we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught.	What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law, [re.] S. Ye Jacobites†
S. Should auld aquaintance t	Right, to.
Tam had got placted unco right; Tam o' Shanter. 5.	My fathers have fallen to right it; Poet. Add. to Tytler.
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd, Ib. 11.	Righted.
In formless jumble, right an' wrang, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	For never but hy British hands
A blackguard smuggler, right hehint her, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 8.	Maun British wrangs be righted. S. Does haughty Gaul,
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 8.	Righteous.
Some fell for wrang and some for right, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	The Rigid Righteous is a fool, The Rigid Wise anither: , Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.
	Pi-14
Corhies and Clergy are a shot right kittle: The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	Righteousness.
Right, Sir! your text I'll prove it true, The Calf.	Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
I set me down wi' right good will,	Rightful, -fu'. Thy fair-won, rightful spoil.
To sing my Highland Lassie O. S. The Highl. Lassie.	Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
Whose strong right hand has ever been	It was a' for our rightfu' king
Their stay and dwelling-place? The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.	We left fair Scotland's strand; [re.] . S. It was a for t
busy bleth'ran Right loud The Holy Fair. 8.	Rightly. Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
But ne'er a word o' faith in That's right 16. 16.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 4.
	•

Right Worshipful.	Ringlet.
By our Right Worshipful anointed, . To a Medical Gent.	Twas not her golden ringlets bright, S. I gaed a waefu't
Rigid.	Sae flaxen were her ringlets, S. Sae flaxen
Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just! Add, to Edinburgh, 6.	Rink [a term in curling, the course of the stones].
The Rigid Righteous is a fool, The Rigid Wise anither: Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.	Or up the rink like Jehu roar In time o' need: . Tam Samson's El. 5.
But still the preaching capt forbear	Rinnan, -in [running].
But still the preaching cant forbear, And ev'n the rigid feature: . Ep. to Young Friend. 9.	An' young an auld come rinnan out,
Rigour.	Or in gulravage rinnin scow'r
Or Phineas drove the murdering blade,	To pass the time, . To Rev. J. M. Math.
Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour; The Ordination. 4.	Riot. No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
Rigwoodie [lit. ridge-withe; a rough rope or chain, originally a withe, lald over the saddle to support	With decency and law beneath his feet; Prologue, sp. by Woods.
the cart-shafts; resembling a rigwoodie].	Stranger, if full of youth and riot,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a fonl, . Tam o' Shanter. 14.	And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet, The Hermit.
Rill. Far mark'd with the courses of clear, winding rills;	Would swagger, swear, get drnnk, kick up a riot, The Rights of Woman.
S. Afton Water.	Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er; The Whistle. 13.
Yon wand'ring rill, that marks the hill, S. Damon and Sylvia.	In unroar and riot rejoice the night long:
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear; Delia. An Ode.	In approar and riot rejoice the night long; Ye true "Loyal Nat.s."
I joyless view thy trembling horn,	Riot, to. Or else neglecting a' that's guid,
Reflected in the gurgling rill The Lament.	They riot in excess! Ep. to Davie, 6.
Concealing the course of the dark winding rill;	And riots wanton in forbidden fields! To Clarinda.
S. The lazy mist † Rimpled. And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;	Never, never reptile thief Riot on thy virgin leaf! To Miss C. Rip. I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.	Ripe. Her lips are like the cherries ripe, S. On Cessnock banks †
Rin [to run].	Rinen "O! why has Worth so short a date?
The water rins o'er the heugh, S. Ay waukin, O.	"While villains ripen grey with time!
The ready measure rins as fine, Ep. to Davic. 11.	Lament for Giencairn.
And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp, And rin an unco fit:	Ripen'd. ripen'd fields, and azure skies, The Vision. D. II. 15. "I burn, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn,
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear,	"By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne!
The vera wee-things, toddlan, rin.	To Clarinda.
Wi' stocks out owre their shouther: Ib.	Rip'ning.
'Let fortune's wheel at random rin, S. O Phely, †	The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn By early Winter's ravage torn; . S. The gloomy night †
Whare Tay rins wimplin by sae clear; S. O whare did ye get †	Riper.
An' now she's like to rin red-wnd	How ill exchang'd for riper times, Despondency, an Ode. 5.
About her Whisky. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Beat hemp for others, riper for the string: Ep. fr. Esopus.
An' rin her whittle to the hilt	Riplin-kame [a comb for dressing flax].
I' th' first she meets! Ib. 17.	He claw'd her wi' the riplin-kame, . S. Had I the wyte †
Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither, To stan' or rin,	Ripp [a handful of unthrashed corn].
tentie rin A cannie errand to n neebor town:	Hae, there's a ripp to thy and haggie: A Guid New-Year † Wi' taets o' hay, an' ripps o' corn. The Death of Mailie.
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Ripple [a weakness in the back and reins].
An' no to rin an' wear his cloots, . The Death of Mailie.	But now she's got an unco ripple, . Letter to J. Goudie.
Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks, In twisting strength I rin; The Petition of Br. Water.	Rise. 'To vent thy bosom's swelling rise, 'In pensive walk, The Vision. D. II. 15.
Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie S. The Laddies by †	
We'll light a spunk, and ev'ry skin,	Rise, to. Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, 'Willie, rise! . A Fragment. &.
We'll rin them aff in fusion Like oil, some day. The Ordination. 14.	There Architecture's noble pride
Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e, My tears rin down like rain. The Ruined Maid's Lament.	Bids elegance and splendor rise; Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
My tears rin down like rain. The Ruined Maid's Lament.	Till in some miry slough he sunk is, Ne'er mair to rise Add. to the Deil. 13.
Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands, And Tweed rins to the ocean S. The Union.	There daily I wander as noon rises high, S. Afton Water.
Then I maun rin amang the rest . Third Ep. to J. Lap	Who said that not the soul alone,
I wad he laith to rin an' chase thee,	But body too must rise Epit. on a Laird.
Wi' murd'ring pattle! To a Mouse.	If ever he rise, it will be to be d—'d. Extem. on "the Marquis."
Where Cart rins rowing to the sea, S. Where cart rins † Ring. When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,	Dost thou not rise, indignant Shade,
Eb, to Young Friend, 10.	Extem, on Commem.s of Inomson,
My Sandy gied to me a ring, Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine; S. My Sandy gied †	Ahove the world on wings of love I rise, In vain wild Prudence †
Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine; S. My Sandy gied † I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring	Till painting gay the eastern skies,
Mark our jovial, ragged ring! The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	The glorious sun began to rise; . S. It was the charming t
The wight over city +	Twill make your courage rise John Barleycorn.
And in token of favour he gave him a ring. The Poor Thresher.	Sun and moon hut set to rise; . S. Let not woman † The lav rock in the morning she'll rise frae her nest,
The Poor Thresher.	S. Lus on a Ploughman.
But seeing the ring, then she stood in amaze Ib.	O rise and let me in, jo S. O Lassie, art thou t
They gied me rings and ribbons fine; S. Where Cart rins t	Wha first shall rise to gang awa,
Ring, to. Makes woodland echoes ring; Lament of Mary of Scots.	A cuckold coward loun is he! S. O Willie brew'd †
Makes woodland echoes ring; Lament of Mary of Scots. Till block an' studdie ring an' reel	Never to rise again, Oh! S. Oh, open the door,† When pale the morning rises keen.
	S. On Cessnock banks † Sett 11.
Nae mair the grove with airy concert riogs, The Brigs of Ayr.	See from his cavern grim Oppression rise, On Death of R. Dundas.
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. The Whistle.	Where braving angry winter's storms,
	The lofty Ochils rise, S. Feggy Chaimers.
But let the kirk-folk ring their bells, Third Ep. to J. Lap	Firm may she rise with generous disdain Prologue, sp. by Woods,

Is there no daring Bard will rise and tell Scots Prologue.	With linked hands we took the sands,
If Honest Worth in heaven rise,	Down by you winding river; S. As I gaed up by †
Ye'll mend or ye win near him. Tam Samson's El., Epit	O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
See future wines, rich-clust'ring rise;	Oft have ye heard my canty strains: El. on Capt. M. H., II.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise!	that unknown river, Life's dreary bound! Ib. 15. Or drowned in the river Forth? Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
The Brigs of Ayr. 7. Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.	Come, let us sweep them off, said they, Like an o'erflowing river New Psalmody.
	There wild-woods grow, and rivers row, S. Of a' the airts †
Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent, A virtuous Populace may rise the while, Ib. 20.	By a river hoarsely roaring S. Raving winds †
For a' the real judges rise.	Or like the snow falls in the river,
They canna sit for anger The Holy Fair. 14.	S. The Posie.
He rises when he likes himsel; The Twa Dogs. 8.	Here, rivers in the sea were lost; . The Vision. D. I. 13.
But now a rumour's like to rise, A whnup's i' the nest. V.s to J. Ranken.	by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river, S. True hearted was he
Gif I rise and let you in, S. Wha is that at †	
Risen.	No more a-winding the course of yon river, S. Where are the joys †
Are frae their nuptial labors risen: A Ded. to G.H., 14.	Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
Rising.	Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
Shunning soft Pity's rising swny, . A Winter Night, 8. Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock, . Add. to Edinburgh. 5.	Rivulet "let. Where the mossy riv'let strays, . On scaring Water-fowl,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers	Down from the rivulets, red with dashing rains,
The birks of Aberfeldy. S. Bonie lassie, will ye go †	On Death of R. Dundas,
The rising Moon hegan to glowr The distant Cumnock hills out-owre;	Road. How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' scriegh, An' tak the road! . A Gude New-Year † 8.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 4.	We took the road ay like a Swallow:
His bristling beard just rising in its might, Extem. on W. Smellie.	Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past.
And blude red wine's the rysin Sun. S. Gane is the day †	S. Contented wi' little † O Life! Thou art a galling load.
Now on the rising gale swell high, On Lincluden,	Along a rough, a weary road, Despondency, an Ode.
When rising Phoebus first is seen, . S. On Cessnock banks t	Though fortune's road be rough an' hilly Ep. to Maj. Logan.
That slowly mount the rising steep;	His saul has ta'en some other way, I fear, the left-hand road Epit. on Holy Willie.
Gi'e me the lonely valley, The dewy eve, and rising moon; S. Sae flaxen	But O the road was very hard, . S. O Mally's meek,
	And sic a night he taks the rond in,
But feels his heart's bluid rising hot, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in. Tam o' Shanter. 7.
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers: The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	in fair virtue's heavenly road, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19. Three hizzies early at the road, The Holy Fair. 2.
Still rising by the plummet's law, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	For roads were clad, frae side to side,
He, rising, rejoicing,	Wi' monie a weary hody,
Between his twa Deborahs, The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. The rising sun, our Galston Muirs,	While Common-Sense has taen the road, Ib. 16.
Wi' glorious light was glintan; The Holy Fair.	He smell'd their ilka hole and road, Baith out and in, The Twa Herds. 6.
The palace rising on his verdant side; IVr. in Kenmore Inn.	Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin; To J. S., 19.
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	I see ye upward cast your eyes
Adore the rising sun, S. Ye Jacobites †	Ye ken the road Ib. 28.
Risked. He ventur'd the Soul, and I risked the Body,	Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam!
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	Add. to Edinburgh, 6,
Risket [made a noise like the tearing of roots]. Till sprittie knowes wad rair't, an' risket,	When in distant lands I roam; . S. Highl. Mary.
A Guid New Year. 12.	We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed; Monody, on a Lady.
Rite. The last, sad, mournful rites bestow! A Ded. to G. H., 14.	Tho' by the bye, abroad why will you roam?
Rival.	Roam'd.
Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast; S. On a bank of flowers t	In vain I've roam'd for pleasure, S. My Love's a winsome t
And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share	Roaming. The breezes idly roaming, S. Deluded Swain t
A rival place? . Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Bonie Doon, whare early roaming,
A hint o' a rival or twa, man, Ronalds of Bennals. Condemn'd to see my rival's reign, . S. The last time I †	First I weav'd the rustic sang S. Scenes of weet Then fareweel vacant, careless roamin; . To J. S., 14.
Rival, to.	Roar.
Delighted, rival other's lays: S. The Contented Cottager.	And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar, Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
Rivalship.	Rousing the turbid torrent's roar Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Its rivalship just i' the job The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	Across the rolling, dashing roar,
Rivan [riving].	I'll westward turn my wistful eye : S. Behold the hour t strumpets, relics of the drunken roar, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Rivan the words tae gar them clink; Second Ep. to Davic. Rive. 'Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew';	A boundless ocean's roar; S. From thee, Eliza †
Rive. 'Nae doubt they'll rive it wi' the plew'; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.	Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar; S. Had I a cave †
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,	S. Had I a cave †
Rives't aff their back Ep. to J. R., 3.	As set the warld in a roar O laughin' at us; Holy Willie's Prayer, 12.
Wee Pope, the knurlin, 'till him rives Horatian fame; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Listening to the doubling roar, S. How can my poor heart †
He rives his father's auld entails; The Twa Dogs. 23.	It's not the roar o' sea or shore, Wad make me lauger wish to tarry; S. My bonie Mary:
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,	And loud the tempest's roar: S. O mirk, mirk †
Bethaukit hums To a Haggis.	Nae mair he'll join the merry roar, On Scot. Bardgne to W. I.
Are riven out haith root an' branch, . The Twa Dogs. 21.	to the whistling blast and waters' roar,
River. Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays; S. Afton Water.	On Death of R. Dundas,
3. Afton Water.	Or haply lies heneath th' Atlantic roar. Once fondly lov'd †

Roar

Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main.
More welcome were to me grim winter's wildest roar.	We heard nought but the roaring linn, S. What will I do gin
Sonnet on Death of R The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar,	We heard nought but the roaring linn, S. What will I do gin The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods; Wr. by Fall of Fyers Roast.
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	
The Brigs of Ayr. 3. like ocean's roar When all his wintry billows pour. Against the Buchan Bullers. The Election Baliads, VI.	(And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret; . Form on Life Gie dreeping roasts to countra Lairds, . To J. S., 22
Tis not the surging billow's roar, . S. The gloomy night †	Roast, to.
For her I'll dare the billows' roar; S. The Highl. Lassie.	In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin! Tam o' Shanter, 18
He ended; and the kebars sheuk, Aboon the chorus roar; . The Jolly Beggars, R. II.	Roasting, -in.
And many a lesser torrent scuds, With seeming roar. The Vision. D. I 14.	My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin, Auld comrade dear Frae moin to een it's nought but toiling,
mid the venal Senate's roar,	At baking, roasting, frying, boiling; The Twa Dogs, of
'Delighted with the dashing roar; 16. 13.	Rob. Vours, saint or sinner, Rob The Ranter. Auld comrade
Across the Atlantic's roar? S. To Mary.	She pits hersel an' Rob in; [re.]
The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	I, Roh, am here. Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 21st, 10
Roar, to. There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell, Adam A-'s Prayer.	We may be poor, my Rob and 1, . S. In simmer when For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel O leave novels
start in Hamlet. in Othello roar; Ep. fr. Esopus.	And then you're prey for Rob Mossgiel
They roar an' cry a' throw ther;	'Tis rakish art in Rob Mossgiel
Trumpets sound and cannons roar,	Are all finesse in Rob Mossgiel
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar, . S. Highland Laddie.	Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair, S. O wha my babie-clouts: And Rob and Allan came to see; S. O Willie brew'd:
Whar damned devils roar and yell, Holy Willie's Prayer, 4.	And Rob and Allan came to see; . S. O Willie brew'd; There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen,
And now what seas between us roar,	Rob, to. S. There's auld Rob M.
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods; Tam o' Shanter. 10.	But hawks will rob the tender joys
Tam o' Shanter. 10,	That bless the little lintwhite's nest; S. There was a lass to Robb'd. And robb'd him at once of his hopes and his life:
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!" 1b. 16. Or up the rink like Jehn roar	S. Caledonia. 5.
In time o' need; . Tam Samson's El., 5.	Robe. Nature sees Her robe assume its vernal hues,
To think upon the raging sea, That mars between her gardens green	S. Again rejoic. Nature t That holy robe, O dinna tear it! Eft. to J. R., 3.
That roars between her gardens green And the bonie Lass of Albany. S. The bonie Lass of Alb.	Her robes, light waying in the breeze.
To hear you roar and rowte,	Her tender limbs embrace, S. On a bank of flowers Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
And there will be roaring Birtwhistle, Yet luckily roars in the right. The Election Ballads, III.	Heav'n gave me more, it made thee mine. S. The day returns t
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast, S. The gloomy night †	How many a robe sae gaily floats! The Fête Champetre.
And roar every note of the damn'd The Kirk's Alarm.	Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen, The Vision. D. I. 11.
And roars frae bank to brae;	The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug. To R. G. of F wi' holy robes, But hellish spirit. To Rev. J. M'Math.
toar'd. He roar'd a horrid murder-shout, Halloween. 20. Th' increasing blast roar'd round the beetling rocks,	There simmer first unfauld her robes.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Robert. S. Ye banks, and braces, and streams t
But seas between us braid ha'e roar'd S. Shld auld acquaintance †	Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scanr, The Whistle. 4.
Grim horror grin'd; pale terror roar'd	Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gained, 1b. 5.
As murder at his thrapple shor'd; The Election Ballads. VI. Then staggering, an' swaggering,	And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines 16.6. Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend 16.0.
He roar'd this ditty up The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend, Ib. 9. When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
oaring, -in, -an.	Turned o'er in one bumper a hottle of red, 1b. 14.
Whase distant roaring swells and fa's A Vision. Whyles, ranging like a roaran lion, Add. to the Deil. 4.	The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end; . 10. 16. Robie.
Whyles, ranging like a roaran lion, Add. to the Deil. 4. The foaming stream deep roaring fa's, S. Bonie Lassie†	But blythe's the blink o' Robie's e'e, S. In simmer when †
Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air The roaring blast, El. on Capt. M. H., 13.	Young Robie was the brawest lad, S. There was a lass †
	Robin.
'Twas laurell'd Martial roaring murder. Epig. on E.'s "Martial."	Now Robin lies in his last lair, El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
boundless oceans, roaring wide, . S. From thee, Eliza †	Yet that was never Robin's mark To mak a man;
Musing on the roaring ocean,	I Rhymer Robin, alias Burns, . On dining with Daer.
Which divides my love and me: S. Musing on the roaring t	An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape . Poor Mailie's El.,
O rattlin, roarin Willie, [re.] . S. Rattlin, roarin Willie.	Come, join the melancholious croon O' Robin's reed! . Ib.
By a river boarsely roaring S. Raving winds †	Now Robin, greetin', chows the bams O' Mailie dead! [v.A.19] 1b.
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on, The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; Tam o' Shanter. 3.	Wha met me but Robin S. Robin shure in hairst.
crashing ice, borne on the roaring speat, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	Was na Robin bauld,
And there will be roaring Birtwhistle,	Robin promis'd me A' my winter vittle; 1b. 1 doubt it's hardly worth the while,
Yet luckily roars in the right. The Election Ballads. III. Combustion thro' our boroughs rode,	To be sae nice wi' Robin S. There was a lad t
Whistling his roaring pack abroad, 16.17.	Robin was a rovin' boy,
The balf asleep start up wi' fear, An' think they hear it [hell] roaran, . The Holy Fair. 22.	Rantin' rovin' Robin!
Wild-roaring o'er a lian: . The Petition of Br. Water.	Blew hansel in on Robin
The Curlers quat their roaring play, . The Vision. D. I.	I think we'll ca' him Robin
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, Roaring by my lonely cave S. Thickest night †	We'll a' be proud o' Robin
Roaring by my lonely cave S. Thickest night † Ettrick banks now roaring red To W. Creech,	So blessin's on thee, Robin!

But oh, she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird; S. There's auld Rob t Auld Clinkum at the Inner port

Cry'd three times, "Robin!" What ails ye now † Robin, the. obin, the.

- - - the Robin's whistling glee,
Proud o' the height o' some bit half-lang tree:
The Brigs of Ayr. The robin in the hedge descends,

The Election Ballads. VI. The robin pensive Autumn chear, The Petition of Br. Water. Robinson ["a preacher, a favourite with the few"]. Or R[ohinson] again grown weel, To preach an' rend? . Tam Samson's El., Now R[ohinson] harangue nae mair, . The Ordination. 9. Rock. And the rocks melt wi' the sun ; S. A red, red Rose. The pond'rous wall and massy bar. Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock, Add. to Edinburgh. 5. . As on the banks t Dark as the frowning rock his brow, I might as weel hae try'd a quarry O' hard whin-rock. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18. Amang the rocks nn' streams To sport that night. Halloween. I'm here a pillar in thy temple, Strong as a rock, . Holy Willie's Prayer, 5. At Yarico's sweet notes of grief, Lus on Mrs. Kemble. The rock with tears had flow'd. Or, beneath the sheltering rock, Bide the surging billow's shock. On scaring Water-fowl. Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks: On Death of R. Dundas. Th' increasing blast roar'd round the heetling rocks, On Death of Sir J. Blair. And (Winter) hinds the mire like a rock: Tam Samson's EL. This rock my shield, when storms are blowing, The Hermit. Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,

The whiteing strength I rin; The Petition of Br. Water. Beneath the woods and rocks, aftentimes for a home, The Jolly Beggars. S. I. - - when the L-d makes a rock To crush common sense for her sins, . The Kirk's Alarm. Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends, Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Rock [a distaff]. For wi' the rock she wad him knock, S. Duncan Davison. Rock and reel and spinnin wheel, . . . S. Gat ye me, t Oh leeze me on my rock and reel; S. The Contented Cottager. She took the rock, and wi'n knock, She hrak it o'er my pow. . S. The meany Pund Rock, to. The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith, . S. My bonie Mary. Rocked. Ae night the Storm the steeples rocked, A Winter Night. 2. Rockin [a social gathering to which the women took their rock or spinning-gear]. On Fasteneen we had a rockin, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 2. Rocking. And with a Mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!

A Winter Night, 8. Rockingham. Then R-ck-ngh-m took up the game; . A Fragment. 6. Rocky. Has laid your rocky bosom bare, As on the banks † Whyles round a rocky scar it strays; . . . Halloween, 25. Surging on the rocky shore; . S. How can my poor heart t And hollow whistled in the rocky cave. on Death of Sir J. Blair. Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds. Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Or in the glens and rocky caves, . S. Young Jamiet Rod. High wields her halance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh, 2. Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod: On Death of R. Dundas. Patronage, wi' rod o' airn, . The Ordination. 8. And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod. Why am I loth t Rode. And rode thro' thick and thin; El. on Peg Nicholson.

And the priest he rode her sair: . . .

Roe. Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe, [re.]
S. My heart's in the Highlands The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray;
S. Sieep'st thou, Rogue. That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore, Then ty'd him fast upon a cart. Like a rogue for forgerie. . Such a parcel of rogues in a nation! [re.] . S. The Union. Rogueish. An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een. [re.] S. On Cessnock banks † Sett II. 'Tis the mind that shines in ev'ry grace, An' chiefly in her rogueish een. with a would-be-roguish leer and wink, Prologue, at Th., D.. Roll. And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll. Tumultuous tides his pulses roll, S. On a bank of flowers † Ye tempests, rage ! ye turbid torrents, roll ! Near and more near the thunders roll : Tam o' Shanter, 10. Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres, Only to number out a villain's years! To R. Graham. Rolling. Across the rolling, dashing roar, . I guess by the dear rolling ee ; S. Here's a health to ane t The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde Roman. Be-north the Roman wa', man. A . Fragment. 8. So ran the far-fam'd Roman way, . She fell-but fell with spirit truly Roman, The Pedant stifles keen the Roman sound . The Vowels. Romantic. Thro' many a wild, romantic grove, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I. Rome. Nor need he hunt as far as Rome or Greece, Scots Prologue. M'K[enzi]e, S[tuar]t, such a brace As Rome ne'er saw; Ronalds. But ken ye the Ronalds that live in the Bennals, Rood Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han', A Guid New-year † 11. Roof. thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall, A Winter Night, o. Lifts high its roof and arches wide, . Till roof and rafters a' did dirl. . . Tam o' Shanter, 11. Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves: The Brigs of Ayr. 8. To swear by a' yon starry roof, . . . The Vision. D. I. 6. Roofless. As I stood by you roofless tower, . Roomy. I tent less, and want less Roon [a shred, a remnant]. Roose, to [to praise, extol].

Roos'd

Eb. fr. Esopus.

John Barleycorn,

S. Mark yonder Pomb +

On Death of R. Dundas.

. S. Behold the hour t

S. Out over the Forth t

On Lord G.

Scots Prologue.

. To W. Creech.

Ronalds of Bennals.

. On Lincluden.

sae S. The bonie Lass of Alb..

. A Vision. Rooks. For rakish rooks, like Rob Mossgiel. O leave novels ; O Fortune! they hae room to grumble! On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. For her too scanty once of room! . . The Lament. Their [the Great-folk's] roomy fire-side; . Ep. to Davie. Woor by degrees, till her last roon Gaed past their viewin, To W. Simpson. P.S. Roose [boast]. Jamy Goose, ye ha'e made but toom roose, The Kirk's Alarm. To roose you up, an' ca' you guid, . A Ded. to G. H. But friends an' folk that wish me well, They sometimes roose me; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 16. 'Roose you sae weel for your deserts, . Ib., Ap. 21st, 5. no to roose you, Ye may be proud, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13. . On W. Chalmers. For de'il a hair I roose him. . We'll cry nae jads frae heathen hills To help, or roose us, Third Ep. to J. Lap .: Roos'd, Rous'd [praised, extolled]. I'm rous'd by Craigen-Gillan! . To Mr. M'Adam. But tell him he was learn'd and clark, Ye roos'd him then ! El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux. He roos'd my een sae honie blue, He roos'd my waist sae genty sma'; . S. Young Jockey t Roost. The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd,

A Winter Night. 5. Roosted. So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies, Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Roosty [rusty]. An' draws a roosty rapier. . The Jolly Beggars. R. VI. Root. Know, prudent, cautious, self-controul Is Wisdom's root. A Bard's Epit.. The cavern wild with tangling roots, Despondency, an Ode. 3. Here lies in earth a root of Hell, . . . Epit. on D. C. The fruitful top is spread on high, And firm the root below. The 1st Psalm. Are riven out baith root an' branch, . The Twa Dogs. 21. Rooted. But late she flourished, rooted fast, On Birth of Posth. Child. As soon the rooted oaks would fly Before th' approaching fellers. The Election Ballads. VI. . . V.s below Picture. Even rooted foes admire? . Rootless. And like the rootless stubble tost, Before the sweeping blast. . The 1st Ps. Rope. Measur'st in desperate thought-a rope-thy neck
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Rory More. "1'll conjure the ghost of the great Rory More,

The Whistle. S. Rosa. While he, sub rosa, play'd his part Among their wives and lasses. The Election Ballads. VI. Rose, s. O my Luve's like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June; S. A red, red Rose. And honie bloom'd our roses; . . S. Awa, whigs, awa. Fair the tints of op'ning rose ; Delia, An Ode. Ye roses on your thorny tree, The first o' flowers. El. on Capt. M. H., 5. Her lips are roses wet wi' dew! . S. Her flowing locks t England, triumphant, display her proud rose; S. How pleasant the banks † Her lips like roses wet wi' dew, . . S. I gaed a wacfu't And roses blaw in ilka bield; S. In simmer when t No chilly blast nor shower Shall blight this rose of mine. S. My Love's a winsome t The lily's hue, the rose's dye, . S. My Mary's face t That crimson rose how sweet and fair;
S. O bonie was you rosy t And here's the flower that I lo'e best-The rose that's like the snaw. S. O Kenmure's on and awat "As on the brier the budding rose "Still richer breathes and fairer blows, . . S. O Phely t O gin my love were you red rose, . S. O were my love t Her lips still as she fragrant breath'd, It richer dy'd the rose. On a bank of flowers t While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies, They fade and they wither awa, man. Ronalds of Bennals. Sweetly deckt with pearly dew, . . Sad thy tale, t The morning rose may blow; Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II. I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phoebus peeps in view, S. The Posie. 'Vet all beneath th' unrivall'd Rose, 'The lowly Daisy sweetly blows; . The Vision. D. 11. 20. The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear, S. The Winter it is past † The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, . S. To daunton me. We eye the rose upon the brier, Unmindful that the thorn is near, . To J. S., 16. Oh fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning, S. True hearted was he t Unseen is the lily, nnheeded the rose. 16. The lily's hue and rose's dye Bespoke the lass o' Ballochmyle. S. Twas even-the dewy t The rose upon the brier will be him trouse an' doublet, S. Wee Willie Gray t She gaz'd-she redden'd like a rose S. When wild War's t the bees humming round the gay roses, S. Where are the joyst To see the rose and woodbine twine; S. Ye banks and braes t Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree; . Ib. And my fause lover staw my rose, But ah! he left the thorn wi me. Ib.

Rose. Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train-Rose in my soul, . A Winter Night. 6. When, from the eddying deep below, Up rose the Genius of the stream. Acan the haulest Up rose the Genius of the stream. As on the banks †

The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild. S. Luckless Fortune. Pity's flood there never rose. Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. -. Pity's flood there never rose.

The paly moon rose in the livid east,

On Death of Sir J. Blair. The rattling showers rose on the blast; . Tam o' Shanter. S. The sun rose clear and bright: The Election Ballads, V. Though shelter'd in the lowest shed That ever rose on Scotland's plain! S. Twas even-the dewy t Rose-bud. A Rose-bud by my early walk, S. A Rose-bud by t So thou, sweet rose-hud, young and gay, Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day, . The Rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,
S. Adown winding Nith See yonder rose-hud, rich in dew, . S. I do confess t Amang its native briers sae coy, You rose-buds in the morning dew. How pure, among the leaves sae green; S. O bonie was you rosy t In tears the rose-buds steeping: S. O wat ye wha that loes t Sweet to the opening day, Rosebuds bent the dewy spray; . . S. Phillis the Fair. Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay, To Miss C. Roslin. In Roslin's fairest bower S. My Love's a winsome t Rostrum. Ascends the holy rostrum: . The Holy Fair. 16. Rosy. The flower-enamour'd busy bee The rosy banquet loves to sip; In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew; S. How pleasant the banks † - while rosy pleasure Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath, Innocence t Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers, . S. Now rosy May t Now rosy May comes in w.
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings
S. Now Spring has clad t In morning's rosy eye: . S. Now Spring has clad t O bonie was you rosy brier, . S. O bonie was you rosy t Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye, . S. O Logan! sweetly t For sparkling was the rosy wine, . S. O May thy morn t Unto these rosy lips to grow: . . S. Sae flaxent
Post more now lifts his eye, . . S. Sieep'st thou, She put the cup to her rosy lip,

S. The lass that made the bed. O I hae tint my rosy cheeks, . The Ruined Maid's Lament. . . . The Toast. Fill me with the rosy wine, . Fill me with the rosy mus,

An' ay they dimpled wi' a smile

The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary.

S. Th. Menz.'s bonie Mary. . . S. Thine am I † Take away these rosy lips, O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams † Your rosy cheeks are turned sae wan, S. Ye hae lien wrang. The rosy dawn, the springing grass, . S. Young Peggy t Rot. And rot the dyvors i' the jails! Add. of Beelzebub. 4. Rotten, -an. But, a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road, If your stuff be as rotten's her heart. Extem. pinned to Coach. And fix your claws in Nicol's heart, For deil a bite o't's rotten. For W. Nicol. For dell a dite of a second.

A braw new naig wi' the tail o't a' rottan,

S. O ken ye what Meg † Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood, Ye're like to the hark o' you rotten tree;
S. O meikle thinks my love Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck, [v.A.16]

Tant o' Shanter. The crest, an auld crab-apple . The Election Ballads. IV. Rotten at the core. I'd rip their rotten, hollow hearts, . To Rev. J. M'Math. Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale; Ep. fr. Esopus. How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glistened; Monody, on a Lady.

Rough. Thy rough, rude Fortress gleams afar;

O Life! Thou art a galling load,

Along a rough, a weary road,

I to the crambo-jingle fell,

Add. to Edinburgh. 5.

. Despondency, an Ode.

Tho' rude an' rough, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 8.

O Rongh, rude, ready-witted R[ankine], . Ep. to J. R. Though fortune's road be rough an' hilly Ep. to Maj. Logan.	Routine. To wheel the equal, dull routine. Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
O'er life's rough ocean driven, . O Thou dread Pow'r† Tho' rough an' raploch be her measure,	Rove. But never tempt th' illicit rove, Ep. to Young Friend. 6. Rove, to.
She's seldom lazy Second Ep. to Davie. The rough burr-thistle spreading wide	By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove S. By Allan stream † But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
The Ans. to the Guidwife. The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough, The Brigs of Ayr.	Let me, no vagrant insect, rove! Delia. An Ode. Frae my hest Belov'd I rove, S. Frae the friends †
Her way may lie thro' rough distress! . The Lament. 5. A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways; The Rights of Woman.	There, up the Cove, to stray an' rove,
On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!	Still my heart is with my love; S. How can my poor heart † For whare'er he distant roves, Jockey's heart is still at hame. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †
To a Mountain-Daisy. bout a house that's rude an' rough, To Gav. Hamilton.	May rove their sweets amang; Lament of Mary of Scots. Fickle man is apt to rove: S. Let not woman t
in her rough imperfect line . To Rev. J. M'Math. Rough-shod.	Wherever I wander, wherever I rove, The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell O'er a' wad Scotland huy or sell, The Election Ballads. VI.	And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
Roun' [round]. Or whom in a' the country roun', The hest deserves to fa' that? The Election Ballads. II.	S. Now westlin winds † Thro' lofty groves, the Cushat roves,
Round. The happy tenants share his rounds; Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove By wimpling burn and leafy shaw, S. Sae flaxen†
I've paced much this weary, mortal round, The Cotter's Sat. Night. o.	The scenes where wretched Fancy roves, S. The gloomy night † Does the train-attended Carriage
One round, I ask it with a tear, To him, the Bard, that's far awa. The Farewell, To St. I.'s L	Thro' the country lighter rove? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. But I will down you river rove amang the wood sae green, S. The Poste.
Again the silent wheels of time Their annual round have driv'n, To Miss L., with "Beattie." Round, to. To round the period an pause,	An aged Judge, I saw him rove, Dispensing good. [v.A.4] The Vision, D. I.
Round about. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	With every muse to rove:
He turn'd him right and round about Upon the Irish shore, S. It was a' for †	Are whistling thrang, To J. S., 9. At mid-night hour, in mirkest glen.
Sing round about the fire wi' a rung she ran, S. O gin ye were dead.	I'd rove and ne'er he eerie O S. When o'er the hill † For there, wi'my Lassie, the day-lang I rove, S. You wild mossy mountains †
Are round an' round divided,	Thro' a' our lasses he did rove, S. Young Jamie, † 1 wha sae late did range and rove,
And drank it round and round; John Barleycorn. Round and round take up the Chorus,	Rov'd. Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon, S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.
The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. Rounded. With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	For there he rov'd that broke my heart, S. To thee, lov'd Nith Rover.
Roupet, Rupit [hoarse, as with a cold]. An' cry till ye be haerse an' rupit; . El. on 1'ear 1788.	Since my young Highland Rover Far wanders nations over. S. The young Highl, Rover.
Alas! my roupet Muse is haerse! The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Roving, -ln. I gaed a rovin wi' the gun, Ep. to J. R., 7. 'When roving through the gather'd hay, S. O Phely, happy t
Rouse. Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Robin was a rovin hoy,
That hrethren rouse in deadly hate! S. O Logan! sweetly † And Harley rouses all the god in man.	Rantin' rovin' Rohin! S. There was a lad † When roving through the garden gay, S. Twas even—the dewy †
Prologue, sp. by Woods. An' rouse them up to strong conviction, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er, Come boat me o'er to Charlie; . S. Come boat me o'er t
Some rouse the Patriot up to hare Corruption's heart: The Vision. D. II. 4.	Row, Rowe [to roll, to wrap]. Cn' them [the ewes] whare the hurnie rowes.
An' rouse their holy thunder on it To Rev. J. M'Math. To rouse the mountain deer, my jo; S. When o'er the hill †	And ye may rowe me in your plaid, S. Ca' the Ewes. There wild weed a way to plaid,
Roused, -'d. Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear; A Vision.	There wild-woods grow, and rivers row, S. Of a the airts † An' down the briny pearls rowe Poor Mailie's El
Roused by the sound, I start and see The ruined sad reality! On Lincluden.	Perhaps if howls row right, and right succeeds, [v. A. 12] Scots Prologue. In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes;
My partner in the merry core, She rous'd the forming strain. The Ans. to the Guidwife. Rous'd v. Roos'd.	The Brigs of Ayr. 7. Wauken, ye breezes! row gently, ye hillows!
Rousing. A cottage-rousing craw. A Winter Night. 10. Rousing the turbid torrent's roar, Add. to Shade of Thomson.	S. Wandering Willie. Rowed, -'d, -'t [rolled, wrapped].
A rousing which at times to vend, [v.A.6] Death and Dr. Hornbook.	Wha wad mind the wind and rain, Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie. [re.] S. As I came o'er
Rousing elate in these degenerate times: On Death of R. Dundas.	He row'd me sweetly in his plaid, S. Ca' the Ewes. And rowed his Highland plaid about her. S. Donald Bradie 4
Rout. Or for Colean, the rout is taen, Halloween. He left his bed and took his wayward rout,	While down his cheeks the saut tears row'd; S. My Sandy gied † So, row't his hurdies in a hammock,
Or by Madrid he takes the rout, . The Twa Dogs. 23.	An' owre the Sea. On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Rowing [rolling].
Routh v. Rowth. Routhie [plentiful, well-filled].	Where Cart rins rowing to the sea, S. Where Cart rins † Rowtan [lowing].
A routhic butt, a routhic ben: S. In simmer when t	The Kye stood rowtan i' the loan; The Twa Dogs. 35.

	1.11 12
Rowte [to low, bellow].	"Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!" S. Caledonia.
While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st.	Should rue this hasty ride, Ep. to Davie. II.
To hear you roar and rowte,	A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue; . S. I gaed a waefu't
Nae mair thou'lt rowte out-owre the dale, The Ordination. O.	I rue the day I sought her O, [re.] S. My love she's but a lassie
Rowth, Routh (plenty, abundance]. (And are a rowth, roast beef and claret; Poem on Life.	Ilk action may he rue it; On W. Stewart.
An' rough o' rhyme to rave at will. Scotch Drink. 21.	Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow. The Election Ballads. VI.
S Char fair and fause t	O meikle do I rue, fause love,
And there was routh o' drink and fun, S. The last braw bridal †	Rue on thy despairing lover, . S. Turn again, thou t
'Grant me but this, I ask no more, 'Ay rowth o' rhymes To J. S., 21.	'As sair owre bip as ye can draw't! Tho' I should rue it. What ails ye now't Rued. For none e'er approached her but rued the rash deed. Manady, on a Lady.
Royal. Tour royal nest, statement year	
Young, royal Tarry-Breeks,	Rueful, -fu'. "Alas!" quoth I, "what ruefu' chaoce,
Where Scotia's kings of other years,	Use twin'd we o' your home trees! . As on the ounts!
Fam'd heroes! had their royal home : Add. to Edinburgh. 6.	Hie lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e. Extem. in Court of Session.
Their royal Name low in the dust! Iô.	And evaluating the plarms:
But a royal phaist who ance was cas'd	An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face, The Jolly Beggars, R. VI.
A prisoner aughteen year awa, . S. Amang the trees	In ruelui apprenension enter a o;
Gude belp the day when royal beads Are hunted like a mankin S. Awa, whigs, awa.	Rueing. Old Loda, still rueing the arm of Fingal, . The Whistle.
ri al ala anno Mandata ran	Ruffian.
When first the human race began, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 15. His royal heart was firm and true, S. Highland Laddic.	And curse the ruffian's aim and mourn thy hapless fate. On seeing wounded Hare.
His royal heart was firm and true, S. Highland Laddic. Royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him! Kind Sir, I're read	Unscathed by ruffian hand! . On Birth of Posth. Child.
O the level barrate of Scotia's royal train;	Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes : On Death of R. Dundas.
On Death by On J. Danie	on full-in the breast
The teering treat state of the most mell claim a sigh.	So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast, Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among; To Miss Graham.
Still more il that wand for were royali	Puffid
Say, such is royal George's will, An' there's the foe, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Wi'ruffi'd sark an' glancin' cane, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 12. Ruffum. Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum. [re.] S. Scroggam.
111 1 cities stately stand	Ruffum. Scroggam, my dearie, runum. [717]
This levely maid's of royal blood 3. The bonte East by The	Rugged. Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock, . Add. to Edinburgh. 5.
The royal right of Albany.	Ye rugged cliffs o'erbanging dreary glens, El. on Miss Burnet.
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lye, Beneath the stroke of heaven's avenging ire; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.	Ruin. When Ruin, with his sweeping besom, Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him; A Ded. to G. H., 10.
Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast, If the ass were the king of the brutes. The Kirk's Alarm.	The Church is in ruins, the State is in jars: S. By you castle wa't
Rozet [rosin]. To a Louse.	'Mid circling borrors sinks at last
O for some rank, mercurial rozet, . To a Louse. Ruddy. His leg was so tight and his cheek was so ruddy. The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	In overwhelming ruin.
Rude. An' swoor fu' rude A Fragment. 9.	The snowy ruin smokes along, With doubling speed and gathering force, Fragment of Ode. To shun impelliog ruin
Thy rough, rude rortress gleams afar; Add. to Edinburgh. 5.	A while her pinions tries; S. How cruel† ruins, hoar and grey, Ruins yet beauteous in decay, On Lineluden.
I to the crambo-jiogle fell, Tho' rude an' rough, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, S.	o
on 1 descripted Riankinel Ep. 10 J. A.	
	Nay more, that very love their cause of ruin! Remorse. A Frag
All in its rude and prickly bower, S. C bonic total	Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of Ruin! Scots Prologue.
Dy details the barbarian marks the hound.	The herryment and rule of the country; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
to and the question:	Alas! misfortune stares my face,
But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question; Prologue, at Th., D	And points to ruin and disgrace, The Farewill. And orator Bob is its [the church's] ruin. The Arik's Alarm. The Ordination 8.
A time when rough rude man had naughty ways: The Rights of Woman.	Has proven to its [the Kirk's] ruin : 2/16 Crainer
My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness To Capt. Riddel.	My brave gallaot friends, 'tis your ruin I mourd; S. The small birds
A 'Laure - house that's rude an' rough. To Gav. Hamilton.	Or ruins pendent in the air, [v.A.4] . The Vision. D. I.
All bout a nouse tout a value and have alloy!	D ' beel has driven o'er ils
the analysis strains he rudely sings,	Stern Ruin's plough-share drives elate, Full on thy bloom, To a Mountain-Daisy.
No! though his artiess strains he rudely The Brigs of Ayr.	To a Mouse.
Thy rudely caroll'd, chiming phrase, In uncouth rhymes, The Vision. D. II. 12.	An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth, To ruin straight. To Rev. J. M' Math.
Rudeness. Quite sick of merit's rudeness, The Dean of Tuch	until and accused has turn'd o'er to ruin. I ragic Frag
Ruder. Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot. When suder visit knows. S. Now spring has clad?	'Twas na ber bonie blue e'e was my ruin; S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e t
Nae ruder visit knows, S. Now spring has clad	Wantonness has been my ruin; S. Wantonness for ever t
Rue. Hey and the rue grows bonie wi' thyme, [re.] S. There liv'd ance a carle	Ruin, to.
Ib	'They'll ruin Johnie!' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.

And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime. [rc.] Ib.

Rue, to. And just as lamely can ye mark.
How far perhaps they rue it. Add. to Unco Guid. 7.

uin, to.
'They'll ruin Johnie!'

Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.
O help, master, belp, or she'll ruin us a',
S. There liv'd ance a earle †

Ruined, -'d. Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's, A Vision.	And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps Add, to Edinburgh, 7.	Like Logan to the simmer sun S. O Logan! smeetle
Or where auld ruin'd castles, gray,	'Till my last weary sand was run, S. O were I on Parnass.
Nod to the moon, . Add to the Deil. 5. An gied the infant warld a shog, 'Maist ruin'd a'	We twa ha'e run about the braes, S. Shld auld acquaintance To run the twelvemonth's length again:
'Maist ruin'd a'	Go bid the hero who has run
I start and see The ruin'd sad reality! . On Lincluden. Your ruin'd formless bulk o' stane and lime,	Thro fields of death to gather fame, S. The capt. Ribban. Run deils [downright devils].
The Brigs of Ayr. 6. Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their distraction wild!	Run deils for rantin' nn' for noise; The Inventor. They're n' run deils an' jads thegither The Twa Dogs. 3:
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. "Alas! young man, ye've ruin'd me."	Rung [a cudgel]. Till, slap! come in an unco loun,
S. The Lass that made the bed. Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n, He, ruin'd, sink! To a Mountain-Daisy.	And wi' a rung decide it: S. Does haughty Gaul, Sing round about the fire wi' a rung she ran,
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe, To IV. Simpson. P.S.	S. O gin ye were dea. She's just a devil wi' a rung; The Author's Cry and Praye.
Rule. Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule. A Bard's Epit	Rung. While arts of Minstrelsy among them rung, The Brigs of Ayr, 1.
They'll mak what rules and laws they please.	Harmonious concert rung in every part, Ib. 12
My Son, these maxims make a rule, And lump them ay the gither; Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.	Runkl'd [wrinkled]. yon runkl'd pair, The Holy Fair. 3 Running.
An' never think o' right an' wrang By square an' rule, Ep. to Maj. Logan, 6.	A running stream they dare na cross. Tam o' Shanter. 18 The rose upon the brier by the waters running clear,
Who feel by reason and who give by rule, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	S. The winter it is past Runt [the stem of colewort].
Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction	A runt was like a sow-tail
Propriety's cold cautions rules . Rusticity's ungainly t	Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail runt,
Propriety's cold cautions rules . Rusticity's ungainly† Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin; To J. S., 19.	An' runts o' grace the pick an' wale, . The Ordination. 6
O ye, donse folk, that live by rule,	Runted. She was nae get o' runted rams,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power, To R. C. of F	Wi woo like goats, an' legs like trams ; [v.A.10]
They took nae pains their speech to balance, Or rules to gie, To W. Simpson, P.S.	Rupit v. Roupet.
Rule, to. Or sny, ye wisdom want, or fire, To rule this mighty nation; . A Dream. 5.	Rupture. They raise a din, that, in the end,
O, all ye Pow'rs who rule above! Ep. to Davic. 9.	Is like to breed a rupture O' wrath . The Holy Fair. 18.
When winter rules with boundless power,	Rural.
S. How can my poor heart † Wildly here without control,	'Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale, 'Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale, A Winter Night. &
Nature reigns and rules the whole; S. Streams that plide t	Above the narrow, rural vale: . Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
Yerl Galloway long did rule this land,	in its native air And rural grace; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
The Election Ballads. V. I rule them as I ought, discreetly, The Inventory.	Thy rural loves are nature's scl;
The star that rules my luckless lot, To J. S., 6.	Then, crown'd with flow'ry hay, came Rural Joy, The Brigs of Ayr. 13. When rural life, of ev'ry station
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line; IVhy am I loth t	
uled, -'d.	Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade! To a Manutain Dain.
Here lyes a man a woman rul'd, The devil rul'd the woman. Epit. on Henpecked Squire.	Rush'd. They rush'd, and push'd, and blude outgush'd, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Where Bruce ance rul'd the martial ranks, . Halloween.	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
That ruled Albion's kingdoms three, S. The bonie Lass of Alb.	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. With headlong speed rush'd to the charge, The Election Ballads. VI. Rushes. Ve mossy streams with sadge and water with sadge.
ruling. On his one ruling passion Sir Pope hugely labours, Fragment, inser. to Fox.	Rushes. Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd, El. on Miss Burnet.
Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will show him. Ib. Where once the Campbell's chiefs of fame,	The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head, On seeing wounded Hare.
Held ruling pow'r:. The Vision. D. II. 11. A high ruling elder to wallow in wine! The Whistle. 15.	Rusning. Was rushing by the rain'd wa's A Vision.
umble John.	Russel (Rev. J., minister of the Chapel of Ease, Kil- marnock).
Rumhle John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groan, The Kirk's Alarm.	Black [Russell] is na spairnan: The Holy Fair. 21.
uminate. There ruminate with sober thought; Wr. in Friars-Carse H	M'[Kinlay], R[ussel], are the hoys
umour. But now a rumour's like to rise, A whamp's i' the nest. V.s to J. Ranken.	O, M-y, man, and wordy R-ll, The Twa Herds. 3.
ump.	What herd like R—II tell'd his tale,
The carlin claught her by the rump, Tam o' Shanter. 18. un, to. Vet runs, himself, life's mad career, A Bard's Epit.	Her ancient weed was russet gray, The Election Ballads, I.
While the sands o' life shall run S A red red Page	Has fated me the russet coat,
As eager runs the market-crowd, When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;	Be thou clad in russet weed, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Russians.
30 Maggie runs, the witches follow, Tant o Shanter. 17.	Or how the collieshangie works
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,	Rust. But Cl-nt-n's glaive frag rust to save
To Perth and to Dundee, man: S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	He hing it to the wa', man. A Fragment. 4. Rusted. I saw that honour's sword was rusted; The Hermit.
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave, S. The gloomy night †	Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted; Tam o' Shanter, 11.
In. But now his radiant course is run, El. on Capt. M. H.	Rustic. a Bard of rustic song, A Bard's Epit.
The measured time is sund C. France 27 July 1	
The measur'd time is run! . S. Farewell, dear mistress † Our race of existence is run S. Farewell, thou fair day †	And eyes the simple, rustic Hind, Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore, A Winter Night. 7. Add. to Edinburgh. 7.

The princely revel may survey Our rustic dance wi scorn; S. Behold, my love,	Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville, To watch and premier owre the pack vile! Add. of Beelzebub.
" The friendless Bard and rustic song,	Sacred. The sacred posy-Lihertie! A Vision.
"Became alike thy fostering care. Lament for Glencairn.	The sacred vow he ne'er should sever. S. By Allan stream †
First I weav'd the rustic sang S. Scenes of wee †	at Friendship's sacred ca . El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.
The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough, The Brigs of Ayr.	The sacred lowe o' weel plac'd love, Ep. to Young Friend. 6. famed for martial deed and sacred song, Liberty.
And hands the rustic Stranger up to fame, Ib.	Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air.
To rustic Agriculture did hequeath The broken, iron instruments of Death,	Lns extem, in Lady's Pocket-book.
The broken, iron instruments of Death, 16. 13. thy hardy sons of rustic toil, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.	And, all devout, he never sought To stem the sacred torrent Nature's Law.
A wildly-witty, rustic grace	Or mould'ring ruins mark the sacred Fane.
	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
The rustic Bard, the lab'ring Hind, The Artisan; Ib. D. II. 7.	Ye godly brethren o' the sacred gown, The Brigs of Ayr. 9. The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
To mark the embryotic trace, Of rustic Bard;	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, A rustic Bard. Ib. 21.	Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre Ib.
But mark the Rustic, haggis-fed, To a Haggis.	By sacred truth and honour's hand! S. The Highl. Lassie.
His knife see Rustic-lahour dight,	But it sealed freedom's sacred cause The League and Covenant.
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes My rustic sang	One sacred Right of Woman is protection.
I kittle up my rustic reed; It gies me ease. To W. Simpson.	The Kights of Woman.
Rusticity.	Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne, To Clarinda.
Rusticity's ungainly form May cloud the highest mind; Rusticity's ungainly †	That sacred hour can I forget. S. To Mary in Heaven. In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd.
May cloud the highest mind; Rusticity's ungainly †	To Miss Graham.
The storm without might rair and rustle,	Sacrifice. And to the wealthy booby Poor woman sacrifice: S. How crue! †
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle I am o Shanter. 5.	Sacrilegious.
It [the gale] rustles, and whistles The Farewell.	By Heavens, the sacrilegions dog Shall fuel be to boil it! S. Does haughty Gaul†
Or, rustling, thro' the beartries coman,	Sad.
Wi heavy groan Add. to the Dell. O.	The last, sad, mournful rites bestow! A Ded. to G. H., 14.
To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn: S. Caledonia.	Attended, in his [Want's] grim advances, By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
At even, when beans their fragrance shed,	The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
I' th' rustling gale, El. on Capt. M. H., O.	Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools,
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn, S. Now westlin winds t	Sad sight to see! Add. to Toothache. When Nature all is sad like me! S. Again rejoicing Nature †
the Reaper's rustling noise, The Vision, D. II. 15.	Our sad decay in church and state, S. Awa, whigs, awa.
The polish'd leaves, and berries red, Did rustling play;	Meet ev'ry sad-returning night,
Rusty. Wi' durk, claymore, or rusty trigger, . Add. of Beelzebub.	And joyless morn the same. Despondency, an Ode. 2.
Wi' durk, claymore, or rusty trigger, . Add. of Beetsebub. Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets,	Where infamy with sad repentance dwells; Ep. fr. Esopus.
On Grose's Peregrinations.	Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
	S. Gloomy December,
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. VI.	An' hear the sad narration:
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. VI. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump, S. Willie Wastle†	An' hear the sad narration:
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. I'I. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump, S. Willie Wastle† Ruth.	An' hear the sad narration:
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads, 17. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump, S. Willie Wastle† Ruth. Is there no Fity, no relenting Ruth, The Cotter's Sat. Night, 10.	An' hear the sad narration:
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. 1'I. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump. S. Willie Wastle't Ruth. Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. An' bont him down, o'er right an' ruth,	An' hear the sad narration:
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. 17. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump. S. Willie Wastle † Ruth. Is there no Fity, no relenting Ruth, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth, To ruin straight. To Eev. J. M' Math.	An' hear the sad narration: Halloween. 20. "Sad will I be, so bereft, S. Husband, husband' "Awake thy last sad voice, my harp! Lannent for Glencairn. Waes me! she's in a sad condition; Letter to J. Goudie. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. I'll be sad for nachody; S. Aly Vanie's Awa. "Nachody.
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. 17. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump. S. Willie Wastle? Ruth. Is there no Fity, no relenting Ruth, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth, To ruin straight. To Kev. J. M'Math. Ruthless. She trusts the ruthless falconer . S. How cruel?	An' hear the sad narration: Halloween. 20. "Sad will I be, so bereft, S. Husband, husband i "Awake thy last sad voice, my barp! Lament for Geneairn. Waes me! she's in a sad condition; Letter to J. Goudie. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. S. My Wanie's Awa. S. Navbody.
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads, 1'I. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump. S. Willie Wastle't Ruth. Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. An' hunt him down, o'er right an ruth, To ruin straight. Ruthless. She trusts the ruthless falconer Colon keedloop ruthless mad Rehellion's arms.	An' hear the sad narration: Halloween. 20. Sad will I be, so bereft, S. Husband, husband 'wanke thy last sad voice, my barp! Lament for Glencairn. Waes me! she's in a sad condition: Letter to J. Goudit. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. I'll he sad for nachody: S. My Nanie's Awa. I'll he sad for nachody: On Lincluden. Sad to your sympathetic scenes! I fly; On Death of R. Dundas.
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. 17. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump. S. Willie Wastle† Ruth. Is there no Fity, no relenting Ruth, An' hunt him down, o'er right an ruth, To ruin straight. To Rev. J. M'Math. Ruthless. She trusts the ruthless falconer 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms. Stots Prologue.	An' hear the sad narration: Halloween. 20. An' sad will I be, so bereft, S. Husband, Husband is Audake thy last sad voice, my barp! Lament for Glencairn. Waes me I she's in a sad condition; Letter to J. Goudic. They pain my sad boson, sae sweetly they blaw. They pain my sad boson, sae sweetly they blaw. I'll he sad for nachody; S. Aly Nanie's Awa. I'll he sad for nachody; On Linchuden. Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly; On Linchuden. The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; For Malie's El
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. 17. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump. S. Willie Wastle† Ruth. Is there no Fity, no relenting Ruth, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. An' hunt him down, o'er right an ruth, To ruin straight. To Rev. J. M'Math. Ruthless. She trusts the ruthless falconer 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms. Scots Prologue. Or the ruthless native's way. S. Stream that glide† And excepting man's sayage, ruthless deeds 1)	An' hear the sad narration: Halloween. 20. An' sad will I be, so bereft, S. Husband, Husband is Audake thy last sad voice, my barp! Lament for Glencairn. Waes me I she's in a sad condition; Letter to J. Goudic. They pain my sad boson, sae sweetly they blaw. They pain my sad boson, sae sweetly they blaw. I'll he sad for nachody; S. Aly Nanie's Awa. I'll he sad for nachody; On Linchuden. Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly; On Linchuden. The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; For Malie's El
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads, 17. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump S. Willie Wastle † Ruth. Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth, The Cotter's Sal. Night. 10. An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth, To ruin straight To Rev. J. M'Math. Ruthless. She trusts the ruthless falconer S. How cruel † 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms, Cotter ruthless native's way S. Streams that glide † And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds 1) The Brigs of Ayr.	An' hear the sad narration: Halloween. 20. "Sad will I be, so bereft, S. Husband, husband ' "Awake thy last sad voice, my harp! Lannent for Glencairn. Waes me! she's in a sad condition; Letter to J. Goudie. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. S. My Wanie's Awa. I'll be sad for nachody; S. Ayabody. I start and see The ruined sad reality! On Lincluden. Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly On Death of R. Dundae. The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; Poor Maille's El. O sad and heavy should I part, But for ber sake sae far awa; S. Sae far awa. Sad thy tale, thon idle page, Sad thy tale !
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. 17. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump, S. Willie Wastle† Ruth. Is there no Fity, no relenting Ruth, Is there no Fity, no relenting Ruth, To ruin straight. To Rev. J. M'Math. Ruthless. She trusts the ruthless falconer 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms. Scots Prologue. Or the ruthless native's way. S. Streams that glide† And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!) The Brigs of Ayr. And He whom ruthless Fates expel	An' hear the sad narration: Halloween. 20. Sad will I be, so bereft, S. Husband, husband ' "Awake thy last sad voice, my barp! Lament for Giencairn. Waes me ! she's in a sad condition; Letter to J. Goudit. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. S. My Nanie's Awa. I'il he sad for nachody: S. My Nanie's Awa. I'il he sad for nachody: On Lincluden. Sad to your sympathetic scenes ! fly; On Death of R. Dundas. The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; Foor Mailie's El O sad and heavy should ! part, Eut for ber sake sae far nwa; S. Sae far awa. Sad thy tale, thou idle page, Sad thy tale ! Now a sad and last addeu. S. Seenes of woe, †
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. 17. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump. S. Willie Wastle? Ruth. Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. An' hunt him down, o'er right and ruth, To ruin straight. To Rev. J. N' Math. Ruthless. She trusts the ruthless falconer S. Howernel? 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms. Sods Prologue. Or the ruthless native's way. S. Stream that glide! And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!) The Brigs of Ayr. And He whom ruthless Fates expel His native land. [N.A.4]. The Vision. D.I.	An' hear the sad narration: Halloween. 20. "Sad will I be, so bereft, S. Husband, husband' "Awake thy last sad voice, my harp! Lannent for Glencairn. Waes me! she's in a sad condition; Letter to J. Gondie. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. I'll be sad for nachody; S. Aly Nanie's Awa. I'll be sad for nachody; S. Aly Nanie's Awa. I'll be sad for nachody; On Linchuden. Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly On Death of R. Dundas. The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; Poor Maillie's El. O sad and heavy should I part, But for her sake sae far awa; S. Sae far awa. Sad thy tale, thou idle page, Sad thy tale ! Now a sad and last adieu. S. Scenes of woe, !
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads, 17. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump S. Willie Wastle † Ruth. Is there no Fity, no relenting Ruth, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth, To ruin straight. To Rev. J. M'Math. Ruthless. She trusts the ruthless falconer S. How cruel † 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms, Scots Prologue. Or the ruthless native's way S. Streams that glide't And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds 1) And He whom ruthless Fatee expel His native land. [v.A.4] . The Vision. D.I. He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage! To K. G., of F. 5.	An' hear the sad narration: Halloween. 20. "Sad will I be, so bereft, S. Husband, husband ' "Awake thy last sad voice, my barp! Lament for Giencairn. Waes me! she's in a sad condition: Letter to J. Goudit. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. I'll he sad for nachody; S. My Nanie's Awa. I'll he sad for nachody; On Death of R. Dundas. Istart and see The ruined sad reality! On Lincluden. Sad to your sympathetic scenes! I fly; On Death of R. Dundas. The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; Foor Mailie's El O sad and heavy should! part, But for her sake sae far awa; S. Sae far awa; Sad thy tale, thou idle page, Sad thy tale Thow a sad and last adieu. S. Seenes of woe, they tale thought of the sad chereless, broken-hearted, Sad cherless, broken-hearted, Sad cherless, broken-hearted, S. Steep'st thou, they
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads, 17. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump S. Willie Wastle† Ruth. Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth, The Cotter's Sat. Night, 10. An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth, To ruin straight To Rev. J. M'Math. Ruthless. She trusts the ruthless falconer . S. How cruel† 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms. Sots Prologue. Or the ruthless native's way S. Streams that glide† And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!) And He whom ruthless Fates expel His native land. [v.A.4] . The Vision. D.I. He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage! To K. G., of F. 5. Rye. Comin thro' the rye, poor body, S. Comin thro' the rye†	An' hear the sad narration: Halloween. 20. Sad will I be, so bereft, S. Husband, husband ' 'Awake thy last sad voice, my barp! Lament for Glencairn. Waes me! she's in a sad condition; Letter to J. Goudit. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. S. My Nanié's Awa. I'll he sad for nachody; S. My Nanié's Awa. S. Naebody. I start and see The ruined sad reality! On Lincluden. Sad to your sympathetic seemes! I fly; On Death of R. Dundas. The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; Foor Mailiés El. D sad and heavy should! part, But for ber sake sae far nwa; S. Sae far awa. Sad thy tale, thon idle page, Sad thy tale! Now a sad and last adieu. S. Scenes of woe, t When frae my Jenny parted, Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted, S. Slett's t thou, † He hated nought hm—to be sad, The folly Beggars, R. VII.
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. 17. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump S. Willie Wastle† Ruth. Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. An' hunt him down, o'er right an ruth, To ruin straight. To ruin straight. To ruin straight. To Rev. J. M' Math. Ruthless. She trusts the ruthless falconer . S. How cruel† 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms. Scots Prologue. Or the ruthless native's way. S. Streams that glide† And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!) The Brigs of Ayr. And He whom ruthless Fates expel His native land. [V.A.4] The Vision. D.I. He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage! Rye. Comin thro' the rye, poor body, S. Comin thro' the rye!	An' hear the sad narration: Halloween. 20. Sad will I be, so bereft, S. Husband, husband? 'Awake thy last sad voice, my harp! Lannent for Glencairn. Waes me! she's in a sad condition; Letter to J. Goudit. They pain my sad boson, sae sweetly they blaw. I'll be sad for nachody; S. Aly Vanie's Awa. I'll be sad for nachody; S. Aly Vanie's Awa. I'll be sad for nachody; On Linchuden. Sad to your sympathetic scenes! I'ly; On Death of R. Dundas. The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; On Endought of P. On Miller Sel. O sad and heavy should I part, But for ber sake sae far awa; S. Sae far awa. Sad thy tale, thon lidle page, Sad thy tale thon when the page of
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. 17. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump. S. Willie Wastle† Ruth. Is there no Fity, no relenting Ruth, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth, To ruin straight. To Rev. J. M' Math. Ruthless. She trusts the ruthless falconer S. Howernel† Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms. Scots Prologue. Or the ruthless native's way. S. Streams that glide† And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds! The Brigs of Ayr. And He whom ruthless Fates expel His native land. [v.A.4] The Vision. D.I. He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage! To R. G., of F. 5. Rye. Comin thro' the rye, poor body, S. Comin thro' the rye† She draigl't a' her petitocatie Comin thro' the rye. 16.	An' hear the sad narration: Halloween. 20. Sad will I be, so bereft, S. Husband, Husband H. 'Awake thy last sad voice, my harp! Lannens for Glencairn. Waes me! she's in a sad condition; Letter to J. Gondir. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. I'll be sad for nacbody; S. Aly Wanis' Awa. I'll be sad for nacbody; S. Aly Wanis' Awa. I'll be sad for nacbody; On Lindhaden. Sad to your sympathetic scenes! I'ly; On Death of R. Dundas. The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; Poor Mailie's El O sad and heavy should I part, S. Sae far awa. Sad thy tale, thon idle page, Sad thy tale thon you as ad and last adieu. S. Seenes of woe, the hated nought hurt-to be sad, The folly Beggars, R. VII. No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, My sad, lovelora lamentings claim: The Lannent, 3. Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. 17. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump. S. Willie Wastle† Ruth. Is there no Fity, no relenting Ruth, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth, To ruin straight. To Rev. J. M'Math. Ruthless. She trusts the ruthless falconer S. Howernel† Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms. Scots Prologue. Or the ruthless native's way. S. Streams that glide† And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds The Brigs of Ayr. And He whom ruthless Fates expel His native land. [v.h.4] The Vision. D.I. He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage! To R. G., of F. 5. Rye. Comin thro' the rye, poor body, S. Comin thro' the rye† She draigl't a' her petticoatie Comin thro' the tye. Ib. Ryke [to reach].	An' hear the sad narration: Halloween. 20. Sad will I be, so bereft, S. Husband, husband 'Awake thy last sad voice, my harp! Lament for Glencairn. Waes me I she's in a sad condition; Letter to J. Goudit. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. S. My Vanie's Awa. I'll he sad for nachody; S. Naebody. I start and see The ruined sad reality! On Lincluden. Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly: On Death of R. Dundas. The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; Poor Maillie's El. O sad and heavy should I part, But for her sake sae far nwa; S. Sae far awa. Sad thy tale, thon idle page, Sad thy tale! Now a sad and last adieu. S. Scenes of woe, t When frae my Jenny parted, Sad, cheelress, broken-bearted, S. Sleep'st thou, t He hated nought hut—to be sad, The Jolly Beggars. R. W. H. No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, My sad, lovelora lamentings claim: The Lament. 3. Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. Let'dna by, Sae sad was I, S. The itther morn t
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. 17. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump. S. Willie Wastle† Ruth. Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. An' hunt him down, o'er right an ruth, To ruin straight. To Rev. J. N' Math. Ruthless. Sche trusts the ruthless falconer 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms. Scats Prologue. Or the ruthless native's way. S. Streams that glide† And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!) The Brigs of Ayr. And He whom ruthless Fates expel His native land. [v.A.4] The Firit of Ayr. He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage! To R. G., of F. 5. Rye. Comin thro' the rye, poor body, S. Comin thro' the rye feels have the ruthless Critic's rage! Comin thro' the rye. Ryke [to reach]. Let me ryke up to dight that tear, The folly Beggars. S. V. Rysin [rishing].	An' hear the sad narration: Halloween. 20. Sad will I be, so bereft, S. Husband, husband 'Awake thy last sad voice, my harp! Lament for Glencairn. Waes me I she's in a sad condition; Letter to J. Goudit. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. S. My Vanie's Awa. I'll he sad for nachody; S. Naebody. I start and see The ruined sad reality! On Lincluden. Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly: On Death of R. Dundas. The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; Poor Maillie's El. O sad and heavy should I part, But for her sake sae far nwa; S. Sae far awa. Sad thy tale, thon idle page, Sad thy tale! Now a sad and last adieu. S. Scenes of woe, t When frae my Jenny parted, Sad, cheelress, broken-bearted, S. Sleep'st thou, t He hated nought hut—to be sad, The Jolly Beggars. R. W. H. No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, My sad, lovelora lamentings claim: The Lament. 3. Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. Let'dna by, Sae sad was I, S. The itther morn t
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. 17. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump. S. Willie Wastle† Ruth. Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. An' hunt him down, o'er right and ruth, To ruin straight. To Rev. J. M'Math. Ruthless. She trusts the ruthless falconer S. How cruel† 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms. Scots Prologue. Or the ruthless native's way. S. Streams that glide† And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds 1) The Brigs of Ayr. And He whom ruthless Fates expel His native land. [v.A.4] The Vision. D.I. He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage! Rye. Comin thro' the rye, poor body, S. Comin thro' the rye† She draight a' her petticoatie Comin thro' the rye. Ryke [to reach]. Let me ryke up to dight that tear, The folly Beggars. S. V. Rysin [rising]. And blude red wine's the rysin Sun. S. Gane is the day †	An' hear the sad narration: Halloween. 20. "Sad will I be, so bereft, S. Husband, husband ' "Awake thy last sad voice, my harp! Lament for Glencairn. Waes me I she's in a sad condition; Letter to J. Goudit. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. S. My Vanuit's Awa. I'll he sad for nachody; S. Naebody. I start and see The ruined sad reality! On Lincluden. Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly: On Death of R. Dundas. The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; Poor Maillie's El. O sad and heavy should I part, But for her sake sae far nwa; S. Sae far awa. Sad thy tale, thon idle page, Sad thy tale! Now a sad and last adieu. S. Scenes of wee, t When frae my Jenny parted, Sad, cherless, broken-bearted, S. Sleep'st thou, t He hated nought hut—to be sad, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII. No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, My sad, lovelora lamentings claim: The Lament. 3. Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. S. The Lither morn t Now every thing is glad, while I am very sad, The Winter it is past t
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. 17. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump. S. Willie Wastle† Ruth. Is there no Fity, no relenting Ruth, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth, To ruin straight. To Rev. J. M' Math. Ruthless. She trusts the ruthless falconer S. Howernel† 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms. Scots Prologue. Or the ruthless native's way. S. Streams that glide† And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!) The Brigs of Ayr. And He whom ruthless Fates expel His native land. [v.A.4] The Vision. D.I. He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage! To R. G., of F. 5. Rye. Comin thro' the rye, poor body, S. Comin thro' the rye† She draiglt a' her petticoatie Comin thro' the rye. Ryke [to reach]. Let me ryke up to dight that tear, The Jolly Beggars. S. V. Rysin [rising]. And blude red wine's the rysin Sun. Sab [to sob]. But the wearn, weary warpin o't	An' hear the sad narration: Halloween. 20. "Sad will I be, so bereft, S. Husband, husband' "Awake thy last sad voice, my barp! Lannent for Glencairn. Waes me! she's in a sad condition; Letter to J. Gondie. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. S. Aly Nanie's Awa. I'll be sad for nachody; S. Aly Nanie's Awa. S. Naebody. I start and see The ruined sad reality! On Linchuden. Sad to your sympathetic scenes! I fly On Death of K. Dundas. The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; Poor Maille's El. O sad and heavy should I part, But for her sake sae far awa; S. Sae far awa. Sad thy tale, thou idle page, Sad thy tale! Now a sad and last adieu. S. Stenes of woe, the hated nought hut—to be sad, The Jolly Beggars. K. VII. No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, My sad, lovelora lamentings claim: The Lannent. 3. Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. I car'dna hy, Sae sad was I, S. The small birds rejuice! I car'dna hy, Sae sad was I, S. The winter it is past it Sak knowledge makes me know that your hearts are full of woe, 16.
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. 17. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump. S. Willie Wastle† Ruth. Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. An' hunt him down, o'er right an ruth, To ruin straight. To Rev. J. N' Math. Ruthless. Store in the straight. To Rev. J. N' Math. Ruthless, and Rebellion's arms. Scots Prologue. Or the ruthless native's way. S. Streams that glide't And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds 1) The Brigs of Ayr. And He whom ruthless Fates expel His native land. [v.A.4] The Vision D.I. He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage! To K. G., of F. 5. Rye. Comin thro' the rye, poor body, S. Comin thro' the rye. Ryke [to reach]. Let me ryke up to dight that tear, The Jolly Beggars. S. V. Rysin [rising]. And blade red wine's the rysin Sun. San [to Sob]. But the weary versity of the strain	An' hear the sad narration: Halloween. 20. Sad will I be, so bereft, S. Husband, I wake thy last sad voice, my harp! Lannent for Glencairn. Waes me! she's in a sad condition; Letter to J. Gondie. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. The pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. I'll he sad for nachody; S. Aly Vanie's Awa. I'll he sad for nachody; S. Aly Vanie's Awa. I'll he sad for nachody; On Linchuden. Sad to your sympathetic scenes! I fly: On Linchuden. The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; Poor Mallie's El. Osad and heavy should I part. But for ber sake sae far awa; S. Sae far awa. Sad thy tale, thou idle page, Sad thy tale! Now a sad and last adieu. S. Seenes of wee, t When frae my Jenny parted. Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted, S. Stee's t thou, t He hated nought hut—to be sad, The folly Beggars. R. VII. No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, My sad, lovelora lamentings claim: The Lament. 3. Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. S. The Winter it is past t Sad knowledge makes me know that your hearts are full of woe, Woe, Piv my sad disaster; Tal. Taylor.
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. 17. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump. S. Willie Wastle† Ruth. Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. An' hunt him down, o'er right an ruth, To ruin straight. To Rev. J. M'Math. Ruthless. Sche trusts the ruthless falconer 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms. Scats Prologue. Or the ruthless native's way. S. Streams that glide† And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!) The Brigs of Ayr. And He whom ruthless Fates expel His native land. [V.A-4] The Vision. He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage! To R. G., of F. 5. Rye. Comin thro' the rye, poor body, S. Comin thro' the ryet She draight a' her petticoatie Comin thro' the rye. Ryke [to reach]. Let me ryke up to dight that tear, The folly Beggars. S. V. Rysin [rising]. And blade red wine's the rysin Sun. Sab [to Sob]. But the weary, weary warpin o't Has gaart me sigh and sab. The Cotter's Sat. Night, 17.	An' hear the sad narration: Halloween. 20. Sad will I be, so bereft, S. Husband, I wake thy last sad voice, my harp! Lament for Glencairn. Waes me! she's in a sad condition; Letter to J. Gondie. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. I'll he sad for nachody; S. Aly Nanie's Awa. I'll he sad for nachody; S. Aly Nanie's Awa. I'll he sad for nachody; On Linchuden. Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly; On Linchuden. Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly; On Linchuden. The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; Poor Mallie's El O sad and heavy should I part. But for her sake safe far awa; S. Sae far awa. Sad thy tale, thou idle page, Sad thy tale; Now a sad and last adieu. S. Seenes of wee, t When frae my Jenny parted. Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted. Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted. Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted. S. Steef'st thou, t He hated nought hut—to be sad, The Jolly Beggarra. R. VII. No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, My sad, lovelora lamentings claim: The Lament. 3. Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. S. The winter it is past t Sad knowledge makes me know that your hearts are full of woe, Woe, I car'dna hy, Sae sad was I, S. The Winter it is past t Sad knowledge makes me know that your hearts are full of woe, Piym my sad disaster; An thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog. To R. G. of F. 7. Availate there like to be my dead.
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. 17. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump. S. Willie Wastle† Ruth. Is there no Fity, no relenting Ruth, An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth, To ruin straight. To Rev. J. M'Math. Ruthless. She trusts the ruthless falconer S. Howernel† Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms. Scots Prologue. Or the ruthless native's way. S. Streams that glide† And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds! The Brigs of Ayr. And He whom ruthless Fates expel His native land. [v.A.] The Vision. D.I. He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage! To R. G., of F. 5. Rye. Comin thro' the rye, poor body, S. Comin thro' the rye† She draight a' her petticoatie Comin thro' the rye. Ryke [to reach]. Let me ryke up to dight that tear, The folly Beggars. S. V. Rysin [rising]. And blude red wine's the rysin Sun. S. Gane is the day † Sab [to sob]. But the weary, weary warpin o't Has gat me sigh and sab. S. My heart was ance † Has gat me sigh and sab. S. My heart was ance the same and the same an	An' hear the sad narration: Halloween. 20. "Sad will I be, so bereft, S. Husband, husband' "Awake thy last sad voice, my barp! Lannent for Glencairn. Waes me! she's in a sad condition; Letter to J. Gondie. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. S. Aly Nanie's Awa. I'll be sad for nachody; S. Aly Nanie's Awa. S. Naebody. I start and see The ruined sad reality! On Linchuden. Sad to your sympathetic scenes! I fly On Death of R. Dundas. The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; Poor Maille's El. O sad and heavy should I part, But for her sake sae far awa; S. Sae far awa. Sad thy tale, thou idle page, Sad thy tale! Now a sad and last adieu. S. Stenes of woe, the hated nought mit—to be sad, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII. No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, My sad, lovelora lamentings claim: The Lannent, 3. Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. I car'dna hy, Sae sad was I, S. The small birds rejoice t I car'dna hy, Sae sad was I, S. The winter it is past t Sad knowledge makes me know that your hearts are full of woe, Pity my sad disaster; And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog. To R. Go. Ff. 7. As whiles they re like to be my dead. (O sad disease) Vol. To W. Simpson, 5.
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. 17. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump. S. Willie Wastle† Ruth. Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth, An' hunt him down, o'er right an Truth, To ruin straight. To Rev. J. M'Math. Ruthless. She trusts the ruthless falconer 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms. Scots Prologue. Or the ruthless native's way. S. Streams that glide the And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds 1) The Brigs of Ayr. And He whom ruthless Fates expel His native land. (V.A.4) The Vision of Park. He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage! To R. G., of F. S. Rye. Comin thro' the rye, poor body, S. Comin thro' the ryet She draigl't a' her petticoatie Comin thro' the rye. Let me ryke up to dight that tear, The Jolly Beggars. S. V. Rysin (rising!) And blade red wins the rysin Sun. Sab [to sob]. But the weary, weary warpin o't Has gat me sigh and sab. S. My heart was ance t Sacerdotal. The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17. Sack. Hey, the dusty miller, And his dusty sask; S. Hey, the dusty miller, S. Hey, the dusty miller t	An' hear the sad narration: Halloween. 20. Sad will I be, so bereft, S. Husband, I wake thy last sad voice, my harp! Lament for Glencairn. Waes me! she's in a sad condition; Letter to J. Gondie. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. I'll he sad for nachody; S. Aly Vanie's Awa. I'll he sad for nachody; S. Nachody. I start and see The ruined sad reality! On Lincluden. Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly; On Death of R. Dundas. The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; Poor Mallie's El O sad and heavy should I part. But for her sake sae far awa; S. Sae far awa. Sad thy tale, thou idle page, Sad thy tale; Now a sad and last adieu. S. Seenes of wee, t When frae my Jenny parted. Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted. S. Steep'st thou, t He hated nought hut—to be sad, The Jolly Beggarra. R. VII. No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, My sad, lovelora lamentings claim: The Lament. 3. Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. S. The Winter it is past t Sad knowledge makes me know that your hearts are full of woe, Woe, The work of the work of the work of the sad swain of the Varrow. As whiles they're like to be my dead. To W. Simpson. 5.
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. 17. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump S. Willie Wastle† Ruth. Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. An' hunt him down, o'er right and ruth, To ruin straight. To Rev. J. M' Math. Ruthless. She trusts the ruthless falconer . S. How cruel† 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms. Scots Prologue. Or the ruthless native's way S. Streams that glide† And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds 1) The Brigs of Ayr. And He whom ruthless Fates expel His native land. [v.A.4] . The Vision. D.I. He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage! Rye. Comin thro' the rye, poor body, S. Comin thro' the rye she draiglt a' her petticoatie Comin thro the rye. Ryke [to reach]. Let me ryke up to dight that tear, The Jolly Beggars. S. V. Rysin [rising]. And blude red wine's the rysin Sun. S. Gane is the day † Sab [to Sob]. But the weary, weary warpin o't Has gart me sigh and sab S. My heart was ance t Sacerdotal. The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17. Sack. Hey, the dusty miller, And his dasay sack; S. Hey, the dusty miller?	An' hear the sad narration: Halloween. 20. "Sad will I be, so bereft, S. Husband, husband† "Awake thy last sad voice, my barp! Lannent for Glencairn. Waes me! she's in a sad condition; Letter to J. Gondit. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. S. My Vanie's Awa. I'll be sad for nachody; S. My Vanie's Awa. S. Maebody. I start and see The ruined sad reality! On Linchuden. Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly On Death of R. Dundas. The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; Poor Mailie's El. O sad and heavy should I part. But for ber sake sae far awa; S. Sae far awa. Sad thy tale, thou idle page, Sad thy tale! Now a sad and last adieu. S. Seenes of woe, the hated nought hut—to be sad. The folly Beggara. R. VII. No idly-feignd, poetic pains, My sad, lovelora lamentings claim: The Lannent, 3. Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. I car'dna by, Sae sad was I, S. The small birds rejoice! I car'dna by, Sae sad was I, Now every thing is glad, while I am very sad. Sad knowledge makes me know that your hearts are full of wee. Pity my sad disaster; And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog. To R. G. of F., 7. As whiles they re like to be my dead, (O sad disease!) To W. Simpson. 5. True hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow, True bearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow,
Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. 17. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump. S. Willie Wastle† Ruth. Is there no Fity, no relenting Ruth, An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth, To ruin straight. To Rev. J. M'Math. Ruthless. She trusts the ruthless falconer S. Howevelt 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms. Scots Prologue. Or the ruthless native's way. S. Streams that glide† And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!) The Brigs of Ayr. And He whom ruthless Fates expel His native land. [v.A.4] The Vision. D.I. He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Critic's rage! To R. G., of F. 5. Rye. Comin thro' the rye, poor body, S. Comin thro' the rye† She draiglt a' her petticoatie Comin thro' the rye. Ryke [to reach]. Let me ryke up to dight that tear, The Jolly Beggars. S. V. Rysin [rising]. And blude red wine's the rysin Sun. S. Gane is the day t Sab [to sob]. But the weary, weary warpin o't Has gart me sigh and sab. S. My heart was ance t Sacch. Hey, the dusty miller, And his days sack; S. Hey, the dusty miller,	An' hear the sad narration: Halloween. 20. Sad will I be, so bereft, S. Husband, I wake thy last sad voice, my harp! Lament for Glencairn. Waes me! she's in a sad condition; Letter to J. Gondie. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw. I'll he sad for nachody; S. Aly Vanie's Awa. I'll he sad for nachody; S. Nachody. I start and see The ruined sad reality! On Lincluden. Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly; On Death of R. Dundas. The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; Poor Mallie's El O sad and heavy should I part. But for her sake sae far awa; S. Sae far awa. Sad thy tale, thou idle page, Sad thy tale; Now a sad and last adieu. S. Seenes of wee, t When frae my Jenny parted. Sad, cheerless, broken-hearted. S. Steep'st thou, t He hated nought hut—to be sad, The Jolly Beggarra. R. VII. No idly-feign'd, poetic pains, My sad, lovelora lamentings claim: The Lament. 3. Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair. S. The Winter it is past t Sad knowledge makes me know that your hearts are full of woe, Woe, The work of the work of the work of the sad swain of the Varrow. As whiles they're like to be my dead. To W. Simpson. 5.

Saddle.	It was her een sae honie blue. [re.] . S. I gaed a waefu't
Thro' dirt and dub for life I'll paidle,	
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle; The Inventory.	He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye, He has not love to spore for me: S. In simmer when t
Sadly. Thee Ferintosh! O sadly lost! Scotch Drink. 19.	Than, if I canna mak thee sae,
A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost, That Architecture's noble art is lost! . The Twa Erigs. 7.	At least to see thee blest S. It is na, Jean †
	Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad!
To hear the Moon sae sadly lie'd on To W. Simpson. P.S.	Whare hae ye been sae brankie O? . S. Killiecrankie.
Sadness.	I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen, The Whistle, 11,	On earth I am a stranger grown; Lament for Glencairn.
	That smiles sae sweetly on her knee; 1b.
Sae [so].	May I but be sae bauld S. Lass, when yr mither t
when I'm tir'd-and sae are ye, A Ded. to G. H.	The sun shines on sae brawlie? . S. My Collier Laddie.
For me! sae laigh I need na how,	
thae Eirth-day dresses Sae fine this day A Dream.	Weel huskit up sae gaudy;
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk, . S. A Rosebud by my t	And gowden flowers sae rare upon't; S. My Lord a-hunting
	Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
Her house sae bien, her curch sae clean, S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank †	The diamond-dew in her een sae blue,
	Where laughing love sae wanton swims Ib.
O ye wha are sae guid yoursel, Sae pious and sae holy, Add. to Unco Guid.	She'll no be half sae saucy yet S. My love is but t
	They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace, S. A. Mastrtn's bonie Anne.	S. My Nanie's awa'.
Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist	Come autuma, sae pensive, in yellow and grey, 16.
by thy een sae honie blue, . S. An' I'll kiss thee yet t	The same and the least of the years and grey, 10.
Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie S. As I came o'er †	How pure, amang the leaves sae green;
"Shaded my streams sae clear and cool; As on the banks †	S. O bonie was you rosy t
to Table and the same and coor, As on the values	The groom gat sae fu' he fell awald beside it. S. O ken ye what Meg †
"It blaws nae here sae fierce and fell,	S. O ken ye what Meg †
For now I'm grown sae cursed douse, . Auld comrade †	My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
Lesley is sae fair and coy, S. Blythe ha'e I been †	S. O meikle thinks my love †
Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,	And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
S. Braw lads of G. Water.	It ne'er mistrusted thine S. O mirk, mirk †
And see the waves sae sweetly glide S. Ca' the ewes,	Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;	As is a kiss o' Willy S. O Phely, †
	Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Come, gies your hand, an' sae we're gree't; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.	Depend on Fortune's shining? . S. O poortith cauld †
Folk maun do something for their bread,	Her een sae honie blue
An' sae maun Death	O wha can prudence think upon,
1 1 6 16 11 1	And sae in love as I am?
had sae fortify'd the part,	Thou'rt like themsels sae lovely,
It was sae blunt,	That ill they'll ne'er let near thee. S. O saw ye bonie L.
whare gowans grew, Sae white an' bonie, Ib. 23.	That we may brag we hae a lass,
Sae blythe and merry's we will be, . S. Duncan Davison.	There's nane again sae honie
That live sae bien an' snug: Ep. to Davie.	A thief sac pawky is my Jean . S. O this is no my ain †
I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,	O Tibbie! I hae seen the day
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4.	Ye would na been sae shy; S. O Tibbie! †
An' sae about him there I spier't;	That looks sae proud and high Ib.
Quo' she, 'Ye ken we've been sae husy Ib., Ap. 21st, 3.	Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice;
Roose you sae weel for your deserts, In terms sae friendly,	Ye need na look sae high
	Ere while thy breast sae warming,
Ye hae sae monie cracks an cants, Ep. to J. R., 2.	S. O wat ye wha that lo'es t
Weel pleased, he greets a wight sae famous,	Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	S. O were I on Parnass. †
Sae tickled Death, they couldna part:	Sae bleak and bare, sae bleak and bare, S. O wert thou in t
The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes,	Thy smiles are sae like my blythe sodger laddie,
Extem. in Court of Session.	S. O whare did ye get †
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,	Tho' thou has nae silk and holland sae sma,
Sae dauntingly gaed be; . S. Farewell, ye dungeons	S. O when she cam ben t
For you sae douce, ye sneer at this,	And Lady Jean was never sae braw 16.
S. Green grow the Rashes.	That's blinking in the lift sae hie;
Sae craftilie she took me hen, S. Had I the wyte †	She shines sae bright, to wyle us hame, S. O Willie brew'd †
l dighted ay her een sae blue	Was e'er puir Poet sae befitted, . On E.'s Horse Impound.
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-hahs, Halloween. 3.	Sae far I sprackled up the brae . On Dining with Daer.
A runt was like a sow-tail Sae how't	Sae helpless, sweet, and fair On Birth of Posth. Child.
In wrath she was sae vap'rin,	Your honie face sae mild and sweet . On W. Chalmers.
He was sae sairly frighted	That's half sae welcome's thou art On IV. Stewart.
He was sae fley'd an' eerie:	Thou need na jouk behint the hallan,
She dresses age sae clean and neat, . S. Handsome Nell.	A chiel sae clever; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
sweetly glide To the moon sae clearly. S. Hark! the mavis't	It's no the loss o' warl's gear, That could sae hitter draw the tear, Poor Mailie's El
	That could sae hitter draw the tear, . Poor Mailie's El
Fairies dance sae cheery	O sell your fiddle sae fine ; . S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.
Sae brawly's he could flatter; S. Here's his health.	Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete, Ronalds of Bennals.
Thou'rt ay sae free informing me	There are no mony poets sae hraw, man
Thou hast nae mind to marry; . S. Here's to thy health †	
I'll count my health my greatest wealth, Sae lang as I'll enjoy it:	
Sae lang as I'll enjoy it:	Sae flaxen were her ringlets, S. Sae flaxen †
'Cause he's sae gifted; If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne, Holy Willie's Prayer. 9.	Her smiling, sae wyling,
Vet has see mean table onte	Sae warming, sae charming,
Yet has sae mony takin arts,	Her fautless form and gracefu' air;
It was na sae ye glinted by	Bonie Doon, sae sweet at gloaming, . S. Scenes of woe t
When I was wi'my dearie. S. How lang and dreary †	Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted?. Scots Prologue.
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets, S. I do confess †	Wha sae base as he a slave? S. Scots wha ha'e †
Amang its native briers sae coy,	Ye speak sae fair ; Second Ep. to Davie.

An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket . Second Ep. to Davie.	Bout which our herds sae aft hae been Maist like to fight. To W. Simpson, P.S.
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen ! S. Tam Glen.	
O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise, . Tam o' Shanter.	The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet, As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e. S. Blythe was she †
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle, Ib. 11.	Sae loud and shill's I hear the blast, S. Up in the morning.
I gae him a dram o' the brand sae strang. S. The auld man t	My morning raise sae clear and fair, Verses under Grief.
How can ye blame sae fair! . S. The Banks of Doon.	
And I sae fu' o' care!	
For see I set and see I sang.	I did na suffer ha'f sae much Frae Daddie Auld What ails ye now t
And wist na o' my fate	Is that enough for you to souse Your servant sae? . Ib.
And ilka bird sang o' it's luve;	She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight, S. When first I saw
And ilka bird sang o' it's luve ; And sae did I o' mine	She's aye sae honie, blythe, and gay,
But the hody he was sae doited an' blin,	It was na sae ye glinted by
S. The Cooper o cuaay t	When I was wi' my dearie S. When I think on t
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave; The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Return sae dowf and weary O: . S. When o'er the hill !
The Colles & Sail Inghi.	It makes my heart sae cheery O,
Ne'er summer san was half sae sweet. S. The day returns t	Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me, S. When wild War's
I've seen the day, and sae hae ye, Ye wad na been sae donsie, O S. The deuks dang o'er.	But Willie's wife is nae sae trig, . S. Willie Wastle †
In Galloway sae wide The Election Ballads. I.	Talits and see pretty
	Should na do the thing they can. S. Will ye go and marry t
It sae their pleasare was:	Ye're a wanter, sae am I; Ib.
But it's he er be sae at bitmey your	That nipt my flower sae early!
Sae kille in allitace are tells	5. Ye vanks, and brues, and streams
	those rosy lips I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly! Ib.
And there, sae grave, Squire Cardoness Look'd on till a' was done;	That dwalt on me sae kindly! 16.
Look d on this was done;	How can ve bloom sae fresh and fair; S. I'e banks and bracs
It wasna sae in the Highland hills, The Highl. Widow's Lament.	And I sae weary fu' of care!
Feeding on you hill sae high,	And fondly sae did I o' mine
To see a scene sae gay, The Holy Fair. 2.	Sae gallant and sae gay a swain, . S. Young Jamie t
Within the glen sae bushy, O, Con	He roos'd my een sae boaie blue,
Aboon the plain sae rashy, O, [re.] S. The Highl. Lassie.	He roos'd my waist sae genty sma; S. I bung forkey
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,	Safe. And safe beneath the shady thorn Define the angler's art: S. Now Spring has clad †
Is king o' meo, for a' that S. The Honest Man.	Defies the angier's art: 3. 11000 Spring has that
The wilfu' creature sae I pat to The Inventory.	And [Heaven] send him safe hame to his babie and me. S. O whare did ye get †
Till faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg, 16.	And send me safe my Somebody S. Somebody.
Ere I sae dear pay for a saddle;	Now safe the stately Sawmont sail, Tam Samson's El., 6.
Sae dinna put me in your buke,	Trow sales in a series of
D thomsels they were sae husy:	From prope descending showers, The Petition of Dr. Water.
The Johny Beggars. R. 111.	Return him safe to fair Strathspey, S. The yng Highl. Rover.
An' O sae nicely's we will fare!	Safeguard.
Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,	you all a seed and the branches will be our safeguard.
Partly wi' Love o'ercome sae sair, 1b. R. VII.	S. There grows a bonie †
An partly she was drunk	Safely.
	Sound and safely may he sleep, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see,	1 II
Sae merrily they danced the ring, . S. The night was still	Safer. Ye're safer at your spinning wheel; O leave novels t
And the diamond drops o' dew shall be her een sae clear; S. The Posie.	Safe's [save us]
There's few sae bonie, nane sae gude, The Tarbolton Lasses.	Wi' deils, they say, L-d safe's! colleaguin At some black art. On Grose's Peregrinations.
There's few sae bonie, name sae gude, The Tabelland	At some black and on dress of the
But he sae trig barp o er ent s;	Saft [soft]. She's saft at best an something lazy, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 3.
To see my lad sae near me	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 3.
	She laid me in a saft bed, [re.] . S. O wat ye what my t
	Carl'd on her silk-soft folds to rest. , S. O were my love t
	Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane, As saft as ony flesh is. The Holy Fair. 27.
	As saft as ony flesh is
	women sonsie, saft an' sappy, S. There's naethin like
Sae hate and henry story	Saftest [softest].
That bites sae sair,	There the saftest sweets enjoying, . S. Scenes of woe t
Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean, The Vision. D. I. II.	Sage, adi.
Her e'en sae bright, her brow sae white, S. Th. Menz.s bonie Mary.	Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville, Add. of Beelzebub. 2.
- a total and the mouth the while	11
To be sae nice wi Robin.	
And ay she sang sae merrilie; S. There was a tass, and	Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard wrung boon. Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue; S. There's auld Rob †	' and hade me say.
S. I here's auta Koo	The sage grave ancient cough'd, and hade me say, Prologue, at Th., D
I care as thy kin, sae high and sae lordly: S. Tibbie Dunbar.	Ham mony lengthen'd sage advices,
How danr ve set your fit upon her,	
Sae line a Diagy	And sage Experience bids me this declare The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
Thou need ha start awa sac many	I RE Court o Sand ! . Ib. Is.
But no sae weer a stranger.	The Precepts sage they wrote to many a land: 1b. 15. The Precepts sage they wrote to many a land: 1b. 15. The Precepts sage they wrote to many a land: 1b. 15.
To daunton me, and me sae young, S. To daunton me.	
If sae be, ye may be Not fitted otherwhere. To Gav. Hamilton.	
Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise; . To J. S., 28.	Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Shou'd meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy, To Rev. J. M'Math.	Sage, s.
man a manage of guid's the priest	Say, sages, what's the charm on earth, Can turn death's dart aside? Epit. on Miss Lewars.
Than mony scores as guid s the press	Can turn death's dart aside? . Epit. on Miss Lewars.

Began the rev'rend Sage; . Man was made to Mourn.	Saint.
Sages their solemn een may steek, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Yours, saint or sinner, Rob the Ranter Auld Comrade
	Show many a saint and martyr there On Lincluden.
M'Lauchlan, thairm-inspiring Sage, The Brigs of Ayr. 12. And when the Bard, or hoary Sage,	Sincere as a saint's dying prayer Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Charm or instruct the future age, [v.A.4] The Vision. D.II.	Would make a saint forget the sky : . S. Sae flaxen
Sagitarre [the constellation Sagitarius].	The Saint, the Father, and the Husband prays;
To canter with the Sagitarre, Ep. to H. Parker.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
Said. I had amaist said, ever pray, A Ded. to G. H., 13.	For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint! S. There liv'd ance a carle!
n cukoo sang That's unco easy said ay : . A Dream. 2.	Saint Johnston.
But what he said it was nae play, A Vision.	Between Saint Johnston and honie Dundee.
'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better:	S. O whare did ye get
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	1 hae been east, 1 hae been west, 1 hae been at Saint Johnston, . S. The Ploughman
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed; Ib.	Saint Stephen.
Thou [daisy] emblem, said I, o' my Phillis, S. Adown winding Nith †	Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise, They did his measures thraw, man, . A Fragment. 6.
And love said, laughing in her looks,	They did his measures thraw, man, . A Fragment. 6.
Come kiss me at your leisure. S. As I gaed up by t	Was managing St. Stephen's quorum; Kind Sir, Ive read
She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!"	Then echo thro' St. Stephen's wa's Auld Scotland's wrangs.
S. By Allan stream †	
If ye'll but stand to what ye've said, . S. Ca' the Ewes.	The hillie is gettin his questions, To say in Saint Stephen's the morn.
Who said that not the soul alone, But hody too must rise. [rc.] Epit. on a Laird.	To say in Shint Stephen's the morn. The Election Ballads, III.
I said, there was naething I hated like men,	The Election Ballads, III. O wha will to Saint Stephen's house, [re.] The Fête Champetre. Sair [sore].
S. Last May a braw wooer †	The Fête Champetre.
I said he might die when he liked for Jean; Ib.	
But what was said, or what was done, Shame fa' me gin I tell; S. My heart was ance †	Your sair taxation does her fleece, A Dream. 6.
Come, let us sweep them off, said they,	Led him a sair faux pas, man: A Fragment. 7.
Like an o'erflowing river New Psalmody.	Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,
I sigh'd, and said amang them a'.	A Guid New-Year † 16.
Ye are na Mary Morison S. O Mary, at thy window t	Wi' stanged hips, and buttocks bluidy, She's suffer'd sair; . Adam A—'s Prayer.
She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast.	They snool me sair, and hand me down.
On Death of Sir J. Blair. Nay, by heaven, said I, may I perish if ever	S. And O for ane and twenty
I plant in your hosom a thorn. Spoken Extem. to yng Lady.	'Gat tippence-worth to mend her [his wife's] head, When it was sair; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.
Till on that hairst I said before, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	
Now hand you there! for faith ye've said enough,	And the priest he rode her sair: El. on Peg Nicholson.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	Forjesket sair, with weary legs, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 2.
What farther clishmaclaver might been said, . Ib. 11.	My awkart Muse sair pleads and hegs.
This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head, The Death of Mailie.	I would na write
And said, Sweet lassie dinna cry, S. The lass that made the bed. Still it's owre true that ye hae said, The Twa Dogs. 21.	'That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie, 'An something sair.'
Still it's owre true that ye hae said, . The Twa Dogs. 21. 'And wear thou this'—She solemn said, The Vision, D. II. 23.	An something sair
Though Fate said, a hero should perish in light;	Taks up its last abode: Fhit on Haly Willia
The Whistle. 16.	Grim loon! he [death] gat me by the fecket.
He met wi' auld Nick, wha said, how do ye fen? S. There liv'd ance a carle †	Grim loon! he [death] gat me by the fecket, And sair me sheuk; Friend of the poet † P.S.
S. There liv'd ance a carle	An Jean nad e en a sair heart
"O welcome most kindly, the blythe carle said, Ib.	
An' said my fau't frae bliss expell'd me; What ails ye now † 1 said 'Gude night,' and cam' awa',	Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,
I said 'Gude night,' and cam' awa',	3. Here's his health in water.
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,	And oh, her widow'd heart is sair, S. How lang and dreary
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely: A Dream. 10.	Oh! thoughtless lassie, life's a fecht,
"There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail." S. Behold the hour t	The canniest gate, the strife is sair; S. In simmer when and sair wi'his love he did deave me;
Then may heaven with prosperous gales, Fill my sailor's welcome sails, S. How can my poor heart †	
Then ton and mainten and the self of the s	Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose, They sair misca' thee; On Grose's Peregrinations.
Then top and maintop croud the sail, To J. S., II. Sail, to.	Sair I fecht them [Want and Hunger] at the door,
But, in the teeth o baith [wind and tide] to sail,	S. O that I had ne'er
It maks an unco leeway Add, to Unco Guid, 4.	Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-sair, . Scotch Drink, 6.
Now safe the stately Sawmont sail, Tam Samson's El., 6.	My heart is sair, 1 darena tell,
Sailing.	My heart is sair for Somehody; S. Somebody.
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns, El. on Capt. M. H., 3.	But Maggie stood right sair astooish'd, Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Sailor.	An' tho' fu' foughten sair eneugh, Yet unco proud to learn The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Th' unwary sailor, thus, aghast, The wheeling torrent viewing, S. Farewell, thou stream t	"I saw the battle sair and tench.
When absent from my sailor lad? S. How can my poor heart	Yet unco proud to learn The Ans. to the Guidwife. "I saw the battle sair and teugh, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairm, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Then may heaven with prosperous gales,	tho' wi' crazy eild I'm sair forfairn, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Fill my sailor's welcome sails,	Partly wi' Love o'ercome sae sair, The Jolly Beggars, R. VII.
The sailor [returns] frae the main, . S. It was a' for t	The Fortune sair upon him laid,
Where sailors gang to fish for Cod The Twa Dogs.	His heart she ever miss'd it
There lives a lad, the lad for me,	Sair, sair may I repine; S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. For mony a heart thou hast made sair, S. The lovely lass
He is a gallant sailor. S. Where Cart rins t	Ao' R[ussel] sair misca'd her [Common-seuse]:
And I was fear'd my heart wou'd tine, And I gied it to the sailor	The Ordination 2
But to my heart I'll add my hand,	As lately, r -nw-ck, sair iortairn,
And gie it to the sailor	An' when they meet wi' sair disasters
I'll love my gallant sailor	Like loss o' health or want o' masters, The Twa Dogs. 11.

They've nae sair-wark to craze their banes, The Twa Dogs. 29.	Sall [shall]. An' tak' the counsel I sall gi'e thee, Add. to Illegit. Child.
And that fell cur ca'd common sense, That bites sae sair, . The Twa Herds. 16.	Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet, . S. Ca' the ewes. And ye sall be my dearie. [re.] 1b.
Auld chuckie Reckie's sair distrest, To W. Creech.	There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess.
Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,	S. I'll ay ca' in t
Sair do I fear that despair main and me; S. Twas na her bonie blue †	And stownlins we sall meet again
I thought sair storms wad never Bedew the scene; Verses under Grief.	When out the hellish legion sallied. Tam o' Shanter. 16.
O Love thou hast sorrows, and sair have I prov'd; S. Wae is my heart †	Sallow. In grief thy [Autumn's] sallow mantle tear; El. on Capt. M. H., 13.
'As sair owre hip as ye can draw't! . What ails ye now t	With ardent eyes, complexion sallow, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
But sair I fear some happier swain	Sal-marinum. True Sal-marinum o' the seas;
Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour: S. When first I saw t	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.
Sair-won [hard-earned].	And aye the salt tear blinds her ee; S. The lovely lass of I.
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,	Colute Company to solute how will a bigs
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.	Salute. Syne to salute her wi' a kiss, I flang my arms about her neck.
Sair, to [to serve].	S. The Lass that made the bed.
If honest Nature made you fools,	Salvation.
What sairs your Grammars? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 11.	For [Moodie] speels the holy door, Wi' tidings o' s-lv-t-n. [v.A.22] The Holy Fair. 12.
For my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter Some less mann sair. Second Ep. to Davie.	Wi' tidings o' s-lv-t-n. [v.A.22] The Holy Fair. 12.
Some less made sait.	Same. But till my last moments my words are the same, S. By yon castle wa't
But he'll sair them, as he sair'd the King, Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie S. The Laddies by t	Meet ev'ry sad-returning night,
Your clerkship he should sair, To Gav. Hamilton.	And joyless morn the same. Despondency, an Ode. 2.
Sae may, shou'd we to hell's vetts come,	The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same; Extem. on W. Smellie.
Your billy Satan sair us! . V.s, on Window, Carron.	From countless, unbeginning time
Sair't [served].	Was ever still the same The 1st b V.s of 90th Ps
I'd better gaen an' sair't the king, Ep. to J. R., 6.	Ye're ay the same kind man to me, . S. John Anderson †
Sairie [poor, sorry, feeble].	How aft her fate's the same, jo. S. O Lassie, art thou t
Some sairie comfort still at last, S. O ay my wife she dang.	Tell me thou bring'st me, my Willie, the same.
Sairly [sorely]. An' curse your folly sairly, A Dream. 10.	S. Wandering Willie.
That one pound one, I sairly want it; . Friend of the poet	Sample. Vet I am here a chosen sample. Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.
'He was sae sairly frighted That vera night. Halloween. 16.	
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him	If the virtues were pack't in a parcel, His worth might be sample for a. The Election Ballads. III.
On Scot. Bard gne to W.1.	The Election Ballads. III.
And, Oh, I find it sairly, O! . S. The deuks dang o'er.	Samson. Tam Samson's dead! [re.] Tam Samson's El
O sairly do I rue, The Ruined Maid's Lament.	Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies, Ib., Epit.
Your impudence protects you sairly: To a Louse.	Tam Samson's livin!
The drift is driving sairly; . S. Up in the morning.	Sanctified.
And sairly thole their mither's han, . What ails ye now †	And hey for the sanctified Murray, The Election Ballads. III.
Calco I'm was to think upo' you den.	Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified Sot,
Ev'n for your sake! Add. to the Dett. 21.	The Jolly Beggars, S. 11.
Nould here propone defences, Add. to Unco Guid. 2.	Sanction. And heaven-horn piety her sanction seals. To Miss Graham.
Would here propone detences, . Add. to Onto Guid. 2. For my sake this I beg it o' you, Auld comrade t	Sand. While the sands o' life shall run. S. A red, red Rose.
	With linked hands we took the sands,
Rair for his sake El. on Capt. M. H., 8.	Down by you winding river; . S. As I gaed up by t
Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it, Ep. to J. R., 3.	While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
for my lost darling's sake, S. Fate gave the word †	O, who would not die with the brave! S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Till for his sake I'm slighted sair, S. Here's his health in water.	3. Parewell, thou fair any
The fee the manufact cake destroy 'em.	'Till my last weary sand was run, S. O were I on Parnass.† Glowing here on golden sands, S. Streams that glide†
But for thy people's sake destroy 'em, Holy Willie's Prayer. 15.	
The sun took delight to shine for its sake; S. Lady Mary Ann.	But golden sands did never grace The Heliconian stream; To John M'Murdo.
Who for thy sake would gladly die! S. O Mary, at thy window t	That faith, the youngsters took the sands Wi' nimble shanks, To W. Simpson. P.S.
S. O mary, at thy tender of	Sandy. Low, in a sandy valley spread, The Vision. D. I. 15.
For sake o white comments	Sandy [dim. of Alexander].
But for her sake sae far awa; . S. Sae far awa.	My Sandy gied to me a ring, S. My Sandy gied †
For the sake of Somebody. [re.] S. Somebody.	My Sandy O my Sandy O.
for poor auld Scotland's sake . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	My bonie, honie Sandy O; [re.]
Now, for my friends' and brethren's sakes, The Election Ballads. VI.	Whare Sandy and Nancy I'm sure will ding them a'? S. There grows a bonie brier †
mt. E-mandl	The hu his hones who in a tuh
	Tho', by his banes wha in a tub Match'd Macedonian Sandy! To Mr. M'Adam.
"Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck "Of a' the ten comman's A screed some day." The Holy Fair, 4.	Sang [a Song].
1 /10 1109 1 1	"God save the king"'s a cukoo sang
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church:	That's unco easy said ay:
110 100 100	Primes Dibrock Sang Strathsney, or Keels
How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms, For her dear sake, and her's alone! The Lament.	Tull a settling cong [26]
Put for their sake my heart doth ache,	3. 21 Me O for the title it to the
But for their sake my heart doth ache, With many a bitter throe: S. The sun he is sunk †	Mirth or sang can please me; S. Blythe ha'e I been †
That gallant hadge, the dear cockade,	I listen'd to a lover's sang,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't. S. When wild Wars t	I listen'd to a lover's saug. And thought on youthful pleasures many; S. By Allan stream †
a - 1 - 11 - 11 Cal albali o' Midge-tail Chippings,	I gi's them (sorrow and care) a skelp as they're creeping alang
	I gi'e them [sorrow and care] a skelp as they're creeping alang Wi' a cog o' gude ale, and an auld Scottish sang. S. Contented wi little
Sale. I wish her sale for her gude ale, S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank t	S. Contented wi little†

Perhaps it may turn out a Sang ;	Sank.
Perhaps, turn out a Sermon Ep. to Young Friend.	"As through the cliff he sank him down; As on the banks †
At length we had a hearty yokin, At sang ahont. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 2.	She sank within my arms, and cried, Art thon my ain dear Willie? . S. When wild War's †
There was ae sang, amang the rest,	Sannock [dim. of Sandy].
	An' L-d, remember singing Sannock, . Auld comrade †
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel, 16. 6. 'You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,	Sans culottes.
To mak a sang?	While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high,
Yon sang ye'll sen't, wi' cannie care, Ep. to J. R., 5.	Sapling. Ep. fr. Esopus.
A hlessing on the cheery gang Wha dearly like a jig or sang, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.	By cruel hands the sapling drops, S. Fate gave the word, †
I tint my whistle and my sang S. Gat ye met	Sappho.
Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks, . Halloween. 28.	In thy sweet sang, Barhanld, survives Even Sappho's flame. Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Hark! the mavis' evening sang Sounding Clouden's woods amang; S. Hark! the mavis t	Sappy. women sonsie, saft an' sappy, There's naethin like †
Sounding Clouden's woods among; S. Hark! the mavis † as he tuned his doleful sang, Lament for Glencairn.	Sarah.
Has gart me change my sang. S. My heart was ance t	Or handing Sarah by the wame? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang	Saratoga. Then lost his way, ae misty day, In Saratoga shaw, man. A Fragment. 4.
But wi' miscarriage? Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Sark. Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands, S. The Union.
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives Even Sappho's flame	The Chief on Sark who glorious fell,
While falling, recalling,	In high command; [v.A.4] The Vision, D. I.
The amorous thrush concludes his sang; S. Sae flaxen† First I weav'd the rustic sang. S. Scenes of wee†	Sark [a shirt]. Wi' ruffi'd sark an' glancin cane, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 12.
How this new Play, and that new Sang is comin?	To dip her left sark sleeve in,
Scots Prologue.	I would na gie her in her sark
The lav'rock, to the sky Ascends wi' sangs o' joy; S. Sleep'st thou †	
The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter; Tam o' Shanter. 5.	Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handywark, S. O when she cam ben t
Or sing a sang at least The Ans. to the Guidwife.	My sarks they are few, but five o' them new,
But still the elements o' sang In formless jumble, right an' wrang, Wild floated in my brain; 1b.	Ronalds of Bennals. My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken ; S. Tam Glen.
Wild floated in my brain; Ib.	My droukit sark sleeve, as ye ken; S. Tam Glen. And linket at it in her sark! Tam o' Shantêr. 12.
She'll teach you, wi' a reekan whittle, Anither sang. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
And we hae sangs to sing; S. The Carls of Dysart.	Been snaw white seventeen hunder linnen!
Fame and high renown, For an auld sang The Election Ballads. IV.	Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
	Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
They heard the blackbird's sang, man; The Fête Champetre. An' thus the Muse suggested	And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!" Ib. 10.
His sang that night. The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
To lowse his pack an' wale a sang, Ib. R. VIII.	Tho' they should cast the vera sark and swim, The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
She sang a sang o' liberty, The Tree of Liberty.	"I'll get my Sunday's sark on, The Holy Fair. 6.
After some dog in Highland sang, . The Twa Dogs. An' teach the lanely heights an' howes	She took her mither's holland sheets, And made them a' in sarks to me;
My rustic sang To J. S., 9.	S. The lass that made the bed.
I shall say nae mair, But quat my sang, Ib. 29.	In thae auld times, they thought the Moon, Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon, . To W. Simpson. P.S.
The mournfu' sang I here enclose, In gratitude I send you; To Miss Ferrier.	Twice a lily flower will he him sark and cravat;
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder	S. Wee Willie Gray t
	Sarket [shirted, provided with shirts]. While here, half-mad, half-fed, half-sarket, Is a' th' amount. The Vision. D. I. 5.
Sang. He sang wi' joy his former day,	Is a' th' amount The Vision. D. 1.5.
When linnets sang, and lammies play'd. As on the banks †	Sark-neck [shirt-neck].
The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang, S. Damon and Sylvia.	There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
He who of R-k-n sang, lies stiff and dead, Lns while on Death-bed.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. Sat. The dew sat chilly on her breast, S. A Rosebud by my t
For sae I sat, and sae I sang, And wist na o' my fate. S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.	Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs! Add, to Edinburgh,
	I sat me down upon a craig, As on the banks t
And ilka bird sang o' it's luve;	But Merran sat behint their backs, Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
Thro' faded groves Maria sang,	Sat working at his loom; S. My heart was ance t
Wi' quaffing, and laughing,	I sat beside my warpin-wheel,
They ranted an' they sang; . The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
The bells they rang, and the carlins sang, S. The last braw bridal	S. O Mary at thy window t I sat me down to ponder,
The mayis sang, while dew-drops hang	Upon an auld tree-root: One night as I †
Around her on the castle was. The night was still † She sang a sang o' liberty, The Tree of Liberty.	That ilka melder, wi' the miller, Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; . Tam o' Shanter. 3.
At last her feet, I sang to see't,	There sat auld Nick, in shape o' heast;
Gaed foremost o'er the knowe; . S. The weary Pund.	Until wi' daffin weary grown,
And ay she wrought her mammie's wark, And ay she sang sae merrilie; . S. There was a lass t	Upon a knowe they sat them down [v.A.1] The Twa Dogs.
The hirds sang sweet in ilka grove;	For sae I sat, and sae I sang, S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II. But still as the fairest she sat in their sight.
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray, To Mary in Heaven.	But still as the fairest she sat in their sight, S. The heather was blooming \(\)
In ev'ry glen the mavis sang, . S. Twas even—the dewy	Sat guzzling wi' a Tinkler-hizzie; The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
And ilka hird sang o' its love, And fondly sae did I o' mine. S. Ye banks and braes †	I sat and ey'd the spewing reek, . The Vision. D. I. 3. There sat a bottle in a bole,
And through the wood ye sang, lassie; S. I'e hae lien wrang.	Beyont the ingle lowe; S. The weary Pund.

Satan.	Saunt [saint]. Ve mak a devil o' the Sannts, An' fill them fon;
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie, . Add. to the Deil.	An' fill them fon; Ep. to J. R. 2. It's just the Blue-gown hadge an' claithing,
'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown; Epig. on	O' Sannts;
Satan took stuff to mak a swine, . Epig. on A. Turner.	Ev'n godly meetings o' the saunts, By thee inspir'd, Scotch Drink. S.
So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying; Epig. on Capt. Grose.	Davie Bluster, Davie Bluster, if for a saunt ye do muster,
Astonished! confounded! cry'd Satan, by G-d,	The corps is no nice of recruits The Kirk's Alarm.
I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d—ble load 10.	The timmer is scant, when ye're ta'en for a sannt Ib. Detested, shunn'd, by saunt an' sinner, . To a Louse.
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep, He'll hand it weel thegither Epit. on Rul. Elder.	An' yet he's rank'd amang the chief
The coins o' Satan's coronation !	O' lang syne saunts What ails ye now † An' snugly sit amang the saunts, At Davie's hip yet Ib.
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †	Saunter.
O Satan, when ye tak him, Gie him the schulin of your weans; . On a Schoolmaster.	Dowie she sannters down Nithside, . Ep. to H. Farker.
that curst carmagnole auld Satan, Poem on Life.	When idly goavan whyles we sannter, Ef. to Maj. Logan. 2.
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fn' fain, Tam o' Shanter. 16. Here is Satan's picture, Like a bizzard gled,	Saut [salt]. He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail Ep. to H. Parker.
The Election Buttans, IV.	While down his cheeks the sant tears row'd;
Yet that winna save ye, and Satan must have ye, The Kirk's Alarm.	An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear:
Sae may, shou'd we to hell's yetts come,	On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Your billy Satan sair us! . V.s, on Window, Carron. Satire.	Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on, Poem on Life. Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose; Poor Mailie's El
Who on my fair one satire's vengeance hurls? Ep. fr. Esopus.	The sant tear blin't his e'e; . S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.
O Pope, had I thy satire's darts . To Rev. J. M'Math.	For a' his fresh heef and his sant, S. To daunton me.
Ironic satire, sidelins sklented, On my poor musie; . To W. Simpson.	Saut-backet [salt-bucket].
Satisfy'd.	And parritch-pats, and auld sant-backets, Before the Flood. On Grose's Peregrinations.
Ill-satisfy'd, keen Nature's clam'rous call, A Winter Night. 9.	Sautet [salted]. But ere the course o' life be through,
Saturday. Inform him [death], and storm him,	It may be hitter sautet: A Dream. 15. Sauty [salt].
That Saturday ye'll fecht him 10 a Meateat Gent.	Alas! that e'er a honie face
Nor sauce, nor state that I could see, On dining with Daer.	Should draw a santy tear! . The Ruined Maid's Lament. Savage, adj.
Wi' sauce, ragouts, an' sic like trashtrie, The Twa Dogs. 9.	Lone from your savage homes exil'd, A Winter Night. 5.
Saucy.	Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find, The savage and the tender; S. Now westlin winds t
Some [nits] start awa, wi' sancy pride, Halloween. 7. Leest neebours might say I was sancy:	The savage and the tender; S. Now westlin winds † In these savage, liquid plains, On scaring Water fowl.
S. Last May a braw wooer	As one who by some savage stream,
She'll no be half sae sancy yet. S. My love she's but a lassie † Wha follows ony sancy quean S. O Tibbie! †	A lonely gem surveys, S. Peggy Chalmers. And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds!)
And wasna Cockpen right sancy witha', S. O when she cam ben t	The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
E-marlante to deceme a place	The wildest savage Tory, . The Election Ballads. VI. My savage journey, curious, I pursue.
Are qualifications saucy: The Dean of Fac	W. In Kennore Inc.
saucy Phoebus' scorching beams, The Petition of Br. Water. They gang as saucy by poor folk, The True Poor 12.	As blooming spring unbends the brow Of surly, savage winter
As I wad by a stinkan brock.	Savage, s.
Now, I mann thole the scornfu' sneer O mony a sancy quean; . The Ruined Maid's Lament.	The Cameleon-savage disturb'd her repose, S. Caledonia, Talk not to me of savages, On Miss J. Lewars.
Saugh [the willow].	No sayage e'er could rend my heart,
Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle O' saugh or hazle A Guid New-Year † 10.	As, Jessy, thou hast done
But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodles. To Dr. Blacklock.	Savannah. Ye monarchs, tak the east and west,
	Frae Indus to Savannah! . S. The gowd. Locks of A
Saul [soul]. Tak thou the Carlin's carcase aff,	Save. "God save the King" 's a cukoo sang That's unco easy said ay: A Dream. 2.
Thou'se get the saul o' hoot. Epig. on Henpeeked Squite.	But Cl-nt-n's glaive frae rust to save
An' here his hody lies fu' low—	He hung it to the wa', man. A Fragment. 4. And save the Honour o' the nation! Add. of Beelzebub. 2.
	Who will not sing, God save the King, Shall hang as high's the steeple: S. Does haughty Gaul, †
My vera heart an' sani are quakin', Holy Willie's Prayer. 14. And ay it charms my very sani,	Shall hang as high's the steeple: S. Does haughty Gaut, T. Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name:
The kind love that's in her e'e S. O this is no my ain	S. Farewell, thou juit aug t
Our sinfu' saul to get a claute on	Our King and our country to save, 1b.
	See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
Is rapture-giving woman. The Ans. to the Guidelyt.	Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
The lads an' lasses, blythely bent To mind baith saul an' hody, The Holy Fair, 20.	While empty greatness saves a worthless name! 16.
Our yera "Sauls does harrow" Wi fright 10. 21.	Till skelp—a shot—they re aff, a' throw ther, To save their skin. The Author's Cry and Prayer P.
And short of coult to waste his lear on.	O, hid him save their harmless lives, The Death of Mailie.
And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on, E'en tried the body To Dr. Blacklock.	To save them from stark reprobation,
Do what I dought to set her free, No road law in the mire:	He lent them his name to the firm. The Election Ballads. III.
Saumont, Sawmont [salmon].	Not Polteney's wealth can Pulteney save; Ib. VI.
An' wintle like a saumont-cohle, . A Guaz Wew Tear 17.	Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye, The Kirk's Alarm,
Now safe the stately Sawmont sail, Tam Samson's El., 6.	

You save fair Jessie from the grave! An angel could not die	And dire the discord Langside saw, . The Dean of Fac
Crush the locusts, save the flower. Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.	And dire the discord Langside saw, . The Dean of Fac He saw her days were near hand ended, The Death of Mailie.
Sav'd. But with such as he, where'er he he, May I be saved or d-'d! Epit. for G. H.	And wha is't never saw that? . The Election Ballads. II. A House o' Commons such as he,
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd, Till fears no more had sav'd me: S. Farewell, thou stream †	They wad he blest that saw that
Saving.	Saw ye e'er sic troggin?
But a full flowing howl,	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
Was the saving his soul, . Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. "For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint!	A place where hody saw na'; S. The gowd. Locks of A.
Saving-fit.	For well I saw in halls and towers That lust and pride, The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers, In state preside.
But, G-d-sake! let nae saving-fit Abridge your honie Barges An' Boats . A Dream. 7.	The Hermit. I saw mankind with vice incrusted;
	I saw that honour's sword was rusted;
Saviour. His country's Saviour, mark him well! [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.	An' wi' a curchie low did stoop, As soon as e'er she saw me, t The Holy Fair. 3.
Saw [an old saying, a proverb].	That day the Duke ne'er saw, Jamie S. The Laddies by t
Saws of experience, sage and sound. Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Saw [salve, plaster].	He saw mischief was brewin; The Ordination. 8.
'And then a' doctor's saws and whittles	An' when the gentry's life I saw, What way poor bodies liv'd ava The Twa Dogs. 7.
Saw [to sow]. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20,	And saw gin they were sick or hale,
That he could saw hemp-seed a peck; Halloween. 17.	At the first sight The Twa Herds. 7. And by my ingle-lowe I saw, The Vision. D. I. 7.
And every now an' then he says, 'Hemp-seed I saw thee,	An aged Judge, I saw him rove,
Saw [pret. of see].	Dispensing good. [v.A.4]
(Inspired Bardies saw, man) A Fragment. 8.	"I saw thee seek the sounding shore, Ib. D. II. 13.
I'll learn my kin a rattling sang, Gin I saw ane and twenty. S. And O for ane and twenty †	'I saw grim Nature's visage hoar, Struck thy young eye. Ib.
But Phemie was a bonier lass	'I saw thee eye the gen'ral mirth With boundless love. 16. 14.
Than braces o' Yarrow ever saw S. Blythe was she t The queerest shape that e'er I saw,	I saw thee leave their evining joys, And lonely stalk, 16. 15.
Death and Dr. Hornhook, 7.	'I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride, El. on Miss Burnet.	Before I saw Clarinda's face,
And saw each bed-post with its hurden n-groaning, Epig. on Capt. Grose.	My heart was blithe and gay, To Clarinda.
O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab? S. Eppie M'Nab.	Ye turned a neuk—I saw your e'e— She took the wing like fire! To Miss Ferrier.
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd, Till fears no more had sav'd me:	Ye shades that echo'd to his vows, And saw me once supremely blest, S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
S. Farewell, thou stream †	such a brace As Rome ne'er saw; To W. Creech.
The wisest Man the warl' saw, He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. [v.A.24] S. Green grow the Rashes.	An' therefore, Tam, when that I saw, I said 'Gude night,' and cam' awa' What ails ye now t
But for a modest, graceful mien, Her like I never saw	I saw they were resolved a On my oppression 1b. When first I saw fair Jeanie's face,
The honniest lad that e'er I saw, S. Highl, Laddie.	I couldna tell what ailed me, . S. When first I saw !
My face was but the keekin' glass—	An' ay my heart came to my mon, When ne'er a hody heard or saw. S. Young Jockey †
And there ye saw your picture. In Defence of a Lady. It was a' for our rightfu' king,	Sawin [sowing],
We e'er saw Irish land, S. It was a' for t	'Friend! hae ye heen mawin, When ither folk are husy sawin? Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.
I saw three sheep, And these three sheep saw me; Johnny Peep.	Sawmont v. Saumont.
She saw three bonie hoys playing at the ba'; S. Lady Mary Ann.	Sawney [Sandy, Alexander].
I never saw a fairer, S. My Love's a winsome †	Singet Sawney, Singet Sawney, are ye herding the penny, The Kirk's Alarm. 7.
We saw none to deliver New Psalmody. And Kenmure's lord's the bravest lord	Sax [Six]. But sax Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle, A Gude New-Year 10.
That ever Galloway saw. S. O Kenmure's on and awa t	Hae turn'd sax rood beside our han', Ib. 11.
I sat, but neither heard nor saw: S. O Mary, at the window	Forhy sax mne, I've sell't awa,
O saw ye honie Lesley, As she gaed o'er the horder? S. O saw ye bonie L.†	Sax thousand years are near hand fled Sin' I was to the butching bred,
O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't! S. O whare did ye get t	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13. Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer,
He saw Misfortune's cauld Nor-west	I've seen the hud upo' the timmer, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 10.
Lang-mustering up a bitter blast; On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	There's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman, S. Ogin yewere dead †
"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire; "I saw fair freedom's blossoms richly blow:	I had sax owsen in a pleugh, S. O gude ale comes † Saxon. The Saxon lads, wi'loud placads, A Fragment. 7.
On Death of Sir J. Blair. When first her bonie face I saw; . S. Sae flaxen †	Saxpence [sixpence].
When first her bonie face I saw; . S. Sae flaxen† O saw ye my dear, my Phely? . S. Saw ye my Phely.	Wi' hale breeks, saxpence an' a bannock; Auld comrade †
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight! Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Say. Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin, It's just sic Poet an' sic Patron. A Ded. to G. H., 2.
That woefu' morn he ever mourn'd Saw him in shootin' graith adorn'd, Tam Samson's El., 8.	What ance he says, he winna break it; 16.5.
"I saw the battle sair and teugh, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	But that's a word I need na say:
	I canna say but they do gailies; . Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
The horsemen back to Forth, man	Say you'll be merry tho' you can't be rich.
To Perth and to Dundee, man:	I've heard my rev'rend graunie say,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	In lanely glens ye like to stray, Add. to the Deil. 5. To say her pray'rs, douse, honest woman!

Say

Scandal

My passion I will ne'er declare, I'll say I wish thee well S. Ah, Chloris†	And hear my vows o' truth and love, And say thou lo'es me best of a'. S. Sae flaxen †
I'll hide the struggle in my heart, And say it is esteem	What says she, my dearest, my Phely? [re.] S. Saw ye my Phely.
That we lost, did I say, nay, by heav'n that we found, At Meet, of D. Volunteers.	Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their hest." Scots Prologue.
We darena weel say't, tho' we ken wha's to blame, S. By you castle wa't	But-what'll ye say!
But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine, Say, thou lo'es nane before me; S. Craigie-burn Wood.	They flatter, she says, to deceive me, S. Tam Glen.
At length, says I, ' Friend, whare ye gaun,	My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him, He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten;
Death and Dr. Hornbook. S. 'Weel, weel!' says I, 'a bargain he't; 1b. 11.	They this looks! say their master is a knave-
And says, 'Ye needna yoke the plengh,	And sure they do not lie That there is falsehood † Say, such is royal George's will,
Who says that fool alone is not thy due, Ep. fr. Esopus.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
I'll no say, men are villains a'; Ep. to Young Friend. 3. (To say aught less wad wrang the cartes, Ep. to Davie. 8.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. Hale to the sex, ilk guid chiel says, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
'Conscience,' says I, 've thowless jad!	Say pell and mell, wi' muskets knell How Tories fell and Whigs to h-ll
Ép. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 4. Say, sages, what's the charm on earth.	The Battle of Sherra-Moor,
Can turn death's dart aside? . Epit. on Miss Lewars.	Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't! The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nah? [re.] S. Eppie M'Nab.	Were ye but here, what would ye say or do! Ib. 9.
Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, S. Had I the wyte t	As for your Priesthood, I shall say but little, Ib. 10. I must needs say, comparisons are odd. Ib.
Syne, say I was a fautor	'And let us worship God!' he says with solemn air.
She says in to hersel:	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. And meikle he wad say, The Election Ballads. 1.
Wee Jenny to her Graunie says, 'Will ye go wi' me Graunie?	Says black Joan frae Crichton Peel, 1b.
And ev'ry now an' then, he says, 'Hemp-seed I saw thee	The billie is gettin his questions, To say in Saint Stephen's the morn
Give me, and I've no more to say, Give me Maria's natal day! Improm. on Mrs.—'s Birth-day.	I am, altho' l say't mysel, Worth gaun a mile to see The Petition of Br. Water.
Says, I'll be wed come o't what will, S. In simmer when t	Small need her he to say a grace The Holy Egir 20
Say, was it the covenant carried her thither; Jenny M'Craw.	And ay she wist na what to say; S. The lass that made the bed.
They say ye're turning auld, John, and what though it be so, S. John Anderson †	I've little to say, but only to pray, . S. The Sons of old K
As I hear sindry say, O: Katharine Jaffray.	Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him, . The Twa Dogs. 22.
And say thou'lt be my dearie O? S. Lassic wi' the lintwhite† Leest nechours might say I was saucy:	She had na will to say him na: S. There was a lass † But say thou wilt hae me for better for waur,
S. Last May a braw wooer	S. Tibbie Dunbar.
And as he was singin' thir words he did say, Lns on a Ploughman.	I canna say but ye strunt rarely, To a Louse. Altho' I say't, he's gleg enough, To Gav. Hamilton.
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean, S. My Collier Laddie.	'As lang's the Muses dinna fail 'To say the grace.' . To J. S., 24.
Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd, But he may say he's bought her O.	Then, Jamie, I shall say nae mair, Ib. 29.
S. My love she's but a lassie † Let witless, trusting woman say	Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly, . To W. Simpson. And winna say owre far for thrice, . I's to J. Ranken.
How aft her fate's the same, jo S. O Lassie, art thou † He'd look into thy bonie face,	But fegs, the Session says I maun What ails ye now
And say, "I [the Deil] canna wrang thee." S. O saw ye bonie L.	Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!' Why am I loth t
Say, was thy little mate unkind, . S. O stay, sweet warb.	Say then, Katie, say ye'll take me, S. Will ye go and marry t
I con'dna sing, I cou'dna say, How much, how dear I love thee. S. O were I on Parnass.	And the Priest shall say, Amen
Wi' deils, they say, L-d safe's! colleaguin	Or if thou wilt na be my ain,
On Grose's Peregrinations,	Say na thou'lt refuse me:
I'd take the rascal by the nose, Wad say, Shame fa' thee	There solid self-enjoyment lies; . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him, While the star of hope she leaves him? . S. One fond kiss t	Saying, -in. Were sayin or takin aught amiss:. Kind Sir, I've read †
Such thy bloom! did I say, S. Phillis the Fair.	An' saying aye or no's they bid him: The Twa Dogs. 22.
Say, Lassie, why thy train amang, Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang	But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's To J. Kennedy.
Foem on Pastoral Poetry. I'll say't, she never brak a fence,	Say'st. Again Thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men, Return ye into nought!' The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps.
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,	Soah While scales an' hotches did him [Job] gall.
To you the dotard [Time] has a deal to say, Prologue, at Th., D	Highland scah and hunger; Epig. on being neglected at I. Inn.
The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say, "You're one year older this important day,"	Scale. Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale? Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Has this to say—"It was no deed of mine;"	Scan.
Kemorse. A Frag	Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan, Wr. in Kenmore Inn
Like Æsop's Lion, Eurns says, sore I feel All others' scorn—but damn that ass's heel. Reply to a Reproof.	Scan, to. Then gently scan your brother Man, Still gentler sister Woman; Add. to Unco Guid. 7.
Says [Mansfield] the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel? Reproof by Himself.	Scandal. What scandal called Maria's jaunty stagger,
Nor ha'e't in her power to say na, man, Ronalds of Bennals. And ay my Chloris' dearest charm,	To mouth 'A Citizen,' a term o' scandal;
She says she lo'es me best of a'. S. Sae flaxen	The Brigs of Ayr. 10.

Scandal-potion. They sip the scandal-potion pretty; The Twa Dogs, 33. Scandinavian.	"Ye scatter'd hirds that faintly sing Lament for Glencairn. And scattered cowslips sweetly spring; S. Now bank and brac† The scatt'red coveys meet secure, S. The gloomy night †
The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth . S. Caledonia. Scant. For Kings are unco scant ay, A Dream. 14.	And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale. S. The small birds rejoice †
Discount what scant occasion gave, Add. to Unco Guid. 3.	The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
The timmer is scant, when ye're ta'en for a saunt,	Scaud [to scald].
The Kirk's Alarm. Poor tenant-bodies, scant o' cash, . The Twa Dogs. 13.	Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
(I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,) To Dr. Blacklock.	To scaud poor wretches! Add. to the Deil.
C	To skelp an' scand poor dogs like me,
Scant (Scarcity, Scantiness). I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want, As lang's I get employment. S. Here's to thy health †	Scauldin [scolding]. Or Zipporah, the scauldin jad, The Ordination. 4.
As lang's I get employment. S. Here's to thy health \	Scaur [a stream in Nithsdale].
If e'er ye want, or meet with scant, May I ne'er weet my craigie! The Jolly Beggars. S. I'I.	Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur, The Whistle. 4.
Scanty. Nor make our scanty pleasures less, By pining at our state: Ep. to Davie. 7.	Scaur [apt to be scared].
In longitude the sorely scanty,	An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame, Nor blate nor scaur. Add. to the Deil.
It was her best, and she was vauntie. Tam o' Shanter. 15.	Scawl [scold].
Just much about it wi' your scanty sense; The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked scawl Add. to the Deil. 18.
For her too scanty once of room! The Lament.	Scene.
How little of life's scanty span may remain; S. The lazy mist † There, in thy scanty mantle clad, . To a Mountain-Daisy.	Dim-backward as I cast my view,
'I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal	What sick ning Scenes appear! . Despondency, an Ode. From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date.
'Wi' chearfu' face,	Ep. fr. Esopus.
Sear [a cliff; a mark; a wound].	The hero of the mimic scene,
And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle, Beneath a scar. A Winter Night. 3.	It lightens, it brightens, The tenebrific scene,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar: Add. to Edinburgh. 5.	this scene of peace and love, O Thou dread Pow'r
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays; Halloween. 25.	I view the solemn scene around, On Lincluden.
Let other heroes boast their scars, Nature's Law.	And all the splendid scene's decayed; Ib.
And show my cuts and scars wherever I come; The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	When flow'ry May adorns the scene, S. On Cessnock banks †
Scar, to [to scare].	The pride of all the flowery scene, Ib., Sett II.
And mony a scheme in vain's been laid,	Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly; On Death of R. Dundas.
To stap or scar me; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.	Can point the hrimful grief-worn eyes
Scarce. Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.	Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure.
I've scarce heard aught describ'd sae weel, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4.	Scenes that former thoughts renew; [re.] S. Scenes of weet O! for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene, Scots Prologue.
But twa-three draps about the wame Scarce through the feathers; Ep. to J. R., 12.	Ah why should I such scenes outlive!
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock, On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	Scenes so abhorrent to my heart! Sent to a Gent. offended. The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene:
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang	The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene; The Cotter's Sat. Night.
But wi' miscarriage? Poem on Pastoral Poetry. A trifle scarce worthy your care; Poet. Add. to Tytler.	From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs, 1b. 19.
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump. Tam o' Shanter, 19.	Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write Those happy scenes when far awa!
The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet:	
The Brigs of Ayr. 11. But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;	The scenes where wretched Fancy roves, S. The gloomy night †
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	As lightsomely I glowr'd abroad,
Wi' you I'll scarce gang ony where To J. S., 29.	To see a scene sae gay, The Holy Fair. 2. Does the soher bed of Marriage
Scarcely. But still keep something to yoursel Ye scarcely tell to ony. Ep. to Young Friend. 5.	Witness brighter scenes of love?
Wha scarcely tent us in their way, . Ep. to Davie. 6.	The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing: Ep. to J. R., 6.	Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set! Scenes, never, never to return!
The King's most humble servant, I Can scarcely spare a minute; Extent. to an Intimate.	Scenes, if in stuper I forget,
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,	
When out the hellish legion sallied, Tam o' Shanter. 16.	How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear, S. The lazy mist †
The scarcely langer than your leg, The Inventory.	A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife, . The Tree of Liberty.
They scarcely left to coor their fnds, To quench their lowan dronth, The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.	Since life's gay scenes must charm no more, . To Chloris.
Scar'd, they scar'd at blows S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene: To Mary in Heaven.
Scar'd from its minnie and the cleckin	Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes, 1b.
By hoodie-craw; To W. Creech. Scarlet. In silks an' scarlets glitter; . The Holy Fair. 7.	I conrt, I beg thy friendly aid, To close this scene of care! To Ruin.
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.	To close this scene of care! To Ruin. Eden scenes on crystal Jed,
S. The Jolly Beggars. S.I.	I thought sair storms wad never Bedew the scene:
Scathe [v. also Skaith].	V.s, under Grief.
then the scathe an' banter We're forced to thole. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2.	Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene? Why am I loth †
Scatter.	These northern scenes with weary feet I trace : Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
That scatters blight in early spring? . As on the banks †	Scent.
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter; Ep. to R. Graham. 3	How sune it [wild-rose] tines its scent and hue When pu'd and worn a common toy! S. I do confess t
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide; The Brigs of Ayr.	When pu'd and worn a common toy! S. I do confess t Scent, to.
Scattered, -'d.	And, drooping rich the dewy head,
From marking wildly-scatt'red flow'rs, Add. to Edinburgh.	It scents the early morning S. A Rosebud by t

Where the wa' flower scents the dewy air, A Vision. Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evining gale. Night	A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail, And barley-scone shall cheer me. To Mr. M'Adam. Sconner [loathing].
The Cotter's Sat. Night. Scented. The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me.	Or fricassee wad make her spew Wi' perfect sconner, To a Haggis.
S. Afton Water. Ye woodbines hanging bonnille,	Sconner, to [to loathe].
In scented bowers; El. on Capt. M. II., 5. The scented breezes round us blaw, S. Now rosy May t	And yill an' whisky gie to Cairds, Until they sconner To J. S., 22.
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms The scented groves, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Scorch'd. But love wi' unrelenting beam
The scented birk and hawthorn white, S. The Contented Cottager.	Has scorchi'd my fountains dry. S. Now Spring has clad † Scorching. They wasted, o'er a scorching flame, The marrow of his bones; John Barleycorn.
Down by the burn, where scented birks Wi'dew are hanging clear, my jo, S. When o'er the hill t	Pd fan it wi' a constant gale, Beneath the noontide's scorching ray; S. O were my love†
Sceptic. Or tore, with noble ardour stung, The Sceptic's bays. The Vision. D. II. 6. Scepter'd. A scepter'd hand, a king's command,	saucy Phoebus' scorching beams, The Petition of Br. Water. I'm scorching up so shallow,
Is in her darting glances: S. Lovely Davies. There, where a sceptr'd Pictish shade	Score.
Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.	Has clad a score i' their last claith, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25. To scores o' lambs, an' packs of woo'! The Death of Mailie.
On Window at Stirling. But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,	Or buy a score o' lairds, man? . S. The Fête Champetre.
The Election Ballads. V.	For then 1 had a score o' kye, The Highl. Widow's Lament. And there I had three score o' yowes Ib.
Scheme. 'And mony a scheme in vain's been laid, 'To stap or scar me; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.	Than mony scores as guid's the priest Wha sae abus't him. To Rev. J. M'Math.
1 dropt my schemes, like idle dreams. S. My father was a farmer t	toothy critics by the score, In bloody raw! . To W. Creech. On the same sicker score I mentioned before,
Nag thought pag view, nag scheme o' livin',	P.S. to "The Kirk's Murm.
Second Ep. to Dubit:	I see by ilka score and line, S. There was a lad t
They fell upon a scheme,	Scorn. And bear the scorn that's in her e'e! S. Again rejoicing Nature
The best laid schemes o' Mice an' Men,	The princely revel may survey Our rustic dance wi scorn: Then it was thy hour of scorn: S. Behold, my love t
Then Pow'r Supreme whose mighty Scheme,	Then it was thy hour of scorn;
These woes of mine fulfil;	Estem. on Comments of There
Scho [she]. Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof, [re.] S. There was a lad †	If not, why am I subject to His cruelty, or scorn? Who poverty ne'er held in scorn, On Window of C. Inn, F
Scholar.	core I feel All others' scorn Keply to a Keproof.
Shew'd him the gentleman an' scholar; The Twa Dogs. School. I was bred up at nae sic school,	Till our gudeman has gotten the scorn; S. The Cooper o' cuddy t
My shepherd-lad, to play the tool, S. Ca the E-wes.	The lalland laws he held in scorn: The Jolly Beggars, S. IV. My yows and tears her scorn excite . To Clarinda.
Ep, to J. L-n, Mp. 15s, 11s	And ye will dree the scorn, lassie; S. Ye hae lien wrang.
To school in bands thegither,	Scorn, to. 1 scorn him [death] yet again! S. Farewell, ye dungcons t
Than either School or Colledge: . The Holy Pair. 19.	I ken they scorn my low estate, S. Here's to thy health † I scorn not the Peasant, tho' ever so low;
But human-hodies are sic fools,	S. No Churchman am I †
For a' their colledges an schools,	And I the warld nor wish nor scorn. S. O bonic was you rosy † Ve'se never scorn me S. O can ye labour lea †
School-fellow.	Man with all his powers you scorn; On scaring Water-forol
My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie, Aula comraac,	And the foe you cannot brave, Scorn at least to be his slave
Schulin [schooling]. Gie him the schulin of your weans; On a Schoolmaster.	Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
Science. Seeks Science in her coy abode Add. to Edinburgh. 2.	Tun U Bhanach 1211
An' in the depth of science mir'd, Audd comrade Mankind is a science defies definitions. Frag., inser. to Fox.	With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end, The Cotter's Sat. Night. To phrase you an praise you, To Can Hamilton
Mankind is a science defines definitions. Pracy, And grateful science heaves the heartfelt sigh. On Death of Sir J. Blair	(Eh. to I. R., O.
Where every science—every nobler art	Scorner. 'The mock'd quotation of the scorner's jest,'
a with feels may scoff at: Add, to Illegit, Child	Scornful, -fu'.
Scoffingly. Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,	Nor from the seat of scornful Pride Casts forth his eyes abroad, The 1st Ps
Poet, Add. to Tytler Scolding.	The hermit's prayer
I married with a scolding wife The fourteenth of November; . S. The Joyful Widower	Now I mann thole the scornfu' sneer O' mony a saucy quean; The Ruined Maid's Lament.
I married with a scolding wife The fourteenth of November; S. The Joyful Widower Scone [a kind of bread, thinner than a bannock]. In souple scones, the wale o' food! Scotch Drink, 4	Looks down, wi's neering scornfy view To a Haggis.

Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's Toothache. Add. to Toothache.

Scorning.	(The town of the place of the
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning, . To J. S., 15.	'Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift, 'Thro' Scotland wide; Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 13.
Scorpion.	And there's no a man in all Scotland,
Love grasps its scorpions—stifled they expire; To Clarinda.	But I'll brave him at a word. S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
And scorpion Critics cureless venom dart. To R. G. of F., 3.	It was a' for our rightfu' king We left fair Scotland's strand; S. It was a' for †
Scot. Oh! had each Scot of ancient times,	And may his great posterity
Been, Jeany Scott, as thou art, . On Miss Scott.	And may his great posterity Ne'er fail in old Scotland! John Barleycorn.
Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots, On Grose's Peregrinations.	The meanest hind in fair Scotland
Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well, Scotch Drink. 16.	May rove their sweets amang; But I, the Queeu of a' Scotland,
Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled;	Maun lie in prison strang Lament of Mary of Scots.
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led; S. Scots wha ha'e † A Scot still, but hlot still,	And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
I knew no higher praise The Ans, to the Guidwife.	Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
Is there, that bears the name o' Scot, But feels his heart's blood rising hot,	And laws for Scotland's weel ordained;
But feels his heart's blood rising hot, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	On Window at Stirling. On thee aft Scotland chows her cood, . Scotch Drink. 4.
Dempster, a true-hlue Scot I'se warran; Ib. 13.	An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
Dire was the hate at old Harlaw,	To her warst faes 16. 15.
That Scot to Scot did carry; The Dean of Fac	Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well,
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,	Scotland lament frae coast to coast! Ib. 19.
But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot, And also the wild Scot o' Galloway, Sodgerin gunpowder Blair. The Election Ballads. III.	Wha for Scotland's king and law, Freedom's sword will strongly draw? . S. Scots wha ha'e†
Scotten. But sax Scotten mile, thou if y t their mettle,	That I for poor auld Scotland's sake
A Guid New-year † 10.	Some useful plan, or hook could make, Or sing a sang at least. The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.	Scotland an' me's in great affliction,
And sic a Lord-lang Scotch ells twa, On dining with Daer.	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best,	Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth,
Ronalds of Bennals. I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, . Scotch Drink.	Paint Scotland greetan owre her thrissle; Ib. 7.
O thou, my Muse! guid, auld Scotch Drink! Ib.	Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's Auld Scotland's wrangs
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,	Arouse my hoys! exert your mettle,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	
Poor Burns-e'eu Scotch driuk cauna quicken, To IV. Creech.	Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue;
Containment Duthilon Containment for Linkill	Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
Clap in his cheek a Highland gill, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell
Scotia. Edina! Scotia's darling seat! Add. to Edinburgh.	O'er a' wad Scotland huy or sell, The Election Ballads. VI.
Scotia's kings of other years, Fam'd heroes! 1b. 6.	Or him wha led o'er Scotland a' The meikle Ursa-Major? The Fête Champetre.
Old Scotia's bloody lion hore:	My Donald's arm was wanted then
While Scotia, with exulting tear,	For Scotland and for me. S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
Proclaims that Thomson was her son. Add. to Shade of Thomson.	The Solemn League and Covenant Cost Scotland blood—cost Scotland tears;
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way	The League and Covenant.
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson. Pale Scotia's recent wound 1 may deplore.	'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle.
On Death of R. Dundas.	That hears the name o' auld king Coil, . The Twa Dogs. Shew'd he was naue o' Scotlaud's dogs
On Death of R. Dundas. Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train:	
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train;	Shew'd he was naue o' Scotlaud's dogs,
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train;	Shew'd he was naue o' Scotland's dogs,
On Death of R. Dundos. Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train: On Death of Sir J. Blair. Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs, The Drigs of Ayr. 13. The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food:	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, Ib. And long with this Whistle all Scotlaud shall ring. The Whistle. 'This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er, Ib. And Scotland wants nae skinking ware
On Death of R. Dundas. Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train; On Death of Sir J. Blair. Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs, The Drigs of Ayr. 12. The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cetter's Sat. Night. 11.	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. "The Whistle. "This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er, Ib. Auld Scotland wants uae skinking ware That jaups in luggies; [w.A.7] . To a Haggis. Yarnow an' Tweed, to monie a tune.
On Death of R. Dundas. Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train: On Death of Sir J. Blair. Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs, The Brigs of Ayr. 12. The bealsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: 16. 13.	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. "The Whistle. "This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er, Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware That jaups in luggies; [v.A.7] Yarrow an 'Tweed, to monie a tune, Owre Scotland rings, To W. Simpson.
On Death of R. Dundas. Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train; On Death of Sir J. Blair. Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs, The Brigs of Ayr. 12. The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: 10.13. From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs, 16. 10.	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, Ib. And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. The Whistle. "This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er. Ib. Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware That jauns in luggies; 1v.A., To a Haggis. Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune. Owre Scotland rings, To W. Simpson. To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over; Tree hearted was het.
On Death of R. Dundas. Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train: On Death of Sir J. Blair. Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs, The Brigs of Ayr. 12. The bealsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: 16. 13.	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, Ib. And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. The Whistle. "This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er. Ib. Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware That jauns in luggies; 1v.A., To a Haggis. Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune. Owre Scotland rings, To W. Simpson. To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over; Tree hearted was het.
On Death of R. Dundas. Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train; On Death of Sir J. Blair. Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs. The Brigs of Ayr. 12. The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: 16. 13. From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs, 16. 10. O Scotia' my dear, my native soil! 16. 20. O never, never Scotia's realm desert, 16. 21. Farewell, old Scotia's heak domains, 17the Farewell.	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. The Whistle. 'This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland geto'er, Auld Scotland wants une skinking ware That jaups in luggies; [v.A.7] Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune, Ower Scotland rings, To eaul youre [essie, seek Scotland all over;
On Death of R. Dundas. One the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train: Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs, The Brigs of Ayr. 1s. The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs, 1b. 19. O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, The Farewell. To Masonyr and Scotia dear! The Farewell. To St. 1/1 s. L.	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. The Whistle. "This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er. 16. Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware That jaups in luggies; (v.A.7). Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune, To a Haggis. To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over; Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed That ever rose on Scotland's plain!
On Death of R. Dundas. Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train; On Death of Sir J. Blair. Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs, The Brigs of Ayr. 12. The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's hold lays: 16. 13. From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs. 16. 10. O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! 16. 20. O never, never Scotia's realm desert, 16. 21. Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, 17the Farewell. To Masonry and Scotia dear! The Farewell. To St. J.'s L Old Scotia's darling hope.	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, Ib. And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. The Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er, Il. Andle Scotland wants nane skinking ware That jaups in luggies; [v.A.7] To a Haggis. Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune, Owre Scotland rings, To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over; S. True hearted was he † That ever rose on Scotland's plain! S. Twas even—the deuy † Scots [Scottish; the Scottish language]. May Heaven protect my honie Scots Laddie,
On Death of R. Dundas. Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train; On Death of Sir J. Blair. Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs, The Brigs of Ayr. 12. The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's hold lays: 16. 13. From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs. 16. 10. O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! 16. 20. O never, never Scotia's realm desert, 16. 21. Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, 17the Farewell. To Masonry and Scotia dear! 1 The Farewell. To St. J.'s L Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel hand 18the Stave Ward I well could says. 18the Stave Ward I well could says.	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. "This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er, Ib. Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware That jaups in luggies; [v.A.7] . To a Haggis, Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune, Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune, To equal young Jessle, seek Scotland all over; S. True hearted was he! Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed That ever rose on Scotland's plain! Scots [Scottish; the Scottish language]. May Heaven protect my honie Scots Laddie, May Heaven protect my honie Scots Laddie, S. O whare did ye get, the scot is seen the scot of the sco
On Death of R. Dundos. One the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train: Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs. The Brigs of Ayr. 1s. The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs, 1b. 10. O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! The Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, The Farewell. To Masony and Scotia dear! The Farewell. To St. 1/s L. Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel hand The Petition of Br. Water. Brydon's brave Ward I well could spy, Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye; (v.A.4) The Vision. D. 1.	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. The Whistle. "This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er, Ifo. Andle Scotland wants are skinking ware That jaups in luggies; [v.A.7] Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune, To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over; To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over; The' shelter'd in the lowest shad That ever rose on Scotland's plain! Scots (Scottish; the Scottish language). May Heaven protect my bonie Scots Laddie, S. O whare did ye get; But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketch.
One the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train; On Death of Sir J. Blair. Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs, The Brigs of Ayr. 12. The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cetter's Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: 16. 13. From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs, 16. 19. O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! 16. 20. O never, never Scotia's realm desert, 16. 21. Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, 17the Farewell. To Masonry and Scotia dear! The Farewell. To St. J.'s L. Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel hand 17the Petition of Br. Water. Brydon's hraw Ward I well could spy, Beneath old Scotia's Race among them share: 18th D.I.I. 15th	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, Ib. And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. The Whistle ''This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er, Ib. Auld Scotland wants une skinking ware That jaups in luggies; [v.A.7]. Yarrow and 'I weed, to monie a tune. To a Haggie. Yarrow and 'I weed, to monie a tune. To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over; Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed That ever rose on Scotland's plan! S. Twas even—the dewy † Scots (Scottish; the Scottish language). May Heaven protect my honie Scots Laddie, S. O whare did ye get, But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketch. We think na on the lang Scots miles, Tam o' Skanter. Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet: 16.9.
One the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train; On Death of Sir J. Blair. Or when they struck old Scotia's most airs, The Brigs of Ayr. 12. The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's hot lays: 16. 13. From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs. 16. 10. O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! 16. 20. O never, never Scotia's realm desert, 16. 21. Farewell, old Scotia's leak domains, 17the Farewell. To Masonry and Scotia dear! 1 The Farewell. To St. J.'s L. Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel hand 17the Petition of Br. Water. 17the Star Ward I well could spy, Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye; [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I. They Scotia's Race among them share; 16. D. II. 4. And leave auld Scotia's shore? 76 Mary.	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. The Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland geto'er, "This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland geto'er, Audd Scotland wants une skinking ware That jaups in luggies; [v.A.7] Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune, Owre Scotland rings, To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over; S. True hearted was he t Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed That ever rose on Scotland's plain! S. Twas even—the deuty t Scots [Scottish; the Scottish language]. May Heaven protect my bonie Scots Laddie, S. O whare did ye get,! We think na on the lang Scots miles, Tam o' Skanter. Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet; That sark she coft for her wee Namie.
One the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train; On Death of S. Dundas. On When they struck old Scotia's melting airs, The Brigs of Ayr. 12. The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: 16. 20. O Scotia' my dear, my native soil! 16. 20. O never, never Scotia's realm desert, 16. 21. Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, 16. 21. The Farewell. To Masonyr and Scotia dear! 17 the Farewell. To Masonyr and Scotia dear! 18 the Farewell. The St. J.'s L. Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel band 18 the Petition of Er. Water. Brydon's have Ward I well could spy, Beneath old Scotia's Sanding them share; 18 the D. II. And leave auld Scotia's shore? To Mary. Before I leave Scotia's strand. 16.	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. The Whistle ''This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er, Ifo. Auld Scotland wants une skinking ware That jaups in luggies; [(A.)]. Yarrow and 'I weed, to monie a tune. To a Haggie. Yarrow and 'I weed, to monie a tune. To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over; Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed That ever rose on Scotland's plan! S. Trus bearted was he! Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed That ever rose on Scotland's plan! S. Twas even—the deuty! S. Twas even—the deuty! S. Twas even—the deuty! Scots (Scottish; the Scottish language). May Heaven protect my honie Scots Laddie, S. O whare did ye get! We think na on the lang Scots miles, Tam o' Skanter. Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet: 1b. 9. That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, Wi' twa pund Scots, (twas a' her riches), 1b. 15.
One the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train: On Death of S. Dundas. On When they struck old Scotia's melting airs, The Brigs of Ayr. 12. The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs, 16. 19. O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! 16. 20. O never, never Scotia's realm desert. 18. 21. Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, 18. 21. Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, 18. 21. The Farewell. To Masony and Scotia dear! The Farewell. To St. J.'s L. Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel hand 18. Petition of Br. Water. Brydon's brave Ward! well could spy, Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye; (v.A.4) The Vision. D. 1. They Scotia's Race among them share; 18. D. 11. 4. And leave auld Scotia's shore? 18. D. 11. 4. Mark Scotia's fond returning eye, 11 dwells upon Glenaciaru. 18. V.s below Ficture.	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, Ib. And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. The Whistle 'This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er, Ib. Andle Scotland wants nae skinking ware That faups in luggies; [v.A.7] To a Haggis. Yarrow and 'Tweed, to monie a tune, Owre Scotland rings, To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over; S. True hearted was he † That ever rose on Scotland's plain! S. Twas even—the deuty† Scots [Scottish; the Scottish language]. May Heaven protect my bonie Scots Laddie, S. O whare did ye get,† But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell; Sketch. We think na on the lang Scots miles, Tam o' Shanter. Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet: 1b. o. That sark she coft for her wee Namie, Wi'twa pund Scots, (twas a' her riches), Her auld Scots heart was true; The Election Ballads, I.
One the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train; On Death of Sir J. Blair. Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs, The Brigs of Ayr. 12. The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: 10. 13. From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs, 16. 10. O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! 16. 20. O never, never Scotia's realm desert, 16. 21. Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, 16. 21. The Farewell. To St. J.'s J Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel hand 17the Farewell. To St. J.'s J Brydon's hrave Ward I well could spy, Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye; (v.A.4) 17they Scotia's Race among them share; 18th. D. II. 4. And leave auld Scotia's strand. 18th. Mark Scotia's fond returning eye, 11 dwells upon Glencairu. 18th. V.s nuder Critel. 18th. Scotia's fond returning eye, 11 dwells upon Glencairu. 18th. Scotia's fond returning eye, 11 dwells upon Glencairu. 18th. Scotia's fond returning eye, 18th. 1	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. The Whistle. 'This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er, If. Andld Scotland wants nae skinking ware That faups in luggies; [v.A.7] Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune, Owre Scotland rings, To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over; S. True hearted was he † That ever rose on Scotland's plain! Scots (Scottlish); the Scottlish language]. May Heaven protect my honie Scots Laddie, We think na on the lang Scots miles, Twan o' Shanter. Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet: Ib. 9. That sark she coft for her wee Naunie, Wi' was pund Scots, (twas a' her riches), Her auld Scots healt was true; In Election Ballads, I. In plain, braid Scots held forth a plain, hraid story: The Briggs of Ayr, 9.
One the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train: On Death of S. Dundas. On Death of Sir J. Blair. Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs. The Brigs of Ayr. 13. The balsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! 16. 20. O rever, never Scotia's realm desert. The Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L. Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel band The Petition of Br. Water. Brydon's brave Ward I well could spy, Beneath old Scotia's siling eye; [V.A.4] The Vision. D. I. They Scotia's Race among them share; Ib. D. II. 4. And leave auld Scotia's shore? It dwells upon Glencairu. V. s below Picture. For Scotia's Son—ance gay like thee V. s under Grief. And for fair Scotia, hame again,	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. The Whistle 'This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er, Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware That jaups in luggies; 1v.A. 'Yarrow an' Tweed, to mon't a twn. 'Yarrow an' Tweed, to mon't a twn. 'Owre Scotland rings, To equal young jessie, seek Scotland all over; Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed That ever rose on Scotland's plan! S. True hearted was he't Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed That ever rose on Scotland's plan! S. Twas even—the deuty 'S Scots [Scottish; the Scottish language]. May Heaven protect my bonie Scots Laddie, May Heaven protect my bonie Scots sladdie, We think na on the lang Scots miles, White crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet: Tam o' Shanter. Whites crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet: 1b. 9. That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, Wi 'wan pund Scots, (was a' her riches), Her auld Scots heart was true; The Election Ballads, I. In plain, braid Scots held forth a plain, hraid story: The Brigs of Ayr. 9. Scottish, Scotish.
One the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train; On Death of Sir J. Blair. Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs, The Brigs of Ayr. 12. The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: 10. 13. From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs, 16. 10. O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! 16. 20. O never, never Scotia's realm desert, 16. 21. Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, 16. 21. The Farewell. To St. J.'s J Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel hand 17the Farewell. To St. J.'s J Brydon's hrave Ward I well could spy, Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye; (v.A.4) 17they Scotia's Race among them share; 18th. D. II. 4. And leave auld Scotia's strand. 18th. Mark Scotia's fond returning eye, 11 dwells upon Glencairu. 18th. V.s nuder Critel. 18th. Scotia's fond returning eye, 11 dwells upon Glencairu. 18th. Scotia's fond returning eye, 11 dwells upon Glencairu. 18th. Scotia's fond returning eye, 18th. 1	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. The Whistle 'This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er, Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware That jaups in luggies; 1v.A. 'Yarrow an' Tweed, to mon't a twn. 'Yarrow an' Tweed, to mon't a twn. 'Owre Scotland rings, To equal young jessie, seek Scotland all over; Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed That ever rose on Scotland's plan! S. True hearted was he't Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed That ever rose on Scotland's plan! S. Twas even—the deuty 'S Scots [Scottish; the Scottish language]. May Heaven protect my bonie Scots Laddie, May Heaven protect my bonie Scots sladdie, We think na on the lang Scots miles, White crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet: Tam o' Shanter. Whites crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet: 1b. 9. That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, Wi 'wan pund Scots, (was a' her riches), Her auld Scots heart was true; The Election Ballads, I. In plain, braid Scots held forth a plain, hraid story: The Brigs of Ayr. 9. Scottish, Scotish.
One the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train; On Death of S. Dundas. On When they struck old Scotia's melting airs, The Brigs of Ayr. 12. The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: 16. 20. O Scotia' my dear, my native soil! 16. 20. O never, never Scotia's realm desert. 18. 21. Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, 18. 21. Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains, 18. 21. The Farewell. To Masony and Scotia dear! 18. 42. Old Scotia's darling hope, Your little angel band 18. 42. The Petition of Br. Water. Brydon's have Ward I well could spy, Beneath old Scotia's sanding eye, I wand I wall could spy, Beneath old Scotia's Sanding eye, It dwells very Scotia's strand. 18. 18. 19. 11. Mark Scotia's fond returning eye, It dwells upon Glenaciru. 18. 28. When wild War's t Scotland. Scotish v. Scotish. Scotish v. Scotish. Scotland.	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. The Whistle. 'This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er, Ifo. Andle Scotland wants are skinking ware That faups in luggies; [v.A.7] Yarrow and 'Tweed, to monie a tune, Owre Scotland rings, To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over; The' shelter'd in the lowest shed That ever rose on Scotland's plain! Scots (Scottish; the Scottish language). May Heaven protect my bonie Scots Laddie, We think na on the lang Scots miles, Whies crooning o'er some auld Scots ell; We think na on the lang Scots miles, Tano o' Stanter. Whies crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet; Ibo, That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, Wi'twa pund Scots, (twas a' her riches), Her auld Scots heart was true; The Election Ballads, I. In plain, braid Scots held forth a plain, braid story; The Brigs of Ayr. o. Scottish, Scottish. 'To muse some favourite Scottish theme, 'To sing some favourite Scottish maid. As on the banks † Wi'a cog' gude ale, and an auld Scottsh sang.
One the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train: On Death of S. Dundas. On Death of Sir J. Blair. Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs. The Brigs of Ayr. 13. The bealsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs, 16. 10. O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! The Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's bleak domains, The Farewell, 16. 21. Farewell, old Scotia's helak domains, The Farewell, 75. 11. 12. The Scotia's Adriling hope, Your little angel hand The Petition of Br. Water. Brydon's brave Ward I well could spy, Beneath old Scotia's Stone? The Scotia's Race among them share: The Dill. 1. They Scotia's Race among them share: To Mary. Before I leave Scotia's straud. Mark Scotia's son—ance gay like thee And for fair Scotia, hame again, I cheery on did wander. S. When wild War's t Scotlsh v. Scotland. An' Scotland drew her pine an' blew.	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. The Whistle 'This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er, Ib. Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware That jaups in luggies; [v. A.], Varrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune, Owre Scotland rings, To W. Simpson. To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over; Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed That ever rose on Scotland's plain! S. True hearted was he t That ever rose on Scotland's plain! Souther'd in the Scotland's plain! We think no on the lang Scotland's, We think no on the lang Scotland's, Wi' was pund Scotla, (twas a her riches), Her auld Scotland's plain, braid
One the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train: On Death of Sir J. Blair. Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs, The Brigs of Ayr. 12. The healsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: The Brigs of Ayr. 12. The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. On Scotia' my dear, my native soil! The Scotia' lay bear of the Scotia's pandeur springs, 16. 19. O scotia' my dear, my native soil! The Scotia' lay	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. The Whistle 'This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er, Ifo. Auld Scotland wants une skinking ware That jaups in luggies; [v.A.7]. Yarrow and 'Tweed, to monie a tune. To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over; Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed The' shelter'd in the lowest shed That ever rose on Scotland's plan! S. Trus wen—the dewy t Scots (Scottish; the Scottish language). May Heaven protect my bonie Scots Laddie, S. O whare did ye get, We think na on the lang Scots miles, Tam o' Skanter. Whites crooning o'er some auld Scots somet: Ib. o. That sark she coft for her wee Nannie, Wi 'twa pund Scots, (twas a' her riches), Her auld Scots heart was true; The Election Ballads. I. In plain, braid Scots held forth a plain, braid story: The Brigg of Ayr. o. Scottish, Scottish "To muse some favourite Scottish theme, "To sing some favourite Scottish heme, "To sing some favourite Scottish hand. S. Contented will title, The hopeful youth, in Scottish seane. S. Contented will title, The hopeful youth, in Scottish seane bred, E.p. fr. Exptse.
One the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train: On Death of S. Dundas. On Death of Sir J. Blair. Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs. The Brigs of Ayr. 13. The bealsome Porritch, chief of Scotia's food: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs, 16. 10. O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! O Scotia! my dear, my native soil! The Sat. Night. 11. The sweetest far of Scotia's bleak domains, The Farewell, 16. 21. Farewell, old Scotia's helak domains, The Farewell, 75. 11. 12. The Scotia's Adriling hope, Your little angel hand The Petition of Br. Water. Brydon's brave Ward I well could spy, Beneath old Scotia's Stone? The Scotia's Race among them share: The Dill. 1. They Scotia's Race among them share: To Mary. Before I leave Scotia's straud. Mark Scotia's son—ance gay like thee And for fair Scotia, hame again, I cheery on did wander. S. When wild War's t Scotlsh v. Scotland. An' Scotland drew her pine an' blew.	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. The Whistle 'This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er, Ib. Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware That jaups in luggies; [v. A.], Varrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune, Owre Scotland rings, To W. Simpson. To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over; Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed That ever rose on Scotland's plain! S. True hearted was he t That ever rose on Scotland's plain! Souther'd in the Scotland's plain! We think no on the lang Scotland's, We think no on the lang Scotland's, Wi' was pund Scotla, (twas a her riches), Her auld Scotland's plain, braid

To paint the levely hapless Scottish Queen! Scots Prologue.

410

Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs, An' screen our countra Gentry; . . . The Holy Fair. q. And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace. The Petition of Br. Water.

Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation, Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack, Scots Prologue.

Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	To screen the dear embrace. The Petition of Br. Water.
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays, The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Screen'd. Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs, Nature's Law
Fareweel to a' our Scotish fame, S. The Union. Fareweel even to the Scotish name,	Screw. And [Heaven] screw your temper-pins aboon A fifth or mair, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.
I took her for some Scottish Muse By that same token; . The Vision. D. I. 9.	Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep, The Ordination. 7. Screw'd.
Still, as in Scottish story read, 1b. D. I. 15.	He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl, Tam o' Shanter. 11. Screw'd-up.
Here where the Scottish muse immortal lives.	Wi' screw'd-up, grace-proud faces; . The Holy Fair. 10.
At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood,	Scribble. But I shall scribble down some blether
But boils up in a spring-tide flood! To W. Simpson. Among the illustrious Scottish sons That chief thou may'st discern; V.s. below Picture.	Just clean aff-loof. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 7. Scriechan [screeching].
Scoundrel.	Au' scriechan out prosaic verse, Au' like to brust! The Author's Cry and Prayer.
By scoundrels, even wi'holy robes, But hellish spirit, . To Rev. J. M'Math.	Scriegh [to cry shrilly]. How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' scriegh.
Scour'd. Whiles scour'd awa in lang excursion, The Twa Dogs. 6.	A Gude New-Year † 8.
Scourge. The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore:	Scrlevin, Scrivin' [gliding easily, swiftly, glee- somely]. An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,
'Tis real hangmen, real scourges hear! Ep.fr. Esopus.	The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin, Wi' rattlin glee Scotch Drink. 5.
The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear, S. The Slave's Lament.	Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrivin', Au' fash uae mair. Second Ep. to Davie.
And flagrant from the scourge he grunted, ai! The Vowels. Scowl.	Scrimgeour. Bold Scrimgeour follows gallant Graham, The Election Ballads. VI.
When thou shrunk frae the scowl of the loud winter storm, On Death of fav. Child. Scowl, to.	Scrimp [to scant, pinch, limit]. For lack o' thee I scrimp my glass. Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
Around me scowls a wintry sky, . S. Forlorn, my Love !	Scrimpet [scanty]. To mak amends for scrimpet stature, To J. S., 3.
Scowling. She sees the scowling tempest fly:. S. The gloomy Night †	Scrimply [scantily].
Scow'r. Or in gulravage rinnin scow'r To pass the time, To Rev. J. M'Math.	Till half a leg was scrimply seen; . The Vision. D. I. II. Scripture. Great lies and nonsense baith to yend,
Scraichan [screaming]. Paitricks scraichan loud at e'en, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st.	And nail't wi Scripture, [v.A.b] Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Scrap. Here's a little wadset Buittles scrap o' truth, The Election Ballads, IV.	A rousing which at times to vend, And nail't wi' Scripture. [v.A.6]
Scrape.	Wi' Logic, an' wi' Scripture, They raise a din, The Holy Fair. 18.
The hungry bike did scrape and pike S. Amang the trees † Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl, Eb. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 17.	Scrivin' v. Scrievin. Scroggam.
Scraper. A pigmy Scraper wi' his Fiddle, The Jolly Beggars. R. V.	There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen, Scroggam; [re.] S. Scroggam.
Serapin'.	Scroggam, my dearie, ruffum. [re.] 1b.
Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks, To Gav. Hamilton. Scrapings.	Scroggie [bushy]. We heard nought but the roaring linn,
Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings, Distill'd per se; Death and Dr. Hornbook, 22.	Amang the braes sae scroggie. S. What will I do gin t
Scrawl. Sae I've begun to scrawl. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 7.	He fine a mangy sheep could scrub, . The Twa Herds. 8.
Scream.	Right on ye scud your sea-way; Add. to Unco Guid. 4. And many a lesser torrent scuds,
Scream, to.	With seeming roar The Vision. D. 1. 14.
Scream your discordant joys; On Death of Lap-dog. Screaming.	Sculduddry [a ludicrous term denoting fornication]. Sculduddry and he will be there; The Election Ballads. III.
Thou green crested lapwing thy screaming forbear, S. Afton Water.	Scull. But build a castle on his head, His scull will prop it under. Epig. on Coxcomb.
Screeching. Ye jarring screeching things around, On Death of Lap-dog.	Sculpture. Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Screed [a tear, a rent].	Sculpture, to.
"Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck "Of a' the ten comman's A screed some day." The Holy Fair. 4.	We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay; Monody, on a Lady. Sculptur'd.
Or lasses gie my heart a screed, To W. Simpson.	Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great, El. on Capt. M. H., 16.
Screed, to [to repeat glibly]. He'll screed you aff Effectual Calling, As fast as ony in the dwalling. The Inventory.	No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay, Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.
Screen. Than under gospel colours hid be Just for a screen. To Rev. J. M'Math.	Seymltar.
Company to	C. L.
Tho' glory's name may screen us; Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav That sunny walls from Boreas screen, S. On Cessnock banks t	Scythe. An awit's scythe, out-ower as shoulder. Clear-dangling, hang; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 'See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart, 1b. 15.
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,	'I drew my scythe in sic a fury, 16. 18.
And little fishes' caller rest: . S. The Contented Cottager.	

The Bries of Avr. 4.

Monody, on a Lady.

Seamy.

Search.

Sea. Then up they gat the maskin-pat And in the sea did jaw, man; The Goth was stalking round with anxious search, . A Fragment. And I will luve thee still, my Dear, Till a' the seas gang dry. [re.] . . S. A red. red Kose. We'll search through the garden for each silly flower, up amang thae lakes and seas . Add. of Beelzebub. While waters wimple to the sea; . S. Ca' the Erves. The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore; S. Caledonia We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea, S. Come boat me o'er. 'True Sal-marinum o' the seas; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21. There's wooden walls upon our seas, S. Does haughty Gault And ilk loval, honie lad Cross the seas and win his ain. . S. Frae the friends ! Who mad'st the sea and shore, Grace after Dinner. He's on the seas to meet the foe ? S. How can my poor heart † On the seas and far nway, Ib. On stormy seas and far away, [re.] And now what seas between us roar, S. How lang and dreary t . S. Killiccrankie. I faught at land, I faught at sea, . It's not the roar o' sea or shore. Wad make me langer wish to tarry; S. My bonie Mary. Wad make me nauger man.

Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,

Laurend the sun, S. O were I on Parnass. † Our billie's gien us a' n jink, . On Scot. Bard one to IV. I. An' owre the Sea. [rc.] When Phochus sinks behind the seas; S. On Cessnock banks t And Aire ran by before me, And bicker'd to the seas: . One night as I t The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea. But seas between us braid hae roar'd S. Should auld acquaintance † The Thames flows proudly to the sea, S. The Banks of Nith † My heart is wae, and unco wae,
To think upon the raging sea,
S. The bonic Lass of Alb.. To think upon the raging sea,

Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd, tumbling sea;

The Brigs of Ayr. 7. Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea. . Ib. 8. And I maun cross the raging sea; S. The Highl. Lassie. They banish'd him beyond the sea, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV. The Twa Herds, 16. Be banish'd o'er the sea to France, Here, rivers in the sea were lost; . The Vision. D. I. 13. He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sen,

The Whistle. 4. Over sea, over shore, Where the cannons loudly roar: S. There was a bonie Lass t The frost may freeze the deepest sea, . S. To daunton me. S. Where Cart rins † Where Cart rins rowing to the sea. Or still the tumult of the raging sea: . Why am I loth t Sea-fowl. While flitting Sea-fowls round me cry, S. Behold the hourt Sea-way. Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail. Right on ye scud your sea-way; Add. to Unco Guid. 4. Seal. While many a kiss the seal imprest, S. By Allan stream † Humid seal of soft affections, To a Kiss. Seal, to. S. An' I'll kiss thee yet, † And on thy lips I seal my vow, And heaven-born piety her sanction seals. To Miss Graham. Sealed, ~'d. Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, . S.O were my love t Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd,
Were seal'd in soft repose; . . S. On a bank of flowers † Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles, The Brigs of Ayr. A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss Sir Politics to fetter, . . . The Fête Champetre. But it sealed freedom's sacred cause

The League and Covenant. Seam. Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse, Seam'd. Three lawyers' tongues, turn'd inside out,
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout; [v.A.16]
Tam o' Shanter.

Search'd. But vain they search'd when off I march'd The Jolly Beggars. S. VI Searching. Searching and wives' barrels . . Searching auld t Och, ho! the day! Season. Thus seasons dancing, life advancing, Old Time and Nature their changes tell, S Rouse Rell. We've all things that's nice, and mostly in season,

Impromptu. Round and round the seasons go: . . S. Let not woman t And doubly welcome be the spring, S. O wat ye wha's in t The season to my Lucy dear. And life's poor season peaceful spend. On scaring Water-fowl. An' hardly, in a winter season, E'er spier her [my Muse's] price. Scotch Drink. 14. An' physically causes seck, In clime an' season, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. 'Twas in that season; . . The Brigs of Ayr. 3. His English style, and gesture fine, Are a clean out o' season. The Holy Fair. 15. Beauty's of a fading nature, S. Will ye go and marry t Has a season, and is gane. . Seat. At my right hand assign'd your seat, Add. of Beelsebub. A seat, I'm sure ye're weel deservin't; . Ib. Edina! Scotia's darling seat! . Add. to Edinburgh. We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat, Death and Dr. Hornbook. II. If Happiness hae not her seat And center in the breast, Ep. to Davie. 5. Nor from the seat of scornful Pride Casts forth his eyes abroad, The 1st Psalm. Here shall the shepherd make his seat, The Petition of Br. Water. Second. (Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace, Can only charm us in the second place.) Prologue, sp. by Woods. And still the second dread command be free, The Brigs of Ayr. 8. He, who bore in heaven the second name, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. Or nobly die, the second glorious part: . Ib. 21. Second sight. (The second sight, ye ken, is given To ilkn Poet) To Terraughty. Second-sighted. econd-sightea. (That Bards are second-sighted is nae joke, The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Secrecy. May secrecy round be the mystical bound, And brotherly love be the centre. S. The Sons of old K .. Secret. A secret word or twa, man; A Fragment. 8. " Or canker worm wi' secret sting? As on the banks t But there is ane, a secret ane, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes t But secret love will break my heart, If I conceal it langer. . S. Craigie-burn Wood. What secret charm to mem'ry brings All that on Evan's border springs ? S. Slow spreads the gloom † But secret love will break my heart, If I conceal it langer, . S. Sweet fa's the eve t Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious: Tam o' Shanter. 5. The Parent-pair their secret homage pay,

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. And secret hung, with poison'd crust, The dirk of Defamation: . . The Holy Fair. Mott. My secret heart's exulting boast? . The Lament. 4. Secret. Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain, S. Farewell, thou stream 1 And yet in secret languish; Nor give the coward secret breath. . . Liberty. Yet I love my love in secret, S. My Sandy gied t Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace; The Brigs of Ayr. Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell; The Henpecked Husband. Condemn'd to see my rival's reign, While I in secret languish; And mark'd with many a seamy scar: Add. to Edinburgh. 5. . S. The last time It Secure. The scatt'red coveys meet secure, S. The gloomy night † And coward mankin sleep secure,

The Petition of Br. Water. Here holds her search by heaven taught Reason's beam Prologue, sp. by Woods.

Secure in valour's station;	See yonder rose-bush, rich in dew, . S. I do confess t And see my bonie Jean again S. I'll ay ca' in t
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure. To R. G. of F Secure, to. Still anxious to secure your partial favor,	And when her lovely form I see,
Add. sp. by Fontenette.	O haith, she's doubly dear again!
Could I the rich reward secure, S. O Mary, at thy window † And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap; The Brigs of Ayr.	At least to see thee blest S. It is na, Jean, †
	The feather'd people, you might see. Perch'd all around on every tree, S. It was the charming †
Securely. The rohin in the hedge descends,	"Why did I live to see that day? . Lament for Glencairn.
And soher chirps securely The Election Ballads. VI.	Ill may we never see! S. Landlady, count † Fy, bring Black-Jock, her state physician.
Sedge. Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd, El. on Miss Burnet.	To see her w-t-r; Letter to J. Goudie.
See. He downs see a poor man want; . A Ded. to G. H., 5.	See how she fetches at the thrapple,
May heaven augment your blisses.	To see the miscreants feel the pains they give:
On ev'ry new Birth-day ye see,	Lns extm. in Lady's Pocket-book. I see the children of affliction,
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,	Unaided through thy curs'd restriction; Lns, on Eack of Bank Note.
She soon shall see her tender brood,	Let great folks hear and see Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.
And, by the moon-beam, shook, to see	But see him on the edge of life, Man was made to Mourn. See, youder poor, o'erlahour'd wight,
Astern and stalwart ghaist arise,	So abject, mean and vile,
'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't,	And see his lordly fellow-worm, The poor petition spurn,
Than stocket mailins. Add. to Hiegit. Chia.	But did you see my dearest Phillis, In simplicity's array; S. Mark yonder Pomp†
And sees with self-approving mind.	See you not you hills and dales
Each creature on his [Autumn's] hounty fed. Add. to Shade of Thomson.	The sun shines on sae brawlie? . S. My Collier Laddie. 1'll never see him back again. S. My Harry was a gallant †
As round the fire the giglets keckle, To see me loup; . Add. to Toothache.	But see you the Crown how it waves in the air.
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools, Sad sight to see! Ib.	S. No Churchman am I† Those smiles and glances let me see,
Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd, Add. to Unco Guid. 3.	That make the miser's treasure poor: S. O Mary, at thy †
See Social-life and Gree sit down,	Ye musteriog thunders from above Your willing victim see! S. O mirk, mirk †
S. Again rejoic. Nature	See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
"When a' my weel clad banks could see, "Their woody picture in my tide: As on the banks †	I see her in the dewy flowers,
What wives an' wabsters see an' feel; Auld comrade † Sae shortly you shall see me bright, Ib.	She sees his pale corse on the plain. Oh:
But first, hefore you see heaven's glory,	S. Oh, open the door,† I start and see The ruined sad reality, On Lincluden.
May ye get mony a merry story,	Nor sauce, nor state that I could see, On dining with Dacr.
But we may see him wanken: . S. Field, 1875,	See from his cavern grim Oppression rise, On Death of R. Dundas.
And see the waves say sweetly gains	Keen on the helpless victim see him fly, Ib.
And naebody to see me.	But wad ye see him in his glee, On Grose's Peregrinations. And port, O port! shine thou a very
But O, to see auld Nick gana hame, And Charlie's faes before him! S. Come boat me o'cr t	And Then yell see unit:
I see the spreading leaves and flowers, S. Craigie-burn Wood. I see thee gracefu', straight and tall,	Those smiles and glances let me see, S. O Mary, at thy window †
I see thee sweet and honie;	Ye mustering thunders from above Your willing victim see! S. O mirk, mirk †
To see thee in another's arms, 'Twill he my dead, 16. tak care o' skaith, See, there's a gully!	To see her, is to love her, S. O poortith cauld, †
Death and Dr. Hornoon, 9.	I see a form, I see a face, Ye weel may wi' the fairest place: S. O this is no my ain t
See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart, 1b. 15. Ye stately foxgloves fair to see; El. on Capt. M. H., 5.	I see thee dancing o'er the green, S. O were I on Parnass. †
I see her wave thy towering plumes atar, . Ep. fr. Esopus.	O silly blind body, O dinna ye see; S. O whare did ye get † Syne up the hack-style, and let naebody see, S. O whistle, †
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons,	And Rob and Allan came to see; . S. O Willie brew'd †
But hanker, and canker, To see their cursed pride	But to see her, was to love her, S. One fond kiss, † O rare! to see thee fizz an' freath
With house in our hearts will hound.	I' the lugget caup: Stotch Drink. 10.
To see the coming year	See the front of battle lour:
They [Misiortunes] make as see the married	See approach proud Edward's power, S. Scots, was na e 1
Nor hear your crack. Ep. to J. L-k, Mp. 181, 201	I see the old, bald-pated fellow, Sketch. New Yr's Day. Deaf as my friend, he sees them press,
II 1 doublehin I see	See aged winter 'mid his surly reign, Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
Has got him there before ye;	I see the flowers and spreading trees, S. Sweet fa's the eve t
I could write.—but Meg maun see't,	Care, mad to see a man sae happy, S. Tam o Shanter. O.
Fragment.	
To see the new [year] come laden, groaning, Friend of the poet †	To see her sittan on her arse Low i the dust, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
An' Jean, had e'eo a sair heart To see't that night	To see his poor, auld Mither's pot, Thus dung in staves,
In the same Tom Kinnles 10. 21.	God bless your Honors, can ye see't, The kind, auld, cantie Carlin greet,
My dear, I'll come and see thee; S. Here's to thy health, †	The ame, and, come

Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle, Ye'll see't or lang, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.	And see an onie honie lad will fancy me. S. There grows a bonie †
See future wines, rich-clust'ring rise;	Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof, S. There was a lad t
Death comes, wi' fearless eye he sees him; Ib.	I see by ilka score and line,
To see the woodhine twine, S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. 11.	Whaur'll ye e'er see men sae happy, There's naethin like †
When shall I see that honour'd land, S. The Banks of Nith.	I scarce could wink or see a styme; Ib.
Or did the battle see, man. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—I must see thee never. S. Thou hast left me†
and see the cluds O' Clans frae woods	His knife see Rustic-labour dight, To a Haggis.
The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
Tho' faith, that date, I doubt, ye'll never see; 1b. 5.	O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see each melancholy alteration;	To see oursels as others see us!
Thou shalt sit in state, And see thy love in battle S. The Captain's Lady.	An' forward, tho' I canna see, I guess an' fear! To a Mouse. That is the thing you ne'er shall see, . S. To daunton me.
And see thy love in battle S. The Captain's Lady. Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.	Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	Just gaun to see you; To J. S.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame Ib. 7.	See, crazy, weary, joyless Eild, 16. 13.
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;	I see ye upward cast your eyes
in the way His Wisdom sees the best, 1b. 18.	See wha taks notice o' the bard! To Mr. M'Adam. (Though glad I'm to see't, man), To Mr. P. Stuart.
Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see, To their gratis grace and goodness The Dean of Fac	I see thy life is stuff o' prief.
Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett?	Scarce quite half worn. To Rev. J. M' Math.
The Election Ballads. II.	With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye, I see each aimed dart;
And ye shall see me try him	See him, the poor man's friend in need, To Rev. J. M'Math.
For your poor friend, the Bard afar, He only hears and sees the war,	Nae mair we see his levee door
It [the gale] rustles, and whistles	Philosophers and Poets pour, To IV. Creech.
I'll never see thee more!	An' stay ae month amang the Moons An' see them right. To W. Simpson. P.S
I see it driving o'er the plain; . S. The gloomy night † Across her placid, azure sky,	An' when the new-light billies see them,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:	I think they'll crouch! Ib.
Then in we go to see the show, The Holy Fair. 8.	May I never see it, may I never trow it, S. Wandering Willie.
See, up he's got the word o' G	To see the rose and woodhine twine; S. Ye banks and braes t
I am, altho' I say't mysel, Worth gaun a mile to see, . The Petition of Br. Water.	The slighted maids my torments see, . S. Young Jamie, †
See the smoking bowl before us, The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.	Forbids me e'er to see her mair!
I see the hours, in long array, The Lament.	See'd [saw].
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see, S. The Lass that made the bed.	Sometime when nae ane see'd him,
Condemn'd to see my rival's reign, . S. The last time I †	Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks.
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see; S. The lovely lass +	S. Again rejoicing Nature
Their graves are growing green to see;	Seeing. But seeing the ring, then she stood in amaze.
Oh, rare! to see our elbucks wheep, . The Ordination. 7.	Seek. The Poor Thresher.
See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes She's swingein thro' the city!	Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool, A Bard's Epit.
See how she needs the skip an' fell /6 to	Seeks Science in her coy abode Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
To see them come round me with prattling noise, S. The Poor Thresher.	I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share, S. An' I'll kiss thee yet t
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,	I seek nae mair o' Heaven to share, Than sic a moment's pleasure: . S. Come let me take †
To see me thro' the barley S. The Rigs o' Barley.	I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.
Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more;	Seek not the proofs in private life to find;
S. The Slave's Lament. Must I see thee, my youthful pride,	Ep. to R. Graham. 5. There seek my lost repose, S. Had I a cave t
Thus brought so very low! S. The sun he is sunk †	'I dans you try sic sportin
Ve'll there see bonie Peggy; . The Tarbolton Lasses.	'I daur you try sic sportin, 'As seek the foul Thief, onie place, Halloween. 14.
There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain To see the bit Taylor come skippin again. S. The Taylor fell †	Ithers seek they kenna what, S. Jockey fou, †
I didna trow, I'd see my jo S. The tither morn t	I'd seek some dell, and in my arms I'd shelter dear S. Montgomerie's Peggy.
Did least expect, To see my lad sae near me 16.	Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,
And now she sees wi' pride, man, How weel it huds and blossoms there, The Tree of Liberty.	But here I never miss't it yet S. My Love she's but \
How weel it hads and blossoms there, The Tree of Liberty. But vicious folk ave hate to see	We seek but little, L-, from thee; New Fsalmody.
But vicious folk aye hate to see The works o' Virtue thrive, man;	A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower, . S. O mirk, mirk † Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair, S. O wha my babie-clouts †
And grat to see it thrive, man;	That seek, in prayer, the midnight fane. On Lincluden.
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him, . The Twa Dogs. 3.	Swiftly seek on clanging wings,
But then, to see how ye're negleket	Other lakes and other springs; On scaring Water-fowl
My heart has been sae fain to see them,	Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest, On seeing wounded Hare.
That I for joy hae barket wi' them	Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp
To learn bon ton and see the worl'	
Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle, The Twa Herds, 3.	Muse while the Evan seeks the Clyde? S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Sic twa, O! do I live to see't,	If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks, Wad kindly seek. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
To see a Race heroic wheel, [v.A. 4] . The Vision. D. I.	4 1 1 1 11 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1
At last her feet, I sang to see't, Gaed foremost o'er the knowe; S. The weary Pund.	An' physically causes seek, In clime an' season, Ib. P. An' [Rattons] seek the beamost bare:
"And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!"	An physically causes seek, In clime an season, 10. P. An [Rattons] seek the benmost bore: The folly Beggars, R. II. Low the seek the sounding shore. The Vision D. II so
The Whistle.	I saw thee seek the soudding shore, The Vision. D. 11. 13.
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn 1b. 13.	Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner, To a Louse.

To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over;	Has auld K[ilmarnock] seen the Deil? Tam Samson's El.,
To equal young Jessie, you seek it in vain: S. True hearted was he t	"But had ye seen the philibegs S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. The Catrine woods were yellow seen, S. The Catrine woods †
Or downward seek the Iodian mine; S. Twas even—the dewy t At noon the fisher seeks the glen. S, When o'er the hill t	Or were more in fury seen, Sir, The Dean of Fac I've seen the day and sae hae ye,
The moon the contract of the c	Ve wadna been sae donsie, Ó.
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe. S. Where are the joys †	Ve wadna been sae donsie, O. I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose, S. The deuks dang o'er.
As life itself becomes disease, Seek the chimney-nook of ease. Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	iet i nae seen min on a day
Seem.	The pride of a the parishen S. The cardin o't.
Vet whose parts and acquirements seem mere lucky hits;	"I'm sure I've seen that bonie face, "But yet I canna name ye." . The Holy Fair. 4.
Fragment, inser. to rox.	That, to a Bard, I should be seen
Tho' they seem fair, still have a care, S. Here's to thy health t	Wi' half my channel dry: . The Petition of Br. Water.
A heart that warmly seems to feel; . S. O leave novels †	This poor man was seen to go early to work,
tho' the phrase may seem uncivil, Scots Prologue.	S. The Foor Thresher.
Those mighty periods of years Which seem to us so vast. The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	O Love will venture in, where it dare na weel he seen: S. The Posie.
Which seem to us so vast, . The 1st b V.s of 90th Ps "Sweet lass, I think ye seem to ken me; The Holy Fair. 4.	O would, or I had seen the day
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,	That treason thus could sell us,
When the lingering moments are number'd wi' care?	Till half n leg was scrimply seen; The Vision. D. I. 11.
S. The small vias rejoice \	We'll awa to Athole's green, and there we'll no be seen,
My griefs it seems to join; Winter.	S. There grows a bonie † At kirk and market to be seen; S. There was a lass, and †
Seem'd. Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,	At kirk and market to be seen; S. There was a lass, and † I've seen me daez't upon a time; There's naethin like †
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7. It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan'	Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters, To J. S., 8.
I spy'd a man, whose aged step Seem'd weary, worn with care; Man was made to Mourn.	Mysel, I've ev'n seen them greetan Wi' girnan spite, To W. Simpson. P.S.
	There ruminate with sober thought;
He seem'd as he wi' Time had wars! d lang. S. The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought! Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view.	Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
A well-known Land. The Vision. D. I. 12.	Seer. Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare, With feature stern. [v.A.4]	Seest. See'st thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
While hack recoiling seem'd to reel Their Suthron foes. [v.A.4] Ib. All nature list ning seem'd the while, S.'Twas even—the dewy t	Seest thou thy lover lowly laid? . To Mary in Heaven.
Seeming.	Selne.
Now what are priests? those seeming godly wise men:	Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames an' Seine, Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line; . To W. Simpson.
Lns on Window, K.'s A., D. A robe of seeming truth and trust The Holy Fair. Mott.	Selsin. Or gather'd lib'ral views in Bonds and Seisins. The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
And many a lesser torrent scuds,	Seize. Some devils seize them in a hurry, Adam A-'s Prayer.
With seeming roar. The Vision. D. 1. 14.	Lesley is sae fair and coy,
I view'd the heavenly-seeming Fair; Ib. D. II.	Care and anguish seize me. S. Blythe ha'e I been †
Ve, whom the seeming good think sin to pity: Tragic Frag.	And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizes
Seen. An' I hae seen their coggie fou, That yet hae tarrow't at it, A Dream. 15.	The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn. S. How pleasant the banks †
I've seen the day.	Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues Wad seize you quick Letter to J. Goudie.
Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie A Guid New-Year †	The tyrant Death, with grim control,
I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an glaizie,	May seize my fleeting breath; S. Peggy Chalmers.
As a' the priests had seen me get thee Add. to Illegit. Child.	Fell Despair my fancy seizes S. Raving winds t
"Ye might hae seen me in my pride, As on the banks t	Haud up thy han' Deil! ance, twice, thrice! There, seize the blinkers! Scotch Drink. 20.
But lately seen, in gladsome green, . S. But lately seen t	There, seize the blinkers! Scotch Drink. 20.
'Twill he my dend, that will he seen, S. Craigie-burn Wood.	You seize the flower, its bloom is shed; . Tam o' Shanter. 7.
And morning Poossie whiddan seen, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. Now comes the sax an twentieth simmer,	Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual guns, The Kirk's Alarm.
I've seen the bad upo' the timmer, . Ib., Ap. 21st, 10.	Like winter on me seizes, . S. The yng Highl. Rover.
And then their [the Saunts'] failings, flaws an' wants,	Seizan [seizing].
	An' d-mn'd Excise-men in a bussle,
O had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nah! [re.] S. Eppie M'Nab.	Seizan a Stell, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 7.
As honie Lasses I ha'e seen,	Seized. Dulness, with redoubled sway Has seized the wits of Symon Gray t
And mony full as braw,	Sel, Sel', Sell [self].
An ye had seen what I hae seen, I' th' braes o' Killiecrankie O S. Killiecrankie.	Anld, grim, black-bearded Geordie's sel, Adam A-'s Prayer.
And the days are awa that we has seen; S. Lady Mary Ann.	Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn El. on Capt. M. H.
"I've seen sae mony changefu' years, Lament for Glencairn.	Vet arooning to a hody's sel
" I've seen sae mony changer years, Damentyo occurrent	Does weet energia. Ep. 10 J. L-k, Ap. 131, 6.
I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, [re.] S. Last May a braw wooer t	A' forbye my honie sel',
" Pri C d I'll not be seen behint them, Lus add. to J. Kanken.	My Muse maun be thy bonie sell; S. O were I on Parnass.† Thy rural loves are nature's sel; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
I've seen th' oppressor's cruel smile, Lns, on Back of Bank Note.	and the test of the control of the c
I've seen von weary winter-sun	But th' laddie's dear set he loe's dearest of a. S. There's a youth †
Twice forty times return; Man was made to mounts. 3.	Let's sing about our noble sels; . Third Ep. to J. Lap
The furrow'd waving corn is seen Rejoice in fostering showers. S. Now Spring has clad t	I could wish nae man to get ye,
o mill' I I has seen the day	Save it were my very sel S. Will ye go and marry
Ye would na been sae shy;	Seldom. Jeany's seldom dry S. Comin thro' the ryet
When rising Phoebus first is seen, S. On Cessnock banks †	To tell the truth, they seldom fash't him, El. on Death of R. Ruiss
There's ane they ca' Jean, I'll warrant ye've seen	She's [the Muse's] seldom lazy Second Ep. to Davie.
As honie a lass or as hraw, Ronalds of Bennats.	

We live like two lambs and we seldom provoke;	Senate.
The Poor Thresher.	The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred, . Ep. fr. Esopus.
A prayer from the muse you well may excuse, Tis seldom her favourite passion. S. The sons of old Killie.	Or, mid the venal Senate's roar,
Selected.	Send, They, sightless, stand, The Vision. D. II. 5.
A hard was selected to witness the fray, The lVhistle. 11.	will send him linkan, To your black pit ; Add. to the Deil. 20.
She showed her taste refined and just When she selected thee, . Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."	And send us from thy bounteous store
Self. If Self the wavering halance shake,	' Just sh- in a kail-blade and send it
It's rarely right adjusted! Ep. to Young Friend. 3.	Death and Dr. Hornbook, 10.
O Thou, whose very self art love!	In ploughman phrase 'God send you speed,' Ep. to Young Friend. 11.
wi' warldly trust, Vile self gets in; Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.	Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin, Straught to auld Nick's. Ep. to J. R.
This sting is added—"Blame thy foolish self!" Remorse. A Frag	Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,
And still his precious self his dear delight: . Sketch. But all the soul of Music's self was heard?	Sends and to heaven and ten to hell, A' for thy glory, . Holy Willie's Prayer.
The Brigs of Ayr. 12. By your dear self!—the last great oath I swear,	We'll send him a year to the College yet; S. Lady Mary Ann. wad send relief, An' end the quarrel. Letter to J. Goudie.
To Clarinda,	Kind Fortune ease a breaking heart.
Self-approving. And sees, with self-approving mind, Each creature on his bounty fed. Add. to Shade of Thomson.	And send my laddie hack again. S. My Harry was a gallant †
On conscious honour's part; , . To Chloris.	And send him safe hame to his babie and me. S. O whare did ye get †
Self-conceited.	I send you a trifle, a head of a bard, Poet. Add. to Tytler. An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
'I'll nail the self-conceited Sot, As dead's a herrin': Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.	To her warst faes Scotch Drink. 15.
And self-conceited critic skellum	The fumes of wine infuriate send; . Sent to a Gent. offended.
Self-controul.	And send me safe my Somebody S. Somebody.
Know, prudent, cautious, self-controul	An' send him to his dicing box, An' sportin lady. The Author's Cry and Prayer,
Is Wisdom's root A Bard's Epit. Self-dependent. Still self-dependent in her native shore,	An' sportin lady. The Author's Cry and Prayer, We'll send him o'er to his native shore, S. The bonic Lass of Alb They fell upon a scheme,
Self-enjoyment. Prologue, sp. by Woods.	They fell upon a scheme,
Say, to be inst, and kind, and wise	To send a lad to London town . The Election Ballads. I. And she wad send the sodger lad, [re.] Ib.
There solid self-enjoyment lies; Wr. in Friars-Carse H	But I will send to London town
Self-respecting.	Whom I like hest at hame
And just to stop, and just to move, With self-respecting art: Despondency, an Ode. 4. Selfish.	It may send Balmaghie to the Commons, In Sodom 'twould make him a king Ib. III.
the selfish aim, To bless himself alone! A Winter Night. 8.	Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell O'er a' wad Scotland huy or sell,
Awa ye selfish, warly race, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 20.	Or will we send a man-o'-law?
Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Or will we send a sodger? The Fête Champetre. I send you here a faithfu' list, The Inventory.
Still making work his selfish craft must mend Sketch-	And he wha acts the traitor's part,
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end, The Cotter's Sat. Night.	It to perdition sends, man The Tree of Liberty.
With soher selfish ease they sip it up: . To R. G. of F., 7.	Wild-send thee Pleasure's devious way, The Vision. D. II. 17. The god of the bottle sends down from his hall The Whistle.
O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer! 1b. 9.	Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye, . To Dr. Blacklock.
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways, Lend to be wretched, vile, and base. Wr. in Friars-Carse H	I send you more than India boasts
Sell v. Sel.	To Miss L., with "Beattie."
Sell, to.	Or, the stormy North sends driving forth, The blinding sleet and snaw:
Gude ale gars me sell my hose, Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon, S. O gude ale comes t	Sending, -in.
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon, S. O gude ale comes † An' for to sell his fiddle . S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.	Sending, like bloodhounds from the slip, Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land! A Winter Night. 7.
Wi' sma' to sell and less to huy,	Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs
Aboon distress, below envy, . S. The Contented Cottager.	Like drivin' wrack :. Third Ep. to J. Lap.
O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell, The Election Ballads, VI. When the tother hag I sell and the tother bottle tell,	It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral,
The Iolly Bergars S I	S. The Slave's Lament.
And weel he lik'd to shed their hluid, And sell their skin The Twa Herds. 6.	Sense. I am nae Poet, in a sense, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, q. Wha think that havins, sense an grace,
O would, or I had seen the day That treason thus could sell us, S. The Union.	Ev'n love an' friendship should give place To catch-the-plack!
There's a boatfu' o' lads Come to our town to sell.	'Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift, Ib., Ap. 21st. 13.
S. There's news, lasses † And Calvin's fock, are fit to sell him; To W. Creech.	Tho hardly he, for sense or lear,
To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'.	I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
Sell't, -'d [sold].	But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best
Forhy sax mae, I've sell't awa, . A Gudc New-Year 15.	Ronalds of Bennals. His solid sense—by inches you must tell, Sketch.
I sell'd them a' just ane by ane; . S. O gude ale comes t	Auld Vandal, ye hut show your little mense.
Semple-folk [folk of humble station].	Just much about it wi' your scanty sense; The Brigs of Ayr. 6.
There's wealth and ease for gentlemen, And semple-folk mann fecht and fen; . S. Gane is the day t	Altho' his carnal Wit an' Sense Like hasslins-wise o'ercomes him At times The Holy Fair. 17.
Sen' [send].	The pith of sense, and pride of worth.
My kindest, hest respects I sen' it, . Auld comrade t	Are higher ranks than a' that. S. The Honest Man. That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, S. Behind yon hills !	May bear the gree, and a' that!

That what is no sense must be consense. The Kirk's Alarm. To join faith and sense upon ony pretence, Is heretic, damnable error. Ib.	Serene. May. When evining Phoebus sbines serene, S. On Cessnock banks † Sett II. Mild, calm, serene, wide-spreads the noontide blaze, The Brigs of Ayr.
Ye may ha'e some pretence to havins and sense, Wi' people wha' ken ye nae better	Serious.
For sense they little owe to frugal Heav'n The Ordination. Mott.	To gather matter for a serious piece; . Scots Prologue. The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,
Each man of sense has it so full before him, The Rights of Woman.	They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense The Tarbolton Lasses. M'Q-e's pathetic manly sense, The Twa Herds. 17.	Sermon. Perhaps it may turn out a Sang; Perhaps, turn out a Sermon. Ep. to Young Friend.
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet levely dame. The Whistle. 10.	Servan' [servant]. An' think na, my auld trusty Servan', That now perhaps thou's less deservin, A Guid-New year † 17.
The joys refin'd of sense and taste, To Chloris.	I've nane in female servan' station, . The Inventory.
A creeping cauld prosaic fog My very senses doited To Miss Ferrier.	And athers like your humble servan', Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin; To J. S., 19.
My senses wad be in a creel, To W. Simpson.	Servant.
But there is ane aboon the lave, Has wit, and sense, and a that; S. Women's Minds.	I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent, Your much indebted, humble servant. A Ded. to G. H., 15.
Senseless. When they wha wad hae starv'd thy life Thy senseless turf adorn! Extent. on Comments of Thomson.	Your humble servant then no more; 1b. 16. And till ye come—your humble servant, Add. of Beelzebub.
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O: S. Green grow the Rashes.	And so, your servant! gloomy Master Poet!
The senseless gawky million; To Mr. M'Adam. Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son. To R. G. of F., 6.	While I can either sing, or whissle. Your friend and servant. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 22.
Sensibility.	The King's most humble servant, I Extem. to an Intimate.
But spare poor Sensibility The ungentle, harsh rebuke. Rusticity's ungainly †	Or else, thou kens, thy servant true Wad ne'er ha'e steer'd her. Holy Willie's Prayer. 8.
Sensibility, how charming, Thou, my friend, canst truly tell; S. Sensibility †	lets this fleshly thorn, Beset thy servant Ib. 9.
Sent. In bliss, till Fate some day is sent,	And horse and servants waiting ready, S. Montgomrie's Peggy. Gars me moop wi' the servant hizzie, S. O gude ale comes †
For ever to release Ye Frae Care . A Dream. 9.	Would take the Muses' servants by the hand, Scots Prologue.
May never worse be sent: A Grace before Dinner. I've sent you here by Johny Simson,	Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth.
Twa sage Philosophers to glimpse on! Auld comrade	His servants humble: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. How His first followers and servants sped:
'Horn sent her aff to her lang hame, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
A Something to have sent you, . Ep. to Young Friend.	In your servants this is striking The Dean of Fac
I've sent you here, some rhymin ware, Ep. to J. R., 5.	Is that enough for you to souse Your servant sae? What ails ye now †
If wi' the hizzie down ye sent it,	Serve.
It would be kind; Friend of the poet to My mither sent me to the town, . S. My heart was ance to	And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able, To serve their King an' Country weel, A Ded. to G. H., 14.
The other day, When you sent me some rhyme, Symon Gray t	For who would humbly serve the Poor? 16. 16.
To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs Are humbly sent. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	'Twas nothing would serve him but Satan's own crown; Epig. on
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent! The Cotter's Sat, Night. 20.	Tho' it should serve nae other ead Than just a kind memento; Ep. to Young Friend.
To's ain bet hame had sent him Wi' fright The Holy Fair. 12.	Served.
Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted The Inventory. To comfort us 'twas sent, man: . The Tree of Liberty.	And I served out my Trade when the gallant game was play'd, The Jolly Beggars. S. I. And served me with due respect:
Sen't [send it]. You Sang ye'll sen't, wi' canoie care,	And served me with due respect; S. The Lass that made the bed I've serv'd my king and country lang, S. When wild War's †
Sentence. With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence. Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Service. If 'tis still the lordly word, Service and obedience; S. Husband, husband
For pity, hide the cruel sentence Under friendship's kind disguise. S. Turn again, thou	That I may drink before I go A service to my bonie lassie S. My bonie Mary.
Sententious. In his sly, dry, sententious, proverh way! Prologue, at Th., D.	At Service out, among the Farmers roun'; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
Sentiment. (Instinct's a brute, and sentiment a fool!) Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Sentimental. "Dissolve in pause—and sentimental tears and sentimental tears	Servile. 'With all the servile wretches in the rear [of Flatt'ry], A Winter Night. 8.
. 1 deser Cusio An' honest Lucky :	By your sons in servile chains, S. Scots wha ha'e t The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes? The Brigs of Ayr.
A "hare-brain'd, sentimental trace" The Vision. D. I. 10.	Session.
Nae hare-brain'd, sentimental traces, To J. S., 27.	Put fore the Session says I maun
Sequestered, -'d.	Gae fa' upo' anither pian,
Blest be the wild sequester'd shade, S. Peggy Chalmers. The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene; The Cotter's Sat. Night.	This leads me on, to tell for sport, How I did wi' the Session sort A learned a many before the Session
by a lanely, sequestered stream, S. You wild mossy mountains t	An' snoov'd awa' before the Session—
Seraph.	Set.
The heauteous, seraph Sister-hand, O Thou dread Pow'r t The flower stem shall bloom like thy sweet Seraph form, On Death of fav. Child.	A set o' dull, conceited Hashes, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 12. that cursed set, I winna name, The Twa Herds. 11.
Or love extatic wake his seraph song To Miss Graham.	On that, a set o' chaps, at watch, Thrang winkan on the lasses The Holy Fair. 10.
His guardian seraph eyes with awe The noble ward he loves V.s, below Picture. Seraphic. Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.	Set, to [to face in a dance]. They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit, Tam o' Shanter. 12.
Seraphic. Or rapt Isatan's wild, scraphic Seraphic. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.	tum v Shuhter 14.
3 G	•

Set, to [to set off, start].	His setting beam ne'er shone upon. S.
His only son for Hornbook sets.	The wan moon is setting behind the white
'And pays him well, Death and Dr. Hornovok. 27.	And time is setting with me, Oh; S. Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the gree
To watch, while for the Barn she sets, Halloween. 21. Set, to [to become].	
Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter, A Dream. 12.	Settled. I grant him his calm-blooded, tin
It sets you ill, Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,	Settlin [settling : "gat a settlin,"
Set, to [pres., pt., and pp. of the verh].	into quietness].
Set up a face, how I stop short,	She gat a fearfu' settlin!
For fear your modesty be hurt A Ded. to G. H. An set weel down a shapely shank, A Guid New-Year 3.	Sever. The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever. S.
An set weel down a shapely shank, A Guid New Year † 3. May set their Highland blude a ranklin; Add. of Beelzebub.	For ever,-Oh no! let not man be a slave
As dear an' near my heart I set thee Add to Illegit. Child.	His hopes from existence to sever. On
Because God meant mankind should set	One fond kiss, and then we sever; [re.] But alas! when forc'd to sever,
That higher value on it. [v. A.27] Ask why God made † To count her [the Moon's] horns, wil a my pow'r,	Then the stroke, O how severe!
I set mysel, . Death and Dr. Hornbook.	Often hast thou vow'd that death Only should us sever; S.
Good claret set before thee: S. Deluded swain t	tho' fell fortune should fate us to sever,
I set me down and sigh: Despondency, an Ode. And ay she set the wheel between; . S. Duncan Davison.	S. Twas n
And ay she set the wheel between; . S. Duncan Davison. When ye set by the wheel at e'en	Sever'd.
What time the moon, wi' silent glowr,	Sever'd from thee, can I survive? . Several, -'ral [separate].
Sets up her horn, . El. on Capt. Bl. H., 10.	Then homeward all take off their sev'ral
In richest ore the brightest jewel set! . El. on Miss Burnet. For care and trouble set your thought, Ep. to Young Friend.	The Cot
It heats me, it heets me,	An' each took off his several way,
And sets me a on name: Ep. to Davie. o.	Severe. The losses, and crosses, Be lessons right severe,
That set bim to a pint of ale, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 6.	Far, far from thee, the fate severe
Here lies in earth a root of Hell, Set by the Deil's ain dibble; Epit. on D. C.	
Set a' their gabs a steerin;	Till the Fates, nae mair severe, Friendship, Love and Peace restore.
As set the warld in a roar O' laughin' at us; Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.	To hear this hated doom severe? Improm., on
Sun and moon but set to rise; . S. Let not woman †	But alas! when forc'd to sever,
To think life's sun did set ere well begun	Then the stroke, O how severe!
To shed its influence on thy bright career. Lns on Fergusson.	I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe, Severer.
The sons of Belial in the Land Did set their heads together; New Psalmody.	How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,
They set their heads together, I say,	Sew.
They set their heads together;	We'll sew a green ribban round about his
Then set him down, and twa or three Gude fellows wi' him; On Grose's Peregrinations.	The Taylor he cam here to sew,
Then up he gets, and off he sets, On IV. Chalmers.	Sex.
And Aits set up their awnie horn, Scotch Drink. 3.	She, the fair sun of all her sex, S. Fare
My best leg foremost, I'll set up my brow, . Scots Prologue. There's some great folks set light by me,	Hale to the sex, ilk guid chiel says, The
I set as light by them; The Election Ballads. I.	But clear your decks an' here's the Sex I like the jads for a' that The J
We set nought to their score:	in the sexes intermix'd connexion, The
Redoubted Staig who set at nonght The wildest savage Tory,	Our Sex with guile and faithless love, Is charged, perhaps too true; To Miss
1 set me down wi' right good will.	Vet such a head, and more the heart,
To sing my Highland lassie O. S. The Highl. Lassie.	Does both the sexes honour. Wr. on
Till Charlie Stewart cam at last, Sae far to set us free; S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.	Shachl't [unshapely, deformed]. And how her new shoon fit her auld shach
When by the plate we set our nose, . The Holy Fair. 8.	S. Last
The wee Apollo Set off wi' allegretto glee His giga solo. The Jolly Beggars. R. V.	Shackles. Nor limpet in poetic shackles
And set them a' in order The noble Maxwells †	Shade. In shades of darkness hide. A Praye.
Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set! . The Lament.	Ere twice the shades of dawn are fled,
An' set the bairns to daud her [Common Sense] Wi' dirt this day The Ordination. 2.	I shelter in thy honor'd shade.
I set her down, wi' right good will,	Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
I set her down, wi' right good will, Among the rigs o' barley: S. The Rigs o' Barley.	"To wander in my broken shade, .
They set them down upon their arse, [v.A.1] The Twa Dogs. 6.	My age's future shade S
In the hands of old friendship and kindred to set.	Dost thou not rise, indignant Shade,
The Whistle. 12. How daur ye set your fit upon ber, To a Louse.	Extem, on Co
How daur ye set your fit upon ber, To a Louse. My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out, 1b.	And shelter, shade, nor home, have 1, Save in those arms of thine, Love.
An' set your heanties a' ahread!	Nor even two different shades of the san Fra
Do what I dought to set her free, To Miss Ferrier.	All underneath the birchen shade;
To set her name in measur'd style; . To W. Simpson. 7. set your fit to mine, An' cock your crest, Ib. 9.	When the shades of evening creep
set your fit to mine, An' cock your crest,	O'er the day's fair, gladsome e'e, S. Jocke
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill, To keep me sicker; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5.	But purer was the lover's yow
To keep me sicker; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5.	They witness'd in their shade yestree

To keep me sicker; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5. Now gay with the broad setting sun!
S. Farewell, thou fair day

O wat ye wha's in t e wave, S. Oh, open the door,†

en thorn bush, The Brigs of Ayr. ime-settled pleasures, n Windows, Gl. Tav.

was frightened . Halloween. 24.

S. By Allan stream †

e, Death of fav. Child. S. One fond kiss, t

S. Scenes of weet . Thou hast left me t

na her bonie blue e'e t

S. Behold the hour t

way; otter's Sat. Night. 18.

The Twa Dogs. 35. Et. to Davie. 7.

S. Forlorn, my Love,

S. Frae the friends t

n Mrs. —'s Birthday.

S. Scenes of weet To R. G. of F., 9.

Monody, on a Lady.

is hat, S. Lady Mary Ann. S. The Taylort

rewell, dear mistress † Ans, to the Guidwife.

Jolly Beggars. S. VII. he Rights of Woman.

ss L., with "Beattie."

n Leaf of " H. More."

achl't feet ; t May a braw wooer †

s; Ep. to H. Parker. er in Prosp. of Death.

S. A Rosebud by t Add. to Edinburgh. to Shade of Thomson.

S. As on the banks † Fate gave the word, t

ommem.s of Thomson.

S. Forlorn, my Love t

me [virtue], agment, inser. to Fox. S. Here is the glen, †

ey's ta'en the parting t

But purer was the lover's vow
They witness'd in their shade yestreen.

S. O bonie was you rosy to the shade yestreen. "When evening shades in silence meet, . S. O Phely t



Shape

419

Far in their shade my Peggy's charms S. Peggy Chalmers. Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky: Ib. To the shades we'll go, And in love enjoy it.
S. The Captain's Lady. from the shades of death's deep night,

The Election Ballads, VI. Deep lights and shades, hold-mingling, threw The Vision. D. I. 12. A lustre grand; There, where a sceptr'd Pictish shade Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid, [v.A.4] . 1b. D. I. Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws His army shade, 1b. D. II. 20. To a Mountain-Daisy. Sweet flow ret of the rural shade! O Mary! dear, departed shade! . To Mary in Heaven. S. To thee, lov'd Nitht Ye shades that echo'd to his vows, Wr. in Friars Carse H. As thy shades of evening close, As underneath their fragrant shade, I clasp'd her to my bosom!
S. I'e banks, and braes, and streams t

Shade, to. The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me. S. Afton Water. Her hair is like the curling mist That shades the mountain-side at e'en, s., S. On Cessnock banks†

Now life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,

Poet. Add. to Tytler. He'll shade my banks wi' towering trees,
And honie expending bushes. The Petition of Br. Water.

And honie spreading bushes. Shaded. "When spreading beech and tapering elm, Shaded my streams As on the banks t It shaded frag the evining sun. . S. O bonie was you rosy t

Shading. Shading from the burning ray

Hapless wretches sold to toil, . S. Streams that glide t Shadow.

Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets, . And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
S. Slow spreads the gloom t

And view, deep-hending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed: The Petition of Br. Water.

Shady. Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird, In shady bow'r. Add. to the Deil. 15. Oh that happy hour, and shady bow'r, S. As I gaed up by t And safe beneath the shady thorn

S. Now Spring has clad t Defies the angler's art: Down in a shady walk, Doves cooing were;

S. Phillis the Fair.

Shaft.

"O! had I met the mortal shaft
"Which laid my henefactor low! Lament for Glencairn. But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft, That play'd a Dame a shavie The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.

Shaird (a shred, a shard). haird (a shred, a snaru). The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them, To W. Simpson. P.S.

Shake, s. And gae his bridle reins a shake, With, adien for evermore, . S. It was a for t Shake, to.

Adam A-'s Prayer. Oh, shake him o'er the mouth o' hell, The cudgel in my nieve did shake, . Add. to the Deil. S. If Self the wavering balance shake, . Ep. to Young Friend. 3. It's rarely right adjusted! .

I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, q. The sun a backward course shall take

S. Highl. Laddie. Ere ought thy manly courage shake; But ere the key-stane she could make, The fient a tail she had to shake! Tam o' Shanter, 18.

Could shake them o'er the burning dub, Or heave them in. . The Twa Herds. 8.

One shakes the forest, and one spurns the ground : To R. G. of F .. Shaken. Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom, S. Gloomy December.

Shaking, -in'. To think how we stood sweatin', shakin', Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.

Came shaking hands wi' wahster-loons, The Election Ballads. VI.

Shakespeare. Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare drives; Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan, Prologue, sp. by Woods.

O! for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene, To paint the lovely hapless Scottish Oueen! Scots Prologue. Shallow.

I'm scorching up so shallow, . The Petition of Br. Water. Shallows.

With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil, Fragment, inser. to Fox.

' She trusts hersel, to hide the shame, 'In Hornbook's care; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 28.

May coward shame disdain his name, The wretch that dares not die! S. Farewell, ye dungeons † Could I for shame refus'd her, [re.] . S. Had I the wyte t

Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,
An' public shame. Holy Willie's Prayer. 10.

I think nae shame to own, John, I lo'ed ye ear' and late:
S. John Anderson, † More pointed still we make ourselves

Regret, Remorse and Shame! Man was made to Mourn. Shame fa' me gin I tell; . . S. My heart was ance t Shame fa' the fun; wi' sword and gun
To slap mankind like lumber!

. Nature's Law. I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee. On Grose's Peregrinations.

She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her. The Ans. to the Guidwife.

That ye're connected when are.

He blush'd for shame, he quat his name,

The Fête Champetre. S. The weary Pund. Quoth I, for shame, ye dirty dame,

For me, shame fa' me, If neist my heart I dinna wear ye
To Terraughty. For shame! gie o'er-proceed no further V. on Nat. Thanks.

Shame, to.

To shame ye, disclaim ye, Ilk honest birkie swears. The Ans. to the Guidwife. Shamefu'.

But gude preserve us frae the gallows, That shamefu' death! Adam A-'s Prayer. Shameless. They dun benevolence with shameless front;

Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Shamm'd.

Here lies a mock Marquis whose titles were shamm'd Extem. on "the Marquis."

Sha'na v. Shanna, Shangan [a cleft stick].

He'll clap a shangan on her tail, . . The Ordination. 2.

Shank [the leg, the leg and foot].

An' set weel down a shapely shank, As e'er tread yird; A Guid New-year 1 3.

And then its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp an sma As cheeks o' branks. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7. 'We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat, Ib. 11. Upon the banks they eas'd their shanks, S. Duncan Davison.

An' stumpan on his ploughman shanks, On dining with Daer. Sae hale and hearty every shank, . . The Twa Herds. 5.

. To a Haggis. His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, To W. Simpson. P.S.

Shank, to [to go on foot]. My travel a' on foot I'll shank it, . . The Inventory.

Shanna, Sha'na [shall not].

Wi' common Lords ye shanna mingle, . Add. of Beelzebub. Misfortune sha'na steer thee; S. O saw ye bonie L. † Shape.

Her air so sweet, her shape complete, S. As I gaed up by t

The queerest shape that e'er I saw,

Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7. 'And then a' doctor's saws and whittles, 'Of a' dimensions, shapes, an' mettles, .

It is na, Jean, thy bonie face, . S. It is na. Jean. t Nor shape that I admire,

Could I describe her shape and mein; S. On Cessnock banks † There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast; Tam o' Shanter. 11. There sat auto INICK, in Shape uprears,

The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear, The Wretched have no more to fear : S. The gloomy night †

Sharin't (sharing it).

Shape, to. Furbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg
The cut of Adam's philibeg; On Grose's Peregrinations. Wae worth that man wha first did shape, That vile, wanchancie thing-a raep! Poor Mailie's El. Shaped. [Satan] shaped it [the swine stuff] something like a man,
And ca'd it Andrew Turner. Epig. on A. Turner. Shapeless. I'll be a Brig when ye're a shapeless cairn!
The Brigs of Ayr. 7. " Now moths deform in shapeless tatters, To 1 S. S. Their unknown pages. Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream resounds. Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Shanely. A Guid New-Year 13. An' set weel down a shapely shank, Shapin. An' merry hae I been shapin a spoon; S. O merry hae I been t Share (ploughshare). But now the share uptears thy bed, To a Mountain-Daisy. Share. Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be o' care, man? A Bottle and Friend. by that health, I've got a share o't, Friend of the poet † P.S. Kind Nature's care had given his share, Large, of the flaming current; . Nature's Law. An angel form's faun to thy share! S. She's fair and fause t And aiblins gowd and hocour baith . The Election Ballads, I. Might be that laddie's share. An' take a share with those that bear
The budget and the auron! . The Jolly Beggars. S. VI. . The Kirk's Alarm. Of manhood but sma' is your share; Not but I hae a richer share Than mony ithers;
To Dr. Blacklock. O' nice education but sma' is ber share: S. You wild mossy mountains t Share, to. I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share, Than sic a moment's pleasure, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet † In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares. . . Ep. fr. Esopus. The little fate allows, they share as sooo, Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Those wonted smiles, O let me share! . S. Fairest maid t For silent, low, on beds of dust,
"Lie a' that would my sorrows share. Lament for Glencairn. O wilt thou share its [Nature's] joys wi' me, Lassie wi' the lintwhite † The warld's wrack, we share o't, S. My wife's a winsome. Her faithfu' mate will share her toil, S. O Logan, sweetly † Thy bield should be my bosom, S. O wert thou in the t To share it a', to share it a'. Doomed to share thy fiery fate, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. -. . On W. Chalmers. For ane that shares my busom, In each bird's careless song, Glad did I share;
S. Phillis the Fair. And wi' the far-fam'd Grecian share Poem on Pastoral Poetry. A rival place? . The happy tenants share his rounds; Sketch. New-Yr's Day. The mite high heaven bestowed, that mite with thee I'll share. Sonnet, wr. on Birthday. Wi' merry dance in winter-days, An' we to share in common: The Ans. to the Guidwife. Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings! The Brigs of Ayr. 9. And share the fate I would impose On thee, wert thou my captive too. S. The capt. Ribband. My part in him thou'lt share, . The Farewell. Wi' humble prayer to join and share This festive Fête Champetre. The Fête Champetre. Her surrows share and make them less? . The Lament. And wi' the beggar shares a mite The Tree of Liberty. O' a' he can afford, man. 'They Scotia's Race among them share;

The Vision, D. II. 4. For me I would be mair than proud . To a Medical Gent .. To share the mercies wi' you. Because thy joy in both would be To share them with a friend. . To John M'Murdo. Shar'd. An' all the Soul of Love they shar'd, Add, to the Deil, 15.

To keep, at times, frae being sour,

To see how things are shar'd;

Ep. to Davie. 2.

Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy.
S. Montgom.'s Peggy. Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r; . A Winter Night. They [its shanks] were as thin, as sharp an' sma'
As cheeks o' branks. Death and Dr. Hornbook, 7. My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp, My worthy friend, the or grades and sharp;
Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, &. John Barleycorn. They've taen a weapon, long and sharp, Many and sharp the num'rous Ills Inwoven with our frame! Man was made to Mourn. Sharpen'd. But keek thro' ev'ry other man, Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection. Et. to Young Friend, 5. Sharpers. The news o' princes, dukes and earls Pimps, sharpers, bawds and opera-girls; Kind Sir, I've read t Shatter. Reflected beams dwell in the streams, The Fête Champetre. Or down the current shatter; Shaul (shallow). There's D[unca]n deep, and P[eeble]s, shaul,

The Twa Herds. 10. Shaven Wi' his auld beard newlin shaven. [rc.] S. The auld man t Shaver [a wag]. He was an unco shaver, For monie a day, A Dream, 11. Shaver [a barber]. Ye may commence a Shaver; . The Ordination, o. Shavie [a trick; an lil turn]. The warl' may play you monie a shavie; Second Ep. to Davie. I play'd my fillie sic a shavie, . The Inventory. But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
That play'd a Dame a shavie
The Jolly Beegars, R. VII. Shaving-night. 'Twas four long nights and days to shaving-night, Extem. on W. Smellie. Shavings. 'Mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
Distill'd per se; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22, Shaw [a wooded dell; wild natural wood]. A Fragment. 4. In Saratuga shaw, man. . In Saratoga shaw, mam. In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
S. Again rejoicing Nature to S. Again rejoi . Blythe in the birken shaw. . . S. Behold, my love, t On Yarrow banks the birken shaw, . S. Blythe was she, t O'erbung wi fragrant spreading shaws, S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go t But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws, Can match the lads o' Galla water. S. Braw lads on Yar, braes t Ye hazly shaws and briery dens; . El. on. Capt. M. H., 4. But Och! that night, amang the shaws, She gat a fearfu' settlin! . Halloween. 24. While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw: S. My Nanie's Awa. Now, haply down you gay green shaw, She wanders by you spreading tree; S. O wat ye wha's in By fountain, shaw, or green; . . S. Of a' the airts t And spring will cleed the birken shaw shaw ; S. Oh, how can I be blythe† Or [thy burnie] trots by hazelly shaws and braes, Wi' hawthorns gray, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. By wimpling burn and leafy shaw, . S. Sae flaxen t By winiping ourn and least, and :

Ilk glen and shaw she [Mirth] knew, man:

The Fête Champetre. May sprout like simmer puddock-stools . To W. Creech. In glen or shaw; . Shaw, And baith the S-s, . The Twa Herds. 12. Shaw's and Dalrymple's eloquence, 16. 17. Shaw, to [to show]. Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 5. At least some pity on me shaw, If love it mayna be. . S. O mirk, mirk † Tho' wit and worth, in either sex, St, Mary's Isle can shaw that, The Election Ballads. II,

Shaw'd [showed]. And up the loan she shaw'd me S. Had I the wyte!	Sheep-shank (a sheep's trotter; "nae sheep-shank," no unimportant personage].
And up the loan she shaw'd me	Who thinks himsel one sheep-shank bane, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 12.
Sne.	I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank, The Brigs of Ayr. 5.
Is nought to what poor she endures That's trusted faithless man, jo S. O Lassie, art thou t Better than e'er the fairest she he meets Sketch.	Sheers [selssors]. The Mother, wi' her needle and her sheers,
Shear.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5. So may they, like their great forbears,
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear, El. on Capt. M. H., 12. No work comes me wrong for I shear and I mow,	For monie a year come thro' the sheers: The Death of Mailie,
S. The Poor Thresher.	Sheerly [entirely]. Eve's bonic squad priests wyte them sheerly
Shearer [a reaper]. The weary shearer's hameward way, S. Lassie wi the lintwhite t	Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.
While at the stook the shearers cow'r To Rev. J. M'Math.	Sheet. And spreads her sheets o' daisies white Out o'er the grassy lea: Lament of Mary of Scots.
Shearing [cutting grain with a sickle]. Still shearing and clearing	She took her mither's holland sheets, And made them a' in sarks to me; S. The lass that made the bed.
The tither stooked raw; . The Ans. to the Guidwife. Sheath.	The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma'. S. The Taylor fell
And in the fire throws the sheath; A Ded. to G. H., 10.	For instance, your sheet, man, To Mr. P. Stuart.
frae the sheath, Drew blades o' death, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
Sheath'd. Her closed eyes, like weapons sheath'd, S. On a bank of flowers t	Shelburne.
Shed, s. Haply my Sires have left their shed,	When Sh-lh-rne meek held up his cheek, A Fragment. 6. Shell. Triumphant crushan't like a muscle
And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar, Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	Or laimpet shell. The Author's Cry and Prayer. Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell, To R.G.of F
nurst in the Peasant's lowly shed, The Brigs of Ayr.	Shelter.
Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs, The Holy Fair. 9. The' shelter'd in the lowest shed, S. Twas even—the dewy t	The branchy shelter lost and gane . As on the banks to And shelter, shade, nor home, have I,
Shed, to [pres. and pp.].	Save in those arms of thine, Love. S. Forlorn, my Love,
At even, when beans their fragrance shed, El. on Capt. M. H., 6.	No shelter or retreat, S. How cruel
"Ye woods that shed on a' the winds "The honours of the nged year, Lament for Gleneairn.	No shelter or retreat, Beneath the shelter of an aged tree; S. The Cotte's Sat. Night. Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm. The Rights of Woman.
To think life's sun did set ere well begun To shed its influence on thy bright career.	Where wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none!
Lns on Fergusson. Ye who never shed a tear, S. Musing on the roaring t	S. The small birds
The groaning trees untimely shed their locks, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	I shelter in thy honor'd shade Add, to Edinburgh. Kindly stood the milking-shiel.
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed; Tam o' Shanter. 7. How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;	To shelter frae the stormy weather. S. As I came o'er I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	I'd seek some dell, and in my arms I'd shelter dear Montgomerie's Peggy. S. Montgom.'s Peggy.
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam; . The Twa Dogs. 20. Shed thy dying honours round, To Miss C.	In Koslin's fairest bower
Sheen.	And she, a lovely little flower
Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen, The Vision. D. I. II.	That I would tent and shelter there. S. O wat ye wha's in And I a bird to shelter there, S. O were my love
Sheep. Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle Our auld Guidman delights to view	My plaidie to the angry airt, I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee. S. O wert thou in the
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, . S. Behind you hills t	Sheltered, -'d.
Observe the very nowt an' sheep, How dowff an' dowie now they creep; . El. on Year 1783.	I sidling shelter'd in a nook, . On dining with Daer Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest! . To R. G. of F., 7
And gear will buy me sheep and kye; S. In simmer when t	Tho' shelter'd in the lowest shed S. 'Twas even—the dewy
I saw three sheep, And these three sheep saw me; Johnny Peep.	Sheltering.
Her teeth are like a flock o' sheep, S. On Cessnock banks †	Or, beneath the sheltering rock, Bide the surging billow's shock. On scaring Water-fowl
I wat she was a sheep o' sense, Poor Mailie's El	The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head, On seeing wounded Hare
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	And gane, alas ! the sheltering tree, On Birth of Posth. Child
As muckle genr as buy a sheep, . The Death of Mailie.	Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks; On Death of R. Dundas
But ay keep mind to moop an' mell, Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel!	And find at night a sheltering cave, S. Streams that glide
He kend the Lord's sheep ilka tail, . The Twa Herds. 7. He fine a mangy sheep could scrub	Or find a shelt'ring, safe retreat, From prone-descending showers. The Petition of Br. Water
He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,	The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield.
He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he has kine, S. There's auld Rob M.	High-shelt ring woods and wa's maun shield, To a Mountain-Daisy
Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Shenstone. Or wake the bosom-melting throe, With Shenstone's art; The Vision. D. II. 19
Sheep-cote. The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd, A Winter Night. 5.	Shepherd. For nature smiles as sweet, I ween, To shepherds as to kings. S. Behold, my love
Sheep-head. A sheep-head's in the pot, gudeman, [re.] S. O gin ye were dead.	The shepherd stops his simple reed,
And like a sheep-head on a tangs, Poem on Life.	In shepherd's phrase will woo:
Sheep-herd. The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap, S. Again rejoic. Nature	S. My Nanie's Awa

On dining with Daer.

Shepherd-lad.

Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair Blaw sweetly in its native air And rural grace; Poem on Pastoral Poetry,

Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays . . . Ib. Where blackhirds join the snephera.

Here shall the shepherd make his seat,

The Petition of Br. Water.

No shepherd's pipe-Arcadian strains; . The Lament.

And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.
S. You wild mossy mountains

Shilling, -in.

Shin. Her broken shins to plaister;

But wi' a Lord-stand out my shin,

And thretty gude shillins and three ; S. Her Daddie forbad t He will win a shilling, Or he spend a groat.
S. Hey, the dusty miller †

A ten-shillings hat, a Holland cravat; Ronalds of Bennals. Nor for my ten white shillings luke. . . The Inventory. hin. Her broken shins to plaister; . . A Dream, 6.

My shins, my lane, I there [butt the house] sit mastin,

Auld comrade †

There I met my shepherd-lad, . S. Ca' the Ewes.	But wi' a Lord-stand out my shin, On dining with Daer.
I was bred up at nae sic school,	Ane curses feet that fyl'd his shins, . The Holy Fair. 10. Shine. What signifies his barren shine,
	Of moral pow'rs an' reason? . The Holy Fair. 15.
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd-lad, Ib. Shepherd-sang.	Shine, to.
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang	May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
But wi' miscarriage? Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Shine on the evining o' his days; . A Ded. to G. H., 14.
Shepherd-train.	Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine; Add. to Edinburgh. 4. Wit, and Grace, and Love, and Beauty,
And some instruct the Shepherd-train, Blythe o'er the hill. The Vision. D. II. 8.	In ae constellation shine; S. Bonie wee thing †
Sheridan.	The moon it shines fu' clearly S. Ca' the Ewes.
How Fox and Sheridan rejoice; The Election Ballads. VI.	We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride, El. on Miss Burnet.
Sheriff. And there will be Wigton's new sheriff,	
The Election Ballads. III.	For other wars, where he a hero shines; Ep. fr. Esopus.
Sherra-moor (Sheriff-moor, between Stirling and Dunblane, where a famous battle was fought in the Rebellion of 1715).	The followers o' the ragged Nine, Poor thoughtless devils! yet may shine
the Rebellion of 1715].	In giarious light, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 10.
'Ae Hairst afore the Sherra-moor, Halloween. 15.	While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands, O, who would not die with the brave!
Or were you at the Sherra-moor, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	S. Farewell, thou fair day t
Sheugh [a trench, a ditch], 'They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh,	That only ray of solace sweet Can on thy Henry shine, Love! S. Forlorn, my Love, †
Death and Dr. Hornbook, 21.	
And reckin red ran mony a sheugh,	But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright. My dear, I'll come and see thee; S. Here's to thy health, †
And reckin red ran mony a shengh, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	That I for gear and grace may shine,
He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke,	Holy Willie's Prayer. 16. The sua took delight to shine for its sake; S. Lady Mary Ann.
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke The Twa Dogs. 5. A Cotter howkan in a sheugh,	S. Lady Mary Ann.
Sheuk [shook].	My son! my son! may kinder stars
Grim loon! he [Death] gat me by the fecket,	Upon thy fortune shine! . Lament of Mary of Scots.
And sair me sheuk; Friend of the poet	While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine Lns on Fergusson.
the kehars sheuk, Abnon the chorus roar; The Jolly Beggars. R. II.	The sun shines on sae brawlie? . S. My Collier Laddie.
The Taylor rase and shenk his duds, S. The Taylor he cam t	And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
Shew v. Show.	S. Now westlin winds †
Shew'd v. Showed.	Till the silent moon shine clearly;
Shewing. First shewing us the tempting ware, Poem on Life.	S. O Willie brew'd†
Shiel [a shed, a hut].	But the mind that shines in ev'ry grace, S. On Cessnock banks †
Kindly stond the milking-shiel, . S. As I came o'er† Blythe Bessie in the milking shiel, S. In simmer when†	May, When evining Phoebus shines serene, . Ib., Sett II.
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,	And port, O port! shine thou a wee,
S. The Contented Cottager.	And then ye'll see him! On Grose's Peregrinations.
Shield. 'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd:	The charms o' the min', the langer they shine, The mair admiration they draw, man; Ronalds of Bennals.
On Death of Sir J. Blair. This rock my shield, when storms are blowing, The Hermit.	The fault wad he mine, if they didna shine, Ib.
But where is your shield from the darts of contempt?	
I'e true " Loyal Nat.s" †	But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood, There thou shines chief Scotch Drink. 4.
Shield, to. And shield me frae the rain, jo. S. O Lassie, art thou;	Till Order bright, completely shine, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
And gane, alas! the sheltering tree.	O thou pale Orb, that silent shines,
Should shield thee frae the storm.	While care untroubled mortals sleep! . The Lament.
On Birth of Posth. Child. Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land!	And o'er her neighbours shine, man. The Tree of Liberty.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	'Strive in thy humble sphere to shine; The Vision. D. II. 21.
This too, a covert shall ensure, To shield them from the storm; The Petition of Br. Water.	And spunkie, ance to make us mellow And then we'll shine. To Mr. J. Kennedy.
High-shelt ring woods and wa's maun shield,	We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
To a Mountain-Daisy.	
Shift. Though thanks to heaven I dare even that last shift,	Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep, Where fame and honours lofty shine:
Ep. to R. Grahani. 5. An' pow't, for want o' better shift,	Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep, Where fame and honours lofty shine; S. Twas even—the dewy
A runt was like a sow-tail Halloween.	Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in; S. When first I saw T
"Yet I'll try to make a shift, S. Husband, husband	Shining, -in'.
Shift, to. Athort the lift they start and shift, A Vision.	A burning an' a shining light Auld comrade † A burnin' an' a shinin' light, Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.
'Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 13.	Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Tho' women's minds like winter winds	Depend on Fortune's shining? . S. O poortith cauld †
May shift and turn, and a' that, Women's Minds.	The fairest maid's in you town That evining cun is chining on S. O guat we suba's in t
Shill [shrill]. And owre the moorlands whistles shill, S. Again rejoic. Nature †	That ev'ning sun is shining on S. O wat ye wha's in the When shining sunbeams intervene. S. On Cessnock banks to
The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill; S. Behind you hills †	in the fashion shining Fu' gay that day. The Holy Fair. 2.
Sae loud and shill's I hear the Llast, S. Up in the Morning.	The moon was shining clearly; . S. The Rigs o' Barley.

Shinn'd.

At slaps the billies halt a blink, Till lasses strip their shoon:

I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet, To taste sic fruit, I swear, man.

As murder at his thrapple shor'd ; The Election Ballads. VI.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd, . S. Willie Wastle †	To taste sic fruit, I swear, man. The Tree of Liberty.
Ship. The ship rides by the Berwick-law, S. My bonie Mary.	His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae.
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck. S. O Mally's meek.	S. There's a youth †
	Ye've cost me twenty pair o' shoon Just gaun to see you; To J. S.
For her forbears were brought in ships, Frae 'yout the Tweed: . Poor Mailie's El	
Shire. Thou bure the Bard through many a shire?	Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon, "To W. Simpson. P.S.
Ep. to H. Parker.	Shoot.
Ve Irish lords, ye knights an' squires, Wha represent our Brughs an' Shires, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	That shoots my tortur'd gums alang; Add. to Toothache.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	And shoots its head above each bush: On Cessnock banks †
Why desert ye your auld native shire? . The Kirk's Alarm.	When corn begins to shoot, One night as I †
Shiver.	Shooting, -in. And shooting meteors caught the startled eye.
Sharp shivers thro' the leafless bow'r; . A Winter Night.	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
"And twa-three stinted birks are left,	Saw him in shootin graith adorn'd, Tam Samson's El., 8.
"To shiver in the blast their lane." . As on the banks t	Or shootin of a hare or moorcock, The Twa Dogs. 26
Auld covenanters shiver The Election Ballads. VI.	Shore. When they gae to the shore o' Bucky, [re.] S. A' the lads o' Thorniebank †
Shivering.	3. At the taus of Informedant f
When youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong,	Along the solitary shore, While flitting sea-fowls round me cry, S. Behold the hour †
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along, The Vision. D. II. 10.	The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore;
Shoal. In shoals and nations; To a Louse.	S. Caledonia.
Shock.	There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And oft repell'd th' Invader's shock. Add. to Edinburgh. 5.	And Volunteers on shore, Sir. S. Does haughty Gault
'But yet the bauld Apothecary	when ye [craiks] wing your annual way
'Withstood the shock; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.	Frae our cauld shore, El. on Capt. M. H., 9.
Bide the surging hillow's shock On scaring Water-fowl.	Thou chrystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
What tho, with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks,	El. on Miss Burnet.
The Jolly Beggars, S. I.	Desart ilka blooming shore; S. Frae the friends †
heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks, . To R. G. of F., 7.	And from my native shore: . S. From thee, Eliza†
Shod. A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor, Weel shod wi' brass. On Grose's Peregrinations.	Who mad'st the sea and shore, . S. Grace after Dinner.
Weel shod wi' brass. On Grose's Peregrinations.	Had I a cave on some wild distant shore, S. Had I a cave †
My Pegasus is poorly shod To J. Taylor.	Surging on the rocky shore: S. How can my poor heart †
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod, . To W. Simpson. 11.	He turn'd him right and round about,
Shoe.	Upon the Irish shore S. It was a' for †
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,	Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore; Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; Tam o' Shanter. 3.	1 haste with the storm to a far distant shore; Ib.
Shoe-thick.	For lack o' thee, I leave this much-loved shore,
'Till daft mankind aft dance a reel In gore a shoe-thick; . Add. to Toothache.	Lns, on Back of Bank Note.
	As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore, S. Lovely Davies.
Shog [a shock, a shove].	It's not the roar o' sea or shore,
Au' gied the infant warld a shog, 'Maist ruin'd a'. Add. to the Deil. 16.	Wad make me langer wish to tarry; S. My bonie Mary.
Shone. Him at Agincourt wha shone, A Dream. 11.	For now he's taen anither shore.
A fairer than's in you town,	An' owre the Sea! On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
His setting beam ne'er shone upon. S. O wat ye wha's in t	Still self-dependent in her native shore, Prologue, sp. by Woods.
The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r aud tree:	Froigue, sp. by w ooas.
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	(Lang after kend on Carrick shore; Tam o' Shanter. 15.
The night was still, and o'er the hill The moon shone on the castle wa'; The night was still †	We'll send him o'er to his native shore S. The bonie Lass of Alb
But by the moon and stars so bright,	Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore:
That shone that night so clearly! S. The Rigs o' Barley.	The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Where many a Patriot-name on high	All-hail then, the gale then,
And Hero shone. [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.	Wafts me from thee, dear shore! The Farewell.
A wildly-witty, rustic grace Shone full upon her; . Ib.	'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore; S. The gloomy Night †
There, distant shone, Art's lofty boast,	For her I'll trace a distant shore; S. The Highl. Lassie.
The lordly dome 10. 13.	Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more;
Shook. And, by the moon-beam, shook, to see A stern and stalwart ghaist arise, . A Vision.	S. The Slave's Lament.
	Auld, hermit Aire staw thro' his woods. On to the shore; . The Vision. D. I. 14.
Chapticleer Shook off the ponthery snaw, A Winter Night. 10. And av she shook the temper-pin. S. Duncan Davison.	On to the shore; . The Vision. D. 1. 14.
	Delighted with the dashing roar; Ib. D. II. 13.
An' [Bruce] shook his Carrick spear,	Over sea, over shore, Where the cancons loudly roar;
And shook haith meikle corn and bear, Tam o' Shanter. 15.	S. There was a bonie lass †
Shook with a thunder of applanse The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.	And leave auld Scotia's shore? S. To Mary.
When up they gat an' shook their lugs, The Twa Dogs. 35.	Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore, S. To Mary in Heaven.
	S. To Mary in Heaven.
Shool [a shovel]. Ye'd hetter taen up spades and shools,	Not Gowne's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
Or knappin-hammers. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 11.	S. Yon wild mossy mountains
Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender;	Shore, to [to offer; threaten].
On Grose's Peregrinations.	If e'er Detraction shore to smit you, A Farewell.
Shoon [shoes].	First shore her wi' a kindly kiss, . S. O steer her up t
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet, . S. Ca' the Ewes.	I doubt na Fortune may you shore Some mim-mou'd pouthered priestie, On IV. Chalmers.
I tint my curch and baith my shoon, . S. Duncan Gray.	But like guid mothers, shore before ve strike:
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't feet;	But, like guid mothers, shore before ye strike; Scots Prologue.
S. Last May a braw wooer† Gude ale gars me pawn my shoon, [re.] S. O gude ale comes†	An' shore him weel wi' hell; To Gav. Hamilton.
Gude ale gars me pawa my snoon, [77.]	
S. () gude ale comes t	
Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon, S. O guae are comes f S. O Mally's meek.	Shor'd [threatened; offered]. Had shor'd them with a glimmer of his lamp, The Brigs of Ayr. 10.

. The Holy Fair. 26

A panegyric rhyme, I ween, Even as I was he shor'd me; The Petition of Br. Water.	He by his showther gae a keck,
An' shor'd them Dainty Davie O' hoot that night. The Jolly Beggars R. VII.	S. Last May a braw wooer † Their gun's a burden on their shouther; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' airn, Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin, The Ordination. &	Che has a hump upon her breast
Short. Where human weakness has come short, A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	The twin o' that upon her shouther; . S. Willie Wastlet Show, Shew.
But three short years will soon wheel roun', S. And O for ane and twenty †	Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show, A Winter Night. 8. And gandy shew at sunny noon; S. Sae flaxen †
Some wee, short hour ayont the twal, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.	Their titles a' are empty show: . S. The Hight. Lassie. Then in we go to see the show, . The Holy Fair. 8.
But what his common sense came short, He eked it out wi' law, man. Extem. in Court of S	For a' that, and a' that, Their tinsel shew, and a' that, S. The Honest Man.
A few short months, and glad and gay, Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e; Lament for Glencairn.	O Nature! a' thy shews an' forms To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms! . To W. Simpson.
"O why has Worth so short a date?	Show, Shew, to. Not all your rage, as now, united shows
On Death of fav. Child. O' stature short, but genius bright, On Grose's Peregrinations.	More hard unkindness, unrelenting, A Winter Night. 7.
That's little short o' downright wastrie. The Twa Dogs. 9.	Not to show her respect, but—to save the expence.
And tho' the puny wound appear Short while it grieves To J. S., 16.	Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Her [nature's] Hogarth-art perhaps she meant to show it)
A short sword, and a lang, S. Ye Jacobites †	Ep. to K. Granam. 3.
Short-liv'd. When Phœbus gies a short-liv'd glow'r, A Winter Night.	Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will show him. Fragment, inser. to Fox.
Shortening.	Your conrage much more than your prudence you show it, Ib.
How cheery, thro' her shortening day, Is autumn in her weeds o' yellow: S. Ey Allan stream †	To show thy grace is great an' ample; Holy Willie's Prayer. 5.
The short'ning winter-day is near a close; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.	To show their deadly rage John Barleycorn. Then Age and Want, Oh! ill-match'd pair!
Shorter. And cowe her measure shorter By th' head some day.	Show Man was made to moura. Man was made to Mourn.
The Ordination, 13.	Tho' the love that I owe to thee I darena show, S. My Sandy gied †
Ac limpin leg a hand-breed shorter; . S. Willie Wastle † Your coaties shorter by a span, . S. Ye hae lien wrang.	And show what good men are. O Thou dread Pow'r† Oh, open the door, some pity to shew, S. Oh, open the door†
Shortly.	Show many a saint and martyr there On Lincluden.
Or faith! I fear that, wi' the geese, I shortly hoost to pasture I the craft . A Dream. 6.	To show Sir Bardy's willyart glowr, On dining with Daer.
Sac shortly you shall see me bright, . Auld comrade t	Wad shew the Tragic Muse in a her glory. Scots Prologue. And Vandal, ye but show your little mense,
An' shortly after she was done They gat a new ane. To W. Simpson. P.S.	The Brigs of Ayr. 6. Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did boary show,
But shortly they will cowe the louns!	By Hospitality with cloudless brow 16. 13.
Shortsyne [short since].	Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a hraw new gown, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
But now as glad I'm wi' my lad, As shortsyne broken hearted. S. The tither morn †	Which shows that heaven can boil the pot, Thought the devil p-s in the fire The Dean of Fac
Shot, s. That sic a hen had got a shot; Ep. to J. R., q.	And show my cuts and scars wherever I come; The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
But every shot and every knock,	to justly shew that brow, V.s, below Picture.
Proof o' shot to Birth or Money, . S. Sweetest May †	Show box. Mankind are his show box Frag., inscr. to Fox. Showed, -'d, Shew'd.
An' ay the tither shot he thumpit, Tam Samson's El., 10. Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throw'ther,	His hending joints and drooping head Show'd he began to fail John Barleycorn.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. Corbies and Clergy are a shot right kittle:	A mask that like the gorget show'd, Dye-varying, on the pigeon; The Holy Fair. Mott.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	That show'd a man o' spunk, . The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
Has blest me with a random-shot O' countra wit. To J. S., 6. Shot. The stars they shot along the sky; A Vision.	Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs, . The Twa Dogs. Shew'd him the gentleman an' scholar:
The stars shot down wi' sklentan light, . Add. to the Deil. 7.	Shew'd him the gentleman an' scholar:
Behold that eye which shot immortal hate, Liberty. For mony a beast to dead she shot, Tam o' Shanter. 15.	Shower.
n 1 11 0 11 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	Dim-dark'ning thro' the flaky shower, . A Winter Night.
*Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along, The Vision. D. 11. 16.	And rising, weets wi' misty showers The birks of Aberfeldy. S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go
Shote. At gloamin-shote it was, I wat, S. Had I the wyte† Should, -'d. Who make poor will do wait upon I should	Through gentle showers, the laughing flowers In double pride were gay S. But lately seen †
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower, S. How pleasant the banks
God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd he, To Rev. J. M'Math. Shouldna [should not].	And show'rs began to fall; John Barleycorn.
You shouldna paint at angels mair, To a Painter.	the welcome summer show'r . S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite † When past the show'r, and every flow'r,
Shout. He roar'd a horrid murder-shout, Halloween. 20. The shouts o' war are heard afar, S. My bonic Mary.	The garden is adorning: S. Lovely Davies.
The hairns gat out wi' an unco shout, S. The deuks dang o'er.	No chilly blast nor shower Shall blight this rose of mine. S. My Love's a winsome †
An' echos back return the shouts; The Holy Fair. 21. Shouther, Showther [shoulder].	The furrow'd waving corn is seen Rejoice in fostering showers. S. Now Spring has clad+
An awfu' scythe, out-owre as shouther.	Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs, S. Now westlin winds t
Clear-dangling, hang; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6. Wi' stocks out owre their shouther:	Protect thee frae the driving shower, On Birth of Posth, Child,

The rattling showers rose on the blast ; . Tam o' Shanter. 8.	Shunning.
Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs, An' screen our countra Geotry; The Holy Fair. 9.	'Shunning soft Pity's rising sway, A Winter Night. q. Shure [did shear, i.e., reap].
Or find a sheltering, safe retreat, From prone-descending showers.	I shure wi' him; S. Robin shure in hairst.
The Petition of Br. Water.	Shut. But, cursed lot! the gates were shut, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
But bitter, daudin showers hae wat it, Third Ep. to J. Lap Never may'st thou, lovely Flower,	Shuttle. And can, like ony wabster's shuttle,
Chilly shrink in sleety shower! To Miss C.	Jink there or here; Adam A-'s Prayer. Shy. Believe me, happiness is shy, . A Bottle and Friend.
While corn grows green in summer showers.	So shy, grave and distant, ye shed not a tear:
S. Where Cart rins †	Monody, on a Lady. Ve would na heeu sae shy; S. O Tibbie! †
Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless showers, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	If she he shy, her sister try, The Tarbolton Lasses.
Her eyes outshine the radiant heams That gild the passing shower, So. Young Peggy †	Shyer. The lasses they are shyer The Holy Fair. 24. Siberia.
But chiefly the nettle so typical, shower, Monody, on a Lady.	As the wretch looks o'er Siheria's shore, S. Lovely Davies. Sibyl. Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf, To Terraughty.
Show'ry.	Sibyl. Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sibyl leaf, To Terraughty. Sic [such]. Its just sic Poet an' sic Patron. A Ded. to G. H., 2.
Her forehead's like the show'ry bow, S. On Cessnock banks † Shown.	On sic a day as this is,
If love for love thou wilt na gie.	Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide, For sic a pair A Guid New Year † 6.
At least he pity to me shown; S. O Mary, at thy window t Showther v. Shouther.	And frae his harp sic strains did flow, A Vision.
Shows.	I seek nae mair o' Heav'n to share, Than sic a moment's pleasure, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †
What are their showy treasures? S. Mark yonder Pomp †	when shall we return, Sic pleasure to renew?" S. As down the burn t
Shriek. Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans! A Ded. to G. H., 10.	I was hred up at nae sic school, . S. Ca' the ewes.
Shrill, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,	I drew my scythe in sic a fury. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.
Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind	And oh! her een they spak sic things! . S. Duncan Gray † The tither's dour, has nae sic breedin', . El. on Year 1788.
S. I'm o'er young to marry † The soaring lark, the perching red-hreast shrill,	sic as you and I,
The Brigs of Ayr.	That sic a hen had got a shot;
And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill. The Whistle. 3. Shrlmp. Despise that Shrimp, that wither'd Imp.	Sic a reptile was Wat, Sic a miscreant slave, Epit. on Walter S.,
The folly Beggars. S. VI.	For few sic feasts you've gotten; For W. Nicol.
Approach this shrine, and worship here. Poet. Inscription.	When sic a husband was frae hame, . S. Had I the wyte †
Shrink. And with a Mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast!	She fuff't her pipe wi' sic a lunt,
A Winter Night. 8.	An' liv'd an' di'd deleeret, On sic a night Ib.
Why shrinks my soul half-blushing, half afraid, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	I wha deserve sic just damnation, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 3. Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,
Never may'st thou, lovely flower, Chilly shrink in sleety shower! To Miss C.	Sic fate ere lang shall thee hetide; S. I do confess †
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid; To Ruin.	Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring, S. O Phely †
Shrinking. The shrinking bard adown an alley skulks, Ep. fr. Esopus.	O why should Fate sic pleasure have, Life's dearest bands untwining? . S. O poortith cauld †
Shrinking from the gaze of day. S. Mark yonder Pomp †	O who can prudence think upon, And sic a lassie by him;
In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye: To Clarinda. Shrunk.	Oh, nought but love and sprrow join'd.
When thou shrunk frae the scowl of the loud winter storm,	Sic notes of wne could wanken! . S. O stay, sweet warb. † Had ne'er sic powers alarming: S. O wat ye wha that lo'es †
On Death of fav. Child. Shudder. Ve see your state wi' theirs compar'd,	An sic a Lord-lang Scotch ells twa, On Dining with Daer.
And shudder at the niffer, Add. to Unco Guid. 3.	And sic twa love-inspiring een, On W. Chalmers. Play'd me sic a trick, S. Robin shure in hairst,
Shun. those paths Of life I ought to shun; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	Sic hauns as you sud ne'er he faikit, Second Ep. to Davie.
The lavrock shuns the palace gay, And o'er the cottage sings; S. Behold, my love,	And sic a night he taks the road in, As ne'er poor singer was abroad in Tam o' Shanter. 7.
Or Itheir coull in some day detesting owl	Sic flights are far heyond her pow'r; 16. 16.
May shun the light. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 17. To shun a tyrant father's hate, S. How cruel †	Of sic an ugly, Gothie hulk as you. The Brigs of Ayr. 6. Saw ye e'er sic troggiu? . The Election Ballads, IV.
[The dove] To shun impelling ruin A while her pinious tries;	Like cantharidian plaisters On sic a day! [re.] The Holy Fair. 13
No view nor care, but shun whate'er Might breed me pain ar sorrow, O; S. My father was a farmer† The rath of mon to thun it: S. Now westlin minds	Against sie poosion'd nostrum;
The path of man to shun it; . S. Now westlin winds t	Hunger, Cauld, an' a' sic harms The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks: On Death of R. Dundas.	We never had sic twa dropes; The Ordination, 10. Alas! sae sweet a tree as love,
O cam ye here the fight to shun, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Sic biter fruit should hear! S. The Ruined Maid's Lament. That sic a tree can not be found,
But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight, To Clarinda.	Twixt London and the Tweed, man. The Tree of Liverty.
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun; To R. G. of F., 3. To shun the hitter blaudin' show'r, To Rev. J. M'Math.	Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow, The warld would live in peace, man; 1b.
Post that atmost duly done	Sic halesome dainty cheer, man;
Welcome what thou canst not shun: Wr. in Hermitage at F.C. Shunn'd. 'Wrong'd, injur'd, shunn'd, unpitied, unreddrest; I. In you'n ynld Prudenest	I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet. To taste sic fruit, I swear, man
176 Catalog College 1 / 1 / 1 / 1 / 1 / 1 / 1 / 1 / 1 / 1	Are bred in sic a way as this is The Twa Dogs. 11. For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;
Detested, shunn'd, hy saunt an' sinner, . To a Louse.	For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle; 16, 12,

	1
Sic game is now owre aften play'd; . The Twa Dogs. 21.	Oft have our fearless fathers strode
But human-bodies are sic fools, For a' their colledges an' schools,	By Wallace' side, . To W. Simpson. 11 He bears the unbroken blast from every side; To R. G. of F., 5
There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,	
The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle, The Twa Herds. 3. O' sic a feast!	Sidelins [sidelong, slanting]. For ay she tipp'd the sidelin's wink, S. As I gaed up by
Sic twa, O! do I live to see't,	Ironic satire, sidelins sklented, On my poor Musie; . To W. Simpson
Sic famous twa should disagreet,	Side-pretences.
On sic a dinner? To a Haggis.	Debar a' side-pretences; Ep. to Young Friend. & Sidling. I sidling shelter'd in a nook. On dining with Daer
I fenr ye dine hut sparely, On sic a place To a Louse. I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,	Sigh. But with a frater-feeling strong,
An' get sic fair example stranght, To Gav. Hamilton	Here, heave a sigh. A Bard's Epit With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence,
And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews, To Mr. J. Kennedy. in sic phraisin terms ye've pena'd it, To W. Simpson. 2.	Add. sp. by Fontenelle
but callans, At Grammar, Logic, an' sic talents, . Ib. P.S.	Thon man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
An auld light caddies hure sic hands,	Amang his caves, the sigh he gave . As on the banks
forhad, by strict commands, Sic bluidy pranks	Then let the sudden hursting sigh The heart-felt pang discover; S. Could aught of song
ken some hetter Than mind sic brulzie Ih.	For relief a sigh she brings; S. Duncan Gray
To thresh my back at sic a pitch? . What ails ye now † Wronght mang the lasses sic mischief	The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan, Betray the hapless lover: . S. Farewell, thou stream
Sic a wife as Willie had, S. Willie Wastle	And mingle sighs with mine, Love. S. Forlorn, my Love
Siclike [suchlike].	And thine that latest sigh! S. From thee, Eliza, May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Wi' sauce, ragonts, an' sic like trashtrie, The Twa Dogs. 9. Bairan a quarry, an' sic like,	On seeing wounded Hare
Sick. Meg grew sick, -as he grew heal, S. Duncan Gray t	And grateful science heaves the beartfelt sigh. On Death of Sir J. Blair
Quite sick of merit's rudeness, The Dean of Fac Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified Sot,	One friendly sigh for him, he asks no more,
The Jolly Beggars, S. II.	Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. [re.] S. One fond kiss
And saw gin they were sick or hale, At the first sight The Twa Herds. 7.	S. One fond kiss A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh,
I'm weary sick o't late and air! To Dr. Blacklock.	
Sicken'd. His colonr sicken'd more and more, . John Barleycorn.	Who trembling heard my parting sigh, S. Slow spreads the gloom
But Nature sicken'd on the e'e S. The Catrine woods †	A brother's sigh! a sister's tear! The Farewell
Sickening. Dim-backward as I cast my view,	Wi' sighs an' sobs she thus began The Jolly Beggars. R. IV The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,
What sick'ning Scenes appear! . Despondency, an Ode.	Betray the guilty lover . S. The last time I
Sicker [safe, secure, steady]. Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,	Wi' monie a sigh and a S. There was a bonie lass. And with sincere tho' unavailing sighs, Tragic Frag.
To keep me sicker; Death and Dr. Hornbook.	Farewell! within thy hosom free
And in his arms he lock'd her sicker S. Donald Brodie † Already in thy fancy's eye, Thy sicker treasure.	A sigh may whiles nwaken; . V.s, under Grief In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs;
On the same sicker score I mentioned hefore, Poem on Life.	S. You wild mussy mountains
P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm."	But now wi' sighs and starting tears . S. Young Jamie Sigh, to.
Sickness. Pale sickness withers ilka grace, . Fragment. O what a canty warld were it,	I set me down and sigh: Despondency, an Ode
Would pain and care, and sickness spare it; Poem on Life.	But the weary, weary warpin o't Has gart me sigh and sah S. My heart was ance
Siddons. It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song; Prologue, sp. by Woods.	And sigh for this life's latest morrow. On Death of fav. Child
pamper'd Luxury, Flatt'ry by her side, A Winter Night. 7.	Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love Sketch. An' sigh an' soh, an' greet her lane, Tam Samson's El.
Blythe wankens by the daisy's side, S. Again rejoic. Nature †	No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
And like stockfish [the devil] come o'er his studdie Wi' thy [death's] nuld sides! El. on Capt. M. H.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16. Each night and morn with voice imploring,
She watch'd me by the hie-gate-side, S. Had I the wyte t	This wish I sigh: The Hermit
Some [nits] kindle, conthie, side by side, Halloween. 7. Here's friends on both sides of the Forth,	But if thou hast good cause to sigh at Thy fault or care:
And friends on both sides of the Tweed; S. Here's a health to them	Another sighs an' prays: The Holy Fair. 10.
O wae gae by his wanton sides, S. Here's his health in water.	And ay she sighs wi' care and pain; S. There was a lass of And I sigh as my heart it wad hurst in my breast.
My true love! she cried, -and sunk down by his side, S Oh, open the door	Sigh'd. S. There's auld Rob M.
The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side,	"Man! cruel Man!" the Genius sigh'd, As on the banks
On ev'ry side they're gath'ran; The Holy Fair. 8.	Duncan sigh'd, haith out and in, S. Duncan Gray 1 I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
	Ye are na Mary Morison S. O Mary, at thy
Frae side to side they hother, Ib. 24. An' guid Claymore down by his side, The folly Beggars, S. IV.	And sigh'd his very soul. S. On a bank of flowers to But ay she sigh'd and cry'd, "Alas!
The folly Beggars. S. IV. O'er Pegnsus' side ye ne'er laid a stride, The Kirk's Alarm. II.	"Alas! young man, ye've ruin'd me." S. The Lass that made the bed.
Irvine side, Irvine side, wi' your turkey-cock pride, 16. 14.	Sighing, -an.
by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river, S. True hearted was he †	Wherefore sighing art thou Phillis? Blue Bonnets. Sighing, dumh, despairing! S. Blythe ha'e I been t
The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides;	While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn,
Wr. in Kenmore Inn. The palace rising on his verdant side; Ib.	On Death of fav. Child. I, sighing, drop the silent tear, To Clarinda.
	-,g

Their sighan, cantan, grace-proud faces, To Rev. J. M' Math.

But oh! what signifies to you His lexicons and grammars;

. . On W Chalmers.

But sorrow and sad sighing care. . S. Where are the joys !

What signifies his harren shine, Of moral pow'rs an' reason?

. . The Holy Fair. 15.

ight. Is sure an uncouth sight to see, A Dream.	Signora.
To keep the Highland hounds in sight!. Add. of Beelzebub.	Love-gifts of Carnival Signoras. [v.A.13] The Twa Dogs.
Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight,	Silence.
Wi' waving sugh Add. to the Deil. 7.	"Awake, resound thy latest lay,
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools, Sad sight to see! Add. to Toothache.	"Then sleep in silence evermair! Lament for Glencairn.
	Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep; Liberty.
For sure 'twere impious to despair So much in sight of Heaven. S. Anna. thy charms †	"When evening shades in silence meet, . S. O Phely, †
Where man and nature fairer in her sight.	At length poor Mailie silence brak. The Death of Mailie.
My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.	Speaking silence, dumb confession
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Silent. modest Merit's silent claim; Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
'Nae doubt hut ye may get a sight! 'Great cause ye hae to fear it;	What time the moon, wi' silent glowr,
Great cause ye hae to fear it;	Sets up her horn, El. on Capt. M. H., 10. Empress of the sileat night:
That I am here afore thy sight, Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.	Empress of the silent night:
'Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye, 'As is a sight o' Phely	
	Well, Sir, from the silent dead, Still I will try to daunt you; . S. Husband, husband †
	For silent, low, on heds of dust,
They tempt the taste and charm the sight; S. On Cessnock banks †	Lie a' that would my sorrows share.
Not ev'n to view the Heavenly choir.	Lament for Glencairn.
Would be so hlest a sight On Miss J. Lewars.	How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
(A sight life's sorrows to repulse, A sight pale envy to convulse) . Sketch. New Yr's Day.	Monody, on a Lady.
	Till the silent moon shine clearly; S. Now westlin winds t
But when she charms my sight, In pride of beauty's light; S. Sleep'st thou.	In the dark silent mansions of sorrow, On Death of fav. Child.
With richer treasures bless my sight!	With echo silent lies On Death of Lap-dog. Repose us in the silent dust Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
S. Slow spreads the gloom	
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight! Tam o' Shanter. 11.	The silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree: The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Trode i' the mire out o' sight!	Now a' the congregation o'er
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10.	Is silent expectation; The Holy Fair. 12.
all before their sight, A fairy train appear'd in order bright: The Brigs of Ayr. 11.	O Thou pale Orh, that silent shines, The Lament.
A larry train appear d in order bright: The bright of Ayr. 11.	I, sighing, drop the silent tear, To Clarinda.
At sight of whom [Peace] our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath	Again the silent wheels of time
And ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play:	Their annual round have driv'n, To Miss L., with "Beattie."
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.	
As once on Pisgah purg'd was the sight	When shall my soul, in silent peace, Resign Life's joyless day?
Of a son of Circumcision, The Dean of Fac	And mouldering now in silent dust,
Appear no more hefore Thy sight	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t
Than yesterday that's past. The 1st 6 V.s of goth Ps	Silent-marking.
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight, S. The heather was blooming t	Oft has thy silent-marking glance Ohserv'd us. The Lament.
The vera sight o' [Moodie]'s face,	Silk. Tho' thou has nae silk and holland sae sma,
To's ain het hame had sent him Wi fright	S. O when she cam ben t
The Holy Fair. 12.	In silks an' scarlets glitter : The Holy Fair. 7.
The boniest sight that e'er I saw	Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine, S. The Honest Man.
The bolliest sight that Coll saw	3. 1/1E 110/1E3+ 1/1 div.
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. S. The Ploughman	Silk-saft [silk-soft].
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. S. The Ploughman 1 They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,	Silk-saft [silk-soft]. Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest S. O were my love t
Was th' Plonghman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight, The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15.	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, . S. O were my love t
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight, The view o't gies them little fright. By this, the sun was out o' sight, 1b. 35.	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, . S. O were my love † Silken.
Was th' Floughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustend' wit the sight, The view o't gies them little fright. By this, the sun was out o' sight. The Twa Dogs. 15. 1b. 35. And saw gin they were sick or bale,	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, S. O were my love † Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, S. Braw lads of G. Water.
Was th' Floughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. By this, the sun was out o' sight. And saw gin they were sick or hale, At the first sight. A tight, outlandish Hizire, hraw,	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, S. O were my love † Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, S. Braw lads of G. Water. weel lac'd up in silken shoon, S. O Mally's meek.
Was th' Floughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. Ply this, the sun was out o's sight. And saw gin they were sick or hale, At the first sight. A tight, outlandish Hizzie, hraw, Come full in sight. The Twa Herds. 7. The Vision. D. 1. 7.	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, S. O were my love † Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, weel lac'd up in silken shoon, In Love's silken haad can hind it. S. Sweetest May †
Was th' Floughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. Part of the first sight. And saw gin they were sick or bale, At the first sight. A tight, outlandish Hizzie, hraw, Come full in sight. The Vision. D. 1. 7. But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! The Vowets.	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, S. O were my love † Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, S. Braw lads of G. Water. weel lac'd up in silken shoon. S. O Mally's meek. In Love's silken hand can hind it. S. Sweetest May † I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken hand o'love, S. The Posie.
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. By this, the sun was out o' sight. And saw gin they were sick or hale, At the first sight. A tight, outlandish Hizzie, hraw, Come full in sight. The Vision. D. 1. 7. But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! The Vowels. Eapti'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. 16.	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, S. O were my love † Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, S. Braw lads of G. Water. weel lac'd up in silken shoon, S. O Mally's meek. In Love's silken hand can hind it. S. Sweetest May † I'll tie the posie round wi't he silken hand o'love, S. The Posit. He draws a booie, silken purse The Twa Dogs. 8.
Was th' Floughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15. By this, the sun was out o' sight. And saw gin they were sick or hale, At the first sight. A tight, outlandish Hizzie, hraw. The Twa Herdi. 7. But, ah! deform'd, dishoness to the sight! The Vowels. Eaptiz'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. 16. And then, O whar a glorious sight,	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, S. O were my love † Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, S. Braw lads of G. Water. weel lac'd up in silken shoon, S. O Mally's meek. In Love's silken haad can hind it. S. Sweetest May † I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken hand o' love, S. The Posie. He draws a bonie, silken purse The Twa Dogs. 8.
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. By this, the sun was out o' sight, And saw gin they were sick or bale, At the first sight. A tight, outlandish Hiziek, hraw, Come full in sight. The Vision. D. 1. 7. But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! The Vovels. Baptiz'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. Ib. And then, O what a glorious sight, Warm-reckin, rich! To a Haggis.	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, weel lac'd up in silken shoon, In Love's silken hand can hind it. S. Sweetest May to 'I'l tie the pasie round wi' the silken hand o' love, S. The Poste. He draws a honie, silken purse Be thou deckt in silken stole, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Siller, adj. (silver).
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15. By this, the sun was out o' sight, Ib. 35. And saw gin they were sick or hale, At the first sight. A tight, outlandish Hizzie, hraw, Come full in sight. Come full in sight. The Vision. D. 1. 7. But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! The Vowelt. Bapti'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. To a Haggis. Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight, To a Louse.	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, S. O were my love † Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, weel lac'd up in silken shoon. S. O wally's meek. In Love's silken hand an hind it. S. Sweetest May † I'll tie the pasie round wi' the silken hand o love, S. The Posic. He draws a honie, silken purse Be thou deckt in silken stole, Siller, ad;, [silver]. Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, Scatch Drink, T. The Twan Carse H. Siller, Silver, S. Steel Browner, S. The Posic. Steel Browner, S. Steel Br
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. By this, the sun was out o' sight. And saw gin they were sick or hale, At the first sight. A tight, outlandish Hizies, hraw, Come full in sight. But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! The Vision. D. 1. 7. But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! The Vision. D. 1. 7. The Vision. D. 1. 7. The Vision. D. 1. 7. To a Haggis. To a Louse. To Clarinda.	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, S. O were my love † Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, weel lac'd up in silken shoon. S. O wally's meek. In Love's silken hand an hind it. S. Sweetest May † I'll tie the pasie round wi' the silken hand o love, S. The Posic. He draws a honie, silken purse Be thou deckt in silken stole, Siller, ad;, [silver]. Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, Scatch Drink, T. The Twan Carse H. Siller, Silver, S. Steel Browner, S. The Posic. Steel Browner, S. Steel Br
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15. By this, the sun was out o' sight, Ib. 35. And saw gin they were sick or hale, At the first sight. A tight, outlandish Hizzie, hraw, Come full in sight. Come full in sight. The Twa Herds. 7. But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! The Vowelt. Baptiz'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. To a Haggis. Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight, To a Loust. But she, uograteful, shuns my sight, Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight. The Carinda.	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, weel lac'd up in silken shoon. In Love's silken hand can hind it. I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken hand o' love, S. The Posie. He draws a honie, silken purse Be thou deckt in silken stole, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Siller, adj. [silver]. Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, And siller buckles glancin; S. The Plughman † The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey. The Paste.
Was th' Floughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15. By this, the sun was out o' sight. And saw gin they were sick or hale, At the first sight. At tight, outlandish Hizzie, hraw, Come full in Sight. The Twa Herde. 7. But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! The Vowels. Eaptiz'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. To a Haggis. Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight, To a Loust. But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight, Now have to dig, his hated sight to shun; To K.C. of F., 3.	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, weel lac'd up in silken shoon. In Love's silken hand can hind it. I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken hand o' love, S. The Posie. He draws a honie, silken purse Be thou deckt in silken stole, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Siller, adj. [silver]. Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, And siller buckles glancin; S. The Plughman † The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey. The Paste.
Was th' Floughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15. By this, the sun was out o' sight. And saw gin they were sick or hale, At the first sight. At tight, outlandish Hizzie, hraw, Come full in Sight. The Twa Herde. 7. But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! The Vowels. Eaptiz'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. To a Haggis. Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight, To a Loust. But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight, Now have to dig, his hated sight to shun; To K.C. of F., 3.	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, S. O were my love † Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, weel lac'd up in silken shoon. In Love's silken hand an hind it. S. Sweetest May † I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken hand o' love, S. The Posie. He draws a honie, silken purse Be thou deckt in silken stole, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Siller, adj. [silver]. Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, Aft clad in massy, siller weed, The Ploughman † The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey, And siller buckles glancin; The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey. And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'. S. The Posie.
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15. By this, the sun was out o' sight. And saw gin they were sick or hale, At the first sight. At tight, courlandish Hizzie, hraw, Come full in Sight. The Twa Herde. 7. But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! The Vowels. Eaptiz'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. And then, O what a glorious sight, Warm-reekin, rich! To a Haggis. Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight, To a Louss. But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight, To claws to dig, his hated sight to shun; To Kr. Of Fr. 3. For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a cewk Ao' out o' sight, To W. Simpsen. P.S.	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, weel lac'd up in silken shoon. In Love's silken hand can hind it. S. Sweetest May t I'll tie the pasie round wi' the silken hand o' love, S. The Posie. He draws a honie, silken purse Pe thou deckt in silken stole, Siller, adj. (silver). Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, And siller buckles glancin; The hawthorn I will pu', w'' its locks o' siller grey. And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a S. Ther's a youth † Siller [silver, money].
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. And saw gin they were sick or hale, At the first sight. At tight, outlandish Hizzie. hraw, Come full in sight. At tight, outlandish Hizzie. hraw, Come full in sight. The Twa Herds: 7. A tight, outlandish Hizzie. hraw, Come full in sight. The Vision. D. 1. 7. But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! The Vowels. Baptiz'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. And then, O what a glorious sight, Warm-reekin, rach! To a Haggis. Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight, But she, uograteful, shuns my sight, To a Clarinda. Now olless to dig, his hated sight to shun; To K. C. of F., 3. For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a newk An' out o' sight, To W. Simpson. P. S. To W. Simpson. P. S.	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, S. O were my love † Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, weel lac'd up in silken shoon. In Love's silken hand an hind it. S. Sweetest May † I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken hand o' love, S. The Posie. He draws a honie, silken purse Be thou deckt in silken stole, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Siller, adj. [silver]. Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, Aft clad in massy, siller weed, The Ploughman † The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey, And siller buckles glancin; The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey. And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'. S. The Posie.
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15. By this, the sun was out o' sight, And saw gin they were sick or hale, At the first sight. A tight, outlandish Hizzie. A tight, outlandish Hizzie. The Twa Herds. 7. The Twa Herds. 7. The Twison. D. 1. 7. But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! The Vision. D. 1. 7. But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! The Vision. D. 1. 7. But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! To a Haggis. Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight, Uwarm-reekin, rach! To a Haggis. To a Louse. But she, uograteful, shuns my sight, To a Louse. To W. Simpson. P. S. To W. Simpson. P. S. They charm th' admiring gazer's sight. S. Young Peggy's Sightless. Or mid the yenal Senate's roat.	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, weel lac'd up in silken shoon, In Love's silken hand can hind it. S. Sweetest May t I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken hand o' love, S. The Posie. He draws a honie, silken purse E thou deckt in silken stole, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Siller, adj. [silver]. Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, And siller huckles glancin; S. The Ploughman t The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey, And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'. S. The Posie. And his clear siller for greed o' the siller, S. As I was a wand ring t A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: Aud conrade t
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15. By this, the sun was out o' sight, And saw gin they were sick or hale. At the first sight. A tight, outlandish Hizzie, hraw. Come full in sight. The Twa Herda. 7. But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! The Vowelt. Eaptiz'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. The Wowelt. Eaptiz'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. Now hand glorious sight, Warm-reckin, rich! To a Haggis. Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight, To a Louse. But she, uograteful, shuns my sight, Now claws to dig, his hated sight tu shun; To K. G. of F., 3. For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a newk As' out o' sight, To W. Simpson. P.S. Sightless. Or, mid the venal Senate's roar, They, sightless, stand, The Vision. D. 11. 5.	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, weel lac'd up in silken shoon. In Love's silken hand can hind it. S. Sweetest May t I'll tie the pasie round wi' the silken hand o' love, S. The Posie. He draws a honie, silken purse Be thou deckt in silken stole, Siller, adj. (silver). Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, And siller buckles glancin; The hawhorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey. And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'. S. The Posie. And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'. S. The Fosie. S. There's a youth t Siller (silver, money). Altho' he has left me for greed o' the siller. S. Ma' was a wand ring t A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: S. Her's to thy health, t
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15. By this, the sun was out o' sight, And saw gin they were sick or hale, At the first sight. At tight, outlandish Hizzie. A tight, outlandish Hizzie. The Twa Herds. 7. A tight, outlandish Hizzie. The Vision. D. 1. 7. But, ah' deform'd, dishonest to the sight! The Vowels. Eaptiz'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. To a Haggis. Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight, Unam-reekin, rich! To a Haggis. Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight, To Loust. But she, uograteful, shuns my sight, No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun; To K. O. of Fr., 3. For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a cewk Ao' out o' sight, To W. Simpson. P.S. They charm th' admiriog gazer's sight. S. Young Peggy † Sightless. Or, mid the venal Senate's roar, They, sightless, stand, The Vision. D. 11. 5.	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, weel lac'd up in silken shoon, In Love's silken hand on love, S. The Posite, He draws a bonie, silken purse Be thou deckt in silken stole, Siller, adj. (silver). Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, Siller, adj. (silver). Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, Siller siller puckles glancin; The Poughman † The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey. And his clear siller buckles they dazele us a'. S. There's a youth † Siller (silver, money). Altho' he has left me for greed o' the siller, S. As I was a wand ring † A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: And comrade †
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15. By this, the sun was out o' sight. At the first sight. At tight, outlandish Hizzie, hraw, Come full in sight. The Twa Herds. 7. But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! The Vision. D. 1. 7. But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! The Vowelt. Baptir'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. Now hand you there, ye're out o' sight, Warm-reekin, rich! Now hless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight. To a Louse. To Carvinda. Now hless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight. The Yousels. To K. G. of F., 3. For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a cewk. Ao' out o' sight, To W. Simpson. P. S. They charm th' admiring gazer's sight. S. Young Peggy t' Sightless. Or, mid the venal Senate's roar, They, sightless, stand, The Vision. D. 11. 5. Sign, And still, as signs of life appeard, They tos o'd him to and fro. John Barleycorn.	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, S. O were my love † Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, weel lac'd up in silken shoon. In Love's silken hand on hind it. S. Sweetest May † I'll tie the pasie round wi' the silken hand o' love, S. The Posie. He draws a honie, silken purse Be thou deckt in silken stole, Sillen, adj. (silver). Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, And siller huckles glancin; The hawhorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey. And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'. S. The Posie. And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'. S. The Posie. Siller (silver, money). Altho' he has left me for greed o' the siller, S. As I was a-wand ring † A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller : S. Her's to thy health, † Brings the dusty siller; S. Hey, the dusty miller! But the tender heart o' leesome love. But the tender heart o' leesome love.
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15. By this, the sun was out o' sight. And saw gin they were sick or hale, At the first sight. At the first sight. The Twa Hord. 7. A tight, courlandish Hizrie, hraw, Come full in Sight. The Vision. D. 1. 7. But, ah' deform'd, dishonest to the sight! The Vowels. Eaptiz'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. And then, O whar a glorious sight, Warm-reekin, rich! To a Haggis. Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight, To a Louss. But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight, No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun; To K. C of Fr., 3. For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a cewk Ao' out o' sight, To W. Simpson. P.S. They charm th' admiriog gazer's sight. Sightless. Or, mid the venal Senate's roar, They, sightless, stand, The Vision. D. 11. 5. Sign. And still, as signs of life appear'd, They toss'd him to and fro. Sign-noss'd	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, weel lac'd up in silken shoon, In Love's silken hand can hind it. S. Sweetest May † I'll tie the pasie round wi' the silken hand o' love, S. The Poise, He draws a bonie, silken purse Be thou deckt in silken stole, Siller, adj. [silver]. Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, Aft clad in massy, siller weed, And siller buckles glancin; The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey. S. The Posie. And his clear siller buckles they dazele us a'. S. There's a youth † Siller [silver, money]. Altho' he has left me for greed o' the siller, S. As I was a wand ring † A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: S. Hey's to thy health, † Sirings the dusty siller: S. Hey, the dusty miller; But the tender heart o' leesome lave, The gowd and siller canna buy: S. In simmer when †
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15. By this, the sun was out o' sight, And saw gin they were sick or hale, At the first sight. The Twa Herds. 7. A tight, outlandish Hizzie, hraw, Come full in sight. The Vision. D. 1. 7. But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! The Vescels. Baptir'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. And then, O what a glorious sight, Now hand you there, ye're out o' sight, To A Lowst. But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight, To Clarinda. Now hless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight. To Clarinda. Now less the hour which charm'd my guilty sight. To To Charinda. The Vision. D. 11. To They charm th' admiring gazer's sight. Sightless. Or, mid the venal Senare's roar, They, sightless, stand, The Vision. D. 11. 5. Sign. And still, as signs of life appeared, They toss of him to and fro. Sign. Post. Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox. To R. G. of F. 7.	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, weel lac'd up in silken shoon. In Love's silken hand an hind it. S. Sweetest May to the the posie round wi' the silken hand o' love, S. The Posie. He draws a honie, silken pures. Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Siller, adj. [silver]. Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, And siller huckles glancin; S. The Posie. And his clear siller huckles they dazzle us a. S. The Posie. Altho' he has left me for greed o' the siller, S. As I was a-wand ring to A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: S. Here's a youth to Simpsy the dusty miller to But the tender heart o' leesome love, The gowd and siller canna buy: S. In simmer when to My ladde's sae melkle in love wi' the siller,
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15. By this, the sun was out o' sight,	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, weel lac'd up in silken shoon, In Love's silken hand can hind it. S. Sweetest May † I'll tie the pasie round wi' the silken hand o' love, S. The Poise, He draws a bonie, silken purse Be thou deckt in silken stole, Siller, adj. [silver]. Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, Aft clad in massy, siller weed, And siller buckles glancin; The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey. S. The Posie. And his clear siller buckles they dazele us a'. S. There's a youth † Siller [silver, money]. Altho' he has left me for greed o' the siller, S. As I was a wand ring † A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: S. Hey's to thy health, † Sirings the dusty siller: S. Hey, the dusty miller; But the tender heart o' leesome lave, The gowd and siller canna buy: S. In simmer when †
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15. By this, the sun was out o' sight, And saw gin they were sick or hale, At the first sight. The Twa Herds. 7. A tight, outlandish Hizzie, hraw, Come full in sight. The Vision. D. 1. 7. But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! The Vescels. Baptir'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. And then, O what a glorious sight, Now hand you there, ye're out o' sight, To A Lowst. But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight, To Clarinda. Now hless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight. To Clarinda. Now less the hour which charm'd my guilty sight. To To Charinda. The Vision. D. 11. To They charm th' admiring gazer's sight. Sightless. Or, mid the venal Senare's roar, They, sightless, stand, The Vision. D. 11. 5. Sign. And still, as signs of life appeared, They toss of him to and fro. Sign. Post. Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox. To R. G. of F. 7.	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, weel lac'd up in silken shoon. In Love's silken hand can hind it. S. Sweetest May it I'll tie the pasie round wi' the silken hand o' love, S. The Posie. He draws a honie, silken purse. Be thou deckt in silken stole, Siller, acit, [silver]. Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, And siller huckles glancin; The handhorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey. And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'. S. The Ploughman it The handhorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey. S. The Posie. And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'. S. The Posie. And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'. S. The Posie. S. Here's a youth it Sma' siller will relieve me. S. Her's to thy health, it Brings the dusty siller; S. Hey, the dusty miller! But the tender heart o' leesome lave, The gowd and siller canna buy: S. In simmer when it My laddie's sae melkle in love wit heiller, He canna ha'e love to spare for me. S. meikle thinks my love i
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15. By this, the sun was out o's sight, And saw gin they were sick or hale, At the first sight. The Twa Herds. 7. A tight, outlandish Hizzie, hraw, Come full in sight. The Vision. D. 1. 7. But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! The Vowelt. Eaptie'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. Now hand good what a glorious sight, Warm-reckin, rich! To a Haggis. Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight, To a Louse. But she, uograteful, shuns my sight, Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight. No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun; To K. G. of F., 3. For 'twas the auld moon tum'd a newk. An' out o' sight, To W. Simpson. P. S. Signtless. Or, mid the venal Senate's roar, They coss'd him to and fro. Sign. And still, as signs of life appear'd, They toss'd him to and fro. Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox. To R. G. of F. 7. Sign'd. My daddie sign'd my tocher band, S. Where Cart rins!	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, weel lac'd up in silken shoon. In Love's silken hand on hind it. S. Sweetest May to the tribe and on love, S. The Posite. He draws a honie, silken purse. Be thou deckt in silken stole, Siller, adj. (silver). Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, And siller buckles glancin; The hawhorn I will pu', w'i its locks of siller grey. And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'. S. The Posite. And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'. S. The Posite. S. The Fosite. S. As I was a wand ring to A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller. S. As I was a wand ring to A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller. S. Hey, the dusty miller? But the tender heart o' lessome love, The gowd and siller canna buy: S. Hey, the dusty miller? But the tender heart o' lessome love. The gowd and siller canna buy: S. Hey, the dusty miller? My laddie's sae meikle in love wit the siller, He canna hae love to spare or me. S. O meikle thinks my love to the salter. Thou sat as lang as thou had siller. My Laddie's say meikle siller, My laddie's say meikle in love wit the siller, O meikle thinks my love to Shanter. 3.
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15. By this, the sun was out o' sight,	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, weel lac'd up in silken shoon, In Love's silken hand can hind it. S. Sweetest May ? I'll tie the pasie round wi' the silken hand o' love, S. The Posie, He draws a bonie, silken purse. The Twa Dogs. 8. Be thou deckt in silken stole, Siller, adj. [silver]. Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, And siller huckles glancin; The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey. S. The Posie, And his clear siller buckles they dazele us a'. S. The Posie. S. The Posie. S. The Posie. Altho' he has left me for greed o' the siller, S. As I was a wand ring? A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: S. Hey's to thy health, the Brings the dusty siller; S. Hey sto thy health, the But the tender heart o' leesome lave, The gowd and siller canna buy: S. In simmer when the My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller, He canna ha le love to spare for me. S. O meikle thinks my love? Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; Tam o' Shanter. 3. He'd vecture the gallows for siller, An 'the ren a the cost o' the rape. The Election Ballads. 111.
Was th' Ploughman laddie dancin. They're sae accustom'd wit he sight, The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15. By this, the sun was out o's sight, And saw gin they were sick or hale, At the first sight. The Twa Herds. 7. A tight, outlandish Hizzie, hraw, Come full in sight. The Vision. D. 1. 7. But, ah! deform'd, dishonest to the sight! The Vowelt. Eaptie'd him eu, and kick'd him from his sight. Now hand good what a glorious sight, Warm-reckin, rich! To a Haggis. Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight, To a Louse. But she, uograteful, shuns my sight, Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight. No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun; To K. G. of F., 3. For 'twas the auld moon tum'd a newk. An' out o' sight, To W. Simpson. P. S. Signtless. Or, mid the venal Senate's roar, They coss'd him to and fro. Sign. And still, as signs of life appear'd, They toss'd him to and fro. Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox. To R. G. of F. 7. Sign'd. My daddie sign'd my tocher band, S. Where Cart rins!	Seal'd on her silk-saft falds to rest, Silken. The lassie lost a silken snood, weel lac'd up in silken shoon, In Love's silken hand on hind it. S. Sweetest May t I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken hand o' love, S. The Posie, He draws a bonie, silken purse. Be thou deckt in silken stole, Siller, adj. [silver]. Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, And siller huckles glancin; The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey. And his clear siller buckles they dazele us a'. S. The Posie. And his clear siller buckles they dazele us a'. S. There's a youth t Siller (silver, money). Altho' he has left me for greed o' the siller, S. At I was a wand ring t A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: S. Her's to thy health, t Brings the dusty siller: S. Hey, the dusty miller! But the tender heart o' leesome love, The gowd and siller canna buy: S. In simmer when t My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller, He canna ha' love to spare for me. S. O meikle thinks my love t Thou sat as lang as thou had siller; Tam o' Shanter, 3.

427

. Ib. 3.

16. 12.

16. 13.

Ib. 11.

16. 13.

Ib. 18.

Sil

S

S

ç

9

ç ¢

But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her.	
But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her. S. There's a youth † To sell her poor Jenny for siller and lan'. S. What can a yng lassic †	
lly. Or silly sheep, wha bide this bruttle A Winter Night. 3. Would'st thou he cur'd, thou silly, moping elf, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	
If man thou wouldst he named, Despise the silly creature S. Deluded swain †	
Poor silly body see him; Epit. on rioly with. Thy favors are the silly wind S. I do confess †	
Why then ask of silly Man. To oppose great Nature's plan? S. Let not woman † We'll search through the garden for each silly flower, Monody, on a Lady.	
Fie, fie on silly coward man, That he should be the slave o't [of wealth]. S. O poortith cauld †	
The silly bogles, Wealth and State,	
O silly blind body, O dinna ye see : S. O whare all ye get	
my puir, silly, rhymin' clatter Second Ep. to Davie. That anger'd the silly gudeman, O. S. The Cooper o' enday †	
my vowie, silly thing The Death of Mailie.	
The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom, The last braw bridal†	
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin! To a Mouse.	
But to conclude my silly rhyme, To Dr. Blacklock. From cilly woman has her warlike arts. To R. G. of F., 2.	
Even silly woman has her warlike arts, To R. G. of F., 2. Tho' 1 maun say't, 1 wad be silly, To W. Simpson.	
illver, adi.	
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair! Blest be M'Murdo †	
the Tweed's silver flood; S. Caledonia. 5. When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,	
When Cynthia lights, wi's liver ray, The weary shearer's hameward way, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite†	
And fill it in a silver tassie; S. My bonie Mary.	
That glides, a silver dart. S. Now Spring has clad t	
Fair beaming, and streaming	
Her silver light the boughs amang; . S. Sae flaven the chilly Frost beneath the silver heam, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	
Sliver, s. Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', The Fête Champetre.	
Silver-gleaming. Reneath thy silver-gleaming ray The Lament.	١
Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray, The Lament. Silvery.	l
The silvery moonbeams trembling play: . On Lincluden.	ı
Sim. His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean, Halloween. 16.	l
Simmer [summer].	Ì
1 ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep For that, or Simmer. A Guid New-year † 13.	
Ae honie simmer morn 1 stray'd As on the banks † Simmer's a pleasant time S. Ay waukin, O.	l
Now simmer blinks on flow'ry braes, S. Bonie lassie, will ye go t	
The simmer joys the flocks to follow; S. By Allan stream	j
Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear Shoots up its head, Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear, El. on Capt. M. H., 12.	
Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer, I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,	ı
Ep. 10 J. L-k, Ap. 2131, 10.	ļ
'The Simmer had been cauld an' wat, Halloween. 15.	
In simmer when the hay was mawn, S. In simmer when † I'll aulder be gin simmer, S. I'm o'er young to marry †	
The simmer is gane when the leaves they were green, S. Lady Mary Ann.	
"Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom; Lament for Glencairn.	
My heart was ance as blythe and free As simmer days were lang, S. My heart was ance t	
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run, Like Logan to the simmer sun. S. O Logan! sweetly †	
a' the lee-lang simmer's day, . S. O were I on Parnass. † While laigh descends the simmer sun, S. The Contented Cottager.	
When Nature's face is fair, The Holy Fair.	

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath O'mony flow'ry simmers!

May sprout like simmer puddock-stools

Welcome now Simmer, and welcome, my Willie;
The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.
S. Wandering Willie.

The simmer lillies bloom in snaw, .

To Mr. M'Adam.

S. To daunton me.

. To W. Creech.

```
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
   And there the langest tarry:
Simper James [the Rev. J. Mackinlay, of Kilmarnock].
  Simper James, Simper James, leave the fair Killie dames,

The Kirk's Alarm.
Simple. Will Ye accept a Compliment.
                                                 A Dream. 9.
             A simple Bardie gies Ye?
  And eyes the simple, rustic Hind, .
                                         . A Winter Night. 7.
                                    S. Adown winding Nith †
  So artless, so simple, so wild;
  The shepherd stops his simple reed, S. Behold, my love, †
  Good L-d, what is man! for as simple he looks,
  Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks:

Fragment, inser. to Fox.
  This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.
  Let simple maid the lesson read, . S. O Lassie, art thou !
  He [the cotter] woos his simple dearie : S. O poortith cauld,
  the simple artless rhymes. . . . Once fondly lov'd t
  Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:

Prologue, at Th., D..
                                   S. Slow spreads the gloom t
  in simple beauty drest, .
  To you a simple Bardie's pray'rs
Are humbly sent. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
  The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough.

The Brigs of Ayr.
   a simple Bard, Unknown and poor,
   While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.
   Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
   From simple Catrine, their long-lov'd abode:
  To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,

The Cotter's Sat. Night.
   But now the Supper crowns their simple board, .
   They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
   And O may Heaven their simple lives prevent
     From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile! .
   Yet simple Bob the victory got, . . The Dean of Fac..
   the earth bestowing My simple food; . . The Hermit.
   Fir'd at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.
                                          The Vision. D. II. 12.
   The loves, the ways of simple swains, . . .
   Such is the fate of simple Bard, . To a Mountain Daisy.
                                         . To Gav. Hamilton.
   When simple bodies let him; .
   Simple, wild, enchanting elf, .
                                          . To Miss Fontenelle.
   I send you more than India boasts
   In Edwin's simple tale. . To Miss L., with "Beattie."

1, a simple, countra bardie, . . To Rev. J. M'Math.
  Simplicity.
   Thou [daisy] emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
For she is simplicity's child.

S. Adown winding Nith †
                                     . S. Mark yonder Pomp†
    In simplicity's array; . .
   Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
    The daisy for simplicity, and unaffected air, S. The Posie.
    By Love's simplicity betray'd, . To a Mountain-Daisy.
  Simpson, Simson,
    And down by Simpson's wheel'd the left about :
                                            The Bries of Ayr. 3.
                                               Auld comrade †
    Assist poor Simson a' ye can, .
  Sin' (since).
    Sin' I was to the butching bred, .
```

Sin' thou was my Guidfather's Meere; A Guid New-year † 4. Sin' that day Michael did you pierce, Add. to the Deil. 19. Sin' I began to nick the thread, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 12. Ib. 13. Sin 1 could striddle owre a rig : Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 9. Auld, uncle John, wha wedlock's joys, Sin' Mar's-year did desire, Halloween. 27.

Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence Sin' Mailie's dead. Poor Mailie's El.. S. Should auld acquaintance Sin' auld lang syne. E'er sin' they laid that curst restriction On Aquavitæ; The Author's Cry and Prayer. How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell.

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.

The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle,

The Twa Herds. 3.

Sin. Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin Guid Christian bluid to draw, A Fragment, 3. Where truant 'prentices, yet young in sin,

Ep. fr. Esopus. Blush at the curious stranger peeping in;

Or must no liny sin to others fall. Il wave the quantum o' the sin; Ep. to Young Friend. 6. I sit and count my sins by chapter; Ep. to Young Friend. 6. I sit and count my sins by chapter; Ep. to Young Friend. 6. I sit and count my sins by chapter; Ep. to H. Parker, 'His Sin gat Eppie Sin m' wean, Hallowen. 16. But thou remembers we are dust, Holy Willies Frayer. 6. They tell me, Sir, 'twou'd be a sin. To tak me frae my mammy yet; S. I'm o'er young to the sin. To tak me frae my mammy yet; S. I'm o'er young to the sin. To tak me frae my mammy yet; The Dean of Fac. Here, some are thinkan on their sins, An some upo' their claes; The Holy Fair. 10. (L—d pardon a' my sins an' that to!) The Inventory. But hordly will, I hold it still A mortal sin to htraw that. The felly Beggars. S. VII. To crush common sense for her sins, The Kirk's Alarm. "Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity: Tragic Frag. Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran? Sin-avenging. And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod. I make my pray'r sincere. O Thou dread Pow'r to Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere, Once fondly lov'd to Sincere as a saint's dying prayer. Poet. Add. to Tytler. For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours, Frologue, at Th., D. What words can ever speak affection So thrilling and sincere as thine! And (wish and) pray in thyme sincere, A' gude things may attend you! And with sincere tho' unavailing sighs, Accept the gift a friend sincere, Wad on thy worth be pressin; Verses under Grief.	'Twill make the widow's heart to sing, John Barleycorn. "Ve scatter'd birds that faintly sing Lament for Glencairn. Sings drowsy day to rest: Lament of Mary of Scots. 1 wad sit and sing to you [cog]. 1 Heard a young Ploughman see sweetly to sing; 1 He were ay fou. 2 S. Landlady, count to the heard a young Ploughman she'll whistle and sing, Ib. And [let] other Poets sing of wars. Nature's Law. 1 sing his name and nobler fame. Wha multiplies our number. Ib. To sing auld Coil in nobler style Ib. And B[urn]s' spring, her fame to sing, Ib. O sing a new song to the L—New Pralmody. An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing; S. O merry hae I been the Aud blythe be the bird that sings on her grave! Ib. How blest, ye birds that round her sing. To sing how dear I love thee. [re]. S. O wat ye wha's in to sing how dear I love thee. [re]. S. O were I on Parnass.† And ay I muse and sing thy name, But I would sing on wanton wing, When merry May its bloom renewd. S. O were my love there rest is like the eving thrush That sings in Cessnock banks unseen. S. On Cessnock banks To you I sing my grief-inspired strains: On Death of R. Dundas. How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace? On Duke of Queensberry. I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, Scotch Drink. Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink, To sing thy puame! 1 b. 2. Sing and Cowl, lay you down by me, [re]. S. Scroggam.
Sincere as a saint's dying prayer. Poet. Add. to Tytler. For our sincere, tho haply weak endeavours, Prologue, at Th., D., What words can ever speak affection So thrilling and sincere as thine! To a Kiss.	Her voice is like the evining thrush That sings in Cessnock banks unseen, S. On Cessnock banks † To you 1 sing my grief-inspired strains. On Death of R. Dundas.
And (wish and) pray in thyme sincere, A' gude things may attend you! And with sincere tho unavailing sighs, Accept the gift a friend sincere Wad on thy worth be pressin; Verses under Grief.	How shall I sing Drumlannig's Grace? On Duke of Queensberry. I sing the juice Scotch bear can mak us, Scotch Drink. Inspire me, till I lisp an wink, To sing thy name! 1. 1b. 2. Sing auld Cowl, lay you down by me, [re.] . S. Scroggam.
I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest, S. 'Twas na her bonie blue't Sincerely. Thy pardon 1 sincerely beg, Holy Willie's Prayer. 7. 1 lov'd her most sincerely; S. The Rigs o' Barley. Sindry [sundry].	Sing on sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough, Sing on sweet bird, I listen to thy strain, Sonnet, var. on Birthday. To sing how Naunie lap and flang, Tam o' Shanter. 16. Or sing a sang at least The Ans. 10 the Guidwife. Your humble Bardie sings an' prays While Rah his name is. The Author's Cry and Prayer.
As I hear sindry say, O; Sinew. Keen hope does ev'ry sinew brace; To J. S., 18. Sinfu'l. Wir monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie, A Ded. to G. H. It's naething but a milder feature, Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature: lb. 6. Our sinfu' saul to get a claute on	While Rah his name is. The Author's Cry and Prayer. Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird, That sings upon the bough: S. The Banks of Doon. Sett 11. That sings beside thy mate; Now wad ye sing this double flight, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. though his artless strains he rudely sings. The Brigs of Ayr.
Sing. And o'er this grassy heap sing dool, A Bard's Eptt. Delighted me to hear thee sing, A Winter Night, 4. I who sing in rustic lore, Add. to Edinburgh, 7. Of Phillis to muse and to sing. S. Adown winding Nith † Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise; S. Afton Water.	Till sit me down and sing and spin, S. The Contented Cottager. To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays, "We'll laugh, sing and rejoice, S. The deil cam fiddlin' † S. The deil cam fiddlin' †
In vain to me, in glen or shaw, The mavis and the lintwhite sing. S. Again rejoicing Nature t And mounts and sings on fittering wings, "To sing some favourite Scottish maid. As on the banks t The lavrock shuns the palace gay, And o'er the cottage sings: S. Behold, my love t The little birdies blythely sing, S. Bonie Lussie, will ye go t Leard a man sine thometh his head it was grey:	S. The dell cam fiddin † I'll sing the zeal Drumlaurig bears, The Election Ballads. VI. What verse can sing, what prose narrate, And Burke shall sing, O prince, arise! lb. I set me down wi' right good will, To sing my Highland lassie () [re.] S. The Highl. Lassie. Sing hey my hraw John Highlandman! The Jolly Beggars. S. IV. We'll bowse about till Dadie Care
S. Eyy on castle wat. Thou shalt dance and I will sing, S. Cart, an the king come. Who will not sing, God save the King, Shall hang as high's the steeple: But while we sing, God save the King, We'll neer forget the People. S. Does haughty Gaul't He'll gabble rhyme, nor sing nae mair, El, on Death of Ruisseaux.	Sing whistle ower the lave o't. 10. 3. F. Romad and round take up the Chorus, And in raptures let us sing. So blythe and so merry he'd whistle and sing. S. The Poor Thresher. And blythe we'll sing, and hail the day That gave us liberty, man. The Tree of Liberty.
Syne rhyme till't, well time till't, And sing't when we hae done. Ep. to Davie. 4. While I can either sing, or whissle, Your friend and servant. Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 22. I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg, Alang's I dow! And sing their pleasures, hopes an' joys,	But stringing blethers up in rhyme For fools to sing. The Vision. D. I. 4. 1 sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth, I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North, And the small hirds sing on every tree; The Winter it is past the Let's sing about our noble sels; Third Ep. to J. Lap.,
In some mild sphere,	Wha by Castalia's wimplin streamies, Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies, To Dr. Blacklock,

Beneath what light she has remaining, Let's sing our Sang To J. S., 20.	But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard, Poet, Add. to Tytler.
Let's sing our Sang To J. S., 20. And every hird thy requiem sings; To Miss C.	Says the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel? Reproof, by Himself.
While Irwin, Lugar, Aire an' Doon, Naehody sings To W. Simpson.	For G-d-sake, Sirs! then speak her fair, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 18.
We'll sing auld Coila's plains an' feils, Ib.	Right, Sir! your text I'll prove it true, The Calf.
Singing, -in'.	Or were more in fury seen, Sir, The Dean of Fac
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours, Add. to Edinburgh.	Sir Politics to fetter, S. The Fête Champetre.
And [Caledon] to her pipe was singing; O S. Amang the trees	Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou:
And as he was singing the tears down came,	Sir Knave is a fool in a Session, The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
S. By you castle wa 1	Sir Violino with an air That show'd a man o' spunk,
An' L-d, remember singing Sannock, . Auld comrade †	Sir Bard, Sir Bardy.
And singin' there, and dancin' here, Wi' great an' sma'; [v.A.11] Holy Willie's Prayer.	Cin Pond will do himself the pleasure
How libbet Italy was singin; Kind Sir, I've read t	To call at Park [Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14. To show Sir Eardy's willvart glowr, On dining with Daer.
And as he was singin' thir words he did say, S. Lns on a Ploughman.	Sin James What Whig but wails the good Sir James
	The Election Ballads. VI.
I hear the wild birds singing; S. Sweet fas the ever Shall a' be blythely singing, S. The yng Highl. Rover.	Sir John [Falstaff].
inget [singed; "Singet Sawney," the Rev. Alex.	And yet wi' funny, queer Sir John, He was an unco shaver For monie a day A Dream. II
Singet Sawney, Singet Sawney, are ye herding the penny, The Kirk's Alarm.	Sin Willia An' Livistone the bauld Sir Willie:
ingle. I dinna care a single flie; S. In simmer when	1 ne Author's Cry unu 1 ruyer. 14.
wi' a single wordie, Lowse h-ll upon me. To Rev. J. M'Math.	Sire. But faith ! I muckle doubt, my Sire, . A Dream. 5
ink. The Criffel sink in Solway S. Does haughty Gaul	I see the Sire of Love on high, . Add. to Edinourgh. 4
Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark, S. Farewell, thou fair day	Haply my Sires have left their shed Bold-following where your Fathers led!
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last S. Farewell, thou stream †	Ada. to Edinourgii. 1
There let him sink or swim John Barleycorn.	This was thy billie, dam, and sire, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit
The altar sinks, the tapers fade, On Lincluden.	To emulate his sire;
	The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke, Long, long be pleas'd to spare; . O Thou dread Pow'r
When Phachus sinks behind the seas; S. On Cessnock canks t Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Wi' them wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Thro' many a far-fam'd sire! On Lord G
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	34 be mouth of his sing! Prologue of he Woods
For me may sink of swim,	Sires, mothers, children, in one carnage lie; The Brigs of Ayr
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink! The Whistle. 17.	The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,
Till wrench'd of ey'ry stay but Heav'n,	The big ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n, He, ruin'd, sink! To a Mountain-Daisy.	
Again exalt the brute and sink the man; Why am I loth	With deep-struck, reverential awe, The learned Sire and Son I saw, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I
Inking, -in. She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!" S. By Allan stream †	Siren. Pleasure with her siren air Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin,	Sirnam'd.
Straught to auld Nick's Ep. to J. K.	Because ye're sirnam'd like His Grace, A Ded. to G. H
One quenched in darkoess like the sinking star, . Liberty.	Still gentler [scan] sister Woman; . Add. to Unco Guid. 7
The moon was sinking in the west Wi' visage pale and wan, S. My heart was ance †	Still gentler [scan] sister Woman : Add. to Unco Guid. 7 respects I sen' it, To cousin Kate an' sister Janet,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck S. O Mally's meek.	Auld comrade
Yon sinking sun's gane down upon; S. O wat ye wha's in t	sentimental sister Susie, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13
Gie him strong Drink until he wink, That's sinking in despair; Scotch Drink. Mott.	thou false woman, My sister and my fae, Lament of Mary of Scots
That's sinking in despair; Scotch Drink. Mott. The sun was sinking in the west, . S. There was a lass †	The heauteous, seraph Sister-band, O Thou dread Pow'r
Sinn [the sun].	"My sister Kate cam up the gate
An' now the sinn keeks in the west, Third Ep. to J. Lap	Wi' crowdie unto me, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moon
Sinner.	A brother's sigh! a sister's tear! The Farewel
Yours, saint or sinner, Rob the Ranter. Auld Comrade	The twa appear'd like sisters twin, . The Holy Fair. 3
Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing: Ep. to J. R., 4.	If she be shy, her sister try, The Tarbolton Lasse. As great an' gracious a' as sisters; The Twa Dogs. 3:
And sic a night he taks the road in, As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in Tam o' Shanter. 7.	When with an elder Sister's air
How monie hearts this day converts,	She did me greet The Vision. D. I.
O' sinners and o' Lasses! The Holy Fair. 27.	My compliments to sister Beckie; To Dr. Blacklock
Detested, sbunn'd, by saunt an' sinner, To a Louse.	Sit. See Social-life and Glee sit down, All joyons and unthinking, . Add. to Unco Guid. 3
"Twas guilty sinners that he meant— Not angels such as you	My shins, my lane, I there sit roastin, . Auld comrade
Sinsyne [since then, since].	And a' the day to sit in dool, S. Ca' the ewe.
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run, S. O Logan! sweetly †	Then I mann sit the lee lang day, S. Duncan Gray
Common motives lang sinsyne, S. Jockey fou †	Sits [the Solitary] o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Sip. The rosy banquet loves to sip; . Delia. An Ode. 'Sips nectar in the opining flower, S. O Phely, †	Beside his crystal well! Despondency, an Ode. I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some [Misfortunes],
They sip the scandal-potion pretty; . The Twa Dogs. 33.	Ep. to Davie,
With soher selfish ease they sip it up: . To R. G. of F., 7.	Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
Then raptured sip and sip it up Wr. in Friars-Carse H	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 19
Those that sip the dew alone,	Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin hen broo; S. Gudeen to you Kimmer
Make the butterflies thy own; Wr. in Hermitage at F.C. Sir. But hear me, Sir, de'il as ye are, Epit. on Holy Willie.	I wad sit and sing to you [cog], If ye were ay fon S. Landlady, count
Kind Sir, I've read your paper through, Kind Sir, I've read †	I sit me down and greet my fill, S. My Harry was a gallant
How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted? Ib.	Amang her nestlings sits the thrush; S. O Logan! sweetly
	· ·

. On IV. Chalmers.

To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me, Add. to the Deil. 2.

And sock or buskin skelp alang
To death or marriage; Poem on Pastoral Poetry

Seek Heaven for help, and barefit skelp Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers. . . .

Skeiper [striker].

And twere more fit that she should sit, Within you chariot gilt aboon. . . S. O Mally's meek.

When I mount the Creepie-chair, Wha will sit beside me there? S. O wha my babie-clouts †

While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
S. On Cessnock banks t

S, On Cessnock banks †	Skelper [striker].
Sits meek content with light unanxious heart, Sonnet, writ. on Birthday.	That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph, Kind Sir, I've read †
While we sit housing at the nappy Tam o' Shanter.	Skelpie-limmer [a bold, forward young woman; a
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,	technical term in female scolding].
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,	'Ye little Skelpie-limmer's-face !
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather, Ye tine your dam: [v.A.2] The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.	'I daur you try sic sportin,
In the rolling tide of sprending Clyde There sits an isle of high degree, S. The bonie Lass of Alb	Skelping, -in, -an [slapping; moving with swiftness and spirit].
Thou shalt sit in state, And see thy love in battle S. The Captain's Lady.	The words come skelpan, rank and file, Ep. to Davic. 11. Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel,
I'll sit me down and sing and spin, S. The Contented Cottager.	In my poor pouches. Friend of the poet † Three bizzies, early at the road,
Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness, A howlet sits at noon The Election Ballads. V.	Cam skelpan up the way The Holy Fair. 2. The lasses, skelpan barefit, thrang,
Here sits a raw o' tittlan jads, The Holy Fair. 9.	Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns,
On this hand sits an Elect swatch, Ib. 10.	The Kirk's Alarm. 18.
They canna sit for anger Ib. 14.	I'm bizzie too, an' skelpin' at it, . Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Sit round the table, weel content, An' steer about the toddy	Skelpit [moved swiftly and vigorously]. Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire, Tam o' Shanter. 9.
In comes a gawsie, gash Guidwife, An' sits down by the fire,	Skelvy.
Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another To sit in that honoured station. S. The sons of old Killie.	Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks, In twisting strength I rin; . The Petition of Br. Water.
While here I sit all sore beset . S. The sun he is sunk †	Skiegh, Skeigh (high-mettled; proud, nice, disdain- ful).
'I'll sit down o'er my scanty meal,	When thou an' I were young an' skiegh, A Gude New-Year † S.
Then like a swine to puke an' wallow, To Mr. J. Kennedy. Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring;	The moor was driegh, and Meg was skiegh,
S. True hearted was he †	S. Duncan Davison. Look'd asklent and unco skeigh, S. Duncan Gray †
The hirds sit chittering in the thorn, S. Up in the morning.	Skilful.
An' snugly sit among the saunts, At Davie's bip yet What ails ye now †	Let minstrels sweep the skilful string, S. Behold, my love, †
Auld baudrans by the ingle sits, . S. Willie Wastle.	Skill. For prayin I hae little skill o't; A Ded. to G. H., 13.
sitting, -an.	My skill may weel be doubted; A Dream. 4.
Sitting at you board-en'.	For Oh! the yellow treasure's taen By witching skill; . Add. to the Deil. 10.
And amang guid companie; S. Kattlin, Koarin Willie.	Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To see her sittan on her arse Low i' the dust, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	To keep me sicker; Death and Dr. Hornbook, 5.
Situation.	wi' his art 'And cursed skill,
Resolv'd was I, at least to try,	'That Hornbook's skill 'Has clad a score i' their last claith,
To mend my situation, O. S. My father was a farmer †	That I might catch poetic skill, S. O were I on Parnass.
Six. In Manchline there dwells six proper young belles, The Belles of Mauchline.	An' deal't about as thy blind skill Directs thee best Scotch Drink. 21.
Sixpence. Who has not sixpence but in her possession; The Henpecked Husband.	Tried all my skill, but find I'm still Just where I was before Symon Gray †
Size. His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs, The Twa Dogs. 2.	Their left-hand General had nae skill;
Skaith [injury, damage; v. also Scathe].	The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
I red ye weel, tak care o'skaith, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9. And auld Mess John will mend the skaith, S. Duncan Gray.	In spite at her plumage he [Phœbns] tried his skill; S. The heather was blooming †
Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith	The best of our lads wi' the best o' their skill; Ib.
Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath; The Brigs of Ayr.	Come join your counsel and your skills, The Twa Herds. 15.
The' ve can do little skaith, ye'll be in at the death,	Some teach to meliorate the plain,
The Kirk's Alarm. If death, then, wi' skaith, then,	With tillage-skill; The Vision. D. II. 8.
Some mortal heart is hechtin, . To a medical Gent.	A thing unteachable in world's skill, . To R. G. of F., 3. Skilled, -'d.
Skaithe, to [to injure]. The Deil he con'dna skaithe thee. S. O saw ye bonie L.	Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace : The Brigs of Ayr.
The Deli ne con ann in the	Glenriddel, skill'd in rusty coins, The Election Ballads. VI.
Skaithing. Think, wicked Sinner, who ye're skaithing: Ep. to J. R., 4.	And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins; The IVhistle. 6.
Skeigh v. Skiegh.	Skiltle [v. Hiltie-skiltie],
Skellum [a worthless fellow].	Then, hiltie, skiltie, we gae scrivin', An' fash nae mair Second Ep. to Davie.
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum, Tam o' Shanter. 3.	Sklm. They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, Add. to the Deil. 9.
A = ' shall his fame an' honour bleed	The wanton coot the water skims, S. Again rejoic. Nature
By wortness skelling, 10 Kto. J. In Indian	Skimming.
His quitt may draw, . 10 11 Commy	Thick flies the skimming Swallow; S. Now westlin winds † Skin. Her skin's fair bue is like the swan:
Skelp [a slap, a smart blow].	S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.
I gie them [sorrow, care] a skelp as they re creeping alang, S. Contented wi little †	And wanting even the skin El. on Peg Nicholson.
Till skelp-a shot-they're aff, a' throw'ther, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Till skin in blypes cam hanrlin Aff's nieves Halloween. 23. See, how she peels the skin an' fell,
Skelp, 'to [to strike, slap; to trip along, to walk with vigour and spirit].	As ane were peelin onions! The Ordination, 12.
with vigour and spirit. Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp him! A Ded. to G. H., 3.	We'll rin them aff in fusion Like oil, some day. 1b. 14.
Of cise, I tem, some in the	

The milder sun and bluer sky. .

To slink thro' slaps an' reave an' steal, The Death of Mailie.

And weel be lik'd to shed their bluid,	But gi'e me Lucy in my arms, And welcome Lapland's dreary sky. S. O wat ye wha's in †
And sell their skin The Twa Herds. 6.	
could nicely drub, Or pay their skin, Ib. 8.	No fallen angel, hurled from upper skies; Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
By toil and famine wore to skin and bone, To R. G. of F., 6.	
Skinking [watery].	The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware	like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware That jaups in luggies; [v.A.7] To a Haggis.	Wou'd make a saint forget the sky; S. Sae flaxen †
Skinklin [shining, glittering].	
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches O' heathen tatters: Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Hapless bird! a prey the surest To each pirate of the skies
O' heathen tatters: Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	
Skipping, -in. Skipping on yon bonie knowes,	The lawrock to the sky Ascends wi' sames o' iov:
O. The Hight William	The lav'rock, to the sky Ascends wi' sangs o' joy; S. Steef'st thou,†
To see the bit Taylor come skippin again. S. The Taylor fell †	Then night's gloomy shades, cloudy, dark, o'ercast my sky:
Skirl [to cry shrilly, to shriek].	
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl, Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Thou whose bright sun now gilds you orient skies!
An' skirl up the Bangor; The Ordination. 3.	Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.
Skirl'd [shrieked].	The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Loud skirl'd a' the lasses;	And dash the gumlie jaups up to the pouring skies.
He skirl'd out, encore The Jolly Beggars. R. II.	I he Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Skirlin [shrilly crying].	And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', Clamb up the starry sky, man: . The Fête Champetre.
When skirlin weanies see the light, . Scotch Drink. 12.	
Skirt.	Across her placid, azure sky. She sees the scowling tempest fly: S. The gloomy night
That the' some by the skirt may try to snatch him [Time],	The sober laverock, warbling wild,
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;	Shall to the skies aspire; . The Petition of Br. Water.
Prologue, at Th., D.,	The sky was blue, the wind was still S. The Rigs o' Barley.
Skirt, to.	There, mountains to the skies were tost: The Vision. D. I. 13.
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace, S. Their groves of t	Or when the North his fleecy store
Sklent [slant, deviation from the usual].	Drove thro' the sky, Ib. D. II. 13.
This while my notion's taen a sklent,	ripen'd fields, and azure skies,
To try my fate in guid, black prent; To J. S., 7.	As day was dawin in the sky . S. Th. Menz.'s bonie Mary.
Sklent, to [to deviate from the truth; to glance].	And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
Behint a kist to lie an' sklent, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 11.	To R. G. of F., 9.
	When clouds in skies do come together When clouds in skies †
An' sklent on poverty their joke, Wi' bitter sneer, . To Mr. J. Kennedy.	By Him who made yon sun and sky! S. When wild War's †
Sklentan [slanting].	The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast, Winter.
The stars shot down wi' sklentan light, Add. to the Deil. 7.	Skyrin (showy, gaudy, anything that strongly takes
Sklented [slanted, squinted, glanced].	the eyel.
An' sklented on the man of Uzz.	And skyrin tartan trews, man, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
An' sklented on the man of Uzz, Your spitefu' joke?, Add. to the Deil. 17.	Skyte [a sharp oblique stroke].
Ironic satire, sidelins sklented,	When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte, The Jolly Beggars. R.I.
On my poor Musie; . To W. Simpson.	Slack.
Skouth [range, scope, freedom to act].	May foes he strang, and friends be slack, On W. Stewart.
For what? to gie their malice skouth	In gath'rin votes you were na slack,
On some puir wight, To Rev. J. M'Math. Skreech.	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow. Tam o' Shanter. 17.	If to buy ye're slack, Hornie's turnin' chapman,
Skulk.	The Election Ballads, IV.
The shrinking hard adown an alley skulks, Ep. fr. Esopus.	And Buittle was na slack; Ib. V.
Skull. Your hearts are the stuff, will be powther enough,	Slade [slid].
Skull. Your hearts are the stuff, will be powther enough, And your skulls are storehouses o' lead. The Kirk's Alarm.	'The wife slade cannie to ber bed,
The Kirk's Alarm,	'But ne'er spak mair. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.
Sky. The stars they shot along the sky; A Vision.	
	Slae [the sloe].
So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies,	And milk-white is the slae: . Lament of Mary of Scots.
So, sought a Poet, roosted near the skies, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	And milk-white is the slae: Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Here Justice, from her native skies,	And milk-white is the slae: . Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin, An' sour as ony slaes: The Holy Fair. 3.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Here Justice, from her native skies, High wields her halance and her rod;	And milk-white is the slae: . Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage wither d. lang an' thin, An' sour as ony slaes: The Holy Fair. 3. His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Here Justice, from her native skies, High wields her halance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh. 2.	And milk-white is the slae: Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin, An' sour as ony slaes: The Holy Fair. 3. His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae, S. There's a youth +
Here Justice, from her native skies, High wields her halance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh. 2. Gay as the gilded summer sky,	And milk-white is the slae: Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage wither'd. lang an' thin, An' sour as ony slaes: The Holy Fair, 3. His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae. S. There's a youth † Slain, Thy tens o' thousands thou [morality] hast slain!
Here Justice, from her native skies, High wields her halance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh. 2. Gay as the gilded summer sky, And bonie blue are the sunny skies. S. Bonie Bell.	And milk-white is the slae: Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage witherd, lang an' thin, An' sour as ony slaes: The Holy Fair, 3. His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae, S. There's a youth the Slain. Thy tens o' thousands thou [morality] hast slain! A Ded. to G. H., 7.
Here Justice, from her native skies, High wields her halance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh. 2. Gay as the gilded summer sky,	And milk-white is the slae: Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage wither'd. lang an' thin, An' sour as ony slaes: The Holy Fair, 3. His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae. S. There's a youth † Slain, Thy tens o' thousands thou [morality] hast slain!
Here Justice, from her native skies, High wields her halance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh, 2. Gay as the gilded summer sky, And bonic blue are the sunny skies. S. Bonie Bell. As wand ring, meand ring,	And milk-white is the slae: Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage witherd. lang an' thin, An' sour as ony slaes: The Holy Fair. 3. His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae. S. There's a youth + Slain. Thy tens o' thousands thou [morality] hast slain! A Ded. to G. H., 7. 'Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain: Death and Dr. Hornbook. to.
Here Justice, from her native skies, High wields her halance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh. 2. Gay as the gilded summer sky. And bonie blue are the sunny skies. S. Bonie Eell. As wand ring, meand ring, He views the solemn sky. Despondency, an Ode, 3. Burnet, lovely from her native skies; Et. on Alliss Eurnet.	And milk-white is the slae: Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin, An' sour as ony slaes: The Holy Fair. 3. His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae. S. There's a youth + Slain. Thy tens o' thousands thou [morality] hast slain! A Ded. to G. H., 7. 'Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain: Death and Dr. Hornbook. to. A man may fight and no be slain; S. Duncan Davison.
Here Justice, from her native skies, High wields her halance and her rod: Add. to Edinburgh. 2. Gay as the gilded summer sky. And bonie blue are the sunny skies. S. Bonie Bell. As wand ring, meand ring, He views the solemn sky. Despondency, an Ode, 3.	And milk-white is the slae: Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage wither? lang an' thin, The Holy Fair, 3. His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae. His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae. S. There's a youth? Slain. Thy tens o' thousands thou [morality] hast slain! Yet' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16. A man may fight and no be slain; She slain by Highlan' bodies? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †
Here Justice, from her native skies, High wields her halance and her rod. Add. to Edinburgh. 2. Gay as the gilded summer sky. And bonie blue are the sunny skies. S. Bonie Bell. As wand 'ring, meand' ring, He views the solemn sky. Despondency, an Ode, 3. Burnet, lovely from her native skies; El. on Aliss Eurnet. To reach their native, kindred skies, Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies.	And milk-white is the slae: Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin, An' sour as ony slaes: The Holy Fair. 3. His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae. S. There's a youth + Slain. Thy tens o' thousands thou [morality] hast slain! A Ded. to G. H., 7. 'Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain: Death and Dr. Hornbook. to. A man may fight and no be slain; S. Duncan Davison.
Here Justice, from her native skies, High wields her halance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh. 2. Gay as the gilded summer sky. Add. to Edinburgh. 2. And bonie blue are the sunny skies. S. Bonie Bell. As wand ring, meand ring, He views the solemn sky. Despondency, an Ode, 3. Burnet, lovely from her native skies; El. on Aliss Burnet. To reach their native, kindred skies, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 15. Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, S. Fareveetl, thou fair day?	And milk-white is the slae: Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage witherd, lang an' thin, An' sour as ony slaes: The Holy Fair. 3. His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae. S. There's a youth † Slain. Thy tens o' thousands thou [morality] hast slain! A Ded. to G. H., 7. 'Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain: Death and Dr. Hornbook. to. A man may fight and no be slain; S. Duncan Davison, Is he slain by Highlari bodies? S. Ken ye onght o' Capi. G. to. Glories in his heart bumane—And creatures for his pleasure slain. On scaring Water-fowl. I fear my Lord Pammit is slain.
Here Justice, from her native skies, High wields her halance and her rod Add. to Edinburgh. 2. Gay as the gilded summer sky. And bonie blue are the sunny skies. S. Bonie Bell. As wand ring, meand ring, He views the solemn sky. Despondency, an Ode, 3. Burnet, lovely from her native skies; El. on Aliss Eurnet. To reach their native, kindred skies, Ept to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 18. Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, S. Farewell, thou fair day thou fair day thou fair day thou fair day thou fair should be should	And milk-white is the slae: Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage wither? I ann an' thin. An' sour as ony slaes:
Here Justice, from her native skies, High wields her halance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh. 2. Gay as the gilded summer sky. Add. to Edinburgh. 2. And bonie blue are the sunny skies. S. Bonie Bell. As wand'ring, meand'ring, He views the solemn sky. Despondency, an Ode, 3. Burnet, lovely from her native skies; El. on Miss Eurnet. To reach their native, kindred skies, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 18. Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, S. Farewell, thou fair day? Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright, And all beneath the sky! S. Farewell, ye dungeons?	And milk-white is the slae: Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage wither? Lang an' thin, An' sour as ony slaes: The Holy Fair, 3. His hose they are blac, and his shoon like the slae. S. There's a youth † Slain. Thy tens o' thousands thou [morality] hast slain! A Ded. to G. H., 7. 'Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain: Death and Dr. Hornbook. to. A man may fight and no be slain; S. Duncan Davison, Is he slain by Highlan' hodies? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. t Glories in his heart humane—And creatures for his pleasure slain. On scaring Water-fowl. I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Slander. May I be slander's common speech; To W. Creech.
Add. 4p. by Fontenelle. Add. 4p. by Fontenelle. High wields her halance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh. 2. Gay as the gilded summer sky. Add bonie blue are the sunny skies. S. Bonie Bell. As wand ring, meand ring, He views the solemn sky. Despondency, an Ode, 3. Burnet, lovely from her native skies; El. on Miss Euruet. To reach their native, kindred skies, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 21st, 18. Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, S. Farewell, thou fair day thou green earth, and ye skies, And all beneath the sky! S. Farewell, ye dungeons to the scowla swintry sky, S. Forlown, my Love, the skies of the skie	And milk-white is the slae: Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage wither? I ann an' thin. An' sour as ony slaes:
Here Justice, from her native skies, High wields her halance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh. 2. Gay as the gilded summer sky, And bonie blue are the sunny skies. As wand ring, meand ring, He views the solemn sky. Despondency, an Ode, 3. Burnet, lovely from her native skies; To reach their native, kindred skies, Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, And all beneath the sky! Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright, And all beneath the sky! S. Farewell, ye dungeous † Around me scowks a wintry sky, S. Forlown, ny Low-Straight the sky grew black and daring; S. I dream'd I lay!	And milk-white is the slae: Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage wither? Lang an' thin, An' sour as ony slaes: The Holy Fair, 3. His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae. S. There's a youth? Slain. Thy tens o' thousands thou [morality] hast slain! A Ded. to G. H., 7. 'Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain; Death and Dr. Hornbook. to. A man may fight and no be slain; S. Duncan Davison, Is he slain by Highlan' hodies? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. t' Glories in his heart humane—And creatures for his pleasure slain. On scaring Water-fowl. I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Slander. May I be slander's common speech; To U' Creech. Slander, to. Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Add. sp. by Fontenelle. High wields her halance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh. z. Gay as the gilded summer sky. And bonie blue are the sunny skies. And bonie blue are the sunny skies. S. Bonie Eell. As wand ring, meand ring, He views the solemn sky. Despondency, an Ode, 3. Burnet, lovely from her native skies; Eth to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 15. Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, S. Farewell, thou fair day thou sunshine bright, And all beneath the sky! S. Farewell, ye dungeous thou me scowls a wintry sky, S. Forlown, my Love, through the sky grew black and daring; S. I dream'd I lay! And IPhothus I clads the azure skies:	And milk-white is the slae: Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage wither? I ann an' thin. An' sour as ony slaes:
Here Justice, from her native skies, High wields her halance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh. 2. Gay as the gilded summer sky, Add. to Edinburgh. 2. And bonie blue are the sunny skies. S. Bourie Eell. As wand ring, meand ring, He views the solemn sky. Despondency, an Ode, 3. Burnet, lovely from her native skies; El. on Alies Eurnet. To reach their native, kindred skies, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 21st. 18. Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, S. Farewell, thou fair day. Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright, And all beneath the sky! S. Farewell, ye dungeous † Around me scowlis a wintry sky, S. Forlown, ny Low-Straight the sky grew black and daring S. I dream'd I lay! And [Phocbus] glads the azure skies; Lament of Mary of Scots.	And milk-white is the slae: Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage wither? Lang an' thin, An' sour as ony slaes: The Holy Fair, 3. His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae. S. There's a youth? Slain. Thy tens o' thousands thou [morality] hast slain! A Ded. to G. H., 7. 'Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain; Death and Dr. Hornbook. to. A man may fight and no be slain; S. Duncan Davison, Is he slain by Highlan' hodies? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. t' Glories in his heart humane—And creatures for his pleasure slain. On scaring Water-fowl. I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Slander. May I be slander's common speech; To V. Creech. Slander, to. Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book, The Kirk's Alarm. Slanderous.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Add. sp. by Fontenelle. High wields her halance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh. 2. Gay as the gilded summer sky. And bonie blue are the sunny skies. S. Bonie Bell. As wandring, meandring. He views the solemn sky. Despondency, an Ode, 3. Burnet, lovely from her native skies; Et. on falliss Burnet. To reach their native, kindred skies, Et. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 18. Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, S. Farewell, by dungeous the And all beneath the sky! S. Farewell, ye dungeous through the sky of the strength of the sky	And milk-white is the slae: . Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage wither? Lang an' thin. An' sour as ony slaes:
Here Justice, from her native skies, High wields her halance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh. 2. Gay as the gilded summer sky. Add. to Edinburgh. 2. And bonie blue are the sunny skies. S. Boute Eell. As wand ring, meand ring, He views the solemn sky. Despondency, an Ode, 3. Burnet, lovely from her native skies; El. on Aliss Eurnet. To reach their native, kindred skies, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 21st. 18. Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, S. Farewell, thou fair day thou green earth, and ye skies, S. Farewell, thou fair day thou green earth, and ye skies, S. Farewell, thou fair day thou green earth, and ye skies, S. Farewell, thou fair day thou green earth, and ye skies, S. Farewell, thou fair day thou fair day thou fair day thou fair day the sky green black and daring is. I dream'd I lay? And [Phocbus] glads the azure skies; Lament of Mary of Scots. Mark the winds, and mark the skies; S. Let not woman to the waken'd lay rock warbling springs.	And milk-white is the slae: Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage wither? Lang an' thin, An' sour as ony slaes: The Holy Fair, 3. His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae, S. There's a youth? Slain. Thy tens o' thousands thou [mornlity] hast slain! A Ded. to G. H., 7. 'Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain; Death and Dr. Hornbook. to. A man may fight and no be slain; S. Duncan Davison, Is he slain by Highlan' hodies? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. † Glories in his heart humane—And creatures for his pleasure slain. On scaring Water-fowl. I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Slander. May I be slander's common speech; To W. Creech. Slander, to. Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book, The Kirl's Alarm. Slanderous. Rash mortal, and slanderous Poet, Keproof by Himself. Slap [a gate, a stille, a breach in a fence].
Here Justice, from her native skies, High wields her halance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh. 2. Gay as the gilded summer sky. Add. to Edinburgh. 2. And bonie blue are the sunny skies. S. Bonie Bell. As wand'ring, meand'ring, He views the solemn sky. Despondency, an Ode, 3. Burnet, lovely from her native skies; El. on Alise Burnet. To reach their native, kindred skies, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 15. Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, S. Farewell, thou fair day, Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright, And all beneath the sky! S. Farewell, ye dungeons the Around me scowls a wintry sky. S. Forlown, my Loves, Straight the sky grew black and daring; S. I dream'd I layt And [Phocbus] glads the arure skies; S. Let not swoman to the work of the work	And milk-white is the slae: Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage witherd. lang an' thin, An' sour as ony slaes: . The Holy Fair, 3. His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae. Side of the slae is the
Here Justice, from her native skies, High wields her halance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh. 2. Gay as the glided summer sky. Add. to Edinburgh. 2. And bonie blue are the sunny skies. S. Bonie Eell. As wand'ring, meand'ring, He views the solemn sky. Despondency, an Ode, 3. Burnet, lovely from her native skies; El. on Miss Eurnet. To reach their native, kindred skies. Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 21st, 18. Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, S. Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, And all beneath the sky! S. Farewell, ye dungeons Around me scowls a wintry sky, S. Forlorn, my Love, Tstraight the sky grew black and daring S. I dream'd I layt And [Phoebus] glads the arure skies; Lament of Mary of Scots. Mark the winds, and mark the skies; S. Let not woman † The waken'd lay'rock warbling springs And climbs the early sky, S. Now Spring has clad † The sky is blue, the fields in view, All fading-green and vellow: Now westlin winds \$\frac{1}{2}\$.	And milk-white is the slae: . Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage wither? Lang an' thin, . The Holy Fair, 3. His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae. S. There's a youth? Slain. Thy tens o' thousands thou [morality] hast slain! ! A Ded. to G. H., 7. 'Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain; . S. Duncan Davison, Les he slain by Highlan' hodies? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. + Glories in his heart humane—And creatures for his pleasure slain. On scaring Water-fowl. I fear my Lord Panmuir is slain, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Slander. May I be slander's common speech; To W. Creech. Slander, to. Andro Gouk, Andro Gouk, ye may slander the book, The Kirk's Alarm. Slanderous. Rash mortal, and slanderous Poet, Reproof by Himself. Slap [a gate, a stille, a breach in a fence]. The Sheep-berd steeks his faulding slap. S. Again rejoicing Nature †
Here Justice, from her native skies, High wields her halance and her rot Add. to Edinburgh. 2. Gay as the gilded summer sky. And bonie blue are the sunny skies. As wand ring, meand ring, He views the solemn sky. Burnet, lovely from her native skies; El. on Aliss Euruet. To reach their native, kindred skies, Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, And all beneath the sky! S. Farewell, ye dungeent Around me scowls a wintry sky. S. Farewell, ye dungeent Around me scowls a wintry sky. S. Farewell, ye dungeent Around me scowls a wintry sky. S. Farewell ye dungeent Straight the sky greev black and daring; S. I dream'd I lay! And [Phocbus] glads the arure skies; Mark the winds, and mark the skies; S. Lat not woman! The waken'd lay rock warbling springs And climbs the early sky, S. Now Spring has clad! The sky is blue, the fields in view,	And milk-white is the slae: Lament of Mary of Scots. Their visage witherd. lang an' thin, An' sour as ony slaes: . The Holy Fair, 3. His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae. Side of the slae is the

. S. O Mally's meek. . S. O Phely,

At slaps the billies halt a blink, Till lasses strip their shoon: The Holy Fair. 26.	With love and sleep oppress'd. S. On a bank of flowers † O sweet he thy sleep in the land of the grave,
Slap! [unexpectedly]. Till, slap! come in an unco loun,	On Death of fav. Child. Sound be his sleep and blythe his morn.
And wi' a rung decide it: . S. Does haughty Gaul, † Slap, to. To slap mankind like lumber! Nature's Law.	On Window of C. Inn, F Thou layest them with all their cares
Love blinks, Wit slaps, The Twa Dogs. 19.	In everlasting sleep; The 1st b V.s of the 90th Ps
Slaught'ring.	To the bed of lasting sleep;
Now westlin winds, and slaught ring guns	Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake, Wr. in Friars-Carse II.
Briag Antumn's pleasant weather; S. Now westlin winds † Slave. Sic a miscreant slave, Epit. on Walter S	Sleep, to.
Go [King of Terrors!] frighten the coward and slave!	I ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep For that, or Simmer. A Guid New-Year † 13.
S. Farewell, thou fair day	Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep. A Winter Night, 9.
Tho' I am your wedded wife, Yet I am not your slave, Sir S. Husband, husband †	A Winter Night. 9.
Till slave and desnot be but things which were.	When I sleep I dream, O! when I wake I'm cerie. S. Ay waking, O†
Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.	And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep, . S. Ca' the Ewes.
The man in arms, 'gainst female charms, Even he her willing slave is; S. Lovely Davies.	Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink, 'I vow I'll close it; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st., 6.
If I'm design'd you lordling's slave, Man was made to Mourn.	The poor man weeps—here G—N sleeps, Epit. for G. H
I am naebody's lord, I'll he slave to naebody; S. Naebody. A slave to love's unbounded sway, S. O lay thy loof t	Here Sowter [Hood] in Death does sleep;
A weary slave from sun to sun, S. O Mary, at thy window	Epit. on a Ruling Elder. And a' folk bound to sleep, S. It was a' fort
O' marrying Bess, to gie ber a slave; S. O merry hae I been t	And a' folk bound to sleep, S. It was a' fort Sound and safely may he sleep, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t
Fig. fie on silly coward man, That he should be the slave o't [of wealth].	And sleep thegither at the foot, S. John Anderson, †
S. O poortith caula t	"Awake, resound thy latest lay,
And the foe you cannot brave, Scorn at least to be his slave. On scaring Water-fowl.	"Then sleep in silence evermair! Lament for Glencairn. And coward mankin sleep secure.
For ever,-Oh no! let not man be a slave,	And coward maskin sleep secure, Low in her grassy form: The Petition of Br. Water,
His hopes from existence to sever. On Death of fav. Child.	
Who wilt not be, nor have a slave, . Poet. Inscription. Wha sae base as be a slave? S. Scots, wha ha'e †	And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye sound." S. The lass that made the bed.
These, their richly-gleaming waves,	And hing our fiddles up to sleep, The Ordination. 7.
I leave to tyrants and their slaves; S. Streams that gitae ?	Sleeping, -in. 1 cou'dna get sleeping till dawing, for greeting,
Woods that ever verdant wave, I leave the tyrant and the slave,	S. As I was a-wand'ring
As thy constant slave regard it : S. Swectest May t	A'the lave are sleepin; S. Ay waukin, O.
half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	O Lassie, art thou sleeping yet, S. O Lassie, art thou sleep. † Sleep'st. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
The coward slave, we pass him by, S. The Honest Man.	S. Sleep'st thou, or was st thou, fairest cleanare.
I beg you'll hear Your humble slave complain, The Petition of Br. Water.	Sleepless.
	And [age has] nights o' sleepless pain! . S. But lately seen,† Sleepy. The sleepy bit lassie she dreaded nae ill.
Great love I bear to all the Fair, Their humble slave an 'a' that; S. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	S. The Taylor fell
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers. The League and Covenant.	Sleest [slyest]. Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief, To J. S.
My blessings are attend the chiel,	Class Blacky close and beating rain
Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man, The Tree of Liberty. What are they?—The haunt of the Tyrant and Slave!	S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t
The Clave's spicy forests, and gold-bulbuling louitians,	Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet; S. O Lassie, art thou † Or, the stormy North sends driving forth,
S. Their groves of t	The blinding sleet and snaw: Winter.
Adows my heard the slavers trickle! Add. to Toothache. 3.	Sleety. To thole the Winter's sleety dribble, To a Mouse. Chilly shrink in sleety shower! To Miss C.
Classery Edward chains and slavery! S. Scots wha hat !	Sleeve.
Slaw [slow]. I wat he was na slaw, man, A Fragment. 2.	He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.
Slaw [slow]. I wat he was na slaw, man, To meet them were na slaw, man, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
Slay. 'Thus does he poison, kill, an' slay, An's weel pay'd for't; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.	Slender. The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms; S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft
Slee (sly, cunning, ingenious).	Would have eat her dead lord, on a slender pretence, Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
While slee D-ad s arous d the class	As on their slender forms I gaze, On Lincluden.
Re-north the Roman wa, man	Green, sleader, leaf-clad Holly-boughs The Vision. D. I., 9.
Tho' ye was trickie, slee an' funnie, Ye ne'er was donsie; A Guid New-Year † 15.	For I maun crush among the stoure Thy slender stem: To a Mountain-Daisy.
O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Or Ferguson's, the bauld an' slee, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 14.	Slept. Then thou hadst slept for ever! . Epit. on a Laird.
Sleek. I've seen thee dappl't, sleek an' glaizie, A Guid New-Year + 2.	clidding [clinnery]
Slooket -it (sleek).	Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba', The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
If sleekit Chatham Will was livin, . Kind Sir, I've read t	Slide. Slides by a bower where monie a flower S. Damon and Sylvia.
Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie, To a Mouse.	Slight [sleight, cunning, art, dexterity].
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked, A Winter Night. 2.	And wow! he has an unco slight O' cauk and keel. On Grose's Peregrinations.
Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep, . Ib. 10.	by some devilish cantraip slight . Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Class I can get Sace.	An' cut you up wi' ready slight, To a Haggis.
For thinking on my Dearte.	And had b things at the sing-
To meat, or sleep, or light o day:	Slight, to. So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
Disturb not ye [winds] the hero's sleep, Liberty. Downy Sleep, the curtain draw; S. Musing on the roaring t	For random fits o' daffin. Add, to Unco Guid, Mott.
Downy Steep, the curtain draw, 5: 17 18 18 18	

Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,	But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber, S. Here's a health to ane †
That name should he scoffingly slight it. Poet. Add. to Tytler.	From peaceful slumber she arose, S. It was the charming t
How fumbling coofs their dearies slight, Scotch Drink. 12.	Till down my weary bones I lay In everlasting slumber; O. S. My father was a farmer †
Ye're wae men, ye're nne men, That slight the lovely dears: The Ans. to the Guidwife.	That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be.
Slighted. Slighted love is sair to bide, S. Duncan Gray †	S. Out over the Forth t
Till for his sake I'm slighted sair, S. Here's his health in water.	Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers, S. Wandering Willie.
That ilkn body talking But her by thee is slighted, S. O wat ye wha that loes †	Slumber, to. Where Echo slumbers. El. on Capt. M. H., 3.
But her by thee is slighted, S. O wat ye wha that loes † By the pangs of lovers slighted; S. Stay, my charmer †	Or if I slumber, Fancy. chief, Reigns, hagard-wild, in sore afright: The Lament.
The slighted maids my torments see, . S. Young Jamie †	Or why, while fancy, raptur'd, slumbers, S. Why, why tell thy †
Slightest. It's [Honor's] slightest touches, instant pause	Slumbering. Might rous'd the slumbering dead to hear; A Vision.
Ep. to Young Friend. S.	I charge you disturb not my slumbering Fair. S. Afton Water.
Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	
Had I na found the slightest prayer That lips could speak thy heart could muve. S. I do confess †	Sly. But keek thro' ev'ry other man, Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection. Ep. to Young Friend. 5.
Slightly.	No sly man of business contriving a snare, No Churchman am I†
A gaudy dress and gentle air May slightly touch the heart, S. Handsome Nell.	In his sly, dry, sententions, proverh way! Prologue, at Th., D. with studied, sly, ensnaring art. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
Slink.	Slyly. And last, my prologue-business slyly hinted.
To slink thro' slaps an' reave an' steal, The Death of Mailie. Slip.	Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Slypet [slipped, fell over, as a wet furrow would
Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip, Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land! A Winter Night. 7.	do from the plough].
I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts	Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' risket, An' slypet owre A Gude New-Year † 12.
An unco slip yet, What ails ye now †	Sma' [small].
Slip, to. But Rah slips out, an' jinks about, Halloween. 6. Jean slips in twn [nits], wi' tentie e'e:	An' German-Gentles are but sma', A Dream. 14. wi' knife an fork, Sir Loin he hacked sma', A Fragment. 3.
An' slips out by hersel:	Tho' it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk, Ib. 17.	A Guid New-Year † 4. The sma', droot-rumpl't, hunter cattle, Ib. 10.
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread, S. O meikle thinks my love †	nobly rax your leather, Wi'sma' fatigue Ib. 18.
Which, by degrees, slips round her neck, The Holy Fair. 11.	I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie, Ev'n to a deil, Add. to the Deil. 2.
Slipp'ry. Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep;	They [its shanks] were as thin, as sharp an' sma' As cheeks o' branks. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.
S. Twas even—the dewy † Slip-shod. Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus . To J. Taylor.	O Eighty-eight, in thy sma' space
Sloe.	What dire events ha'e taken place! . El. on Year 1788. And sma', sma' prospect of relief, Ep. to H. Parker.
From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested, A sprig her fair breast to adorn; Spoke Extem. to Lady.	Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing! . Ep. to J. R., 6.
Sloken [to quench, slake].	Altho' that his [Charlie's] hand he sma', S. Here's a health to them †
Their hydra drouth did sloken On dining with Daer. Sloping.	Sma' siller will relieve me S. Here's to thy health t
How sweetly wind thy sloping dales, S. The Banks of Nith.	Yet has sae mony takin' arts, Wi' grit an' sma', . Holy Willie's Prayer.
Slough.	And singin' there and dancin' here, Wi' great an' sma'; [v.A.11]
Till in some miry slough he sunk is, Add. to the Deil. 13. Slow.	Tho' thou has nae silk and holland sae sma,
How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, S. How lang and dreary †	S. O when she cam ben † Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
Night's horrid car drags, dreary, slow: Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	The steep Parnassus, Poem on Life.
Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires, S. Slow spreads the gloom †	Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy, S. The Contented Cottager. Sma' need has he to say a grace, . The Holy Fair. 25.
Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs.	Ye are rich, and look hig, but lay by hat and wig, And ye'll hae a calf's head o' sma' value.
The Election Ballads. I. I see the hours, in long array,	The Kirk's Alarm, 12.
That I must suffer, lingering, slow The Lament. 7.	Of manhood but sma' is your share;
How slow ye move, ye heavy honrs, . When I think on † Slow-solemn.	O I hae tint my rosy cheeks.
When on my ear this plaintive strain,	Likewise my waist sae sma'; The Ruined Maid's Lament. The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma',
Slow-solemn, stole A Winter Night. 6. Slowly. Slowly they move, while every eye	S. The Taylor fell † King Loui' thought to cut it down,
Is heaven-ward raised in ecstasy. On Lincluden. That slowly mount the rising steep; S. On Cessnock banks †	When it was unco sma', man; . The Tree of Liberty.
"And peacefu' raise its ingle reek, "That slowly curling clamb the bill. As on the banks t	He'll hae misfortunes great and sma', S. There was a lad †
"That slowly curling clamb the hill As on the banks † Sluggish.	A daimen-icker in a thrave 'S a sma' request: To a Mouse.
"Rouse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance;	In some sma' points, altho' not a'; . V.s to J. Ranken. The breaking of ae point, tho' sma',
Sluggishly. Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Breaks a thegither
With deaf endurance sluggishly they hear, To R. G. of F., 7. Slumber. 'Chill, o'er his slumbers, piles the drifty heap!	O' nice education but sma' is her share: S. You wild mossy mountains †
A Winter Night, 9.	He roos'd my waist sae genty sma'; . S. Young Jockey † Smack.
"Ronse from his sluggish slumbers, fell Repentance; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Ilk smack still did crack still,
Slumber ev'n I dread, Ev'ry dream is horror S. Ay waking, 0 †	Just like a cadger's whip; The Jolly Beggars, R. I. Then turn'd, an laid a smack on Grizzie . Ib. R. III.

Small. Ask why God made the gem so small, While huge He made the granite? Ask why God t	I thought upon the witching smile That caught my youthful fancy: S. When wild War's t
Small beer persecution, . Epit. on Dove, Innkeeper. Who had many children and most of them small.	The smile or frown of aweful Heaven, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.,
The Poor Thresher.	Her smile is as the evening mild, S. Young Peggy † Smile, to.
There was he, and his wife, and his seven children small, 1b. The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning, S. The small birds rejoice t	For nature smiles as sweet, I ween, To shepherds as to Kings. S. Behold, my love, t
And the small birds sing on every tree; S. The winter it is past t	Has ay some cause to smile: Ep. to Davie. 3.
Smart. Although a lad were e'er sae smart, . S. O Tibbie!	Dost thou not rise, indignant Shade, And smile wi' spurning scorn,
Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets, . Sketch.	Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson. And smile as thou were wont to do? [re.] S. Fairest maid †
Smart, s.	Nae mair my Dearie smiles; , Fragment.
And nocht can heal my hosom's smart, . S. Sae far awa. She's fair and fause that causes my smart, S. She's fair and fause t	"The mother may forget the child "That smiles sae sweetly on her knee; Lament for Glencairn,
Smart, to. May ne'er his gen'rous honest heart,	And smile at the moon's rimpled face in the wave;
For that same gen rous spirit smart! A Ded. to G. H., 14.	Lament, on leaving Nat. Land. Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod. Why am I loth t	O sweetly smile on Somebody! S. Somebody.
Smash.	Shall birdie charm, or flow'ret smile; S. The Catrine woods †
But smash them! crash them a' to spails! Add. of Beelzebub. Smash'd. And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd.	Like brethren in a common cause, We'd on each other smile, man; The Tree of Liberty.
Smash'd. And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Smil'd. She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd, S. I gaed a waefu't
Smeddum [dust, powder]. O for some rank, mercurial rozet, O for [ell red smeddum. To a Louse.	Fair on Isabella's morn The sun propitions smil'd; Sad thy tale, †
Or fell, red smeddum, To a Louse. Smeek [smoke].	I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me! S. There's auld Rob M. †
That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeek, The auld, clay biggin; The Vision. D. I. 3.	Smiling.
Smell Sweet was its smell, and hopic was its hue:	The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing; . S. Bonie Bell. Till smiling Spring again appear
S. Lady Mary Ann.	Till smiling Spring again appear
Smell, to. As soon's he smells't, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19.	Innocence Looks gaily-smiling on; Innocence.
Smell'd, Smelt. Ye but smelt, man, the place where he [Pegasus] sh-t.	Her smiling, sae wyling,
Ye but smelt, man, the place where he [Pegasus] sh-t. The Kirk's Alarm. He small'd their ilke hole and road.	Won'd make a wretch forget his woe; S. Sae flaxen† Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye; [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.
He smell'd their ilka hole and road, Baith out and in, The Twa Herds. 6.	Smirking.
Smiddle [smithy]. Haurl thee hame to his black smiddle, El. on Capt. M. H.	My sonsie smirking dear-bought Bess, The Inventory. Smit [to stain, pollute, infect].
At Kirk or Market, Mill or Smiddle, . The Twa Dogs.	If e'er Detraction shore to smit you, A Farewell.
Smile.	Smiter. Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the smiters;
blest with Fortune's smiles and favours, A Ded. to G. H., 15. Her smile was like a summer morn; S. Blythe was she, †	Smith [blacksmith],
To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile.	That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
Assiduous wait upon her; . Ep. to Young Friend. 7.	The smith and thee gat roaring fou on; Tam o' Shanter.3. Smith [Adam, the Philosopher].
The smile of love, the friendly tear, The sympathetic glow! Ep. to Davie. 10.	Smith, wi'his sympathetic feeling, . Auld comrade t
Those wonted smiles, O let me share! . S. Fairest maid †	Smith. Adien too, to you too, My Smith, my bosom frien'; The Farewell.
Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, S. Here's a health to ane † I guess by the dear angel smile,	Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw: The Belles of Mauchline.
I've con th' oppressor's cruel smile.	[Smith] opens out his cauld harangues, The Holy Fair. 14.
Lns, on Back of Bank Note. Her smile's a gift frae 'boon the lift, . S. Lovely Davies.	Forby turn-coats amang oursel, There's S—h for ane, The Twa Herds. 14.
And man, whose heav'n-erected face,	S-th wha thro' the heart can glance, Ib. 17.
The smiles of love adorn, . Man was made to Mourn.	Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief, To J. S. Smoke.
Those smiles and glances let me see, S. O Mary, at thy window †	The snowy ruin smokes along,
Thy smiles are sae like my blythe Sodger laddie, S. O whare did ye get †	With doubling speed and gathering force, Frag. of Ode. There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Thou ev'n brightens dark Despair, Wi' gloomy smile Scotch Drink. 6.	Wild-roaring o'er a linn: . The Petition of Dr. Water.
Her panky smile, her kittle een, The Ans. to the Guidwife. His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty Wifie's smile, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 3.	Smoking. And eye the smoking, dewy lawn, The Petition of Br. Water.
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, firtations, airs, 'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares The Rights of Woman.	See the smoking bowl before us, The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. Smoor'd [choked, suffocated].
The Rights of Woman.	Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath; S. Duncan Gray t
'Some grace the Maiden's artless smile; The Vision. D. 11. q. An' ay they dimpled wi' a smile The rosy cheeks o' bonie Mary. S. Th. Menz.'s bonie Mary	Whare, in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd; Tam o' Shanter. 10. The death o' devils, smoor'd wi' brimstone reek:
A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,	The Drigs of Ayr.
Is ay a plest intection.	Smooth. Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care, Ep. fr. Esopus.
S. True hearted was he † Ae sweet smile on me bestow. S. True hearted was he † S. Turn again, thou †	In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Her air like Nature's vernal smile; S. Twas even-the dewy t	Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth! The Cotter's Sat. Night, 10.
'Twas the dear smile when naebody did mind us, S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †	Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil, The Whistle.

436 Snoran Smooth Her bosom was the driven snaw, Smooth, to. To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow, Prologue, at Th., D.. Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see S. The Lass that made the bed. May bliss domestic smooth his private path; To R. G. of F., q. While faithless snaws ilk step betray Whare she has been. Smoothly. The Vision. D. I. Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung: The snaws the mountains cover. S. The yng Highl, Rover. The snaws the mountains of the snaw;
His fecket is white as the new driven snaw;
S. There's a youth † Smothering. Descend, ye chilly, smothering Snows! A Winter Night. 7. . S. To daunton me. Smoutie [smutty]. The simmer lillies bloom in snaw, . Ye did present your smoutie phiz, 'Mang hetter folk, . And lastly, streekit out to bleach Add, to the Deil, 17. . To W. Creech. In winter snaw; When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw, [re.] S. Up in the morning. Smuggle. He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle;
Fragment, inser. to Fox. . Winter. The blinding sleet and snaw: Smuggler. A blackguard Smuggler, right behint her, Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw; S. Young Jockey t The Author's Cry and Prayer. Snaw-broo [melted snow]. Smytrie (a number of small creatures). In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes: A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans, . . . The Twa Dogs. 10. The Brigs of Ayr. 7. Snail. Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell, Snaw-drap [snowdrop.] To R. G. of F .. The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn, Snakin'. S. My Nanie's Awa. Wi' hingin' lips and snakin', . Holy Willie's Prayer. 14. Snaw-white. Snap [smart]. snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen! Tam o' Shanter. 13. Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell O' witchin love, Poen Snawy, -ie [snowy], Poem on Pastoral Poetry. burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked, . A Winter Night. 2. Snap, to. When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord, Add to the Deil. 12. Ye'll snap your fingers, poor an' hearty, Before his face. The Author's Cry and Prayer. Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread, To a Mountain-daisy. Till fate shall snap the brittle thread ; . . To J. S., 10. Sned [to lop, cut off, prune]. When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,

To R. G. of F., γ . An' legs, an' nrms, an' heads will sned, Like taps o' thrissle. . To a Haggis. Snapper (to stumble). I'll sned hesoms-thraw saugh woodies, To Dr. Blacklock.

Bliod chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way,
S. Contented wi little,

Snare. 'Mark Maiden-innocence a prey 'To love-pretending snares, A Winter Night. 8. Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce, Add, to the Deil, 19. But wha can avoid the fell snare? . . Inscrip. on Goblet. No sly Man of business contriving a snare, S. No Churchman am I †

the flowery snare Of witching love, S. Now Spring has clad t Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,

O Thou dread Pow'r †

I mark'd the cruel hawk Caught in a snare;
S. Phillis the Fair. thy spider snare O' hell's damned waft. . . Poem on Life. Of ill-but chief, man's felon snare; To a yng Lady.

Snarling. O let us not, like snarling curs, . S. Does haughty Gaul, In wrangling be divided, .

For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast;

To R. G. of F., 6. Snash [abuse, impertinence].

How they mann thole a factor's snash; The Twa Dogs. 13. Snatch. Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste Of truest happiness. . . Et. to Davie. 3.

some by the skirt may try to snatch him [Time], Prologue, at Th., D.. Snatch'd. She snatch'd the candle in her band, S. The lass that made the bed.

Snaw [snow]. When frosts lay lang, an' snaws were deep,

A Gude New-Year 13. Chanticleer Shook off the pouthery snaw, A Winter Night. 10.

But my white pow, nae kindly thowe Shall melt the snaws of age; . S. But lately seen † And [winds] bar the doors wi' driving snaw. Et. to Davie. Tho' bred amang mountains o' snaw! S. Here's a health to them t

Spare my love, thou feath'ry snaw,
Drifting o'er the frozen plain. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting † The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw, S. My Nanie's awa.

And here's the flower that I lo'e best, The rose that's like the snaw, S.O Kenmure's on and awa t It's no the driving drift and snaw; S. Oh, how can I be blythe † The hitter frost and snaw. . On Birth of Posth. Child. Twal'hundred, as white as the snaw, man,

Ronalds of Bennals. Whare, in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd;
Tan o' Shanter. 10.

And your life like the new driven snaw, The Kirk's Alarm.

Before they want. . Sneer.

Prudence, with decorous sneer, In vain wld Prudence † Prindence, with decorous species.

Wi' thieveless species to see his modish mien,

The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sneers.

The League and Covenant, Now I mann thole the scornfu' sneer O' mony n saucy quean; . The Ruined Maid's Lament.

An' sklent on poverty their joke, Wi' hitter sneer, To Mr. J. Kennedy. Sneer, to. But sneer na British-boys awa; . A Dream. 14.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this, S. Green grow the Rashes. Sneering. Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering

Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.

Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view On sic a dinner? . To a Haggis. Sneeshin mill [a snuff-box].

The luntan pipe, an' sneeshin mill, . The Twa Dogs, 20. Snell [bitter, biting]. Baith snell an' keen! To a Mouse. Snellest [sharpest, keenest].

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours, S. O Lassie, art thou t Snick [the latchet of a door].

When click! the string the snick did draw The Vision. D. I. 7. I ken he weel a Snick can draw, . . To Gav. Hamilton.

Snick-drawing [crafty, trick-contriving]. ye auld, snick-drawing dog! . . Add. to the Deil. 16. Snirtle [to snigger].

He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve The Iolly Beggars. R. VI. Snood [a ribbon with which a young woman's hair is bound up; "to lose her snood," to lose

her virginity]. The lassie lost a silken snood, That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.

S. Braw lads of G. water.

Snool [to submit tamely, to cringe; to snub]. Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool, A Bard's Epit.

They snool me sair, and hand me down, S. And O for ane and twenty

Snoov't, -'d [went smoothly and steadily; sneaked]. But just thy step a wee thing hastet,
Thon snoov't awa. . A Guid New-Year † 14.

An' snoov'd awa' hefore the Session . What ails ye now t Snore.

How thou wad prance, an snore, an scriegh,
An' tak the road! . A Guid New-year † 8. Snoran. 'Twas but some neehor snoran Asleep that day. The Holy Fair. 22.

Snout.	
	Social. Thy Sons, Edina, social, kind, Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snout, The Holy Fair. 13.	See Social-life and Glee sit down,
Snow.	All joyous and unthinking, Add. to Unco Guid. 5.
Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows! A Winter Night. 7.	ye whom social pleasure charms, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 21.
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows. Add. to Shade of Thomson.	The social, friendly, honest man, Whate'er he be, 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, And none but he
your locks are like the snow , S. John Anderson †	16., Ap. 21st., 15.
O had my fate been Greenland snows,	Ve wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye! Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
S. Now Spring has clad † Her teeth are like the nightly snow	His social, friendly, honest heart Epit, on Tam the Chapman.
When pale the morning rises keen,	Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,
S. On Cessnock banks † Sett II.	They parted aff careerin
All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost, S. The Slave's Lament.	Are social Peace and Plenty, Lus on Windows, Gl. Tav.,
Snow-drop.	Some social join, and leagues combine;
Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss To a Kiss.	S. Now westlin winds †
Snow fall.	Nae mair he'll join the merry roar. In social key; On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
Or like the snow falls in the river,	Except good-sense and social glee, On dining with Daer.
A moment white—then melts for ever; Tam o' Shanter. 7. Snowket [smelt at objects like a dog].	Why disturb your social joys, . On scaring Water-fowl.
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowket; The Twa Dogs. 6.	Life's social baunts and pleasures I resign,
Snowy.	On Death of R. Dundas.
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, S. Afton Water.	Nae howdie gets a social night Or plack frae them, [v,A.25] Scotch Drink.
The snowy ruin smokes along,	Ae social, honest man want we; Tam Samson's El., 14.
With doubling speed and gathering force Frag. of Ode.	Tell ev'ry social, honest billie
Snuff. An' snuff the callor air The Holy Fair.	To cease his grievin, Ib. Per C.
Snuff'd, Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowket; The Twa Dogs. 6.	The social bours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
Snug.	Companions of my social joy! The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug, Add. to Unco Guid. 6.	Oft have I met your social Band,
That live sae bien an' snug: Ep. to Davie.	She summon'd every social sprite, . S. The Fête Champetre.
It's ten to ane ve'll find him snug in	Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowket; The Twa Dogs. 6.
Some eldritch part, On Grose's Peregrinations.	Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth Forgets there's care upo' the earth
Below the fatt'rels, snug and tight, To a Louse.	
The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug. To R. G. of F	I'm truly sorry Man's dominion Has broken Nature's social union,
Snugged.	chearfu' tankards foamin, An' social noise; . To J. S., 14.
Potatoe bings are snugged up frae skaith The Brigs of Ayr.	conthie fortune, kind and cannie, In social glee. To Terraughty.
Snugly. That 'yout the hallan snigly chows her cood: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.	Social-flowing.
An' snugly sit amang the saunts,	To social-flowing glasses . The Petition of Br. Water.
At Davie's hip yet What ails ye now t Soar. Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole, A Bard's Epit.	Society. Together hymning their Creator's praise,
Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!	In such society, yet still more dear; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Sock.
"Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink!	And sock or buskin skelp alang To death or marriage: Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
The Whistle. 17.	To death or marriage; Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Socrates Like Socrates or Antonine.
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Soar around each cliffy hold, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	To death or marriage; Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine, Or some auld pagan beathen, The Holy Fair. 15.
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Soar around each cliffy hold, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Soaring.	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry. Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan heathen, The Holy Fair. 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood.
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Soar around each cliffy hold, Soaring. The Whistle. 17. Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Soaring Hern the fountains: S. Now westlin winds t	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoval Poetry. Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan beathen, The Holy Fair. 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Soar around each cliffy hold, Soarling. The soaring Hern the fountains: S. Now recetlin winds t The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Paetry. Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan beathen, The Holy Fair. 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Underneath the grass-green sod, dd. Soon maun be my dwelling. S. Blythe ha'e I been t
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Soar around each cliffy hold, Soaring. The Whistle. 17. Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Soaring Hern the fountains: S. Now westlin winds t	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry, Socrates, Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan heathen, The Holy Fair, 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Underneath the grass-green sod, Soon maun be my dwelling. S. Elythe ha'e I been t Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend:
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Scar around each cliffy hold, Scaring. The soaring Hern the fountains: S. Now westlin winds t The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill, The Brigs of Ayr. with thoughts still searing To God on high, The Hernit. By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell. To R. G. of F. S.	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry, Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan beathen, The Holy Fair, 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Underneath the grass-green sod, Soon maun be my dwelling. Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend: Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend: Sonet, on Death of R
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Soar around each cliffy hold,	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry. Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan beathen, The Holy Fair, 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Underneath the grass-green sod, Soon maun be my dwelling. Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend! Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend! Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay, That wraps my Highland Mary!
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Soar around each cliffy hold, Soarling. The soaring Hern the fountains: The soaring I hern the fountains: The soaring I hern the fountains: The Brigs of Ayr. With thoughts still soaring To God on high, The Brigs of Ayr. With thoughts still soaring To God on high, The Hernuit. By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell. To R.G. of F., S. Sob. Wi's sighs an 'sobs she thus began The Jolly Beggars. R. IV. Sob, to. An 'sigh an' sob, an' greet her lane, Tam Samson's El.	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry, Socrates, Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan heathen, The Holy Fair, 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Add. to Shade of Thomson. Soon maun be my dwelling. So Elythe ha'e I been to Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend: Sonnet, on Death of R Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay. That wraps my Highland Mary! S. Fe banks, and braes, and streams to
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Soar around each cliffy hold, Soarling. The soaring Hern the fountains: S. Now westlin winds t The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill, The Brigs of Ayr. with thoughts still soaring To God on high, By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell. To R. G. of F. S. Sob. Wi'sighs an 'sob, an' greet her lane, Tam Samson's El. Sobbin. In loving bleeze they sweetly vin,	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry, Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan beathen, The Holy Fair, 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Underneath the grass-green sod, Soon maun be my dwelling. Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend: Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend: New green's the sod, and canld's the clay, That wraps my Highland Mary! S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t Sodger, Soger [soldier].
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Soar around each cliffy hold,	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry, Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan beathen, The Holy Fair, 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Underneath the grass-green sod. Soon maun be my dwelling. Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend: Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend: Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay, That wraps my Highland Mary! S. Ye banks, and brase, and streams! Sodger, Soger [soldier]. Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows, And sodgers baith!. Adam A—'s Prayer.
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Soar around each cliffy hold, Soar around each cliffy hold, Soar ing. The soaring Hern the fountains: S. Now neestlin winds t The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill, The Brigs of Ayr. With thoughts still soaring To God on high, The Brigs of Ayr. With thoughts still soaring To God on high, By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell. To R. G. of F. S. Sob. Wi's sighs an sobes she thus began The Jolly Beggars. R. W. Sob, to. An 'sigh an 'sob, ar' greet her lane, Tam Samson's El. Sobbin. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Till white in ass they're sobin: Halloween. 10. Sober. Let wark and hunger mak them sober! Add. of Beelzebub.	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry, Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan beathen, The Holy Fair, 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Underneath the grass-green sod. Soon maun be my dwelling. Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend: Sounct, on Death of R Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay, That wraps my Highland Mary! S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t Sodger, Soger [soldier]. Wi'c constables, those blackguard fallows, Adam A—'s Prayer. If thou a noble sodger att, Et. on Capt. M. H., Epit.
The Whistle. 17. Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Scar around each cliffy hold, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Soarling. The soaring Hern the fountains: S. Now westlin winds t The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill, With thoughts still searing To God on high, The Hernit. By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell. To R. G. of F. S. Sob. Wi'sighs an' sobs she thus began The Jolly Beggars. R. IV. Sob, to. An' sigh an' sob, an' greet her lane, Tam Samson's El. Sobbin: In lowing bleeze they sweetly join, Till white in ase they're sobbin: Halloween. 10. Sober. Let wark and hunger mak them sober! Add. of Beelzebub. Plain pladding industry, and sober worth:	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry, Socrates, Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some and pagan beathen, The Holy Fair. 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Underneath the grass-green sod. Soon maun be my dwelling. So Blythe ha'e I been t Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend: Sonnet, on Death of R Now green's the sod, and can'd's the clay, That wraps my Highland Mary! Solger, Soger [soldier]. Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows, And sodgers bath 1; Adam A—'s Prayer. If thou a noble sodger art, If the wearty-three, and five feet nine.
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Soar around each cliffy hold, Soar around each cliffy hold, Soar ing. The soaring Hern the fountains: S. Now neestlin winds t The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill, The Brigs of Ayr. With thoughts still soaring To God on high, The Brigs of Ayr. With thoughts still soaring To God on high, By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell. To R. G. of F. S. Sob. Wi's sighs an sobes she thus began The Jolly Beggars. R. W. Sob, to. An 'sigh an 'sob, ar' greet her lane, Tam Samson's El. Sobbin. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Till white in ass they're sobin: Halloween. 10. Sober. Let wark and hunger mak them sober! Add. of Beelzebub.	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry, Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan beathen, The Holy Fair, 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Underneath the grass-green sod, Soon maun be my dwelling. S. Blythe ha'e I been t Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend! Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay, That wraps my Highland Mary! S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t Sodger, Soger [soldier]. Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows, And sodgers baith; Adam A—'s Prayer, If thon a noble sodger art, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine, I'll go and be a sodger. Extem., Ap. 1782.
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Soar around each cliffy hold, Soar around each cliffy hold, Soar ing. The soaring Hern the fountains: S. Now westlin winds t The soaring Hern the fountains: S. Now westlin winds t The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill, The Brigs of Ayr. with thoughts still soaring To God on high, with thoughts still soaring To God on high, The Hernit. By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell. To R. G. of F., S. Sob. Wi's ighs an' sobs she thus began The Jolly Beggars. R. IV. Sob, to. An' sigh an' sob, an' greet her lane, Tam Samson's El. Sobbin. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Till white in ass they're sobbin: Halloween. 10. Sober. Let wark and hunger mak them sober! Plain pledding industry, and sober worth: Ef. to R. Graham. 2. The sober Antumn enter'd mild. The sober Antumn enter'd mild. To More Typic's leen t	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry, Socrates, Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan heathen, The Holy Fair, 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Underneath the grass-green sod. Soon maun be my dwelling. So Blythe ha'e I been to Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend: Sonnet, on Death of R Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay. That wraps my Highland Mary! Sodger, Soger [so I's Fe banks, and braes, and streams to Sodger, Soger [so I's Fe banks, and braes, and streams to Holm on the sodger shalth; Adam A-'s Prayer. If thou a noble sodger art, El on Capt. M. H., Epit. I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine. I'll go and be a sodger. The soger fram the wars returns, S. It was a' for the solution of the solution of the solution. Let it free a wone brick Sodger Laddie.
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Soar around each cliffy hold,	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry, Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan beathen, The Holy Fair, 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Underneath the grass-green sod. Soon maun be my dwelling. Sonnet, on Death of R Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend: Sonnet, on Death of R Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay, That wraps my Highland Mary. Solger, Soger [soldier]. Wi'constables, those blackguard fallows, Adam A—'s Frayer. And sodgers taith; Memory-three, and five feet nine. I'll go and be a sodger. I'll so we so green the wars returns, I'll so so green the wars returns, I'll so so green the wars returns, I'll gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie, I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie, O where did ye get the
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Scar around each cliffy hold,	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry, Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan beathen, The Holy Fair, 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Underneath the grass-green sod. Soon maun be my dwelling. Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend: Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend: Now green's the sod, and canld's the clay, That wraps my Highland Mary! S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams! Sodger, Soger [soldier]. Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows, And sodgers baith; Adam A—'s Prayer. If thon a noble sodger art, I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine, I'll go and be a sodger. The soger frac the wars returns, S. I was a for! I gat it frea a young brisk Sodger Laddie, S. O where did ye get! Thy smiles are sac like my blythe Sodger laddie, I.
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Soar around each cliffy hold,	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry, Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan beathen, The Holy Fair, 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Underneath the grass-green sod. Soon maun be my dwelling. Sonnet, on Death of R Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend: Sonnet, on Death of R Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay, That wraps my Highland Mary. Solger, Soger [soldier]. Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows, And sodgers baith; Adam A—'s Frayer. If thon a noble sodger art, I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine. I'll go and be a sodger. I'll go and be a sodger. I'll stand for feet nine. I'll go and be a sodger. I'll stand for feet nine. I'll go and be a sodger. I'll stand for feet nine. I'll stand he was a sodger haddie. I'll stand he was a sodger bred. I'll stand he was a sodger herd. I'll stand herd. I'll st
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Sear around each cliffy hold,	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry, Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan beathen, The Holy Fair, 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Underneath the grass-green sod. Soon maun be my dwelling. So Blythe hale I been t Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend: Sonuet, on Death of R Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay, That wraps my Highland Mary! Solger, and braces, and streams t Sodger, Soger [soldier]. Wi'constables, those blackguard fallows, And sodger art, If thou a noble sodger art, If thou a noble sodger art, I'll go and be a sodger. I'll go and be a sodger brody. I'll go and be a sodger boy. I'll go and be all down and the sodger boy. I'll go and be all down and the sodger boy. I'll go and be all down and the sodger boy. I'll go and be all down and the sodger boy. I'll go and be all down and the sodger boy. I'll go and be all down and the sodger boy. I'll go and be all down and the sodger boy. I'll go and be all down and the sodger boy. I'll go and be all down and the sodger boy. I'll go and be all down and the sod an
The Whistle. 17. Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Scar around each cliffy hold, Scar around each cliffy hold, Scar ing. The soaring Hern the fountains: S. Now westlin winds t The soaring Hern the fountains: S. Now westlin winds t The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill, By turns in soaring heaven, or vanited hell. The Brigs of Ayr. with thoughts still searing To God on high, The Hernit. By turns in soaring heaven, or vanited hell. The R. O. of F. S. Sob. Wi'sighs an 'sobs she thus began The Jolly Beggars R. IV. Sob, to. An 'sigh an 'sob, an' greet her lane, Tam Samson's El. Sobbin. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Till white in ase they're sobbin: Sober. Let wark and hunger mak them sober! Add. of Beelzebub. Plain plodding industry, and sober worth: Ep. to R. Graham. 2. The sober Antume netter'd mild. John Barleycorn. Druken or sober here's to thee, Katiel S. O merry ha'e! been t I, musing, wait The sober eve, An' whyles, but my owne late, I think Erns wober lessons. Second Ep. to Davie. In that sober pensive mood. Dearest to the feeling soul, S. Streams that glide t	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry, Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan beathen, The Holy Fair, 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Add. to Shade of Thomson. Add. to Shade of Thomson. Soon maun be my dwelling. Sonnet, on Death of R Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay, That wraps my Highland Mary; That wraps my Highland Mary; Sodger, Soger [soldier]. Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows, And sodger art, If thou a noble sodger art, I'll me twenty-three, and five feet nine, I'll go and be a sodger. I'll go and be a sodger. I'll so sodger art, I'll so sodger art, I'll so sodger art, I'll so sodger art, I'll so and be a sodger. I'll go and be a sodger laddie, I'll go and sodger sodger laddie, I'll go and sodger sodger laddie, I'll go and
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Sear around each cliffy hold,	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry, Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan beathen, The Holy Fair, 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Add. to Shade of Thomson. Underneath the grass-green sod. Soon maun be my dwelling. So Blythe ha'e I been to Sonnet, on Death of R Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay. That wraps my Highland Mary! S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams to Sodger, Soger [soldier]. Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows, And sodgers baith; Adam A-'s Prayer. If thou a noble sodger att, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine. I'll go and be a sodger. I'll go and be a sodger. I'll ye siles are sae like my blythe Sodger laddie. It's tauld he was a sodger broy. The Election Ballads. I. And she was a sodger broy. The Election Ballads. I. But she wad send the sodger youth To greet this eldest son. Ib.
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Sear around each cliffy hold,	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry, Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan beathen, The Holy Fair, 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Add. to Shade of Thomson. Add. to Shade of Thomson. Soon maun be my dwelling. Sonnet, on Death of Re. Sonnet, on Death of R Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay, That wraps my Highland Mary: Sodger, Soger [soldier]. Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows, And sodger art, If thon a noble sodger art, I'll me twenty-three, and five feet nine, I'll go and be a sodger. I'll gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie, Sol where did ye get? Thy smiles are sae like my blythe Sodger laddie, I'll it stauld he was a sodger bred, On Grose's Peregrinations. The neist came in a sodger youth To greet his eldest son. But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best, I'll But the wad send the sodger youth To greet his eldest son. But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best, I'll But the wad ser for the sod in the law the best, I'll But the wadger's friends hae blawn the best, I'll But the wadger's friends hae blawn the best, I'll But the wadger's friends hae blawn the best, I'll But the wadger's friends hae blawn the best, I'll But the wadger friends hae blawn the best, I'll But the wadger friends hae blawn the best, I'll But the wadger friends hae blawn the best, I'll But the wadger friends hae blawn the best, I'll But the wadger friends hae blawn the best, I'll But the wadger friends hae blawn the best, I'll But the wadger friends hae blawn the best, I'll But the wadger friends hae blawn the best, I'll But the wadger friends hae blawn the best, I'll But the wadger friends hae blawn the best, I'll But the wadger friends hae blawn the best, I'll But the wadger friends hae blawn the best, I'll But the wadger friends hae blawn the best, I'll But the wadger friends hae blawn the best, I'll But the wadger friends hae blawn the best, I'll But the wadger fr
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Sear around each cliffy hold,. Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Soaring. The soaring Hern the fountains: S. Now westlin winds to the soaring Hern the fountains: S. Now westlin winds to the soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill, The Brigs of Ayr. with thoughts still soaring To God on high. The Hernit. By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell. To R. G. of Fr. S. Sob. Wi's sighs an sobs she thus began The folly Beggars R. H. Sob, to. An sigh an 'sob, an' greet her lane, Tam Samson's El. Sobbin. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Till white in ase they're sobbin: Halloween. 10. Sober. Let wark and bunger mak them sober! Add. of Beelzebub. Plain pledding industry, and sober worth: Eft. to R. Graham. 2. John Barleycorn. Druken or sober here's to thee, Kaitel S. O merry ha'e! been the sober. In that sober pensive mood. Dearest to the feeling soul, S. Streams that glide! That free November till October, Ae market-day thou was nae sober; The robin in the hedge descends, And sober chirps securely. The Election Ballads. VI. The sober Laverock, warbling wild, The Petition of Br. Water.	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry, Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan beathen, The Holy Fair, 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Underneath the grass-green sod. Soon maun be my dwelling. S. Blythe hae I been t Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend: Sonnet, on Death of R New green's the sod, and canlid's the clay, That wraps my Highland Mary! Sodger, Soger [solder]. Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows, And sodgers baith; Adam A—'s Prayer. If thon a noble sodger art, I'll go and be a sodger. I'll go and be a sodger. I'll go and be a sodger. The soger frea the wars returns, S. It was a 'for't I gat it free a young brisk Sodger Laddie. I'll sauld he was a sodger bred, On Grost's Peregrinations. The neist came in a sodger boy, The Election Ballads. Ib. It's tauld he was a sodger bry. And she wad send the sodger loy. But the sodger's griends ha blawn the best, But the sodger's friends has blawn the best, Ib. Fire [head] for a sodger A' the wale o' lead.
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Sear around each cliffy hold,	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry, Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan beathen, The Holy Fair, 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Add. to Shade of Thomson. Add. to Shade of Thomson. Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend: Sonnet, on Death of R Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay. That wraps my Highland Mary. That wraps my Highland Mary. Solger, Soger Isoldier]. Wi'constables, those blackguard fallows, Adam A—'s Frayer. And sodgers taith; Adam A—'s Frayer. If thon a noble sodger art, I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine. I'll go and be a sodger. Extem., Af. 1752. The soger frae the wars returns, Sol wans a fort I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie, It's tauld he was a sodger boy, The Soder fade he was offer the control of the sound of the solder lad. But the wad send the sodger pout To greet his eldest son. But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best, Fine (head) for a sodger? The Fite Champtere.
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Sear around each cliffy hold,. Soarling. The soaring Hern the fountains: S. Now westlin winds to the soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill, The Brigs of Ayr. With thoughts still soaring To God on high. The Brigs of Ayr. With thoughts still soaring To God on high. By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell. To R. C., of F. S. Sob. Wi's sighs an 'sobs she thus began The folip Beggars R. IV. Sob, to. An 'sigh an 'sob, an' greet her lane, Tam Samonts El. Sobbin. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Till white in ase they're sobbin: Halloween. 10. Sober. Let wark and bunger mak them sober! Add. of Beelzebub. Plain plodding industry, and sober worth: Ep. to R. Craham. 2. John Barleycorn. Druken or sober here's to thee, Kaitel S. O merry had el been the sober. An' whyles, but ny owre late, I think Brinw sober lessons. In that sober pensive mood. Dearest to the feeling sonl. Second Ep. to Davie. That free November till October, An an' had sober chirps securely. The robin in the hedge descends, And sober chirps securely. The Election Ballads. VI. The sober laverock, warbling wild, The Petition of Br. Water. Does the sober bed of Marriage Witness brighter seenes of love? The folly Beggars. S. VIIII.	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry, Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan beathen, The Holy Fair, 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Add. to Shade of Thomson. Add. to Shade of Thomson. Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend: Sonnet, on Death of R Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay. That wraps my Highland Mary! S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams the Sodger, Soger [soldier]. Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows, And sodgers baith; Adam A—'s Prayer. If thon a noble sodger art, I'll moventy-three, and five feet nine, I'll go and be a sodger I'll go and be a sodger laddie. I'll staud he was a sodger haddie. I'll staud he was a sodger herd, On Grose's Peregrinations. The neist came in a sodger boy, The Election Eallads, I. And she wad send the sodger ladd. To greet his eldest son. The fine (head) for a sodger? The Fite Champtere. She blinket on her sodger? The Joly Beggars, R. I. No wonder Im fond of a Sodger laddie. S. II. No wonder I'm fond of a Sodger laddie. S. II.
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Soar around each cliffy hold, Soar around each cliffy hold, Soar ing. The soaring Hern the fountains: S. Now resettlin winds t The soaring Hern the fountains: S. Now resettlin winds t The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill, The Brigs of Ayr. with thoughts still soaring To God on high, The Brigs of Ayr. with thoughts still soaring To God on high, The Hernit. By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell. To R. G. of F., S. Sob. Wi's sighs an sobs she thus began The Jolly Beggars. R. IV. Sob, to. An sigh an 'sob, an' greet her lane, Tam Samson's El. Sobbin. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Till white in ass they're sobbin: Halloween. 10. Sober. Let wark and hunger mak them sober! Add. of Beelzebub. Plain plodding industry, and sober worth: El, to R. Graham. 2. John Barleycorn. Druken or sober here's to thee, Katiel S. O merry had'el been t 1, missing, wait The sober eve, On seeing wounded Hare. An' whyles, but ny ower late, I think Dearest to the feeling sool, S. Streams that glide! That face November till October, Ae market-day thou was nas sober; The robin in the hedge descends, And sober chips secured. The Election Ballads. VI. The sober laverock, warbling wild, The Petition of Br. Water. Does the sober bed of Marriage Witness brighter scenes of love? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. Till some evening, sober, calm, To Miss C.	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry, Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan beathen, The Holy Fair, 15. Sod. Or [spirig] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Add. to Shade of Thomson. Linderneath the grass-green sod. Soon maun be my dwelling. Sonnet, on Death of R Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay, That wraps my Highland Mary! Songer, Soger [soldier]. Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows, And sodger att, I'll thou a noble sodger att, I'll me twenty-three, and five feet nine. I'll go and be a sodger I'll go and be a sodger I'll gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie, I'll stauld he was a sodger bred, I'll stauld he was a sodger bred, I'll so and sodger att, I'll stauld he was a sodger bred, I'll so and sodger att, I'll so and sodger att, I'll so and sodger laddie, I'll stauld he was a sodger bred, I'll go and se and sodger youth To greet his eddest son. I'll go the sodger's friends hae blawn the best, I'll field for a sodger A' the wale o' lead. I'll Field hampter. She blinket on her sodger: I'll Field Beggars. R. I. No wonder I'm fond of a Sodger laddie. I'll Transported I was with my Sodger laddie. I'll Transported I was with my Sodger laddie. I'll Field Beggars. R. I. Transported I was with my Sodger laddie. I'll Transported I
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold, Soar around each cliffy hold, Soar around each cliffy hold, Soar ing. The soaring Hern the fountains: S. Now westlin winds t The soaring Hern the fountains: S. Now westlin winds t The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill, The Brigs of Ayr. With thoughts still soaring To God on high, The Brigs of Ayr. With thoughts still soaring To God on high, By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell. To R. G. of F. S. Sob. Wi' sighs an 'sob, an' greet her lane, Tam Samson's El. Sobbin. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Till white in ass they're sobbin: Halloween. 10. Sober. Let wark and hunger mak them sober! Add. of Beelzebub. Plain plodding industry, and sober worth: Ep. to R. Graham. 2. The sober Autumn enter'd mild. John Barleycorn. Druken or sober here's to thee, Katiel S. O merry ha'el Been t I, musing, wait The sober eve, An' whyles, but my owre late, I think Braw sober lessons. In that sober pensive mood. Dearest to the feeling soul, Dearest to the feeling soul, That frae November till October, Ae market-day thou was nas sober; The robin in the hedge descends, And sober chips securely. The sober laverock, warbling wild, The Petition of Br. Water. Does the sober bed of Marriage Witness brighter scenes of love? The Joly Beggars. S. VIII. Till some evening, sober, calm, To Miss C.	To death or marriage; Foem on Pastoral Poetry, Socrates. Like Socrates or Antonine. Or some auld pagan beathen, The Holy Fair, 15. Sod. Or [spring] pranks the sod in frolic mood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Underneath the grass-green sod. Soon maun be my dwelling. S. Bythe ha'e I been t' Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend: Sonnet, on Death of R Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay, That wraps my Highland Mary! S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t' Sodger, Soger [soldier]. Wi' constables, those blackguard fallows, And sodgers haith; Adam A-'s Frayer. If thon a noble sodger att, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine, I'll go and be a sodger. I'll go and be a sodger. The soger frae the wars returns, I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie. S. O whare did ye get' Thy smiles are sae like my blythe Sodger laddie. It's tauld he was a sodger boy, The Election Ballads. I. And she wad send the sodger youth To greet his eldest son. Ib. But the wad send the sodger youth To greet his eldest son. But the sodger's friends hae blawn the best, Ib. Fine [head] for a sodger? The Fête Champetre. She blinket on her sodger: The foldy Beggars. R. I. No wonder I'm fond of a Sodger laddie. Ib. S. II.

I asked no more but a Sodger laddie. The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	Sole.
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	And would you ask me to resign, The sole reward that crowns my pain. S. The Capt. Ribband.
My heart it rejoic'd at a Sodger laddie 1b. Here's to thee, my Hero my Sodger laddie 1b.	Solemn.
Some fire the Sodger on to dare; . The Vision. D. II. 4.	Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan, . A Ded. to G. H., 9.
A poor and honest sodger S. When wild War's	When on my ear this plaintive strain, Slow-solemn, stole . A Winter Night. 6.
Take pity on a sodger	Slow-solemn, stole A Winter Night. 6. As wand'ring, meand'ring,
Quo' she, a sodger ance I lo'ed, Forget him shall I never:	He views the solemn sky Despondency, an Oae. 3.
And come, my faithful sodger lad,	And they hae sworn a solemn oath [re.] . John Barleycorn.
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly:	I view the solemn scene around, On Lincluden.
But glory is the sodger's prize, The sodger's wealth is honor;	Sages their solemn een may steek, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
The brave poor sodger ne'er despise,	'And let us worship God!' he says with solemn air. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.
Sodgerin [soldiering].	
Sodgerin gunpowder Blair The Election Ballads. III.	The Solemn League and Covenant The League and Covenant.
Sodom.	'And wear thou this '-She solemn said, The Vision. D. II. 23.
In Sodom 'twould make him a king. The Election Ballads. III. Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,	First eoter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight, The Vowels.
In brunstane stoure . 10 Terraughty.	First eoter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight, The Vowels. But gravissimo, solemn basses,
Soft Shanning soft Pity's rising sway. A Winter Night, 8.	Ye hum away
Hope beaming mild on the soft parting hour; S. Gloomy December.	Solemn-rounded.
And coft as their flowers' parting tear-lessy.	"With laden sighs, and solemn-rounded sentence, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
And soft as their [lovers'] parting tear—Jessy. S. Here's a health to ane †	Solemnize.
Make the gales you waft around her Soft and peaceful as her breast, S. Highland Mary.	We solemnize this sorrowing natal day, Frag. of Ode.
Soft and peaceful as her breast, . S. Highland Mary. And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,	Solicited. We auld wives' minions gie our opinions, Solicited or no; . Symon Gray†
S. How pleasant the banks †	Solid.
No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast, Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.	Veneering oft outshines the solid wood:
The frank address, the soft caress, O leave novels †	His solid sense—by inches you must tell, Sketch.
Were seal'd in soft repose; . S. On a bank of flowers †	Say, to be just, and kind, and wise, There solid self-enjoyment lies; . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
'Tis the soft, spotless, vestal train, On Lincluden.	Solitary.
'Tis the soft chanted choral song,	Along the solitary shore, While flitting sea-fowls round me cry, S. Behold the hour †
Humid seal of soft affections, To a Kiss. Softer. the friendly glow, And softer flame; A Bard's Epit.	How blest the Solitary's lot, Despondency, an Odc. 3.
Softly.	The Solitary can despise [pleasures, Loves, Joys],
Till, thence returned, they softly stray	Can want, and yet be blest!
O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay; On Lincluden.	Some solitary wander: S. Now westlin winds †
Broke softly sweet on fancy's enr	From those drear solitudes and frowzy cells,
Soger v. Sodger.	Where infamy with sad repentance dwells; Ep. fr. Esopus.
Soil. Your native soil was right ill-willie;	In solitude—then, then I feel I canna to mysel' conceal My deeply-ranklin' sorrow V.s, under Grief.
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	Solo. Set off wi' allegretto glee His giga Solo. The Jolly Beggars. R. V.
A Knave an' Fool are plants of ev'ry soil: Scots Prologue. O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!	The Jolly Beggars. R. V.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.	Solomon. I found that old Solomon proved it fair, That a hig-helly'd bottle's a cure for all care.
To tend the flocks or till the soil, S. 'Twas even-the dewy t	S. No Churchman am I †
Soil, to. Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star, The Election Ballads, VI.	Solway. The Criffel sink in Solway, S. Does haughty Gaul,
Soil'd. Till she, like thee, all soil'd is laid	For Solway fish a feast El. on Peg Nicholson. Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands, S. The Union.
Low i' the dust. To a Mountain-Daisy.	Solwayside.
Sojourn. Whoe'er he be that sojourns here,	And blinkin Bess of Annandale,
I pity much his case, Epig. on being neglected at I. Inn.	That dwelt on Solwayside, . The Election Ballads. I.
While he, thy fond parent, must sighing sojourn,	Somebody, -ie. An somebodie were come again,
On Death of fav. Child. Sol. And did Sol's business in a crack;	Then somebodie mann cross the main,
Sol paid him with a sonnet To J. Taylor.	S. Carl, an the king come.
Nor even Sol too fiercely view Thy bosom blushing still with dew! To Miss C.	There's somehody there we'll teach hetter behaviour S. Cock up yr beaver.
Thy bosom blushing still with dew! To Miss C. Solace. Her dear idea brings relief,	Somebody tells the Poacher-Court, Ep. to J. R., S.
And solace to my breast Ep. to Davie. 9.	My heart is sair for Somebody; S. Somebody.
That only ray of solace sweet . S. Forlorn, my Love †	For the sake of Somebody, [re.]
Sold. By barber woven, and by barber sold, Ep. fr. Esopus.	O hey! for Somebody, O dear! for Somebody; [re.] . Ib. O sweetly smile on Somebody! Ib.
For we're not to be bought or sold Like naigs and nowt, and a' that. The Election Ballads. II.	And send me safe my Somebody
We're bought and sold for English gold . S. The Union.	There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane, S. The Taylor fell +
Soldier.	Something,
But man is a soldier, and life is a faught: S. Contented wi' little †	Yet bere to crazy Age we're brought, Wi' something yet. A Guid New-Year † 16
No Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,	As Something, loudly, in my breast,
S. No Churchman am I†	Remonstrates I bave done; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend, S. The Whistle. 9.	I there wi' Something does forgather, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.
Soldier-featur'd.	'Folk maun do something for their bread, Ib. 12.
Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd	Something in her bosom wrings, S. Duncan Gray †
They strode along, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.	A Something to have sent you, . Ep. to Young Friend.
	·

But still keep something to yoursel Ye scarcely tell to ony Ep. to Young Friend, 5.	Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil, Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20,
Till something held within the pat,	As once on Picarh purald use the cight
Gars ony dress look weel	Of a son of Circumcision,
Something in ilka part o' thee To praise, to love, I find, S. It is na. Jean, †	To greet his eldest son The Election Ballads. I.
Tho' something like moisture conglobes in my eye,	And my son Maitland, wise as brave,
Poet, Add. to Tytler.	Presided o'er the Sons of light:
That something in us never dies: Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
For something beyond it poor man sure must live. S. The lazy mist †	The Farcwell. To St. J.'s L Again Thou say'st, 'Ve sons of men, Return ye into nought!'. The 1st 6 V.s of goth Ps. 'Mang sons o' G— present him. The Holy Fair. 12.
Something cries, "Hoolie! To J. S., 7.	
Something [somewhat].	I am a Son of Mars who have been in many wars, The folly Beggars. S. I.
I thought them [my works] something like yoursel. A Ded. to G. H., 12. She's saft at best an' something lazy,	Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritnal guns. The Kirk's Alarm.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 3. That trouth, my head is grown right dizzie,	To ev'ry New-light mother's son, From this time forth, Confusion: The Ordination, 11.
An something sair	Ve sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie, S. The Sons of old K
Look something to your credit; . Epit. on Holy Willie.	Her [Freedom's] sons did loudly ca', man;
But now its gane, and something mair, . Extem., Ap. 1782. Tho' he was something sturtan;	The Tree of Liberty.
Sometime, -times.	With deep-struck, reverential awe, The learned Sire and Son I saw, [v.A. 4] The Vision. D. I.
Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste	The son of great Loda was conqueror still, . The Whistle. 3.
Of truest happiness Ep. to Davie. 3.	strang necessity supreme is 'Mang sons o' men. To Dr. Blacklock.
But friends an' folk that wish me well, They sometimes roose me; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 16.	Ye Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead, To J. Taylor.
Sometime when nae ane see'd him,	We poor sons of metre Are often negleckit, ye ken!
An' sometimes too, wi' warldly trust, Vile self gets in; Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.	To Mr. Syme. Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son. To R. G. of F., 6.
Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd;	Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes . Ib. 7.
Sometimes by friends forsaken, O; S. My father was a farmer †	Among the illustrious Scottish sons
Son. Ye sons of Heresy and Error, . A Ded. to G. H., 10,	That chief thou may'st discern; . V.s below Picture. For Scotin's son—ance gay like thee Verses under Grief.
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress; A Winter Night. 9.	Song, a hard of rustic song,
Poor dunghill sons o' dirt and mire, . Add. of Beelzebub.	Her voice is the song of the morning S. Adown winding Nith †
Thy Sons, Edina, social, kind Add. to Edinburgh. 3.	Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
While Scotia, with exulting tear, Proclaims that Thomson was her son.	S. Afton Water. Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast,
Add. to Shade of Thomson. My son, these maxims make a rule, Add. to the Unco Guid. Mott.	At a Meet. of D. Volunteers. Could aught of song declare my pains, S. Could aught of song †
"And some we here my Son " he says	Then wi' a rhyme or song he lash't 'enı, El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
"To wander in my broken shade, . As on the banks †	So, to heaven's gates the lark's shrill song ascends,
May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial, At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.	Ep. to R. Graham. 5. The friendless Bard and rustic song,
O, may no son the father's honour stain, Blest be M'Murdo †	Became alike thy fostering care. Lament for Glencairn. famed for martial deed and sacred song, . Liberty.
My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword, S. By you castle wa' †	Ye Powers of peace, and peaceful song,
'His only son for Hornhook sets, And pays him well,	O sing a new song to the L-, . New Psalmody.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27. Happy! ye sons of Busy-life, Despondency, an Ode.	Now hear our pray'r, accept our song, Ib.
I see her face the first of Ireland's sons, . Ep. fr. Esopus.	Or wi' his song her cares beguile: S. O Logan! sweetly † 'Tis the soft chanted choral song, On Lincluden.
While sordid sons o' Mammon's line	'Tis the soft chanted choral song, On Lincluden. Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,
Are dark as night! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 16. Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,	Through an endless existence shall charm thee. On Death of fav. Child.
Ep. to R. Graham. 2. Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son,	Now half-extinct your powers of song, On Death of Lap-dog.
A correst moor misherest son of the Muses.	In each bird's careless song, Glad did I share; S. Phillis the Fair.
My son! my son! may kinder stars	No song nor dance I bring from you great city,
Vet let not this too much, my Son.	It needs no Siddons' powers in Southern's song;
Disturb thy youthful breast; Man was made to Mourn. The sons of Belial in the Land . New Psalmody.	And still I can join in a cup and a song; The Jolly Beggars. S. II.
A Lord-a Peer-an Earl's son, . On dining with Daer.	I taught thee how to pour in song,
"My patriot son fills an untimely grave!" On Death of Sir J. Blair.	To soothe thy flame. The Vision. D. II. 16. Or love extatic wake his seraph song. To Miss Graham.
"I saw my sons resume their ancient fire; Ib.	chearful peace, with linnet song, Wr. in Friars Carse H
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son, Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Ye true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song, Ye true "Loyal Nat.s" †
Before whose sons I'm honour'd to appear! Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Songster. Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood; El. on Capt. M. H., 7.
May every son he worthy of his sire; 1b.	'As songsters of the early year
By your sons in servile chains, S. Scots, wha hae y	'Are ilka day mair sweet to hear S. O Phety, 7
Commen' me to the Bardie clan; . Second Ep. to Davie.	And, for the little songster's nest, The close embowering thorn. The Petition of Br. Water.
Whom his ain son o' life hereft, . Tam o' Shanter. 11. Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:	But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take away, S. The Posic.
And a	

The standard of the man and the standard of th	reckless vows, Would soon been broken.
Sonnet. Our Peerage he o'erlooks them a', As I look o'er my sonnet. On dining with Daer.	The Vision, D. 1. 9.
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet; Tam o' Shanter. 9.	Shall soon wi' leaves be hinging, S. The yng Hight. Kover.
Sol paid him with a sonnet	The wounds I must hide which will soon be my dead. S. There's auld Rob †
My music, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet To Rev. J. M' Math.	Soon my weary eyes I'll close, nevermore to waken. S. Thou hast left me
So'ns [sowens, a sort of smooth porridge, or thick drink, made from oatmeal husks steeped in water until sour].	'Till too, too soon the glowing west Proclaim'd the speed of winged day. S. To Mary in Heaven.
hutter'd So'ns, wi' fragrant lunt,	Comen Scoper the sun in his motion would falter.
An' unco' sonsie. A Gude New Year 15.	Soor [sour].
Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete, Ronalds of Bennals.	Soor Bigotry, on her last legs, . Letter to J. Goudie.
I see her yet, the sonsy quean, That lighted up my jingle; The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank, . The Twa Herds. 5.
My sonsie smirking dear-hought Bess, The Inventory. His honest sonsie, haws int face, The Twa Dogs. 5.	Sooth. But by my sooth she'll wait a wee! S. O Willie brew'd†
His honest, sonsie, haws nt face, . The Twa Dogs. 5. women sonsie, saft an' sappy, . There's naethin like t	My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out, To a Louse.
Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face, To a Haggis.	Soothe. Thy gloom will soothe my chearless soul, S. Again rejoic. Nature †
My hlessings on you, sonsie wife; I s to a Landlady. Soon. But three short years will soon wheel roun'.	Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Underneath the grass-green sod,	And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay; S. My Nanie's Awa.
Soon man be my dwelling. S. Blythe ha'e I been \(\) As soon's he smells't, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 19.	May never pity soothe thee with a sigh, On seeing wounded Hare.
Kirk-yards will soon be till'd eneugh,	And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier: [v.A.10] Sonnet on Death of Riddel.
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee S. Deluded swain † Ve'll try the world soon my lad, . Ep. to Young Friend. 2.	Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe, . The Lament.
Amaist as soon as I could tell, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 8.	Can soothe the sad hosom of joyless despair. S. The small birds †
As soon's the clockin-time is hy,	'Some soothe the Lab'rer's weary toil, 'For humble gains, . The Vision. D. II. 9.
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4. The little fate allows, they share as soon.	'I taught thee how to pour in song, 'To soothe thy flame
Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Whate'er thou hast done, he it late he it soon.	(It southes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale), To R. G. of F
O! soon, to me, may summer-suns	Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath, . 16. 9. The Tempest's howl, it soothes my soul, Winter.
Nae mair light up the morn! Lament of Mary of Scots. Her feeble pulse gives strong presumption	Find balm to soothe her bitter rankling wounds: Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Death soon will end her. Letter to J. Goudie.	Soothing.
Too soon thou hast began, To wanderforth, with me, to mourn Man was made to Mourn.	Thy soothing fond complaining. S. O stay, sweet warbling
But Oh! I fear the kintra soon Will ken as weel's mysel! . S. My heart was ance t	Sooty, -le. in you cavern grim and sootie, Add. to the Deil.
She has promis'd right soon to he mine. S. My Love's a winsome †	Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals; El. on Capt. M. H., 8.
If ye gie a woman a' her will, Gude faith she'll soon o'er gang ye. S. O ay my wife she dang.	Sophy.
But soon wi' sounding victorie May Kenmure's Lord come hame.	There Sophy tight, a lassie bright, The Tarbolton Lasses.
S. O Kenmure's on and awa†	Sordid. While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
But soon may peace bring happy days, S. O Logan! sweetly † When soon or late they reach that const,	Are dark as night! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 16. Sore. While pityless the tempest wild
O Thou dread Pow'r† The weary winter soon will pass, S. Oh, how can I be blythe†	Sore on you heats. A Winter Night. 5. O Lord, when hunger pinches sore,
Conscions, blushing for our race,	Do thou stand us in stend, At Globe Tav., D.
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace: On scaring Water-fowl. May powers aboon unite you soon, On W. Chalmers.	And sore surpris'd them all John Barleycorn. And cudgell'd him full sore;
Soon heels o'er gowdie! in he gangs, Poem on Life.	Then sore harass'd, and tir'd at last, S. My father was a farmer †
Ye'll soon hae Poets o' the Scottish nation, Scots Prologue. She prophesied that late or soon,	sore I feel All others' scorn Reply to a Reproof.
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon; Tamo' Shanter. Kate soon will be a woefu' woman! 16. 18.	Fancy, chief, Reigns, hagard-wild, in sore affright: The Lament. 8.
And soon may they expire, unblest with resurrection!	While here I sit all sore beset With sorrow, grief, and wo; S. The sun he is sunk†
As soon the rooted oaks would fly	Sore-harass'd.
Before th' approaching fellers. The Election Ballads. VI. As soon as e'er she saw me, The Holy Fair. 3.	Sore-harnss'd out, with care and grief, The Lament. Sorely. In longitude the sorely scanty, Tam o' Shanter. 15.
An' soon I made me ready;	Sorest.
Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified Sot, The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive— To make three guineas do the work of five: Add. sp. by Fantenelle.
I'll lay on your head, that the pack ye'll soon lead, The Kirk's Alarm. 6.	Sorrow. Attentive still to Sorrow's wail, Add. to Edinburgh.
The happy hour may soon be near, That brings us pleasant weather; S. The noble Maxwells †	I rather wou'd hear a' the load o' my sorrow S. As I was a-wand'ring†
But soon grew weary o' the trade, . The Tree of Liberty. the new-born race Soon drew the avenging steel, Ib.	While my soul's delight Is on her hed of sorrow. S. Ay waking, O t
And soon 'twill be agreed, man,	Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair! Blest be M'Murdo †
We labour soon, we labour late, To feed the titled knave, man;	Nor ever sorrow stain the hour, The place and time I met my dearie! S. By Allan stream †

3 K

Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear That fickle heart of thine, S. Canst thou leave me t	Sough, to [to sigh or moan like the wind]. Deep, as soughs the boding wind.
Whene'er I foregather wi' sorrow and care, I gie them a skelp as they're creeping alang.	Amang his caves, the sigh he gave As on the banks t
S. Contented wi little †	Sought. Believe me, happiness is shy.
But the pride of the Spring in the Craigie-hurn wood, Can yield me nought but sorrow. S. Craigie-burn Wood,	And comes not ay when sought, man. A Bottle and Friend.
Can yield me nought but sorrow. S. Craigie-burn Wood. What Sorrows yet may pierce me thro, Too justly I may fear! Despondency, an Ode.	So, songht a Poet, roosted near the skies, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Too justly I may fear! Despondency, an Ode. May dool and sorrow he his lot, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.	Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail,
And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep; Ep. fr. Esopus.	Their stocks maun a' be sought ance; . Halloween. I rue the day I sought her O, [re.] S. My love she's but †
Creature, tho' oft the prey of care and sorrow, When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.	And, all devout, he never sought
Ep. to R. Graham. 3. Ance mair I bail thee wi' sorrow and care;	To stem the sacred torrent
S. Gloomy December. To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.	Nor cause me from my bosom tear The very friend 1 sought S. Talk not of Love †
Inscrip, on Tomb of Fergusson. For silent, low, on heds of dust,	He sought them out, he sought them in, S. The Cooper o' cuddy
Lie a' that would my sorrows share. Lament for Glencairn. Or else I wad kill him with sorrow;	They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright.' The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.
S. Last May a braw woocr †	Souk [a suck].
With Cares and Sorrows worn, Man was made to Mourn.	And ay she took the tither souk, . S. The weary Pund. Soul whether thy soul
If sorrow and anguish their exit await, Monody, on a Lady. No view nor care, but shun whate'er	Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole, A Bard's Epit. 5.
No view nor care, but shun whate'er Might breed me pain or sorrow, O; S. My father was a farmer † Vo when Sorrow power would S. Musica at the residual	Vet sure those ills that wring my soul Obey Thy high hehest. A Prayer under Anguish.
Ye whom Sorrow never wounded, S. Musing on the roaring	Then, man my soul with firm resolves 1b.
While ilka thing in nature join	Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train, Rose in my soul, A Winter Night. 6.
Their sorrows to forego, S. Now Spring has clad † As little reckt I sorrow's power, 1b.	By my soul I'll dance a dance with you, Add. to Dumourier.
Oh. nought but love and sorrow join'd,	An' all the Soul of Love they shar'd, . Add. to the Deil. 15.
Sic notes of woe could wanken! S. O stay, sweet warbling t	Thy [Winter's] gloom will soothe my chearless soul, S. Again rejoicing Nature †
But sorrow tak bim that's sae mean, S. O Tibbie! † In the dark silent mansions of sorrow,	And waste my soul with care; . S. Anna, thy charms, †
On Death of fav. Child. Through the dire desert regions of sorrow,	While my soul's delight Is on her hed of sorrow. S. Ay waking, O †
Hail, thou gloomy night of sorrow, S. Raving winds	To adore thee is my duty, Goddess o' this soul o' mine! . S. Bonie wee thing †
(A sight life's sorrows to repulse, Sketch. New-I'r's Day.	Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure; S. By Allan stream †
But a' the pride of Spring's return Can yield me nought but sorrow. S. Sweet fa's the eve t	But what avails the pride of art,
Her sorrows share and make them less? . The Lament.	When wastes the soul with anguish? S. Could aught of song †
Fareweel our night o' sorrow S. The noble Maxwells †	For oh! my soul is parch'd with love! Delia. An Ode.
While here I sit all sore beset With sorrow, grief, and wo; . S. The sun he is sunk †	His soul was like the glorious sun, . El. on Capt. M. H. To you [wastes, cliffs] I fly, ye with my soul accord.
And clear the consequential sorrows, Love-gifts of Carnival Signoras. [v. A 13] The Twa Dogs.	El. on Miss Burnet. When beart-corroding care and grief
A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife, The Tree of Liberty.	Deprive my soul of rest, Ep. to Davie. 9.
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care; The Whistle, 10.	Their worthless nievefu' of a soul, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 17.
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose, I rhyme away. To J. S., 25. If envious buckies view wi' sorrow	Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles, The flashing elements of female souls. Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
Thy lengthen d days . To Terraughty.	Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half afraid, . 16.5.
Though 'twad my sorrows lessen. V.s under Grief.	Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain, My horny fist assume the plough again;
I canna to mysel conceal My deeply ranklin' sorrow. Ib.	Who said that not the soul slone
O Love thou hast sorrows, and sair have I prov'd; S. Wae is my heart t	But body too must rise. For had he said, "the soul alone
But sorrow and sad sighing care. S. Where are the joys t	Then thou hadst slept for ever! Epit. on a Laira.
When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart, S. Wilt thou be my † Sorrowing.	But a full flowing bowl, Was the saving his soul, Epit. on Dove, Innkeeper.
We solemnize this sorrowing natal day, Fragment of Ode.	Farewell, dear mistress of my soul,
Sorrowing joy, adien's last action, To a Kiss.	S. Farewell, dear mistress t Whose soul of fire, lighted at heaven's high flume,
Sorry.	Frag. of Ode.
A sorry, poor, misbegot son of the Muses, Frag., inscr. to Fox. Poor slip shod giddy Pegasus	They [oceans] never, never can divide My heart and soul from thee. S. From thee, Eliza, †
Was hut a sorry walker; To J. Taylor.	'Tis this enchants my soul, S. Handsome Nell.
Sort. Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet, Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	She charm'd my soul, I wist na how; S. I gaed a waefu't Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
We've got frae a' professions, sorts, an' ranks : Scots Prologue.	That thro thy soul shall gae: Lament of mary of Scots.
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have; The Twa Dogs. 7.	Where is that soul of freedom fled? Liberty.
Sort, to. Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe, Fragment, inser. to Fox.	In love's delightful fetters, she chains the willing soul! S. Mark yonder Pomp †
How I did wi' the Session sort What ails ye now t	My soul, delightless, a surveys, . S. O Logan! sweetly t
Sot. 'I'll nail the self-conceited sot, As dead's a herrin: Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.	And sigh'd bis very soul. S. On a bank of flowers † And wake the soul to musings high. On Lincluden.
If ony whiggish whingin sot, . El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.	Ve suit the joyless tenor of my soul.
Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified Sot,	On Death of R. Dundas. But tearing Peggy from my soul
The folly Beggars. S. II. Sough [a heavy sigh; the moaning of the wind].	Must be a stronger death
My heart for fear gae sough for sough,	With soul resolved, with soul resigned; . Poet. Inscription.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Life, thou soul of every blessing, . , S. Raving winds t



Her eye, ev'n turn'd on empty space,	Spare my love, thou feath'ry snaw, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting † My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller.
Beam'd keen with Honor. The Vision. D. I. 10.	S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t
Some, bounded to a district-space,	My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller, He canna ha'e love to spare for me.
Or knappin-hammers. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 11.	S. O meikle thinks my love t
Collects his spades, his mattocks and his hoes,	But spare and pardon my false Love, . S. O mirk, mirk †
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
Spae [to foretell, to divine].	Long, long he pleas'd to spare; O Thou dread Pow'r †
'As seek the foul Thief onie place, 'For him to spae your fortune:	But spare a Mother's tears!
Spail [a chip of wood, a splinter].	But spare me, spare me Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in to What a canty warld were it,
But smash them! crash them n' to spails! Add. of Beelzebub.	Would pain and care, and sickness spare it; . Poem on Life.
Spain. Th' Inquisitor of Spain the most expert, The Vowels.	Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare't.
Spairan (sparing).	Ronalds of Bennals.
Black [Russell] is na spairan: The Holy Fair. 21.	But spare poor Sensibility The ungentle, harsh rebuke. Rusticity's ungainly t
Spairge [to dash, or scatter about; to soil as with	Ye canting Zealots, spare him! Tam Samson's El., Epit.
mud].	The marled plaid ye kindly spare, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
A name not Envy spairges)	But, oh! respect his lordship's taste,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie, . Add. to the Deil.	And spare his golden bindings The Book-IVorms.
Spak [did speak].	If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan', But naething spak; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
It spak right howe—'My name is Death,'	Spare them age day
'The wife slade cannie to her bed,	To spare thee now is past my pow'r, To a Mountain-Daisy. Spare me thy veageance, G[alloway] To Lord G.
But ne'er spak mair 1b. 26.	Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
Spak o' louping o'er a lina; S. Duncan Gray t	O' mony flow'ry simmers! To Mr. M'Adam.
And oh! her een they spak sic things! Ib.	F[intry], my other stay, long bless and spare !
Out spak' a dame in wrinkled eild, S. In simmer when t	To R. G of F., 9.
If Denmark, any body spak o't; . Kind Sir, I've read t	Spared, -'d.
He spak o' the darts o' my bonie black een,	A lovin' father I'll be to thee, If thou be spar'd; . Add. to Illegit. Child.
S. Last May, a braw wooter	O Death, hadst thou but spar'd his life,
Ye spak' na, but gaed by like stoure; S. O Tibbie!	Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
As cauld a minister's ever spak; On Kirk of Lamington. He gaped wide, but paething spak, The Death of Mailie.	When your pen can be spared, P.S. to " The Kirk's Alarm."
	I turn'd my weeding henk aside, An' spar'd the symbol dear. The Ans. to the Guidwife.
And spak wi' modest grace, The Election Ballads. I. Then up spak mim-mou'd Meg o' Nith,	An' spar'd the symbol dear. The Ans. to the Guidwife. Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd;
And she spak up wi' pride,	The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Then brandy Jean spak owre her drink, Ib.	If he be spar'd to be a beast, The Inventory.
an' laughan as she spak, The Holy Fair. 4.	But if the beast and branks be spar'd Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Bout whom ye spak the tither day, . To Gav. Hamilton.	Consider The Lorent Line but spends. The Laure
But spak their thoughts in plain braid lallans,	A' day they [the birds] fare but sparely; S. Up in the morning.
Like you or me 10 W. Simpson. P.S	S. Up in the morning.
Span. How little of life's scanty span mny remain; S. The lazy mist †	Spark. Then let us fight about, 'Till freedom's spark is out, Add. to Dumourier.
Did many talents gild thy span? . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 13.
Span-lang.	It may escape the courtly sparks, . S. O this is no my ain
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns; Tamo' Shanter. 11.	Sparkle. Let love sparkle in her e'e; S. Jockey fou,
Span, to.	The wily Mother sees the conscious flame
That sweetly ye might span S. A. Mastrin's bonie Anne.	Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
Spaniard.	Sparkling, -in'.
If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss, Were sayin or takin aught amiss: . Kind Sir, I've read t	The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss! Innocence
Spanish. The Spanish empire's tint a head, El. on Year 1788.	For sparkling was the rosy wine, . S. O May thy morn
	And the glancin' of her sparklin' e'en. S. On Cessnock banks t
Spare. And deal from iron hands the spare repast; . Ep. fr. Esopus.	An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en. [re.] Ib.
Chang to But my Chloric spare me !	An' chiefly in her sparklin' e'en
Spare, O spare my love! . S. Ay waking, O †	An' she has twa sparkling rogueish een. [re.] Ib., Sett II.
A man may tak a neebor's part,	well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Yet hae nae cash to spare him Ep. to Young Friend.	In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
Maybe some ither thing they gie me	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 4.
They weel can spare. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 17. Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it! Ep. to J. R., 3.	What sparkling jewels glance, man! S. The Fête Champetre.
Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it! Ep. to J. R., 3. Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it,	And all ye many sparkling stars of night; To R. Graham.
Sae when ye hae an hour to spare,	And clos'd for ay, the sparkling glance S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams
The King's most humble servant, I	D. I'l down Windows in the ford specking e's
Can scarcely spare a minute; . Extem. to an Intimate.	But Kindness, sweet Kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e, S. You wild mossy mountains
O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes	Spate, Speat [a flood after heavy rain, or thaw].
Within my bosom swelling: S. Farcwell, thou stream	Nne hombast spates o' nonsense swell;
L-d weigh it down, and dinna spare, Holy Willie's Prayer. 13.	Poem on Pastoral Poetry
1100) 11 1100 11 1100 11 130	crashing ice, horne on the roaring speat, The Brigs of Ayr. 7
But for thy people's sake destroy 'em,	Spavet [having the spavin].
But for thy people's sake destroy 'em, And dinna spare	
O spare the dear blossom, ve orient breezes,	
O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes, S. How pleasant the banks	My spavet Pegasus will limp, Till ance he's fairly het; Ep. to Davie. 11.
O spare the dear hlossom, ye orient breezes, S. How pleasant the banks † But spare to speak, and spare to speed; S. I gaed a waefu'†	My spavet Pegasns will limp, Till ance he's fairly het; Ep. to Davie. 11. Spavie [the spavin].
O spare the dear hlossom, ye orient breezes, S. How pleasant the banks † But spare to speak, and spare to speed; S. I gaed a waefu!† He has nae love to spare for me: S. In simmer when!	My spavet Pegasus will limp. Till ance he's fairly het; Ep. to Davie. 11. Spavie (the spavin). Na, even the limpan wi' the spavie Frae door tae door. Second Ep. to Davie.
O spare the dear hlossom, ye orient breezes, S. How pleasant the banks † But spare to speak, and spare to speed; S. I gaed a waefu'†	My spavet Pegasus will limp, Till ance he's fairly het;

Speak.	And Co.,
For who can write and speak as thou and I? Ep. fr. Esopus.	And frae my chamber went wi' speed; S. The Lass that made the bed
Plain truth to speak; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 12.	Guid speed an' furder to you Johny, Third Ep. to J. Lap
But spare to speak, and spare to speed; S. I gaed a waefu' †	Ye little ken what cursed speed
Ye speak sae fair ; Second Ep. to Davie.	The blastie's makin! To a Louse Proclaim'd the speed of winged day. To Mary in Heaven
Speak out an' never fash your thumb. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 5.	Speed, to.
For G-d-sake, Sirs! then speak her fair, 1b. 18.	But spare to speak, and spare to speed; S. I gaed a waefu'
Till when ye speak, ye aiblins blether, [v.A.2] . Ib. P.	I'll wander on with tentless heed,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak:	How never-balting moments speed,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.	Tam o' Shanter. 8
Yet dare not speak my anguish S. The last time I † I speak, and do not flatter, S. The Joyful Widower.	Now do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
What words can ever speak affection So thrilling and sincere as thine! To a Kiss.	Speel [to climb]. Ah! now sma' beart hae I to speel The steep Parnassus, Poem on Life
Speaking, -in.	For [Moodie] speels the holy door, Wi'tidings o's-lv-tion. [v.A.22] . The Holy Fair. 12.
'But hark! I'll tell you of a plot.	If on a beastie I can speel,
'Tho' dinna ye he speakin o't; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30. Or speakin lightly o' their Limmer, . The Twa Dogs. 26.	
Speaking silence, dumb confession, To a Kiss.	Should I but dare a hope to speel, Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield, The braes o' fame; To W. Simpson
Spean [to wean].	Speel'd [climbed].
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal, Tam o' Shanter. 14.	ance that five an' forty's speel'd, To J. S., 13
Spear. while each corny spear Shoots up its head, El. on Capt. M. H., 12.	Speet [to spit, to pierce]. To speet him like n Pliver, . The Jolly Beggars. R. VI.
An' [Bruce] shook his Carrick spear, Halloween.	Speer v. Spier.
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears, John Barleycorn. The glittering spears are ranked ready, S. My bonic Mary.	Speir v. Spier. Spell.
Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	May guardian angels tak a spell, An' steer you seven miles south o' hell : Auld comrade
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.	
To R. G. of F.,	Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell O' witchin love, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Speat v. Spate.	Spell, to. Amaist as soon as I could spell,
Specific. And love a kinder—that's your grand specific. Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	I to the crambo-jingle fell, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, &
Specious. Much specious lore, but little understood; Sketch.	On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell, S. O were I on Parnass.
Speckled.	Spence [the country parlour].
sooty coots, and speckled teals; . El. on Capt. M. H., 8.	Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence . Poor Mailie's El.
Spectator.	Een i' the Spence, right pensivelle, I gaed to rest The Vision, D. I. 2.
A cool spectator purely! . The Election Ballads, VI. Spectre.	Spend.
Ye ugly glow'rin spectre? In Defence of a Lady.	Come let us spend the lightsome days In the birks of Aberfeldy. S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go
Sped.	The sweetest hours that e'er I spend, Are spent amang the lasses, O. [v.A.24]
Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, S. Fate gave the word t	Are spent among the lasses, O. [v.A.24] S. Green grow the Rashes.
How His first followers and servants sped; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	We hae pennies to spend, S. Hey ca' thro'.
Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped;	He will win a shilling Or he spend a groat.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped; The Election Eallads. III. The time, unheeded, sped away. The Lawest	S. Hey the dusty miller
	But some will spend, and some will spare, S. In simmer when † In wars at hame I'll spend my blood,
Speech. Nor meikle speech pretend, The Election Ballads, I.	Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav
Nor meikle speech pretend, The Election Ballads. I. Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend, The Whistle. 9.	I bae a penny to spend, S. Naebody.
May I be slander's common speech; To W. Creech.	There I'll spend the day wi' you, S. Now rosy May t
They took nae pains their speech to balance.	And life's poor season peaceful spend. On searing Water-fowl.
To W. Simpson. P.S.	I've little to spend, and naething to lend, Ronalds of Bennals. And spend the gear they win.
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasures C. Po. 472	And spend the gear they win
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure; S. By Allan stream † Of speechless grief, and dark despair:	The Cotter's Sat. Night.
S. O stay squeet quarkling t	"To spend an hour in daffin: The Holy Fair. 5.
peed.	Spen't [spend it].
At Brooses thou had ne'er a fellow, For pith an' speed; A Guid New-Yeart 9.	And spen't at night fu' brawlie: . S. My Collier Laddie.
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, Wi' wicked speed; Add, to the Deil, o	Spent. The sweetest hours that e'er I spent, Are spent among the lassies, O. (v.A. 24) Green grow the Raphes
In ploughman phrase 'God send you speed,' Eb. to Young Friend, II.	When I think on the lightsome days I spent wi' thee, my dearie; S. How lang and dreary † And spent the chearful, festive night:
But take it [fortune's road] like the unbacked filly, Proud o' her speed. , Eb, to Mai, Logan	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.,
If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue, Your speed will out-rival the dart:	But wad hae spent an hour caressan, Ev'n wi' a Tinkler-gipsey's messan; . The Twa Dogs.
Extem. pinned to a Coach. With doubling speed and gathering force, Frag. of Ode. Wi'l bindly bleet, when the did on bird.	How I had spent my youthfu' prime, An' done nae-thing, When I think on the happy days
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him, She ran wi' speed: Poor Mailie's El., The Laird o' Breaked has been as his and	1 spent wi' you, my dearie; . S. When I think on t
The Laird o' Braehead has been on his speed, Ronalds of Bennals. An' to the muckle house repair,	Spew. Or fricassee, wad mak her spew Wi' perfect sconner, To a Haggis.
An' to the muckle house repair, Konalds of Ennals. Wi' instant speed, The Author's Cry and Prayer. With headlong speed rush'd to the charge, The Election Ballads. VI.	I sat and ey'd the spewing reek, The Vision. D. I. 3. Spey.
The Election Ballads. VI.	We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
	The state of the s

Sphere.	Made have shall be to the total
And virtue's light that heams beyond the sphere:	Mark, how their lofty independent spirit Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!
And virtue's light that beams beyond the spheres: El. on Miss Burnet.	Et. to R. Granze 5.
And sing their pleasures, hopes an joys, In some mild sphere, Ep. to J. L- &, Ap. 2152, 13.	Let Meg now take away the flesh, And Jock bring in the spirit! At Globe Tare, D.
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.	Let my Mary's kindred spirit Draw your choicest influence down. S. High! Mary
In that blest sphere alone we live and move :	Whisp ring spirits round my pillow Talk of him that's far awa. S. Musing on the roaring t
The Rights of Woman. Strive in thy humble sphere to shine: The Vision. D. II. 21.	Spirits kind, again attend me, Talk of him that's far awa!
Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres. Only to number out a villain's years! To R. Graham.	Within whase bosom save Despair
Only to number out a villain's years! To R. Graham.	Nae kinder spirits dwell S. Now Spring has class t
Spicy. Spicy forests, ever gay. S. Streams that glide* The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-hubbling fountains	Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit, Prolique, at Th., D.,
The Slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling foundains. S. Their grown of	She fell-but fell with spirit truly Roman, Scots Prologue.
Spider. thy spider scare O' held's damned waft. Poemen Life.	He glows with all the spirit of the Bard. The Brigs of Ayr. How would your spirits groan in deep vexation 13. q.
Spied [speed]. When to the loughs the Curiers flock. Wi glessome spied, Tam Samson's El.	I'd break her stirit, or I'd break her heart :
Spied r. Spy'd. Spier, Speir, Speer ito ask, inquire; "spier your price," ask you in marriage; "speer in for,"	The Hengecked Husband. Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.
call in and ask for.	The Rights of Woman. 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore. 'They ardeat, kindling spirits pour; The Vision. D. II. 5.
A: kith or kin I needna speir, Gin I saw ane and twenty. S. And O fir are and twenty +	They ardent, kindling spirits pour; The Vision. D. 11.5.
'Mair spier ca. cor fear ca' Ep. to Datie. 2.	Friend of my life! my ardent spirit burns. To R. Graham. wi' holy robes, But hellish spirit. To Rev. J. M'Math.
Now we're married spier nae mair, S. First when Massy t	No vengeful spirit hid him fear; S. To thee, lov d Nitht
She did na wait on talkin	Spiritus.
To spier that night. Halloween. 12. The deil a ane would spier your price,	Unious Spiritus of capons; . Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.
Were ye as poor as 1	Spiritual, Sp'ritual ["sp'ritual burn," aquavitæ]. "Nor 'mang the sp'ritual core present them.
An' hardly in a winter season. E'er spier her [my Muse's] price. Switch Drink. 14.	Lns ald. to J. Ranken. What are they [priests] pray! but spiritual Excisemen.
	Lns on Window, A.'s Arms.
For us and for our Stage, should ony spier, Scots Prologue. And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in,
Speer in for bonie Eessy; The Tarbolton Lasses.	And [Bards] ken the lingo of the spiritual folk;
Spier'd, -'t [asked, inquired].	The Brigs of Ayr 4.
An' sae about him there I spier't; Ep. to J. L-k. Ap. 1st, 5. I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet.	Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, seize your sp'ritual guns. The Kirk's Alarm. 17.
S. Last May a craw wecert	"Should ever prove your spiritual foe, What ails ye now t
Spiky. The progress of the spiky blade. Add. to Shade of Thomson.	Spite.
Spill. And time nae langer spill jo: . S. O steer her up t	And gart me weet my waukrife winkers, Wi' girnan spite Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.
The Angua Inda had one made will	Driv'n by Fortunes felly spite S. Frae the friends t
That day their neebour's blude to spill; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	In spite at her plumage he [Phœbus] tried his skill: S. The heather was blooming t
Spin.	S. The heather was obsoming † Last day I grat will spite and teen. The Petition of Br. Water. While new-light hards millanghing spite.
And she held o'er the moors to spin; S. Duncan Durison. And spin 2 verse or two o'rhyme, Ep. to Duriso.	The Petition of Br. Water.
I'll sit me down and sing and spin.	Say neither's liein' The Twa Herds. 9.
S. The Contented Cottager. I think my wife will end her life,	Mysel, I've ev'n seen them greetan Wi' girnan spite. To W. Simpson, P.S
Before she spin her tow S. The weary Pund.	Spite of, Spite o'.
Gae spin your tap o' tow!	in spite of his fine theoretic positions, Frag., inser. to Fox.
Spindle, -Te. I made a poker of the spin'le. The Inventory. His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, To a Haggis.	In spite o' a' the thievish kaes That haunt St. Jamie's!
Spinnin.	That haunt St. Jamie's! The Author's Cry and Prayer. 24.
The cardin o't, the spinnin o't.	And staw'd a branch, spite o' the deil, The Tree of Liberty.
The warpin ot, the winnin o't; S. The cardin o't.	Who holdly dare thy cause maintain In spite of foes: . To Rev. J. M'Math.
Spinnin-graith (spinning implements). Then Meg took up her spinnin-graith,	In spite o' crowds, in spite a' mo'as,
And flang them a out o'er the burn. S. Duncan Davison.	In spite of undermining jobs, In spite o' dark banditti stabs
Spinning-wheel, Spinnin wheel.	Spitefu', An' skiented on the man of Uzz,
Rock and reel and spinnin wheel, S. Gat ye me, † Ye're safer at your spinning wheel; O leave noteth †	Your spitefu' joke? Add. to the Deil. 17. Perhaps upon his mould ring breast
Ye're safer at your spinning wheel; O leave movels? On leeze me on my spinning-wheel, [re.]	Some spitefu muirfowl bigs her nest, [v.A. 1:]
S. The Contented Cottager.	Spittle. Tam Samson's El
Where blythe I turn my spinning-wheel	'I wad na' mind it, no that spittle
Can they the peace and pleasure feel	'I wad na' mind it, no that spittle 'Ont-owre my beard.' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10. Splatter. But the dell prose-folk latin splatter
Of Bessy 2: her spinning-wheel?	Splatter. But tho' dull prose-folk latin splatter In logic tulzie. To W. Simpson, P.S. Spleen.
'May ne er his gen'rous, honest heart.	
For that same gen rous spirit smart! A Ded to G. H., 14. Let William Hislop give the spirit . A Grace.	spleen e en worse than Burns venom . Ep. Jr. Esopus. A bard who detested all sadness and spleen. The Whistle. 11
They'll keep their stubborn. Highland spirit. Add. of Beelselus.	Spleeny, spleeny English, hanging, drowning.
And thy poor worthless daddy's spirit, Add to Hilegit Child.	Improm. on Mrs. —'s Birthday. Splendid. Or owre the lays, in splendid blaze. Halloween.
"Nae bitter blast," the spirit replies,	And all the splendid scene's decayed; . On Lincluden.

Ilk Sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father;

Tam Samson's El., 12.

When August winds the heather wave, And Sportsmen wander by you grave,

Spot. How on this spot he first unsheath'd the sword

Add. to Edinburgh.

Splendour, -dor.

There Architecture's noble pride Bids elegance and splendour rise;

In all the splendour Fortune can bestow! Lns on Fergusson.

The engle's gaze alone surveys	Spot. How on this spot he first unsheath'd the sword Scots Prologue.
The sun's meridian splendor: S. Lovely Davies.	"An' meet you on the holy spot; The Holy Fair. 6.
Spleuchan [a tobacco-pouch].	Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot,
Because we've stang'd her through the place, And hurt her spleuchan, Adam A -'s Prayer.	For which they never toil'd nor swat; To J. S., 17.
'Diel mak his king's hood in a spleuchan!'	The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doddie, . S. Willie Wastle.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.	Spotless. As spotless as she's bonie, O; S. Behind you hills t
Splore [a frolic, a riot, a noise].	These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck That spotless breast o' thine; S. Behold, my love †
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore, Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.	'Tis the soft, spotless, vestal train, On Lincluden.
Holy Wille's Prayer, 12.	She's spotless as the flow'ring thorn S. On Cessnock banks †
Wha dearly like a random-splore; On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. In Poosie-Nansie's held the splore, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	There Isabella's spotless worth
Spoil. Thy sair-won, rightful spoil.	Shall happy he at last Sad thy tale, †
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.	With native worth, and spotless fame, To Chloris.
Amid his hapless victim's spoil. Lns, on Back of Bank Note.	Spotting. Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,
Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils.	The Brigs of Ayr. 7. Spouse. "My spouse Nancy?" . S. Husband, husband, †
The Brigs of Ayr.	M'Murdo and his lovely spouse, The Election Ballads. VI.
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil; The Whistle. 7.	Spout,
Spoil, to. Our father's blude the kettle bought!	in their random, wanton spouts, The Petition of Br. Water.
And wha wad dare to spoil it? . S. Does haughty Gaul, †	Sprackled [clambered].
Snoil'd. The blood-stain'd roost, and sheep-cote spoil'd.	Sae far I sprackled up the brae, . On dining with Daer.
My heart forgets, A Winter Night. 5.	Sprang.
Spoiler.	The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest, S. To Mary in Heaven
Ere the spoiler had nipt thee in blossom, On Death of fav. Child.	Sprattle [to struggle, to scramble].
Spoke. Great Nature spoke, with air benign, Nature's Law.	And thro' the drift, deep-lairing, sprattle, Beneath a scar A Winter Night. 3.
But, to my comfort be it spoke.	Beneath a scar A Winter Night. 3. There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle, To a Louse.
Now, now her life is ended. S. The Joyful Widower.	Sprawl.
Spoken. Wi' reverence be it spoken; On dining with Daer.	There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle, To a Louse.
But fate the word has spoken: The Election Ballads. VI.	Sprawlin'. Sprawlin' like a taed. The Election Ballads. IV.
Spontoon.	Spray. Nor quit for me the trembling spray,
From the gilded Spontoon to the Fife I was ready, The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	S. O stay, sweet warbling t
Spoon.	O were my love you vi'let sweet,
An' merry hae I been shapin a spoon; S. O merry hae I been †	That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray; S. O were my love †
Sport. Now nae langer sport and play,	While hirds rejoice on every spray;
Mirth or sang can please me ; S. Blythe ha'e I been †	S. On Cessnock banks † Sctt. II.
Then wi' a rhyme or song he lash't 'em [poverty, care] And thought it sport. El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.	Rosebuds bent the dewy spray; S. Phillis the Fair.
I straiket it a wee for sport, Ep. to J. R., 8.	That hop from spray to spray To Clarinda.
A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife,	The birds sang love on ev'ry spray, To Mary in Heaven.
Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	Spread. Wi' weel spread looves, an' lang, wry faces; A Ded. to G. H., q.
Their sports were cheap an' cheary: Halloween. 28.	An spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
Love to love maks a' the sport S. Jockey fou, †	Wi' pith an' pow'r, A Gude New-Year t
While healths gae round to him wha, tight, Gies famous sport. [v.A.25] Scotch Drink. 12.	In all its crimson glory spread, S. A Rosebud by
Gies famous sport. [v.A. 25]	And spreads her sheets o' daisies white Out o'er the grassy lea: Lament of Mary of Scots.
The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	She's gane, like Alexander,
production of the second of th	To spread her conquests farther. S. O saw ye bonie L. †
An' ev'n their sports, their balls an' races, Ib. 31.	Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires,
Sport, to.	S. Slow spreads the gloom †
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport, S. Caledonia. Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport, Despondency, an Ode. 5.	But pleasures are like poppies spread, . Tam o' Shanter. 7. Wi' her twa white hands she spread it down;
Amang the rocks an' streams	S. The Lass that made the bed.
To sport that night, Halloween.	The fruitful top is spread on high, The 1st Ps.
She summon'd every social sprite,	Low, in a sandy valley spread, . The Vision. D. I. 15.
That sports by wood or water, . The Fête Champetre.	Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread, To a Mountain-Daisy.
Sported. Where early life I sported; S. When wild War's † Sporting, -'In.	Spreading.
L-d, I'se hae sportin by an' by, Ep. to J. R., S.	That wakes through the green-spreading grove, S. Adown winding Nith †
'I daur you try sic sportin,	spreading beech and tapering elm, . As on the banks †
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,	O'erhung wi' fragrant sprending shaws,
On seeing wounded Hare.	S. Bonie lassie, will ye go†
An' send him to his dicing hox, An' sportin lady. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	And see the waves sae sweetly glide Beneath the hazels spreading wide, . S. Ca' the Ewes.
Not the little sporting fairy,	Beneath the hazels spreading wide, S. Ca' the Ewes. I see the spreading leaves and flowers, S. Craigie-burn Wood.
All beneath the summer moon: S. Turn again, thou fair †	Whyles cooket underneath the brnes,
Sportive.	Below the spreading hazle Unseen Halloween. 25.
Her looks are like the sportive lamb, S. On Cessnock banks †	Through the hazel's spreading wide S. Hark! the mavis't
And teach the sportive younkers round, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	With green spreading bushes, and flow'rs blooming fair;
Sportsman.	S. How pleasant the banks t you moors, Out-spreading far and wide,
The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry, The flutt'ring, gory pinion! . S. Now westlin winds †	Man was made to Mourn.
The flutt'ring, gory pinion! . S. Now westlin winds +	To deck her gay green spreading bowers; S. Now rosy May t

The spreading thorn [o'erhangs] the Linnet S. Now westlin winds t She wanders by you spreading tree: S. O wat re wha's in t I see the flowers and spreading trees. S. Sweet fa's the exet The rough burr-thistle spreading wide The Ans. to the Guidwife. Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom! S. The Banks of Nith. In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb.. And bonie spreading bushes. . The Petition of Br. Water.

Its branches spreading wide, man, . The Tree of Liberty. By mony a flow'r and spreading tree, S. Where Cart rins t Spreckled [speckled].

Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !

Wi's spreckled breast, To a Mountain-Daisy.

A sprig her fair breast to adora; Spoke extem. to yng Lady. By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear: To R. G. of F., 5. Sprightly. On sprightly coursers prance; . Halloween.

Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit, Prologue, at Th., D.. How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear, S. The lazy mist †

Youth and Love with sprightly dance, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.

Spring [a quick air in music; a Scotch reel].

I've play'd mysel a bonie spring, An' danc'd my fill!. . Ep. to I. R. 6. He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,

S. Farewell, ve dungeons t The night was still t the o'erword o' the spring

the o'erword o the opening But Charlie gat the spring to pay For kissin' Theniel's honie Mary. S. T. Menz.'s bonie Mary.

He play'd our cousin Kate a spring, When fient a body bade him. . There came a piper t Spring [season].

in the merry months o' Spring, . A Winter Night. 4. While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood, Unfolds her tender mantle green,

Add. to Shade of Thomson. That scatters blight in early spring? . As on the banks't Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' honie white yewes

S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft † The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing; . . S. Bonie Bell. The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer, . . . 1b. Till smiling Spring again appear. .

The haunt o' Spring's the primrose brae,
S. By Allan stream † The pride of the spring in the Craigie-hurn wood, S. Craigie-burn Wood.

Spring, thou darling of the year; . El. on Capt. M. H., 12. That brilliant gift will so enrich me [winter], Spring, summer, autumn, cannot match me

Improm., on Mrs. -'s Birthday. But the chearful Spring came kindly on, John Barleycorn. The spring shall return to thy low narrow hed,

On Death of fav. Child.
Tasting the breathing spring. . . S. Phillis the Fair. Thou young-eyed Spring, thy charms I cannot bear; Sonnet, on Death of R ..

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet, Me, mem'ry of my loss will only meet. [v.A.10] a' the pride of Spring's return . S. Sweet fa's the eve t Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring; The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

Her plumage outlustred the pride o' the spring,
S. The heather was blooming t As canty as ever a bird in the spring. S. The Poor Thresher.

As canty as ever a mine so Peace, the tenderest flower of Spring;

Wr. in Hermitage at F.C. " Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,

Lament for Glencairu.

And the next flowers, that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave. Lament of Mary of Scots. As I was a wand'ring ae morning in spring, S. Lns on a Ploughman.

Now Spring has clad the grove in green, S. Now Spring has clad †

"The little swallow's wanton wing. "Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring, . S. O Phelv.t

And doubly welcome be the spring, The season to my Lucy dear. S. O wat ye wha's in t

O were my love you lilac fair, With purple blossoms to the spring; S. O were my love ! And spring will cleed the hirken shaw:

S. Oh. how can I be blythe t As blooming spring unbends the brow Of surly, savage winter. S. Young Peggy †

Spring.

O ye wha leave the springs o' C-ly-n. For gumlie dubs of your ain delvin! A Ded. to G. H., 10. Amang the springs, . Add, to the Deil. 8.

He knows each cord its various tone, Each spring its various bias : Add. to Unco Guid. 8.

Swiftly seek, on clanging wings, Other lakes and other springs; . On scaring Water-fowl, Ae spring brought off her master hale, Tam o' Shanter. 18. Ilk wimpling burn, ilk chrystal spring, The Fête Champetre.

Enjoying large each spring and well As Nature gave them me, 77 The Petition of Br. Water. And every new cork is a new spring of joy : The IVhistle. 12. Spring, to. To mark the sweet flowers as they spring :

S. Adown winding Nith t In vain to me the vi'lets spring; S. Again rejoicing Nature † And B[urn]s' spring, her fame to sing, Nature's Law. And scattered cowslips sweetly spring; S. Now bank and bract

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs S. Now Spring has clad t And the moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
S. Now westlin winds t

There's not a honie flower that springs,

Deformation show or green; . . S. Of a' the airts † S. On a bank of flowers t Away affrighted springs.

What secret charm to mem'ry brings All that on Evan's border springs? S. Slow spreads the gloom t

All that on Evan's botton opening.

Nae mair the flow'r in field or meadow springs;

The Brigs of Ayr. from the hills where springs the brawling Coil, . . . 16. 7.

From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs The Cotter's Sat. Night, 10. Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
S. The heather was blooming t

Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land! The Petition of Br. Water.

Springing, -an.

I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing,
S. I dream'd I lay t The springing lilies sweetly press'd, S. On a bank of flowers t There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith,

Are springan owre the gutters. . . The Holy Fair. 7.

And every flower be springing. S. The yng Highl. Rovert The rosy dawn, the springing grass, . S. Young Peggy † Spring-tide.

At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood,

To W. Simpson. 11. But boils up in a spring-tide flood! . Sprinkle.

And sprinkle it wi' freshest dews . . S. O were my love t Sprite. Horrid sprites shall haunt you. S. Husband, husband t

What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed, . 16. 11. At sight of whom [Peace] our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath.

Sprittle [full of sprits, rushy].

Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' risket, Sp'rit v. Spirit; Sp'ritual v. Spiritual.

Sprout. Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik: S. Lady Mary Ann.

May sprout like simmer puddock-stools . To W. Crcech. Sprung. An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid; A Ded. to G. H. That's newly sprung in June; . . S. A red. red Rose. From some of your northern deities sprung: S. Caledonia. Sprung from night, in darkness lost; IVr. in Friars-Carse H.

Sprush [spruce, smart]. Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush,
S. Cock up your beaver. His bonnet he A thought ajee, Cock'd sprush

S. The tither morn t

Some spumy, fiery, ignis fatuus matter ; Ep. to R. Graham. 3. Spunk [fire, mettle; a spark].

For life and spunk like ither Christians,

I'm dwindled down to mere existence, Ep. to H. Parker. O for a spunk o' Allan's glee, Et. to I. L-k. At. 1st. 14. The Jolly Beggars. R. VII. That show'd a man o' spunk, We'll light a spunk, and, ev'ry skin,

We'll rin them aff in fusion Like oil, some day.

The Ordination. 11. Spunkie [full of spirit]. Erskine, a spunkie norland billie; The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14. Spunkle [whisky].

And spunkie, ance to make us mellow
And then we'll shine, To Mr. J. Kennedy. Spunkies [Wills o' the wisp].

An' nft your moss-traversing Spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is: Add. to the Deil. 13.

Fays, Spunkies, Kelpies, a', they can explain them.

The Bries of Ayr. 4.

Spur. B-rg-ne gaed up, like spur an' whip, A Fragment. 4. Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle

O' saugh or hazle. . A Guid New-Year † 10.
urs did ride. . The Election Ballads. V. Wi' winged spurs did ride, .

Spurn.

And I shall spurn as vilest dust,
The warld's wealth and grandeur; S. Come, let me take t

And see his lordly fellow-worm, Man was made to Mourn, The poor petition spurn,

Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son, Poet. Add. to Tytler. One shakes the forest, and one spurns the ground :

To R. G. of F .. Dost thou spurn the humble vale? Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Spuru'd.

If thou uncommon merit hast, Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Spurning. Soars on the spurning wing of injur'd merit!

Ep. to R. Graham, 5. Dost thou not rise, indignant Shade,

And smile wi' spurning scorn,

Extent, on Comments of Thomson. Which spurning contempt shall redeem from his ire.

Monody, on a Lady. Spurtle-blade [a sword. A "spurtle" is a stick for stirring porridge, &c., while being boiled.

But now he's quat the spurtle-blade, On Grose's Peregrinations.

Spy. Her pretty ancle is a spy, Betraying fair proportion, . S. Sae flaxen t

Spy, to. Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him, She ran wi' speed : Poor Mailie's El..

Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.

Brydon's brave Ward I well could spy, Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye; [v.A. 4] The Vision. D. I.

I wad na been surpriz'd to spy You on an auld wife's flainen toy;

Spy'd, Spied. Amang them I spied my faithless, fause lover, S. As I was a-wand ring I spy'd a man, whose aged step

Seem'd weary, worn with care; Man was made to mourn. Wha spied I but my ain dear maid, S. When wild War's t Spying.

Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch; The Brigs of Ayr, 4. Squad.

Ye'll find mankind an unco squad, Ep. to Young Friend, 2. Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly

Ep. to Maj. Logan, Q. A mixie-maxie motely squad, Lns to J. Ranken.

To liken them to your auld-warld squad. To liken them to your auld-warm squase.

I must needs say, comparisons are odd.

The Brigs of Ayr. 10.

He rails at our mountebank squad, The Jolly Beggars. S. III. The rambling squad: . . . To J. S., 28. Squadron.

Squadrons extended long and large, The Election Ballads. I'I. I've ta'en the gold an heen enroll'd

The Jolly Beggars. S. VI. In many a noble squadron;

But now his Honor mann detach, Wi'a' his brimstone squadrons, Fast, fast

The Ordination. 10. A Winter Night. 8, Squalid. in Mis'ry's squalid nest, Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age, To R. G. of F., 5.

Square. An' never think o' right an' wrang By square an' rule, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6. Squatter'd [fluttered in water like a wild duck, &c.].

Awa ye squatter'd like a drake, . . Add. to the Deil. 8. Squattle [to lie squat, to sprawl].

To a Louse. Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle; Squeak. Till presently he hears a squeak, . Halloween, 10.

An' then a grane an' gruntle; Squeak, to. And heard the restless rattons squeak
About the riggin. . The Vision. D. I. 3. About the riggin. .

Squeel [school; a great number of people]. When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels, S. Amang the trees t

Squeel [a scream, screech]. His eldritch squeel an' gestures, . The Holy Fair, 13.

Squeel, to [to scream, screech]. Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror ! A Ded. to G. H., 10. To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me, An' hear us squeel!

. Add. to the Deil. 2. That gars the notes of discord squeel, Add, to Toothache. Saueeze.

Rheumatics guaw, or cholic squeezes; . Add. to Toothache. Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 17.

The caput mortuum of gross desires Makes a material, for mere knights and squires;

Ep. to R. Graham. 2. Here passes the Squire on his brother-his horse;

S. No Churchman am I t Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches
O' heathen tatters: Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

Ye Irish lords, ye knights an' squires, Wha represent our Brughs an' Shires

The Author's Cry and Prayer.

Squire Hal besides had in this case Pretensions rather brassy, . . The Dean of Fac.

And there, sae grave, Squire Cardoness The Election Ballads. V.

Saulreship.

When mighty Squireships of the quorum, Their hydra drouth did sloken. On dining with Daer. St. Jamie's.

In spite o' a' the thievish kaes
That haunt St. Jamie's! The Author's Cry and Prayer. St. Mary's.

And there will be folk frae St. Mary's
A house of great merit and note; The Election Ballads. III. St. Mary's Isle.

Tho' wit and worth, in either sex, The Election Ballads. II. St. Mary's Isle can shaw that,

Stab. In spite o' dark banditti stabs At worth an merit, . To Rev. J. M'Math. Stable.

And at night, in barn or stable, Hug our doxies on the hay. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. Stable-meal [liquor, &c., consumed in an inn to pay for the stabling of your horse].

An' Stable-meals at Fairs were driegh, A Guid New-Year † 8. Stacher [to stagger].

The expectant wee-things, toddlan, stacher through The Cotter's Sat. Night.

Stacher'd, -'t [staggered].

I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay
To free the ditches; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.

A land that prose did never view it, Except when drunk he stacher't thro' it: Ep. to H. Parker. Stack. He marches thro' among the stacks, Halloween. 18.

the Stack he faddom't thrice, . . . the Stack he faddom't tirrice, .
'Twas when the stacks get on their winter hap,

The Brigs of Ayr.

At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail, The Death of Mailie.

Stack [stuck]. Figur a heak had I, Yet I stack by him S. Robin shure in hairst. The gray hairs yet stack to the heft; . Tam o' Shanter. 11.

Stackvard. Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard, The Twa Dogs. 33. Stage.

S

Staggering.

Staff. Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
"To keep me sicker; Death and Dr. Hornbook,

Now when ye're nickan down fu' cany
The staff o' bread, . Third Ep. to J. Lap...

For us and for our Stage, should ony spier, Scots Prologue.

Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie A Guid New-Year t

Stagger, to, 'L-d, five!' he cry'd, an' owre did stagger;

Stagger. Maria's jaunty stagger, .

Then staggering, an' swaggering, He roar'd this ditty up

Staggie [dim. of stag].

Ep. fr. Esopus.

Tam Samson's El., 11.

The Jolly Beggars. R. I.

Stalking.

Stalwart.

Stammer.

Stammer, to.

'I saw thee leave their evining joys, 'And lonely stalk,' .

His likeness cam' up the house stalking,

Staik'd. Reluctant, E stalk'd in ; . . . The Vowels,

Stalk'd round his ashes lowly laid, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.

The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,

The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

A stern and stalwart ghaist arise, [v.A.20] . . . A Vision.

I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer, . To W. Creech.

The Vision. D. II. 15.

I nou could hae gaen like ony staggie A Guia New-Year	The definal bounds are
Staid, Stay'd.	The doited beastie stammers; On W. Chalmers.
For had ye staid whole weeks awa',	Stammer'd.
Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. Epit. on a Wag.	An how he star'd and stammer'd, . On dining with Daer.
And them that stay'd gat fearfu' thuds,	Stamp.
Staig. S. The Taylor he cam t	The rank is but the guinea's stamp, S. The Honest Man.
	Stamp, to.
Redoubted Staig who set at nought The wildest savage Tory, . The Election Ballads, VI.	He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear, The Twa Dogs. 13.
Staig [a young horse not yet broken for riding or	Stampan.
work to stallion)	He's stampan, an' he's jumpan! The Holy Fair. 13.
'Its neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave, S. There liv'd ance a carlet	Stamp-office. And there will be stamp-office Johnie,
I shall crave, S. There liv'd ance a carlet	The Election Ballads. III.
Stain.	Stan'[stand].
If thou art staunch without a stain, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.	It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
In window fair, the painted pane	But naething spak; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.
No longer glows with holy stain, On Lincluden,	Stan', to [to stand].
There commix'd with foulest stains	Their bauldest thought's a hank ring swither,
From tyranny's empurpled hands: S. Streams that glide	To stan' or rin, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Tho' blotch't an' foul wi' mony a stain, To Rev. J. M'Math.	On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
Stain, to. Or trouth! ye'll stain the Mitre	And swears that there they shall stan', O. S. The Cooper o' cuddy †
Some luckless day A Dream. 12.	
O, may no son the father's honor stain. Blest be M'Murdo +	
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,	While they maun stan', wi'nspect humble, The Twa Dogs.
The place and time I met my dearie! S. By Allan stream	Stan't [stood; 'wad stan't,' would have stood].
Ere my poor soul such deep damnation stain,	But he wad stan't, as glad to see him, . The Twa Dogs.
My hornie fist assume the plough again; Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Stand. "Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand
O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,	Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Epit. for Author's Father.	Stand, to.
A coof like him wou'd stain your [Sir deil's] name,	Thy creature here before Thee stands, All wretched and distrest; . A Prayer under Anguish.
Epit. on Holy Willie.	
An' stain them wi' the sant, saut tear:	O Lord, when hunger pinches sore, Do thou stand us in stead, At Globe Taz., D.
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	If ye'll but stand to what ye've said, . S. Ca' the Ewes,
That clarty barm should stain my laurels; Searching auld t	
Whose holy priesthood nane can stain,	
For wha can dye the black? The Election Ballads. V.	While Death stands victor by, S. From thee, Eliza, †
No fear more, no tear more,	We'll let her stand a year or twa, . S. My love she's but t
To stain my lifeless face,	Lang may she [Coila] stand to prop the land, Nature's Law.
Stain'd. But thoughtless follies laid him low,	Stand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O gude ale comes †
And stain'd his name! . A Bard's Epit.	But wi' a Lord—stand out my shin, On Dining with Daer
Follies and crimes have stain'd the name	But now unroof'd their palace stands,
On Duke of Queensberry.	On Window at Stirling,
Stair.	when they winna stand the test, Scots Prologue.
A female form, [Benevolence] came from the tow'rs of Stair:	Freeman stand, or freeman fa', S. Scots, wha ha'e t
The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	Stand forth and tell you Premier Vonth,
Stairs. But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd up stairs, S. No Churchman am I †	The honest, open, naked truth:
Stake.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4.
He [Fox] swept the stakes awa', man, . A Fragment. 7.	In gath'rin votes you were na slack, Now stand as tightly by your tack:
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake, . Add. to the Deil. S.	Where royal cities stately stand; . S. The Banks of Nith.
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—	And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle.
Still hae a stake	The Cotter's Sat. Night, 20.
While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake,	Like brothers they'll stand by each other;
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st.	The Election Ballads. III.
Whar damned devils roar and yell,	Here stands a shed to fend the show'rs, The Holy Fair. 9.
Chain'd to a stake. Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.	What the', with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks,
Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterons crew,	
Were bound to stakes like kye, man; The Fête Champetre.	Where like an aged man, it stands at break o' day:
Stake, to.	Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day; S. The Posic,
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard, The Twa Dogs. 33.	It stands where ance the Bastile stood, The Tree of Liberty.
Stalk. Sae gently bent its thorny stalk, S. A Rose-bud by t	'Or mid the yenal Senate's roar.
To pou their stalks o' corn;	'Or, mid the venal Senate's roar, 'They, sightless stand, The Vision. D. II. 5.
Come Firm Resolve take thou the van,	On my ain legs thro' dirt and dub,
Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man! To Dr. Blacklock.	I independent stand ay I o Mr. M'Adam.
	Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox. To R. G. of F., 7.
Stalk, to. Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks, S. Again rejoic. Nature!	Standard.
WI Joy the tentie Secusinal starks, 5. again rejoit. Puttire	Pitving the propless climber of mankind,
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane, But lordly stalks, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 12.	She cast about a standard tree to find; Ep. to R. Graham. 4.
2 1.	

	The standard was been could
Standing.	For why, a lord may be a gouk, Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that. The Election Ballads. II.
Observe wha's standing wi' him Epit. on Holy Willie.	A lord may be a lousy loun,
Who call'd on Fame, low standing by, To hand him on, [v. A. 4] The Vision. D. I.	Wi' ribbon, star and a' that
For Freedom, standing by the tree,	Th' unmanner'd dust might soil his star, Ib. VI.
Her sons did loudly ca, man; . The Tree of Liberty. Your hearts are just a standing pool, To J. S., 26.	Ilk star gae hide thy twink'ling ray S. The gowd. Locks of Anna.
Your hearts are just a standing pool To J. S., 26. Stane [a stone weight].	Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a';
I cost a stane o' haslock woo, S. The cardin o't.	His ribband, star, and a' that, . S. The Honest Man.
I hought my wife a stane o' lint, . S. The weary Pund.	Tho' stars in skies may disappear, S. The noble Maxwells † The woodbine I will pu', when the ey'ning star is near,
Stane [stone, a stone].	The woodbine I will pu, when the ev ming star is near, S. The Posie.
Had I a statue been o' stane, His darin look had daunted me:	Now thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled;
His darin look had daunted me; A Vision. An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushes kenn'd ay	The Rights of Woman.
Frae ghaists an' witches. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.	But by the moon and stars so bright, S. The Rigs o' Barley. And [by] ev'ry star that blinks aboon, To J. S.
Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes ; . Epit. on a Polemic.	The star that rules my luckless lot,
So may ye hae auld stanes in store The very stanes that Adam bore, S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.	Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray, To Mary in Heaven.
What heart o' stane wad thou na move.	And all ye many sparkling stars of night; To R. Graham.
On Birth of Posth. Child.	When o'er the hill the eastern star Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo; S. When o'er the hill †
These muvin things ca'd wives and weans Wad muve the very hearts o' stanes! . Searching auld†	Tells hughtin-time is near, my jo; S. When o'er the hill † As Youth and Love with sprightly dance,
	Beneath thy morning star advance. Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neck-hane: Tam o' Shanter. 10.	Stare. Cauld poverty, wi' hungry stare, El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
You auld gray stane, amang the heather, Marks out his head, Tam Samson's El., 12.	With musing-deep, astonish'd stare, The Vision. D. II.
Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime,	Stare, to.
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	Like hoary bristles to erect and stare. Ep. fr. Esopus.
And make his ether-stane, man! . S. The Fête Champetre. Their hearts o' stane, gin night are gane, The Holy Fair. 27.	A man may hae an honest heart, Tho' Poortith hourly stare him; Ep. to Young Friend. 4.
They're left, the whitening stanes amang,	Alas! misfortune stares my face, The Farewell.
The Petition of Br. Water.	Wha struts and stares, and a' that; S. The Honest Man.
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane, S. The lass that made the bed.	She stares the daddy in her face, The Inventory. Whene'er my father thinks on me
An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him. The Twa Dogs.	Whene'er my father thinks on me, He stares into the wa'; S. The Ruined Maid's Lament.
Wi' dirty stanes biggan a dyke, Ib. 10.	Star a.
I hae as gude a craft rig As made o' yird and stane; . S. There's news, lasses †	An how he star'd and stammer'd, On dining with Daer. Staring. His uncombed grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd,
heneath the random bield O' clod or stane,	Extem. on W. Smellie.
Stang [a sting]. To a Mountain-Daisy.	Stark [stout, strong]. An' thou was stark A Guid New-Year † 4.
My curse upon your venom'd stang, Add. to Tooth-ache.	An' thou was stark. A Guid New Year † 4. And counted was both wight and stark,
Stang, to [to sting].	El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
But as the clegs o' feeling stang Are wise or fool Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.	To save them from stark reprobation, The Election Ballads. III.
Are wise or fool Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6. But for how lang the flie may stang, Let Inclination law that The folly Beggars. S. VII. Stanged and	Starless.
Let Inclination law that The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	At the starless midnight hour, S. How can my poor heart † Starn [star].
Stanged, -'d. We've stang'd her through the place, Adam A-'s Prayer.	Ye hills, near neehors o' the starns, El. on Capt. M. H., 3.
Wi' stanged hips, and buttocks bluidy, She's suffer'd sair; Ib.	Starnie [dim. of starn].
Stank [a pool of standing water].	ye twinkling starnies bright, El. on Capt. M. H., 14.
An' could hae flown out owre a stank, A Guid New-Year † 3.	Starr'd.
I never drank the Muses' Stank, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	On Life's rough ocean luckless starr'd! To a Mountain-Daisy. Starry. The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky,
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank, He let them taste, The Twa Herds. 5.	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Stap [to stop].	And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu', Clamb up the starry sky, man: . S. The Fête Champetre.
'And mony a scheme in vain's been laid, 'To stap or scar me; Death and Dr. Hornbook, 13.	To swear by a' you starry roof, . The Vision. D. I. 6.
Star. The stars they shot along the sky; A Vision.	Start. Athort the lift they start and shift, A Vision.
The stars shot down wi' sklentan light, Add. to the Deil. 7.	start in Hamlet, in Othello roar; Ep. fr. Esopus.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,	Some [nits] start awa, wi' saucy pride,
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne. An' her kind stars hae airted till her,	Thou lavrock that starts frae the dews of the lawn, S. My Nanie's Awa.
A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: Auld comrade †	When purple morning starts the hare, . S. Now rosy May t
I swear and vow by moon and stars, S. Come boat me o'er. An' [by] every star within my hearin'! Ep, to Maj. Logan. 11.	I start and see The ruined sad reality! On Lincluden.
For ale and brandy's stars and moon, S. Gane is the day †	Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start, . S. Sae far awa. As open pussie's mortal foes,
The dewy star of eve to hail S. Here is the glen,	When, pop! she starts before their nose; Tam o' Shanter. 17.
My son! my son! may kinder stars	The half asleep start up wi' fear, The Holy Fair. 22.
Upon thy fortune shine! Lament of Mary of Scots. quenched in darkness like the sinking star, Liberty.	Just what would make suspicion start; The Tears I shed.
[Thieves] From him that wears the star and garter	Thou need na start awa sae hasty, To a Mouse.
To him that wintles in a halter: . Lns add. to J. Ranken.	Remembrance oft may start a tear, Verses under Grief.
Nne star blinks thro' the driving sleet; S. O Lassie, art thou	Started. Aff she started in a fright, . S. Donald Brodie † Till fuff! he started up the lum,
And her two eyes like stars in skies, . S. O Mally's meek. Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,	Then started Bess of Annandale, . The Election Ballads. I.
While the star of hope she leaves him? S. One fond kiss, †	
Time the star of dope she reaves him . D. One John kiss, 1	I started, mutt'ring blockhead! coof! . The Vision. D. I. 6.
But you like the star that athwart gilds the sky, Your course to the latest is bright. Poet. Add. to Tytler.	I started, mutt'ring blockhead! coof! . The Vision. D. I. 6. Starting, -in. thro' the starting tear, Survey this grave A Band's Epil.

Gar lasses hearts gang startin Whyles fast at night.

wi' sighs and starting tears . .

Halloween.

. S. Young Jamie †

Stately.

I view that nohle, stately Dome, . Add. to Edinburgh. 6.
The stately swam majestic swims, S. Again rejoic. Nature t

wi' sighs and starting tears S. Young Jamie †	The stately swan majestic swims, S. Again rejoic. Nature
Startle [to run hurrledly].	"And stately oaks their twisted arms, "Threw broad and dark across the pool: As on the banks t
Or down Italian Vista startles, The Twa Dogs. 23.	"Threw broad and dark across the pool: As on the banks t
An' justifies that ill opinion, Which makes thee startle, . To a Mouse.	Ye stately foxgloves fair to see; El. on Capt. M. II., 5.
Startled. And shooting meteors caught the startled eve.	Fu' stately strode he on the plain, S. My Harry was a gallant †
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	She's stately like you youthful ash, S. On Cessnock banks †
Startling.	And 'mong the cliffs disclos'd a stately Form,
So Nelly startling half awake, Away affrighted springs. S. On a bank of flowers t	On Death of Sir J. Blair,
Starve. (And aye a rowth, roast beef and claret;	Now safe the stately Sawmont sail, Tam Samson's El., o.
Syne wha would starve?) Poem on Life.	Where royal cities stately stand; . S. The Banks of Nith. Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,	There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds: The Vision, D. I. 14.
An' they mann starve o' cauld and hanger: The Twa Dogs. 11.	By stately tow'r, or palace fair, [v.A.4]
It's true, they need na starve or sweat, Ib. 29.	Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped, To IV. Creech,
They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.	With stately port he moves; V.s below Picture.
To R. G. of F., 7.	Statesman.
And yet can starve the author of the pleasure. Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.	No Statesman [am I] nor Soldier to plot or to fight,
Starv'd. "In his flesh there's a famine,"	S. No Churchman am 1† Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure; To R. G. of F
A starv'd reptile cries: Epit. on Walter S	Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure; To R. G. of F Station.
When they wha wad hae starv'd thy life	To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre,
Thy senseless turf adorn! Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.	Wad better fill'd their station A Dream. 5.
And och! o'er aft thy joes hae starv'd,	if you on your station tarrow, . Add. of Beelzebub. 5.
Mid a' thy favors! Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	thieves of every rank and station, Lns add. to J. Ranken.
Starving, -in. An' thy auld days may end in starvin'. A Guid New-Year † 17.	No nation, no station My envy e'er could raise: The Ans. to the Guidwife.
In all the clam'rous cry of starving want,	Oh! how must thou lament thy station,
Ep. to R. Graham.5.	And envy mine! The Hermit.
Till curst with Age, obscure an' starvin, . To J. S., 19.	I've nane in female servan' station,
State [condition, Commonwealth, &c.].	A Tinkler is my station: . The Jolly Beggars, S. VI. An' there tak up your stations; The Ordination.
Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd, And shudder at the niffer, Add. to Unco Guid. 3.	An' there tak up your stations;
Our sad decay in Church and state,	To sit in that honoured station. S. The Sons of old Killie.
Surpasses my descriving: S. Awa, whigs, awa.	Secure in valour's station ; S. The Union.
The Church is in ruins, the state is in jars: S. By you castle wa't	Station, to. Wha will they [the Curlers] station at the cock, Tam Samson's El.
The kettle o' the Kirk and State	Statuary. Forms like some bedlam Statuary's dream,
Perhaps a clout may fail in't; . S. Does hanghty Gaul †	The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
In a' the tinsel trash o' state! . El. on Capt. M. H., 16.	Statue. Had I a statue heen o' stane, A Vision.
Though there, his [the bard's] heresics in church and state Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate:	Poor Hughoc like a statue stan's; . The Death of Mailie. Stature. Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
Ep. fr. Esopus. Nor make our scanty Pleasures less,	Death and Dr. Hornbook.
By pining at our state: Ep. to Davie. 7.	O' stature short, but genius hright, On Grose's Peregrinations.
Were this the charter of our state,	To mak amends for scrimpet stature, To J. S., 3.
On pain o' hell be rich an' great, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 14.	Statute,
to support his helpless woodbine state, Ep. to R. Graham. 4.	Thoughts, words and deeds, the Statute blames with reason; A Dream.
Had Kirk and State been in the gate,	Whose sovereign statute is order; S. The Sons of old Killie.
I lighted when she bade me S. Had I the wyte t	Staumrel [half-witted].
And now thou hast restored our State, Pity our Kirk also; New Psalmody.	But staumrel, corky-headed, graceless Gentry,
O wae upon you, men o' state,	Staunch. The Brigs of Ayr, q.
That brethren rouse in deadly nate: 3. O Logan: sweetly i	A steady, sturdy, staunch Believer A Ded. to G. H., g.
The silly hogles, Wealth and State, S. O poortith cauld	If thou art staunch without a stain,
The gentle pride, the lordly state, The arrogant assuming; On dining with Daer.	Like the unchanging blue, . El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Teugh Johnie, staunch Geordie and Wattie,
Nor sauce, nor state that I could see,	The Election Ballads, III.
That on this frail, uncertain state,	Staves.
Hang matters of eternal weight: . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	To see his poor, auld Mither's pot, Thus dung in staves, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 9.
Thou shalt sit in state, And see thy love in battle S. The Captain's Lady.	In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a bead,
Oh who wad leave this humble state	Staw [stall].
For a' the pride of a' the great? S. The Contented Cottager.	Vour horns shall tie you to the staw, S. O gin ye were dead.
The Kirk and State may join, and tell To do such things I manuna:	Staw, to [to surfeit, fill with loathing].
The Kirk and State may gae to hell, The gowd. Locks of A.	Or olio that wad staw a sow,
The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers, In state preside The Hermit.	Staw [stole]. The lasses staw frae 'mang them a', To pou their stalks o' corn; Halloween, 6,
While quacks of state must each produce his plan.	And my fause luver staw the rose.
The Rights of Woman.	And my fause luver staw the rose, S. The Banks of Doon, Sett II.
His awful chair of state resolves to mount, . The Vowels.	The taylor staw the lynin o't S. The cardin o't.
To mind the Kirk and State affairs; . The Twa Dogs. 18. Then let your schemes alone, in the state, [re.] Ye Jacobites †	Auld, hermit Aire staw thro' his woods, The Vision, D. I. 14.
State, to.	And my fause lover staw my rose, S. Ye banks and braes † Staw'd [stole].
Or your more dreaded h-ll to state,	And staw'd a branch, spite o' the deil,
D-mnation of expences! Add. to Unco Guid. 5.	Frae yont the western waves, man. The Tree of Liberty.

On Death of fav. Child.

Steek, to [to shut]. The Sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap, S. Again rejoicing Nature †

Stay.	They steek their een, an' grape an' wale, . Halloween.
Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is,	Sages their solemn een may steek, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
In moral Mercy, Truth and Justice! A Ded. to G. H., 7. 'His country's pride, his country's stay:	But steek your gab for ever; The Ordination. 9.
Lament for Glencairn.	Steel. By word, or pen, or pointed steel! A Ded. to G. H., 14.
Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,	Are worse than poison'd darts of steel, O leave novels †
O Thou dread Pow'r	Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel; . Scotch Drink. 11.
Fintry, my stay in worldly strife, The Election Ballads. VI.	Soon drew the avenging steel, man : The Tree of Liberty.
Whose strong right hand has ever been Their stay and dwelling-place! The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps	The English steel we could disdain, S. The Union.
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay hut Heav'n, To a Mountain-Daisy.	And hrandish round the deep-dy'd steel In sturdy blows; [v.A. 4] The Vision. D. I.
F[intry], my other stay, long bless and spare! To R. G. of F., 9.	In sturdy blows; [v.A. 4] The Vision. D. I.
Remember, he's his country's stay	By early Poverty to hardship steel'd, . The Brigs of Ayr.
In day and hour of danger. S. When wild War's	Steele.
Stay, to. O would they stay to calculate Th' eternal consequences; Add. to Unco Guid. 5.	Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele, Or Beattie's wark;' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4.
O what can stay my lovely maid! S. Here is the glen, †	
O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay,	Steennie [Stephen; v. Barr Steennie].
Nor quit for me the trembling spray, S. Ostay, sweet warb.	Barr Steennie, Barr Steennie, what mean ye? what mean ye? The Kirk's Alarm. 13.
Stay, my charmer, can you leave me? S. Stay, my charmer t	Steep. Beneath a craigy steep, . Lament for Glencairn.
O would they stay aback frae courts, . The Twa Dogs. 26.	That slowly mount the rising steep; S. On Cessnock banks †
To stay content wi' yowes at hame; The Death of Mailie.	Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel
An' ay ae month amang the Moons An' see them right, To W. Simpson. P.S.	The steep Parnassus, Poem on Life.
In my bower if ye should stay,	Then pride might climb the slipp'ry steep; S. Twas even—the dewy †
Let me stay, quo' Findlay; S. Wha is that at t	O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Stay'd v. Staid.	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Stead. O Lord, when hunger pinches sore,	Steep, to.
Do thou stand us in stead, At Globe Tav., D. Steady, A steady, sturdy, staunch Believer. A Ded. to G. H., 9.	And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep; . Ep. fr. Esopus.
But ay unerring steady,	Steep'd.
My mind it was na stendy, S. When first I came †	All freshly steep'd in morning dews, S. Again rejoic. Nature † Steeping.
With steady aim, some Fortune chase; To J. S., 18.	In tears the rose-huds steeping: S. O wat ye wha that loes †
Steal.	Steeple.
Who, noteless, steals the crouds among, A Bard's Epit.	
Steal thro' the winnock frae a wh-re,	Ac night the Storm the steeples rocked, A Winter Night. 2. Who will not sing, God save the king, Shall hang as high's the steeple; S. Does haughty Gaul† Steep. Con other teach the course to the standard Fairly
But point the Rake that take the door; A Ded. to G. H., S.	Shall hang as high's the steeple; S. Does haughty Gault
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal, S. Behind you hills †	Steer. Can others teach the course to steer, A Dava's Epit.
But, Delia, more delightful still Steal thine accents on mine ear Delia. An Ode.	An' steer you seven miles south o' hell; Auld comrade †
O let me steal one liquid kiss!	till thitherward steers A flight of bold eagles S. Caledonia.
And steal from me Maria's prying eye. Ep. fr. Esopus.	Adown the burn to steer, my jo: . S. When o'er the hill †
He'd up the backstairs, and by G-he would steal 'em.	Steer [to molest, Injure; stir, stir up]. As for the deil, he daurna steer him
Frag., inser. to Fox.	S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G.
Wha, wanting thee might heg or steal; Friend of the poet † And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie. S. Hee balou,†	Misfortune sha'na steer thee; S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †
Frae G-d's ain priests the people's hearts	O steer her up and haud her gaun, . S. O steer her up †
He steals awa'. Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.	O steer her up, and be na blate,
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,	Sit round the table, weel content, An' steer about the toddy The Holy Fair. 20.
That steals on the evening, each leaf to renew. S. How pleasant the banks t	An' steer about the toddy The Holy Fair. 20. Nae cauld nor hunger e'er can steer them,
To steal upon her early fare, S. Now rosy May †	The Twa Dogs. 27.
To steal a hlink hy a' unseen ; . S. O this is no my ain †	And then the Deil he daurna steer ye: To Terraughty.
But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e, . S. O whistle,	Steer'd. At length from me her course she steer'd,
She steals our affections awa, man. Ronalds of Bennals.	S. The Joyful Widower.
To slink thro' slaps an' reave an' steal, The Death of Mailie.	Steer'd [molested]. Or else, thou kens, thy servant true
To slink thro' slaps an' reave an' steal, The Death of Mailie. The western breeze steals thro' the trees, The Fête Champetre. But cappily steal on a hopic moorshen	Wad ne'er ha'e steer'd her Holy Willie's Prayer. 8.
	Steerin [stirring].
S. The heather was blooming †	Set a' their gabs a steerin;
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom:	Steeve [firm, compacted].
S. Their groves of t	A filly huirdly, steeve an' swank, A Guid New-year 13.
Steal't [stole].	Steghan [cramming, panting with repletion].
An' at his lordship steal't a look . On dining with Daer.	the gentry first are steghan, The Twa Dogs. 9. Stell [a still],
Stealth.	
by sweet, endearing stealth, . The Petition of Br. Water.	Wha mak the Whisky stells their prize! Scotch Drink. 20. An' d-mn'd Excise-men in a hussle,
Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief, That e'er attempted stealth or rief,	Seizan n Stell, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 7.
Steam.	Stellar. Never baleful stellar lights,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam; . The Twa Dogs. 20.	Taint thee with untimely blights! To Miss C.
Steed. So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased,	Stem. A glorious Galley, stem and stern, Weel rigg d for Venus barter; . A Dream. 13.
To R. G. of F., O.	
Steek [a stitch; an insterstice In net-work].	Just opening on its thorny stem; S. On Cessnock banks † Sett. II. And from thee many a parent stem.
And no or a wrang stock in them a', man. Ronalds of Bennals. As lang's my tail, where thro' the steeks.	S. On Cessnock banks † Sett. 11.
As lang's my tail, whare thro' the steeks, The yellow letter'd Geordic keeks. The Twa Dogs. 8.	
Steek, to [to shut]. The Sheen-herd steeks his foulding clan	Arise to deck our land On Birth of Posth, Child.

The flower stem shall bloom like thy sweet Seraph form,

Sternest.

Poet, Add. to Tytler.

The Vision, D. I.

But why of this epocha make such a fuss, That gave us the Hanover stem; [v.A.9]

Bold stems of Heroes, here and there, I could discern: [v.A.4]

Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate, Full on thy bloom, . To a Mountain-Daisy.

Stern, s. A glorious Galley, stem and stern, . A Dream. 13.

That charm, that can the strongest quell,

The sternest move. Poem on Pastoral Poetry. For I maun crush amang the stoure Thy slender stem: To a Mountain-Daisy. Stern-resolv'd. Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem, With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye, . . . To Ruin. To Miss C Richly deck thy native stem; Stewart, Stuart. Stem. to. You're welcome, Willie Stewart, [re.] . On W. Stennart. As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. S. Afton Water. O lovely Polly Stewart. And, all devout, he never sought O charming Polly Stewart, [re.] . S. Polly Stewart. To stem the sacred torrent. Nature's Lan No Stewart art thou G- The Stewarts all were brave ; On Lord G. Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride, Besides the Stewarts were but fools, . The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21. Here Stuarts once in glory reigned, On Window at Stirling. Sten [a leap, bound, rush]. Or foaming, strang, wi' basty stens, Frae lin to lin. Revered defender of beauteous Stuart, El. on Capt. M. H., 4. Of Stuart, a name once respected, Poet, Add. to W. Tytler. , S. Tam Glen. My heart to my mou' gied a sten; . The Stewart and the Murray there
Did muster a' their powers. The Election Ballads. V. Sten't [reared]. Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastet,

A Guid New-Year † 14. And Stewart bold as Hector. M'K[enzi]e, S[tuar]t, such a brace Stents [assessments, dues of any kind]. As Rome ne'er saw: . To IV. Creech. Till Charlie Stewart cam at last,

The Highl. Widow's Lament. How cesses, stents, and fees were rax'd, Kind Sir, Ive read, † His coals, his kane, an' a' his stents: . The Twa Dogs. 8. Stewart Kyle [the northern portion of the Kyle or Step. middle division of Ayrshire]. But just thy step a wee thing hastet, A Guid New-Year † 14. When first I came to Stewart Kyle, S. When first I came t But just toy step a need word wild-beats my heart, to trace your steps,

Add. to Edinburgh. 7. Stewartry [Kirkcudbrightshire, which is, strictly speaking, not a shire but a stewartry]. Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step S. Again rejoicing Nature † No other light shall guide my steps S. Farewell, dear mistress † Then let us drink the Stewartry, Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that. The Election Ballads. II. Stevest [steepest]. Man was made to Mourn. whose aged step Seem'd weary, The stevest brae thou wad hae fac't it; A Guid New-Year † 14. Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain, Stibble [stubble]. The weary steps o' woe. . S. Now Spring has clad t The stibble rig is easy plougb'd, S. O can ye labour leat . O Thou dread Pow'r t Gnide Thou their steps alway. That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble, . . To a Mouse. Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. -. Adorns the histie stibble-field, To a Mountain Daisy Unseen, alane. With noiseless step and taper bright, . . On Lincluden. Stibble-rig [the reaper in harvest who takes the Nor more may aught my steps divide, From that dear stream which flows to Clyde, S. Slow spreads the gloom † lead). 'Our Stibble-rig was Rub M'Graen, . Halloween. 10. Rumble John, Rumble John, mount the steps wi' a groun,

The Kirk's Alarm. Stick ["a' to sticks," completely]. Auld Reekie dings them a to sticks, To Miss Ferrier. While faithless snaws ilk step betray Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks; To IV. Simpson. P.S .. The Vision. D. I. Whare she has been. Stick, to. With careless step I onward stray'd, S. Twas even-the dewy t No matter-stick to sound believing. A Ded. to G. H., 8. Wr. in Friars-Carse H .. Check thy climbing step, elate, Stick-an-stowe [totally, altogether]. Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe,

To W. Simpson. P.S. Step, to. They'll step in and tak a pint S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank t To step aside is human: . . . Add. to Unco Guid. 7. But, as I'm savin', please step to Dow's Tho' now thou's dowie, stiff an' crazy, A Guid New-Year t 2. To Mr. J. Kennedy. And taste sic genr as Johnnie brews, He who of R-k-n sang, lies stiff and dead, Step-mother. Lns while on Deathbed. But Oh! thou bitter step-mother and bard, To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard! Stiffest. The stiffest o' them a' he bow'd, To W. Creech. Stifle. And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry: To R. G. of F .. 3. On Death of R. Dundas. Stepped, Stept. The Pedant stifles keen the Roman sound . The Vowels. Or frailty stept aside, A Prayer in Prosp. of Death. Stifled. the short stifled breath, Told how dear Some cause unseen still stept between, On Death of fav. Child. S. My father was a farmer t Stigmatize. Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them. To stigmatize false friends of thine The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Can ne'er defame thee. To Rev. J. M' Math. When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht, Still. The winds were laid, the air was still, . . . A Vision. . The Vision. D. 1. 8. And stepped ben. Through the still night dash'd hearse along the shore:

The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Sterlin [a silver coin]. terlin [a silver com].

Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the Sterlin;

The Jolly Beggars. R. IV. The night was still, and o'er the hill The moon shone on the castle wa'; The night was still † Sterling. That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion;
The Brigs of Ayr. 8. The sky was blue, the wind was still, S. The Rigs o' Barley. . S. The Laddies by t And Maxwell true, o' sterling blue; Still, s. . . To J. S., 23. But browster wives an' whiskie stills, 'But give me real, sterling Wit, . Third Ep. to J. Lap. They are the muses. Stern. A stern and stalwart ghaist arise, [v.A.20] A Vision. Still, to. See stern Oppression's iron grip, . . . A Winter Night. 7. He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18. Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff,

Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Or still the tumult of the raging sen: . Why am I loth t And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field,

The Brigs of Ayr. Stilt [to halt, as on stilts or crutches]. And then he'll hilch, and stilt, and jimp, some seem'd to dare, With feature stern. [v.A.4].

The Vision, D. I. And rin an unco fit : . . Et. to Davie. 11.

Stimpart [the eighth part of a Winchester bushel]. A heapet Stimpart, I'll reserve ane	Stone. This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson.
A heapet Stimpart, I'll reserve ane Laid by for you A Guid New Year † 17.	For he crush'd him between two stones. John Barleycorn.
Stinchar [a stream in the south of Ayrshire].	Are judges of mortar and stone, Sir; . To Capt. Riddel.
Behind yon hills where Stinchar flows 'Mang moors an' mosses many, O, [v. A. 26]	Stony.
S. Behind you hills †	Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves: The Brigs of Ayr. 8. Stood.
Sting.	When Guilford good our Pilot stood, A Fragment.
"Or canker worm wi' secret sting?" . As on the banks t	And S-ckv-lle doure, wha stood the stoure,
Or if she [Religion] gie a random-sting, It may be little minded; . Ep. to Young Friend. 10.	Towns-bodies ran, an' stood abiegh, A Guid New Year \$ 8.
This sting is added—"Blame thy foolish self!"	lap, an' sten't, an' breastet, Then stood to blaw; . Ib. 14.
Remorse. A Frag	As I stood by you roofless tower, A Vision.
Stink. They down a bide the stink o' powther; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Ve, like n rash-bnss, stood in sight, Wi' waving sngh. Add. to the Deil. 7.
Stink, to.	Wi' waving sugh . Add. to the Deil. 7. Ench bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure To R. G. of F	Kindly stood the milking-shiel, . S. As I came o'er†
Stinking, -an.	Collected Harry stood awee, Extem. in Court of Session.
Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck, Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. [v. A.16] Tam o' Shanter.	To think how we stood sweatin', shakin',
As I wad by a stinkan brock The Twa Dogs. 12.	Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.
Stinted.	"That long has stood the wind and rain; Lament for Gloncairn.
"And twa-three stinted birks are left, "To shiver in the blast their lane." . As on the banks †	And trembl'd where he stood. S. On a bank of flowers †
Stipend. That Stipend is a carnal weed	How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell?
He takes but for the fashion; The Ordination. 5.	Scots Prologue. But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd, Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Stir.	Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That greatly stirs the blossom'd bean, S. On Cessnock banks † Stirk [a bullock or heifer a year old].	And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd, 16. 16.
They gang in Stirks, and come out Asses,	This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide;
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 12.	The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
I doubt na, Sir, but then we'll find, Ye're still as great a Stirk	The day he stude his country's friend, S. The Laddies by † While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e;
1, ance, was ty'd up like a stirk, The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	S. The Lass that made the bed.
Stirling. And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	But seeing the ring, then she stood in amaze. S. The Poor Thresher.
Stock. For N-rth an' F-x united stocks, A Fragment. 6.	The kye stood rowtan i' the loan; The Twa Does, 35.
There's monie a creditable stock	Stook [a few sheaves of corn, generally from six to twelve, set up on end, in two rows, sheaf leaning against sheaf, and, sometimes, with two sheaves laid on the top].
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk, Are riven out The Twa Dogs. 21.	leaning against sheaf, and, sometimes, with
Stock [a plant of colewort].	two sheaves laid on the top].
To burn their nits, an pou their stocks, Halloween.	But stooks are cowpet wi' the blast, Third Ep. to J. Lap While at the stook the shearers cow'r To Rev. I. M'Math.
Then, first an' foremost, thro' the kail, Their stocks maun a' be sought ance; Ib.	While at the stook the shearers cow'r To Rev. J. M'Math. Stooked [set up in stooks].
Wi'stocks out owre their shouther: Ib. 5.	Still shearing and clearing
To slink thro' slaps an' reave nn' steal,	The tither stooked raw; . The Ans. to the Guidwife.
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail. The Death of Mailie. Stock-dove.	Stool ["cutty stool," stool of repentance].
	I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle, Add. to Toothache.
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, S. Afton Water.	Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools,
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, S. Afton Water.	Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools,
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, S. Afton Water.	Ill har'sts, daft bargains, cutty stools, Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Ep. to J. Lk, Ap. 1st, 11. Stand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O gude ale comes †
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, S. Afton Water. Stocked, -et. 'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illegit. Child, A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird,	Ill har'sts, dafe bargains, cutty stools, Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 11. Stand i' the stool when I hae done, My mither she hade me gie him a stool, S. The audit man't
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, S. Afton Water. Stocked, -et. Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illegit. Child. A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird, Lat May a braw woorr!	Ill har'sts, dafe bargains, cutty stools, Your Latin names for horns an'stools; E. to I. L.—k, Ap. 1st, 11. Stand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O gude ale comes f My mither she hade me gie him a stool, I and he look'd like a fool, E.
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, Stocked, -et. "Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illegit. Child, A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird, Latt May a braw wooer † Stock-fish.	Ill har'sts, dafe bargains, cutty stools. Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st, 11. Stand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O gude ale comes t My mither she hade me gie him a stool, S. The auld man 1 I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, The Holy Fair. 8.
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, S. Afton Water. Stocked, -et. 'Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illegit. Child, A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird, Last May a braw wooer † Stock-fish. And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie Wi' thy [death's] auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H.	Ill har'sts, dafe bargains, cutty stools, Your Latin names for horns an' stools;
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, S. Affon Water. Stocked, -et. "Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illegit. Child. A weel-stocked mailin, himsel for the laird, A weel-stocked mailin, himsel for the laird, Latt May a braw wwwert Stock-fish. And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie Wi' thy [death s] auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H. Stocking, -in.	Ill har'sts, dafe bargains, cutty stools, Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Estand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O grade ale comes f My mither she hade me gie him a stool, I. Et haut man't I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, S. The audt man't I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, The Holy Fair, S. Stoop. While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high. An' wi' a curchie low did stoop, The Holy Fair, 3.
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, S. Afton Water. Stocked, -et. "Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illegit. Child. A weel-stocked mailin, himsel for the laird, Latt May a braw wooser t Stock-fish. And like stock-fish come o'er his studdle Wi' thy [death's] auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H. Stocking, -in, On Fasteneen we had a rockin, To ac' the ranck and weave our stockin;	Ill har'sts, dafe bargains, cutty stools, Your Latin names for horns an' stools;
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, S. Afton Water. Stocked, -et. Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird, Let May a braw wooer t Stock-fish. And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie Wi' thy [death's] auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H. Stocking, -in, On Fastencen we had a rockin, To ca' the crack and weave our stockin; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 2.	Ill har'sts, dafe bargains, cutty stools, Your Latin names for horns an' stools; *Ept. to f. L-k, Ap. 1st, 11. Stand i' the stool when I hae done, *S. O grade ale comes* My mither she hade me gie him a stool, *S. The audit man't I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, *Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, The Holy Fair. & Stoop. While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high. An' wi' a curchie low did stoop, *The Holy Fair. 3. Stoop (sounding hollow and hoarse; strong and hoarse).
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, S. Affon Water. Stocked, -et. "Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illegit. Child. A weel-stocked mailin, himsel for the laird, A weel-stocked mailin, himsel for the laird, Latt May a braw wwwert to Stock-fish. And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie Wi' thy [death s] auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H. Stocking, -in, On Fasteneen we had a rockin, To ac the crack and weave our stockin; Ep. to J. Lk, Ap. 1st, 2. And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps.	Ill har'sts, dafe bargains, cutty stools, Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Ef. to J. L-k, Af. ist, II. Stand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O gude ale comes f My mither she hade me gie him a stool, S. The auld man't I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, If. Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, The Holy Fair. S. Stoop. While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high. Ef. fr. Esofus. An' wi' a curchie low did stoop, The Holy Fair. 3. Stoor [sounding hollow and hoarse; strong and hoarse]. Wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick, Add. to the Deil. E.
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, S. Afton Water. Stocked, -et. Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird, Let May a braw wooer t Stock-fish. And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie Wi' thy [death's] auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H. Stocking, -in, On Fastencen we had a rockin, To ca' the crack and weave our stockin; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 2.	Ill har'sts, dafe bargains, cutty stools, Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Ef. to J. L-k, Af. ist, II. Stand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O grade ale comes f My mither she hade me gie him a stool, I. The audi man t I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, S. The audi man t I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, The Holy Fair, 3. Stoop. While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high. Ef. fr. Exofus. An' wi' a curchie low did stoop, The Holy Fair, 3. Stoor [sounding hollow and hoarse; strong and hoarse] Wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick, A carline stoor and grim, The Election Ballads, I. Stoop.
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, S. Afton Water. Stocked, -et. Twill please me mair to hear an 'see't, Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illegit. Child. A weel-stocked mailin, himsel for the laird, A to resource the stock-fish. Lat May a braw wwwer to the Stock-fish. And like stock-fish come o'er his studdle Wi' thy [death's] auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H. Stocking, -in, On Fasteneen we had a rockin, To ca' the crack and weave our stockin; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 2. And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps, Ronalds of Bennals. Snaw-white stockins on his legs, S. The Ploughman to Stotled (walked in a stupid, staggering way).	Ill har'sts, dafe bargains, cutty stools. Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Ef- to f. L-k, Af- 1st, 11. Stand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O gude ale comes t My mither she hade me gie him a stool, S. The audd man't I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, . b. th. Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, The Holy Fair. & Stoop. While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high. Ef- f. Eabput. An' wi' a curchie low did stoop, The Holy Fair. 3. Stoop (sounding hollow and hoarse; strong and hoarse). Wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick, Add. to the Deil. & A carline stoor and grim, The Election Ballada. I. Stop. Set up a face, how I stop short, For fear your modesty he hurt. A Ded. to G. H.
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, Stocked, -et. "Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illegit. Child, A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laried, Stock-fish. And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie Wi' thy [death's] auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H. Stocking, -in. On Fasteneen we had a rockin, To ca' the crack and weave our stockin; To ca' the track and weave our stockin; Snaw-white stockins on his legs, S. The Ploughman † Stolted [walked in a stupid, staggering way]. Down George's Street I stoited; To Miss Ferrier,	Ill har'sts, dafe bargains, cutty stools. Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Ef. to f. L.—k, Af. 1st, 11. Stand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O gude ale comes t My mither she hade me gie him a stool, S. The audd man't I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, . b. th. Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, The Holy Fair. & Stoop. While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high. Ef. f. Ecoput. An' wi' a curchie low did stoop, The Holy Fair. 3. Stoop (sounding hollow and hoarse; strong and hoarse). Wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick, Add. to the Deil. & A carline stoor and grim, The Election Ballada. I. Stop. Set up a face, how I stop short, For fear your modesty be hurt. A Ded. to G. H. Some cock or cat, your rage manu stop, Add. to the Deil. 14. Yet off, delighted, stoops to trace
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, S. Affon Water. Stocked, -et. "Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illegit. Child. A weel-stocked mailin, himsel for the laird, A weel-stocked mailin, and the stock-fish. Stocking, -in. On Fasteneen we had a rockin, F.p. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st, 2. And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps, Ronaids of Bennais. Snaw-white stockins on his legs, S. The Ploughman † Stotted [walked in a stupid, staggering way]. Down George's Street I stoited; To Miss Ferrier.	Ill har'sts, dafe bargains, cutty stools. Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Est to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 11. Stand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O grade ale comes? My mither she hade me gie him a stool, S. The audi man't I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, The Holy Fair. 8. Stoop. While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high. An' wi' a curchie low did stoop, The Holy Fair. 3. Stoor (sounding hollow and hoarse; strong and hoarse). Wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick, A carline stoor and grim, The Stop Set up a face, how I stop short, For fear your modesty be hurt. Some cock or cat, your rage manu stop, Add. to the Deil. 14. Vet oft, delighted, stops to trace The "poorgess of the sakey blade.
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, Stocked, -et. "Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illegit. Child. A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laired. Stock-fish. And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie Wi' thy [death's] auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H. Stocking, -in. On Fastencen we had a nockin, To ca' the crack and weave our stockin; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st., 2. And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps, Konadis of Bennals. Snaw-white stockins on his legs, . S. The Ploughman † Stotted [walked in a stupid, staggering way]. Down George's Street I stoited; . To Miss Ferrier. Stotter'd [staggered].	Ill har'sts, dafe bargains, cutty stools. Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 11st, 11. Stand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O gude ale comest My mither she hade me gie him a stool, S. The auld man 1 I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, The Holy Fair. & Stoop. While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high. Ep. fr. Eabysts. An' wi' a curchie low did stoop, The Holy Fair. 3. Stoop I (sounding hollow and hoarse; strong and hoarse). Wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick, Add. to the Deil. & A carline stoor and grim, The Election Ballads. I. Stop. Set up a face, how I stop short, For fear your modesty be hut. A Ded. to G. H. Some cock or cat, your rage mann stop, Add. to the Deil. 14. Vet oft, delighted, stops to trace The progress of the spiky blade. Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, Stocked, -et. Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add to Illegit. Child. A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird. Last May a braw wooser † Stock-fish. And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie Wi 'thy [death's] auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H. Stocking, -in. On Fastencen we had a nockin, To ca' the crack and weave our stockin; Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st., 2. And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps, Sanaw-white stockins on his legs, . S. The Ploughman † Stotted [walked in a stupid, staggering way]. Down George's Street I stoited; . To Miss Ferrier. Stoiter'd [staggered]. He stotier'd up an' made a face; The Jolly Beggars, R. III. Stole, s. The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole; The Cetter's Sat. Night. 17.	Ill har'sts, dafe bargains, cutty stools. Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 11. Stand i' the stool when I hae done. S. O gude ale comes t My mither she hade me gie him a stool, S. The auld man t I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, The Holy Fair. & Stoop. While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high. Ep. fr. Esopus. An' wi' a curchie low did stoop, The Holy Fair. & Stoor [sounding hollow and hoarse; strong and hoarse]. Wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick, Add. to the Deil. & A carline stoor and grim, The Election Ballads. I. Stop. Set up a face, how I stop short, For fear your modesty be hurt A Ded. to G. H. Some cock or cat, your rage mann stop, Add. to the Deil. Is. Vet oft, delighted, stops to trace The progress of the spiky blade. The shepherd stops his simple reed, S. Echald, my love! Vet stops me o' my lawfu' prev, Death and Dr. Hisrobook so.
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, Stocked, -et. "Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illegit. Child, A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird, Stock-fish. And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie Wi' thy (death's) auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H. Stocking, -in. On Fastencen we had a rockin, To ac' the rack and weave our stockin; F. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st, 2. And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps, Ronaids of Bennals. Snaw-white stockins on his legs, S. The Ploughman † Stolted [walked in a stupid, staggering way]. Down George's Street I stoide! To Mise Ferrier. Stoiter'd [staggered]. He stoiter'd up an' made a face; The Jolly Beggars, R. III. Stole, S. The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17. De thou deckt in silken stole, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Ill har'sts, dafe bargains, cutty stools. Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Stand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O grade ale comes? My mither she hade me gie him a stool, S. The audid man't I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, S. The audid man't I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, S. The Holy Fair. 8. Stoop. While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high. Ep. fr. Exopus. An' wi' a curchie low did stoop, The Holy Fair. 8. Stoop (Sounding hollow and hoarse; strong and hoarse). Wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick, Add. to the Deil. 8. A carline stoor and grim, The Election Ballads. I. Stop. Set up a face, how I stop short, For fear your modesty be hurt. A Ded. to G. H. Some cock or cat, your rage maun stop, Add. to the Deil. 14. Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace The progress of the shigh blade. The progress of the shigh blade. The shepherd stops his simple reed, S. Behold, my love to Yet stops me o'my lawfu' prey, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20. And just to stop, and lust to move.
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, Stocked, -et. "Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illegit. Child. A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laired. Last May a braw wooser † Stock-fish. And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie Wi' thy [death's] auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H. Stocking, -in. On Fastencen we had a nockin, To ca' the crack and weave our stockin; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 2. And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps, Konadts of Bennalt. Sansw-white stockins on his legs, S. The Ploughman † Stotted [walked in a stupid, staggering way]. Down George's Street I stoited; To Mist Ferrier. Stoiter'd [staggered]. He stotier'd up an' made a face; The Jolly Beggars, R. III. Stole, s. The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17. De thou deckt in silken stole, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Stole, When on my ear this blainties strain.	Ill har'sts, dafe bargains, cutty stools. Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st. 11. Stand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O gude ale comest My mither she hade me gie him a stool, S. The auld man I I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, The Holy Fair. & Stoop. While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high. Ep. fr. Eabysts. An' wi' a curchie low did stoop, The Holy Fair. & Stoop (sounding hollow and hoarse; strong and hoarse). Wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick, Add. to the Deil. & A carline stoor and grim, Stop. Set up a face, how I stop short, For fear your modesty he hut. Some cock or cat, your rage mann stop, Add. to the Deil. 14. Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace The progress of the spiky blade, The shepherd stops his simple reed, S. Echold, my love t Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey, Death and Dr. Hornbook, 20. And just to stop, and just to move, With self-respecting art: Despondency, an Ode. 4.
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, Stocked, -et. "Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add to Illegit. Child, A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird, Last May a braw wooer t Stock-fish. And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie Wi 'thy [death's] auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H. Stocking, -in. On Fastencen we had a rockin, To ca' the crack and weave our stockin; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 2. And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps, Stoited [walked in a stupid, staggering way]. Down George's Street I stoited; To Miss Ferrier. Stoiter'd [staggered]. He stoiter'd up an' made a face; The Jolly Beggars, R. III. Stole, s. The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole; The Cutter's Sat. Night. 17. De thou deck in silken stole, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Stole, when on my ear this plaintive strain, Slow-solemn, stole A Winter Night, 6. A flatt'ring ardent kiss he stole; S. On a bank of flowers t	Ill har sts, dafe bargains, cutty stools. Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Ef. to f. L.—k, Af. 1st, 11. Stand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O gude ale comes t My mither she hade me gie him a stool, S. The auld man't I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool,
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, Stocked, -et. Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add. to Hiegit. Child. A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird. Last May a braw wwoser † Stock-fish. And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie Wi' thy (death's) auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H. Stocking, -in, On Fasteneen we had a rockin, To ca' the ranck and weave our stockin; Rotatide of Bennals. Snaw-white stockins on his legs, S. The Plonghman † Stotted [walked in a stupid, staggering way]. Down George's Street I stoited; To Miss Ferrier. Stotter'd [staggered]. He stoiter'd up an' made a face; The folly Beggars. R. III. Stole, s. The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17. De thou deckt in silken stole, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Stole. When on my ear this plaintive strain, Stole. A flatt'ring ardent kiss he stole; S. On a bank of flowers † Stolen.	Ill har'sts, dafe bargains, cutty stools. Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st., 11. Stand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O gude ale comest My mither she hade me gie him a stool, S. The auld man I I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool,
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, S. Affon Water. Stocked, -et. "Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illegit. Child. A weel-stocked mailin, himsel for the laird, A weel-stocked mailin, himsel for the laird. A weel-stocked will be stock-fish. And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie Wi' thy [death s] auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H. Stocking, -in. On Fasteneen we had a rockin, To cat the crack and weave our stockin; To cat the crack and weave our stockin; Sand-white stockins on his legs, S. The Ploughman f Stotted [walked in a stupid, staggering way]. Down George's Street I stoited; To Miss Ferrier. Stoiter'd [staggered]. He stoiter'd up an' made a face; The Jolly Beggars, R. III. Stole, The Pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17. Ee thou deckt in silken stole, Wr. in Friars-Carse H. Stole. When on my ear this plaintive strain, Slow-solemn, stole A Winter Night, 6. A flatt'ring ardent kiss he stole; S. On a bank of flowers the Stolen. motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed? Ep. fr. Esopus.	Ill har sts, dafe bargains, cutty stools. Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Ef. to f. L.—k, Af. 1st, 11. Stand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O gude ale comes t My mither she hade me gie him a stool, S. The auld man't I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool,
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, Stocked, -et. "Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illegit. Child, A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird, Latt May a braw wooser to Stock-fish. And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie Wi' thy [death's] auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H. Stocking, -in, On Fasteneen we had a rockin, To ca' the ranck and weave our stockin; To ca' the ranck and weave our stockin; Snaw-white stockins on his legs, S. The Ploughman t Stotited [walked in a stupid, staggering way]. Down George's Street I stoited; To Miss Ferrier. Stotier'd [staggered]. He stoiter'd up an' made a face; The folly Beggars, R. III. Stole, s. The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole; The Cetter's Sat. Night, 17. Ee thou deckt in silken stole, Slow-solemn, stole A Winter Night, 6. A flatt'ring ardent kiss he stole; S. On a bank of flowers t Stomach. Wi' his proud, independant stomach.	Ill har'sts, dafe bargains, cutty stools. Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 11st, 11. Stand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O gude ale comest My mither she hade me gie him a stool, I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, The Holy Fair. & Stoop. While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high. Ep. fr. Eloopus. An 'wi n euchie low did stoop, The Holy Fair. 3. Stoop I sounding hollow and hoarse; strong and hoarsel. Wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick, Add. to the Deil. & A carline stoor and grim, The Election Ballads. I. Stop. Set up a face, how I stop short, For fear your modesty be hurt. A Ded. to G. H. Some cock or cat, your rage mann stop, Add. to the Deil. 14. Vet oft, delighted, stops to trace The progress of the spiky blade. The shepherd stops his simple reed, S. Echold, my love t' Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20. And just to stop, and just to move, With selferspecting art: Despondency, an Ode. 4. Stop, passenger! my story's brief, El. on Capt. II. H., Epil. Stop I there he is as sure's a gun, Epil. on Holy Willie. Stop Thief'd dame Nature cried to Death. Epil. on W—— Till stop! she trotted thro' them a'; Halloween. 20. And come to stoop those reckless yows.
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, Stocked, -et. "Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illegit. Child. A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird. Latt May a braw wooser to Stock-fish. And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie Wi' thy [death's] auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H. Stocking, -in. On Fasteneen we had a rockin, To ca' the crack and weave our stockin; To ca' the crack and weave our stockin; To ca' the crack and weave our stockin; Sanaw-white stockins on his legs, S. The Ploughman t Stotted (walked in a stupid, staggering way). Down George's Street I stoited; To Mits Ferrier. Stoiter'd (staggered). He stoiter'd up an' made a face; The felly Beggars, R. III. Stole, s. The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole; The Cutter's Sat. Night. 17. Be thou deckt in silken stole, Slow-solemn, stole A Winter Night. 6. A flatt'ring ardent kiss he stole; Stomach. Wi' his proud, independant stomach, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. My stomach's as proud as them a', man. Roualts of Fennats.	Ill har'sts, dafe bargains, cutty stools. Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Stand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O gude ale comes! My mither she hade me gie him a stool, I. The audid man't I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, S. The audid man't I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, The Holy Fair. 8. Stoop. While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high. E. f., E. soopus. An' wi' a curchie low did stoop, The Holy Fair. 3. Stoop I sounding hollow and hoarse; strong and hoarse, Wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick, Add. to the Deil. 8. A carline stoor and grim, The Election Ballads. I. Stop. Set up a face, how I stop short, For fear your modesty be hurt. A Ded. to G. H. Some cock or cat, your rage maun stop, Add. to the Deil. 14. Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace The, progress of the shigh blade. The progress of the shigh blade. The shepherd stops his simple reed, S. Behold, my love to the shepher of the stop, and just to move, With self-respecting art: Despondency, an Ode. 1. Stop, passenger I my story's brief, El. on Capt. Bl. H., Epit. Stop, Thief I dame Nature cried to Death, Epit, on W.— Till stop I she trotted thro't them a'; Hallween, 20. And come to stop those reckless yows, Would soon heen broken. The Vision, D. I. 9.
Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen, Stocked, -et. "Twill please me mair to hear an' see't, Than stocket mailins. Add. to Illegit. Child, A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird, Latt May a braw wooser to Stock-fish. And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie Wi' thy [death's] auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H. Stocking, -in, On Fasteneen we had a rockin, To ca' the ranck and weave our stockin; To ca' the ranck and weave our stockin; Snaw-white stockins on his legs, S. The Ploughman t Stotited [walked in a stupid, staggering way]. Down George's Street I stoited; To Miss Ferrier. Stotier'd [staggered]. He stoiter'd up an' made a face; The folly Beggars, R. III. Stole, s. The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole; The Cetter's Sat. Night, 17. Ee thou deckt in silken stole, Slow-solemn, stole A Winter Night, 6. A flatt'ring ardent kiss he stole; S. On a bank of flowers t Stomach. Wi' his proud, independant stomach.	Ill har'sts, dafe bargains, cutty stools. Your Latin names for horns an' stools; Ef. to f. L.—k, Af. 1st, 11. Stand i' the stool when I hae done, S. O gude ale comest My mither she hade me gie him a stool, S. The auld man I I gae him a stool, and he look'd like a fool, Some carryan dails, some chairs an' stools, The Holy Fair. 8. Stoop. While sans culottes stoop up the mountain high. Ef. fr. Eatopus. An 'wi n euchie low did stoop, The Holy Fair. 8. Stoop [sounding hollow and hoarse; strong and hoarse]. Wi' an eldritch, stoor quaick, quaick, Add. to the Deil. 8. A carline stoor and grim, The Election Ballads. I. Stop. Set up a face, how I stop short, For fear your modesty be hurt. A Ded. to G. H. Some cock or cat, your rage maun stop, Add. to the Deil. 14. Vet oft, delighted, stops to trace The progress of the spiky blade. The shepherd stops his simple reed, S. Echeld, my love t' Yet stops me o' my law'n' prey, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 20. And just to stop, and just to move, With self-respecting art: Stop, passenger! my story's brief, El. on Capl. M. H., Ejil. Stop I there he is as sure's a gun, Egit on Holy Willie. Stop Thief'd dame Nature cried to Death. Ejil. on W— Till stop! she trotted thro' them a'; Hallowsen. 20. And come to stoop those reckless yows.

2.

Supply'd wi' store o' water, . Add. to Unco Guid.	Some gleams of sunshine and renewing storms: Why am I loth †
And send us from thy bounteous store	Storm, to. Who think to storm the world by dint of merit.
A tup or wether head! At Globe Tay., D. Still grant us with such store;	Inform him [death], and storm him,
The Friend we trust; the Fair we love; Grace after Dinner.	I nat Saturday ye ii lecht him To a Medical Gent.
Curse thon his basket and his store, Holy Willie's Prayer. 12.	Storm'd. The rev'rend gray-heards rav'd an' storm'd, To W. Simpson, P.S
Curse thou his basket and his store, Holy Willie's Prayer. 12. So may ye hae auld stanes in store, S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. † O hurning hell! in all thy store of terments	storming.
	But lang or noon, loud tempests storming A' my flowery bliss destroy'd S. I dream'd I lay t
There's not a keener lash!	Stormy.
'mid learning's store,	Kindly stood the milking-shiel,
Or when the North his fleecy store	To shelter frae the stormy weather S. As I came o'er † Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main!
Drove thro' the sky, The Vision. D. II. 13.	Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store, The comforts of the mind; To Chloris.	On stormy seas and far away, [re.] S. How can my poor heart to the stormy life. The Election English VI.
Stored, -'d. Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd,	when agattangs me the stormy litt, I he Etterion Duritars, VI.
Our land wha wi' chapels has stored;	I think upon the stormy wave. S. The gloomy night † Or, the stormy North sends driving forth,
The Election Ballads. III.	The blinding sleet and snaw:
And your skulls are storehouses o' lead. The Kirk's Alarm.	Story.
Storied. "No storied urn nor animated bust,"	But first, before you see heaven's glory, May ye get mony a merry story, Auld comrade †
Storm.	Stop, passenger! my story's brief, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.
Ae night the Storm the steeples rocked, A Winter Night. 2.	One Queen Artemisa, as old stories tell.
"Calling the storms to bear him o'er a guilty land!" Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Epig. on Henpecked Squire. Ay free, aff han', your story tell, Ep. to Young Friend. 5.
When Masons' mystic word an' grip,	But ha'd your nine-tail cat a wee,
In storms an' tempests raise you up, Add. to the Deil. 14. His lordship sat wi' ruefu' e'e,	Till ance you've heard my story. Epit. on Holy Willie.
And ey'd the gathering storm, Extem. in Court of Session.	But now for a Patron, whose name and whose glory At once may illustrate and honour my story.
As the storms the forest tear, S. How can my poor heart †	Frag, inser, to Fox.
They hung him up before the storm, . John Barleycorn.	Once great in martial story! On Duke of Queensberry. Not for to preach, but tell his simple story:
"But I maun lie before the storm, "And ithers plant them in my room. Lament for Glencairn.	Prologue, at Th., D
The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.	An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us, . Scotch Drink.
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land. I haste with the storm to a far distant shore; Ib.	There's themes enow in Caledonian story, Scots Prologue.
But luckless fortune's northern storms	The Souter tauld his queerest stories; Tam o' Shanter. 5. In plain, braid Scots hold forth a plain, braid story:
Laid a' my blossoms low, O; . S. Luckless Fortune.	The Brigs of Ayr, o.
When o'er the hills beat surly storms, S. Montgomerie's Peggy. Or did misfortune's bitter storms	'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell, How monie stories past, The Holy Fair, 23.
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw, S. O wert thou in the †	Thinking the story himself he did raise, S. The Poor Thresher,
And gane, alas! the sheltering tree, Should shield thee frae the storm. On Birth of Posth. Child.	Sae fam'd in martial story S. The Union.
When thou shrunk frae the scowl of the loud winter storm,	Still, as in Scottish Story read, . The Vision. D. I. 15.
On Death of fav. Child.	Wallace Aft bure the gree, as story tells, Frae Suthron hillies. To W. Simpson. 10.
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks; On Death of R. Dundas.	Stot [an ox]. Forbid it, ev'ry heavenly Power,
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm.	You e'er should he a Stot! The Calf.
On Death of Sir J. Blair.	'Its neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave, S. There liv'd ance a carle
braving angry winter's storms, S. Peggy Chalmers. Give me the groves that lofty brave	Stoun, Stound (a sudden sharp pain).
The storms, by Castle Gordon S. Streams that glide †	And my the stound, the deadly wound,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm, Tam o' Shanter.	Came frae her een sae honie blue. S. I gaed a waefu't My heart it gae a stoun. S. My heart was ance t
The storm without might rair and rustle, Tam did na mind the storm a whistle	Who heals life's various stounds, On Birth of Posth. Child.
Or like the rainbow's lovely form	Stound, to-
Evanishing amid the storm	And my heart it stounds wi' anguish, Lest my wee thing he na mine S. Bonie wee thing
Wha's honour is proof to the storm; The Election Ballads. III.	Stoup, Stowp [a drink-measure; a drinking vessel
when the storm the forest rends, Ib. VI.	with a nancie.
This rock my shield, when storms are blowing, The Hermit.	Her mutchkin-stowp as toom's a whissle; The Author's Cry and Prayer.
This too, a covert shall ensure, To shield them from the storm; The Petition of Br. Water.	An' there the pint-stowp clatters; The Holy Fair. 18.
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm. The Rights of Woman.	And by that Stowp! my faith an' houpe, The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.
	May ye ne'er want a stonp o' bran'y
'The threat'ning Storm, some, strongly, rein; The Vision. D. II. 3.	To clear your head. Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth Amid the storm, . To a Mountain-Daisy.	And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup, And surely I'll be mine; S. Should auld acquaintance
Then low'ring, and pouring, The Storm no more I dread; To Ruin.	Stoure i dust, particularly dust blown on the wind, or in motion; battle, fight, pressure of circum-
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms,	stances,.
The lang, dark night! To W. Simpson. I thought sair storms wad never	S-ckv-lle doure, wha stood the stoure, . A Fragment. 5.
Bedew the scene; v.3 white Grief.	Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't, . S. Awa, whigs, awa. How hlythely would I hide the stoure,
Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers, S. Wandering Willie.	S. O Mary, at thy window †
There will surely be some pleasant weather	Ye spak' na, but gaed by like stonre; S. O Tibbie!

When a' their storms are past and gone. When clouds in skies †

of sunshine mid renewing storms Why am I loth t ho think to storm the world by dint of merit, Prologue, at Th., D.. eath), and storm him, . To a Medical Gent. ay ye'll fecht him. rev'rend gray-heards rav'd an' storm'd,

To IV. Simpson, P.S., on, loud tempests storming
ry bliss destroy'd. . . S. I dream'd I lay t he milking-shiel, ae the stormy weather. . S. As I came o'er t indsmen on life's stormy main! Ep. to R. Graham, 5. and far away, [re.]
S. How can my poor heart † gs fire the stormy lift, The Election Ballads, VI. ne stormy wave. . S. The gloomy night † North sends driving forth, sleet and snaw: re you see heaven's glory, ony a merry story, Auld comrade † r! my story's brief, El, on Capt. M. H., Epit. rtemisa, as old stories tell. Epig. on Henpecked Squire. n', your story tell, Ep. to Young Friend. 5. nine-tail cat a wee. Epit. on Holy Willie. 've heard my story. Patron, whose name and whose Samuellustrate and honour my story.

Frag. inser. to Fex. . On Duke of Oucensberry. martial story! . ach, but tell his simple story:

Prologue, at Th., D.. ames an' stories wrack us, . Scotch Drink. s enow in Caledonian story, Scots Prologue. Tam o' Shanter. 5. ald his queerest stories; Scots hold forth a plain, braid story : The Brigs of Ayr. o. lang a tale to tell, . The Holy Fair, 23. stories past, . tory himself he did raise, S. The Poor Thresher. . S. The Union. The Vision. D. I. 15. re the gree, as story tells, Frae Suthron hillies. To W. Simpson, 10, heavenly Power, uld he a Stot! our stot nor your staig I shall crave,
S. There livid ance a carle [a sudden sharp pain]. or a stouch shally wound, the deadly wound, the deadly wound, or een sae bonie blue.

S. I gaed a waefu't see a stoun.

S. My heart was ance t 's various stounds,

On Birth of Posth. Child. it stounds wi' anguish, thing he na mine. . , S. Bonie wee thing t fa drink-measure: a drinking vessel ndlel. stowp as toom's a whissle;

The Author's Cry and Prayer, oint-stowp clatters: . . The Holy Fair. 18. oint-stowp clatters. .
towp! my faith an' houpe,

The Jolly Beggars. S. VI. want a stonp o' bran'y Third Ep. to J. Lap .. To clear your head. Il be your pint-stoup, I'll be mine; S. Should auld acquaintance† particularly dust blown on the wind, ion; battle, fight, pressure of circum-, wha stood the stoure, . A Fragment. 5. n wi' the stoure o't, . S. Awa, whigs, awa. would I hide the stoure, S. O Mary, at thy window †

This day the Kirk kicks up a stonre,

The Ordination, 3.

Strathspey [the Strath of the river Spey, in Moray-shire].

My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,

Return him safe to fair Strathspey, S. The yng Highl. Rover.

For I mann crush amang the stoure	Shonld I believe, my coaxin billie, Your flatterin strain To W. Simpson.
Thy slender stem: . To a Mountain-Daisy. Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,	Strain, to.
In brunstane stonre . To Terraughty. Stourie [dusty].	She strains your infant to her joyless hreast, A Winter Night. 8.
And ay she took the tither souk, To dronk the stonrie tow S. The weary Pund.	And nightly to my bosom strain The bonie lass o' Ballochmyle. S. Twas even—the dewy†
Stout.	Strained.
And sev'n braw fellows, stout an' able, A Ded. to G. H., 14.	And a' your views may come to nonght, Where ev'ry nerve is strained Ep. to Young Friend.
Stow'd. The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes	Straining.
Wad stow'd his [Ferguson's] pantry!) To W. Simpson.	Gie me within my straining grasp The melting form of Anna S. The gowd. Locks of A.
Stown [stolen]. Thou hast stown my very heart, . S. Hark! the mavis' +	Alas! what bitter toil an' straining To J. S., 20.
'My youthful heart was stown away, S. O Phely,†	Strak [struck]. The auld kirk-hammer strak the hell Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.
It's thought the gudes were stown. The Election Ballads, IV.	Strand. A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand; . S. Caledonia.
Her heart was tint, her peace was stown! S. There was a lass †	It was n' for our rightfu' King We left fair Scotland's strand; S. It was a' for
'Twas the hewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness. S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e †	Before I leave Scotia's strand S. To Mary.
Con'd stown a clue wi' ony hodie; S. Willie Wastle †	Strang [strong]. Or fonming, strang, wi' hasty stens,
Stownlins [by stealth]. Rob, stownlins, prie'd her bonie mon,	Frae lin to lin. El. on Capt. M. H., 4.
And stownlins we sall meet again. S. I'll ay ca' in †	But I, the Queen of a' Scotland, Mann lie in prison strang Lament of Mary of Scots.
Stowp v. Stoup. Stoyte [to stumble].	A mickle man, a strang man, . S. O wat ye what my † May foes be strang, and friends be slack, On W. Stewart.
Elind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way, S. Contented wi little, †	(A sonple jade she was, and strang), Tam o' Shanter. 16.
S. Contented wi' little, † Strae [straw; "a fair strae-death," lit. a fair death	I gae him n dram o' the brand sae strang, S. The auld man t
in the straw, i.e., in bed, a natural death]. 'Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae-death,	strang necessity supreme is 'Mang sons o' men. To Dr. Blacklock.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25.	A weak arm, and a strang S. Ye Jacobites † Strange.
Straight. I see thee gracefu', straight, and tall. S. Craigie-burn Wood.	strange to tell! Add. to the Deil. 14.
Straight the sky grew black and daring; S. I dream'd I lay +	In this strange land, this uncouth clime, Ep. to H. Parker. Ladies, would it not be strange
She's bonie, blooming, straight, and tall; S. O This is no my ain t	Man should then a monster prove? . S. Let not woman t
Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band, S. There liv'd ance a carle †	And (what would now he strange) ye godly Writers: The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
An' hunt him down, o'er right an' ruth,	Stranger. With open arms the Stranger hail; Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
To min straight To Rev. J. M Math. Straik [to stroke].	truant 'prentices, yet young in sin, . Ep. fr. Esopus.
May claw his lug, and straik his beard, On IV. Chalmers. An' straik her cannie wi' the hair,	Know thou, O stranger to the fame Of this much lov'd, much honor'd name! Epit. for R. A.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. Straiket [stroked].	"I've seen sae mony changefu' years, "On earth I nm a stranger grown; Lament for Glencairn.
I straiket it a wee for sport, Ep. to J. R., 8.	Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
Strain. And frae his harp sic strains did flow, A Vision. When on my ear this plaintive strain,	Man was made to Mourn. 1 am nae stranger to your fame, On W. Chalmers.
Slow-solemn, stole A Winter Night. 6.	Their carriage and dress, a stranger would gness, In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a';
Or [Spring] tunes Aeolian strains between. Add. to Shade of Thomson.	The Belles of Mauchline.
The muse should tell, in labor'd strains, O Mary how I love thee. S. Could aught of song †	And hands the rustic stranger up to fame, The Brigs of Ayr. Stranger, if full of youth and riot, The Hermit.
O, rivers, forests, hills, and plains!	He still was a stranger to fear; S. There was a bonie lass †
Oft have ye heard my canty strains; El. on Capt. M. H., 11. I wad in vain essay the strain. S. Lovely Davies.	You'll easy draw a weel-kent face, But no sae weel a stranger To a Painter.
The Hero of these artless strains, A lowly hard was he,	And still to her charms She alone is a stranger! S. True hearted was he †
To you I sing my grief-inspired strains:	Stranger, to justly shew that brow, . V.s below Picture.
On Death of R. Dundas, How can I to the tuneful strains attend?	Lang, lang, joy's heen a stranger to me; S. Wae is my heart † The hrave poor sodger ne'er despise,
That strain pours round th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies. Sounet, on Death of R	Nor count him as a stranger, S. When wild War's † Stranger, go! Heaven be thy guide! Wr. in Friars-Carse H
Sing on sweet hird, I listen to thy strain, Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	Strapping, -an [tall and handsome].
My partoer in the merry core,	A' plump and strapping in their teens, Tam o' Shanter. 13. A strappan youth; he takes the Mother's eye;
She rons'd the forming strain. The Ans. to the Guidwife. though his artless strains he rudely sings, The Brigs of Ayr.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12,	Her strappan limb an' gansy middle, The Jolly Beggars. R. V. Strath [level land between hills, through which a
The pompons strain, the sacerdotal stole; 1b. 17.	stream flows]. Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains; The Lament. 'I taught thy manners-painting strains, The Vision, D. II. 18.	S. My heart's in the Highlands†
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,	Ilk stream foaming down its ain greeo, narrow strath; S. You wild mossy mountains †
To Miss Graham. While conscious virtue all the strain endears.	Strathspey [the Strath of the river Spey, in Moray-

While conscious virtue all the strain endears, Ib.
I call no goddess to inspire my strains, . . . To R. Graham.
With trembling voice I tune my strain . To Rev. J. M'Math.

Strathspey (a kind of dance in which two persons engage; or, its music). 'Twas Pibroch, Sang, Strathspey, or Reels,	Up rose the Genius of the stream As on the banks † "When spreading beech and tapering elm, "Shaded my streams sae clear and cool; 1b.
S. Amang the trees t	The foaming stream deep roaring fa's.
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5. But bornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels, Tam o' Shanter. 11.	S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go t
When thro' his dear Strathspeys they hore with Highland rage;	By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove S. By Allan stream † By unfrequented stream, . Despondency, an Ode. 3.
The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd,
Straught [straight].	El. on Miss Burnet. Farewell, thou stream that winding flows
And waff them in the infernal wherry Straught through the lake, Adam A-'s Prayer.	S. Farewell, thou stream † Amang the rocks an streams To sport that night
ye wad whip Aff straught to H-ll. Add. to the Deil. 14. Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin.	List'ning to the wild birds singing, By a falling, chrystal stream; S. I dream'd I lay †
Straught to auld Nick's. Ep. to J. R. For muckle anes, an straught anes. Halloween. 4.	Lugar's winding stream; Lament for Glencairn.
straught or crooked, yird or nane,	Now Phothus chears the crystal streams, Lament of Mary of Scots.
Bonie and bloomin, and straught was its make; S. Lady Mary Ann.	Girvan's fairy haunted stream . S. Now bank and brae
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight,	My life was ance that careless stream, S. Now Spring has clad †
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean, The Vision. D. I. 11.	The boatmen on Nith's gentle stream, On Lincluden.
An' get sic fair example straught, To Gav. Hamilton.	And drinks the stream with vigour fresh; S. On Cessnock banks † Sett II.
Straught [stretch]. The Laird o' the Ford will straught on a board,	Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Ronalds of Bennals. Straw. 'Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,	As one who by some savage stream, A lonely gem surveys, S. Peggy Chalmers.
A Winter Night. 9. That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,	Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Straw'd [strewed].	Oh! stream whose murmurs still I hear!
Her nut-brown hair, beyond compare,	S. Slow spreads the gloom † And o'er the stream your shadows throw,
Was on her bosom straw'd so, . S. As I gaed up by † Stray. In lanely glens ye like to stray: Add. to the Deil. 5.	Blest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde 16.
While through thy sweets she loves to stray, O tell me, does she muse on me! . S. Behold the hour?	that dear stream which flows to Clyde
O tell me, does she muse on me! S. Behold the hour† But we'll ne'er stray for faute o' light, S. Gane is the day†	Give me the stream that sweetly laves
There, up the Cove, to stray an' rove, Halloween.	The banks by Castle Gordon
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays; 1b. 25.	That winding stream I love so dear! S. The Banks of Nith.
Through yellow, waving fields we'll stray, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stream.
Come let us stray our gladsome way, S. Now westlin winds †	The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd; 16. 11.
Till, thence returned, they softly stray O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay; On Lincluden.	The Genius of the Stream in front appears, 1b. 13.
Where the mossy riv'let strays, . On scaring Water-fowl.	Reflected beams dwell in the streams, The Fête Champetre. Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
In gowany glens thy burnie strays, Poem on Pastoral Poetry. The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray:	The Petition of Br. Water.
S. Sleep'st thou, †	Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
And sae the kye might stray The Election Ballads. V. If, in their random, wanton spouts,	There streams for ever flow, and there flowers for ever blow,
They [the trouts] near the margin stray; The Petition of Br. Water.	S. The Slave's Lament. As in the bosom of the stream The moon-beam dwells at dewy e'en; S. There was a lass!
Here haply too, at vernal dawn, Some musing bard may stray,	But golden sands did never grace
Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray! The Lament.	l
Observed us, fondly-wand ring, stray!	As streams their channels deeper wear.
But stray amang the heather bens, S. 1 next was a lass ;	We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine Up wi' the best To W. Simpson.
In arioso trills and graces Ve never stray, To J. S., 27. And should the false one hither stray, No vengeful spirit bid him fear; S. To thee, lov'd Nith†	Down hy you stream, and you honie castle green; S. Wae is my heart †
No vengeful spirit bid him fear; S. To thee, lov'd Nith	S. Wae is my heart † The arches striding o'er the new born stream;
O sweet, to stray an pensive ponder A heart-felt sang! . To W. Simpson.	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
He strays among the woods and briers, . S. Young Jamie, † Strayed.	Where, thro' a shapeless hreach, his stream resounds. Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
As on the hanks of Ayr I stray'd, Add. to Edinburgh.	Ve banks, and braes, and streams around The castle of Montgomery.
Ae bonie simmer morn I stray'd As on the banks † motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed? Ef. fr. Esopus.	The castle of Montgomery, S. Ye banks, and bracs, and streams †
By a river hoarsely roaring	by a lanely, sequestered stream, S. You wild mossy mountains t
Isabella stray'd deploring	Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, parrow strath; Ib.
With careless step I onward stray'd, S. Twas even—the dewy t Straying. Lone on the bleaky bills the straying flocks	And glitter o'er the crystal streams . S. Young Peggy † Stream, to.
On Death of R. Dundas.	But there it streams an' richly reams,
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails, . A Dream. 10.	My Helicon I ca' that The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. Stream'd.
When death's dark stream I ferry o'er, A V. on being Hosp. Entertained.	O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide, That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
The stream adown its hazelly path, A Vision. My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream, S. Afton Water,	
Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides, , 1b.	by Castalia's wimplin streamies, . To Dr. Blacklock.

Thy chrystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides, . . . 1b.

Stride. Next follow'd Courage with his martial stride.

The Brigs of Ayr. 13.

O'er Pegasus' side ye ne'er laid a stride, The Kirk's Alarm.

Fu' stately strode he on the plain, S. My Harry was a gallant † Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd

They strode along. [v. A.4] The Vision. D. I.

. To W. Simpson, 11.

Oft have our fearless fathers strode By Wallace' side,

Strode

. A Vision.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;

But, hark ye, friend, I charge you strictly, Auld comrade t

Sin I could stridale owre a rig; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 9.

Striddie [to straddie].

The life blood streaming thro' my beart, Ep. to Davic. 9.	Striding. The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
Fair beaming, and streaming	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Her silver light the boughs amang; S. Sae flaxen	Strife. The victim sad of Fortune's strife, A Ded. to G. H., 16. With tumult, disquiet, rehellion, and strife; S. Caledonia.
Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI.	Who, equal to the bustling strife, No other view regard! . Despondency, an Ode. 2.
Streamlet. And [Simmer] o'er the chrystal streamlet plays; S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †	Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife, Their fate we should na censure, Ep. to Young Friend. 4.
Sweet the strenmlet's limpid lapse To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip; Delia. An Ode.	A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife, Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Thou chrystal streamlet with thy flowery shore, El. on Miss Burnet.	I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife, S. Farcwell, ye dungeons † Meanwhile the hapless daughter
No more by the hanks of the streamlet we'll wander, Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.	Has but a choice of strife, S. How ernel† cease your strife, Nor longer idly rave, S. Husband, husband†
While hid the murmuring streamlets flow; S. On Cessnock banks † Sett II.	The canniest gate, the strife is sair: S. In simmer when the marks of sturt and strife; . Nature's Law.
That man shall flourish like the trees Which by the streamlets grow: . The 1st Psalm.	A Douglas followed to the martial strife, [v.A. 12] Scots Prologue.
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing Supplying drink. The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale,	At strife thir carlines fell; The Election Ballads. I. Made me the judge o' strife; Ib. V.
S. The small birds †	Fintry, my stay in worldly strife, Ib. VI.
Chrystal streamlets gently flowing S. Thickest night † Streekit [stretched].	A scene o' sorrow mixed wi' strife, . The Tree of Liberty. Foiled, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife,
Ance ye were streekit owre frae bank to bank! The Brigs of Ayr. 5.	To R. G. of F., 5. Heaven keep you free frae care and strife, V.s to Landlady.
And lastly, streekit out to bleach In winter snaw; To W. Creech.	What makes heroic strife, fam'd afar, . S. I'e Jacobites †
Street. As I was walking up the street. S. O Mally's meek.	Strike. And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones, A Ded. to G. H., 10.
Who loves bis own smart shadow in the streets, . Sketch. When chapmen billies leave the street, . Tam o' Shanter.	Fair B- strikes th' adoring eye, . Add. to Edinburgh. 4.
Go, Fame, an' canter like a filly Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie,	But, like guid mothers, shore before ye strike; Scots Prologue.
Thro' a' the streets an' neuks o' Killie, Tam Samson's El., Per C	To strike evil doers wi' terror; The Kirk's Alarm. Striking.
An' durk an' pistol at her belt.	In your servants this is striking The Dean of Fac
She'll tak the streets, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17. your poor, narrow foot-path of a street, The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	Strik'st. Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
Nae mair the Council waddles down the street,	S. Farewell, thou fair day
In all the pomp of ignorant conceit; Ib. 10.	Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark! Ib. String. And now the third part o' the string,
Strength. "Strength to bear it will be given, S. Husband, husband †	An less, will gang about it A Dream. 4.
Yet they, even they, with all their strength,	On trembling string, or vocal air, S. A Rosebud by my †
Began to faint and fail; New Psalmody.	Let minstrels sweep the skilful string, S. Behold, my love, † Beat bemp for others, riper for the string: Ep. fr. Esopus.
Gie body strength, then I'll ne'er start. At this my way sae far awa. S. Sae far awa. For woman's wit, or strength o' man.	Pull the string, ruling passion, the picture will show him. Fragment, inscr. to Fox.
For woman's wit, or strength o' man. Alas! can do but what they can; The Election Ballads. VI.	Yestreen, when to the trembling string
Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks, In twisting strength 1 rin; . The Petition of Br. Water	The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha. S. O Mary, at thy window †
O had the malt thy strength of mind, To Mr. Syme.	And throws his band uncouthly o'er the strings.
Stretch,	The Brigs of Ayr. Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair! The Death of Mailie.
No—stretch a point to catch a plack; . A Ded. to G. H., S. Dr. Mac, Dr. Mac, you should stretch on a rack,	Gude keep thee frae a tether string! Ib.
The Kirk's Alarm. Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive, . To a Haggis.	When click'! the string the snick did draw; The Vision. D. I. 7. String, to.
The warly race may drudge an' drive,	Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-sair, . Scotch Drink. 6.
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive, To W. Simpson. Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan,	Stringing. But stringing blethers up in rhyme For fools to sing. The Vision, D. I. 4.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Strip. At slaps the billies halt a blink,
Stretch'd. Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep. A Winter Night. q. See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save.	Till lasses strip their shoon: The Holy Fair. 26. Stript. "And stript the claeding aff your brase? As on the banks †
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs	Strive. While nobles strive to please Ye, . A Dream. 9.
"Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear, To get remead. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 18.
Has oft been stretch'd to shield the bonour'd land! Prologue, sp. by Woods.	'Strive in thy humble sphere to shine; The Vision. D. II. 21.
Strew'd.	Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive, To a Haggis.
And strew'd the lea wi' flowers: S. Now Spring has clad † Strewin, Strowing.	The warly race may drudge an' drive, Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive, To W. Simpson.
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing, . S. Raving winds †	Striv'n. Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
It's silly wa's the win's are strewin! To a Mouse.	Stroan't [pissed]. To a Mountain-Daisy.
	An' stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him. The Twa Dogs. 3.
Strict. Till Lairds forbad, by strict commands, Sic bluidy pranks. To W. Simpson, P.S. Strictly.	Strode.
Strictly.	Fu' stately strode he on the plain, S. My Harry was a gallant t

Stroke. An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke. Halloween, 27. The hoary Sire-the mortal stroke, Long, long be pleas'd to spare; O Thou dread Pow'r t But alas! when forc'd to sever. Then the stroke, O how severe! . S. Scenes of weet Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. 'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low, S. The Highl. Lassie. Strong, with a frater-feeling strong, . A Bard's Epit.. With Passions wild and strong ; A Prayer in Prosp, of Death. To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham. Ep. to R. Graham. . Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper. Strong ale was ablution. . Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong, S. Farewell, ye dungeons t With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong, Frag., inser. to Fox. I'm here a pillar in thy temple, Strong as a rock. . Holy Willie's Prayer, 5. Thy strong right hand, L-d make it bare, . . 16. 13. And he grew thick and strong, . . John Barleycorn. Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption
Death soon will end her. Letter to J. Goudie. The liquid fire of strong desire . . . Nature's Law. Thou madest strong two chosen ones, . New Psalmody. Strong Necessity compels. . . On scaring Water-food. Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire; Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Gie him strong Drink until he wink,
That's sinking in Parad That's sinking in Despair; . . But when thou pours thy strong heart's blood,
There thou shines chief. . Ib. 1. Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel, 16. 11. The strong forehammer, . And what is this day's strong suggestion? Sketch, New-Yr's Day. The native feelings strong, the guileless ways, The Cotter's Sat. Night. Whose strong right hand has ever heen

Whose strong right hand has ever heen

The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps. An' rouse them up to strong conviction,

The Author's Cry and Prayer. The blackhird strong, the lintwhite clear, The Petition of Br. Water. Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write Those happy scenes when far awa!

The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.. Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set! The Lament. 10. I mark'd a martial Race, pourtray'd In colours strong; [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong, . . Ib. D. II. 16. Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox. To R. G. of F., 7. Stronger. Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae, . S. It is na, Jean, † Nor stronger in my breast, . But tearing Peggy from my soul . S. Peggy Chalmers. Must be a stronger death. Or ony stronger potico, . . . The Holy Fair. 19. Time but the impression stronger makes,
S. To Mary in Heaven. Strongest. That charm, that can the strongest quell,
The sternest move. Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Stronghold. Already one strong hold of hope is lost, To R. G. of F., Q. Strongly. How strongly still your view displays
The piety of ancient days! On Lincluden. Freedom's sword will strongly draw? . S. Scots, wha ha'e t

A wish, that to my latest hour Shall strongly heave my breast; The Ans. to the Guidwife. The Vision. D. I. 10. Was strongly marked in her face; . The threat'ning storm, some, strongly, rein; Ib. D. II. 8. Honour's war we strongly waged, . . S. Thickest night † Strong-wing'd. Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin,

Add. to the Deil. 4. Strove. Who long with jiltish arts and airs hast strove;

Add. sp. by Fontenelle.

Strowing v. Strewin.

Struck. Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,

The Brigs of Ayr. 12.

Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird. The Jolly Beggars. R. VI. 'I saw grim Nature's visage hoar,
'Struck thy young eye. The Vision. D. II. 13. Struggle. I'll hide the struggle in my heart, S. Ah, Chloris, † Struggle, to In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle,
Fragment, inser, to Fox. Struggled. "Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce, The Whistle. 18. Struggling. Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,

1Vr. by Fall of Fyers. Strum. The idiot strum of vanity bemused, Ep. fr. Esopus. Strum, to. Here vanity strums on her idiot lyre; Monody, on a Lady. Strumpet. strumpets, relics of the drunken roar, . Ep. fr. Esopus. Strung. Fate oft tears the bosom chords That Nature finest strung: S. Sad thy tale. t Tho' hy the neck she should be strung, She'll no desert. The Author's Cry and Prayer. Strunt [spirituous liquor of any sort]. Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt, They parted aff careerin . Halloween, 28. A dram o' gude strunt in a morning early, S. O ken ye what Meg † Strunt, to [to walk sturdily]. To a Louse. I canna say but ye strunt rarely, . Strut. Wha struts and stares, and a that; S. The Honest Man. Strutted. Or strutted in a Bank and clarket
My Cash-Account; The Vision. D. I. 5. Stuart v. Stewart. Stubble. And like the rootless stubble tost, The 1st Psalm. Before the sweeping blast. Stubborn. They'll keep their stubborn, Highland spirit. Add. of Beelzebub. G-d confound their stubborn face, Holy Willie's Prayer. 10. The stubborn Tories dare to die: The Election Ballads. VI. A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting villain, Studdie [a stithy, an anvil]. Till block an' studdie ring an' reel Wi' dinsome clamour. Stude [stood]. The day he stude his country's friend,
S. The laddies by † Studied. with studied, sly, ensnaring art, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd! . 16.19. Study. To ware his theologic care on, And holy study; Stuff [corn or pulse of any kind].

Tragic Frag. And like stock-fish [the devil] come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy [death's] auld sides! El. on Capt. M. H. . Scotch Drink. 11.

To Dr. Blacklock.

'The Simmer had heen cauld an' wat,

An' Stuff was unco green; . Halloween, 15. Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs Like drivin' wrack; Third Ep. to J. Lap.

But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden! . El. on l'ear 1788. Satan took stuff to mak a swine, . Epig. on A. Turner.

Their hearts no selfish stern absorbent stuff, Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle courted? Scots Prologue.

Here's the stuff and lining The Election Ballads. IV. O' Cardoness' head; . Your hearts are the stuff, will be powther enough, The Kirk's Alarm.

I see thy life is stuff o' prief, Scarce quite half worn. To Terraughty.

Stumbled. At howes or hillocks never stumbled, . Ep. to H. Parker. Stump. Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump, S. Willie Wastle ! Stumpan [walking clumsily].

An stumpan on his ploughman shanks, On dining with Daer. Stumple [dim. of stump; a worn qull]. An, down gaed stumple in the ink : Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 6.

Sae my auld stumpie pen 1 gat it Wi muckle wark, . Third Et. to I. Lat. Stumps (legs).

And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps, Ronalds of Bennals.

Ib.

Skeich, New Yr's Day.

Sub rosa.

While he, sub rosa, play'd his part Among their wives and lasses. The Election Ballads. VI.

Subscribe. I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum. The Jolly Beggars. S. I. Sae I subscribe mysel in haste, Yours, Rab the Ranter. Third Ep. to J. Lap.. Stung. Or tore, with noble ardour stung

The Sceptic's bays. The Vision. D. II. 6. Subscripsi. Subscripsi huic, Robert Burns. The Inventory. By blockhead's daring into madness stung; To R. G. of F., 5. Substance. Stupid. Some coarser substance, unrefin'd. . . A Winter Night. 7. So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks, Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox. To R. G. of F., 7. Subtile. subtile Litigation's pliant tongue . On Death of R. Dundas. Stupidity. Plain, dull Stupidity stept kindly in to aid them. Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure; To R. G. of F., 2. The Bries of Ayr. 10. Stupor. Scenes, if in stupor 1 forget, Succar-candie [sugar-candy]. . The Lament. Again I feel, again I burn! . And weel I wat her willin mou Stundy Was e'en like succar-candie. S Had I the mute t . A Ded. to G. H., o. A steady, sturdy, staunch Believer. Succeed. Let prudence number o'er each sturdy son, But he has gotten to our grief.

Ane to succeed him, Ep. to R. Graham. 5. The Twa Herds, 13. . Halloween. 16. 'A clever, sturdy fallow; Perhaps if bowls row right, and right succeeds, [v.A. 12] Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel, Scots Prologue. Scotch Drink, 11. Succeeding. But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds The strong forehammer, I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit. . . The Inventory. Succeeding hopes beguil'd. Sad thy tale, t Her charms had struck a sturdy Caird, The Jolly Beggars, R. VI. May liberty meet wi' success! S. Here's a health to them t And brandish round the deep-dy'd steel Success to Kenmure's band; S. O Kenmure's on and awa t The Vision, D. I. In sturdy blows; [v.A.4] But the Heavens deny'd success. . S. Thickest night † Shou'd meddle wi' a pack sae sturdy, To Rev. J. M' Math. But if success 1 must never find, Sturdiest. Then come misfortune, 1 bid thee welcome, ye [hills, cliffs] Nature's sturdiest bairns, S. Tho. fickle Fortune t El. on Capt. M. H., 3. Ah, though my looks betray, I envy your success;
To Clarinda. Sturt [trouble]. I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife, S. Farewell, ye dungeons t Succession. The next in succession, I'll give you the King, At a Meet. of D. Volunteers. The marks of sturt and strife; . . Nature's Law. Sturt, to [to molest, trouble, vex]. In bright succession raise, her Ornament and Guard! An' ay the less they hae to sturt them, In like proportion, less will hurt them. . The Twa Dogs. 29. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21. Successive. Sturtan [frighted]. Repeated, successive, for many long years, . S. Caledonia. Tho' he was something sturtan; Halloween. 18. . Sad thy tale, † cold successive noontide blasts . . Style [a stile]. Such. But with such as he, where'er he be, May I be sav'd or d-'d! . . . Syne up the back-style, and let naebody see, S. O whistlet . Epit. for G. H. Suck. The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong: The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles, That lie between us and our hame, Tam o' Shanter. On Death of R. Dundas. Style. O, how that name inspires my style! Ep. to Davie. 11. Sucker [sugar]. An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in, An' gusty sucker! To sing auld Coil in nobler style . . Nature's Law. Scotch Drink, o. The Holy Fair. 15. His English style, and gesture fine, Sud [should]. S. There was a ladt But whatna day o' whatna style . An' gif it's sae, ye sud be licket . Second Ep. to Davie. . To W. Simpson. To set her name in measur'd style: Sic hauns as you sud ne'er be faikit, Ib. Styme (a particle: the slightest degree; a glimpsel. The devil-haet, that I sud ban, They ever think. 1 scarce could wink or see a styme; There's naethin like t 1 sud be laith to think ye hinted Ironic satire,

To W. Simpson. Subdue. What force or guile could not subdue, S. The Union. Subject. Sudden. If not, why am I subject to Then let the sudden bursting sigh
The heart-felt pang discover; . S. Could aught of song † Man was made to Mourn, His cruelty, or scorn? But how the subject theme may gang.

Ep. to Young Friend. Sue. When the vanquish'd foe Sues for peace and quiet, . S. The Captain's Lady. But as to his fine Nabob fortune, We'll e'en let this subject alane. The Election Ballads. III. Who for her favour oft had su'd, . S. On a bank of flowers t Thou art a queen, fair Lesley, Thy subjects we before thee: S. O saw we bonie L. t Suffer. I see the bours, in long array,
That I must suffer, lingering, slow. The Lament. Subjection. To pay your Queen, with due respect.

My fealty an' subjection. A Dream. S. I did na suffer ha'f sae much Frae Daddie Auld. . What ails ye now t Sublime. Ye holy walls, that, still sublime, Resist the crumbling touch of time; On Lincluden. 'I'd rather suffer for my faut, A hearty flewit, . But accept, ye sublime Majority, Suffer'd. Wi' stanged hips, and buttocks bluidy,
She's suffer'd sair; Adam A-'s Prayer. My congratulations hearty. . . The Dean of Fac.. "Come-one bottle more-and have at the sublime! Suffering. S. The Whistle. 17. And suffering I am doom'd to bear, S. O wat ye wha's in t That's the true pathos and sublime Of human life. . Where suffering no longer can harm thee, To Dr. Blacklock. On Death of fav. Child. My fancy yerket up sublime . To J. S., 4. That whether doing, suffering, or forhearing, You may do miracles by persevering. Prologue, at Th., D.. Sublime, to. Last, she [nature] sublimes th' Aurora of the poles, Ep. to R. Graham. 2. But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,
S. The small birds † Sublimely. Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows, Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n, To a Mountain-Daisy. Sufficient, Gie them sufficient threshin, The Ordination, 5. Suggested. My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight. Ep. to R. Graham, 5. An' thus the Muse suggested Submissive. His sang that night. The Jolly Beggars. R. VII. And owning heaven's mysterious sway, Suggestion. Submissive, low. adore. . Frag. of Ode. If wiser too-he hinted some suggestion, Prologue, at Th., D.,

And what is this day's strong suggestion?
"The passing moment's all we rest on!"

Sugh [a rushing sound].	While corn grows green in summer showers, S. Where Cart rins
Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight, Wi' waving sugh Add. to the Deil. 7.	Summer-pride.
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard; The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	In flaming summer-pride, . The Petition of Br. Water Summer-toils.
November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh; The Cotter's Sat. Night.	The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils, The Brigs of Ayr. Summlt. How foolish, or worse, 'till our summit is gain'd!
init. To suit some wise design; A Prayer under Anguish. O Thou, whatever title suit thee! Add. to the Deil.	S. The lazy mist Life's proud summits would'st thou scale? Wr. in Friars-Carse I.
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul. On Death of R. Dundas.	Summon. So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying
Western breezes softly blowing, Suit not my distracted mind S. Thickest night † A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns; To R. Graham.	My fancy yerket up sublime Wi' hasty summon: To J. S.,
ullen. The bird of eve flits sullen by On Lincluden.	Summon, to. When twilight did my Graunie summon,
The hollow caves return a sullen moan. On Death of R. Dundas.	To say her pray'rs, douse, honest woman; Add. to the Deil. Summon'd.
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame, Tam o' Shanter. That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion:	She [Mirth] summou'd ev'ry social sprite, The Fête Champetr
The Brigs of Ayr. S.	Sumph [a dull-witted person, a blockhead]. Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name.
In sullen veugeance, I, disdain'd, reply: . The Vowels. A sullen welcome, all!	Be mindfu'o' your mither: The Ans. to the Guidwif Sun. And the rocks melt wi' the sun; S. A red, red Ros
Sullen-sounding,	The conscious sun, out o'er yon hill, Rejoicin' clos'd the day so, S. As I gaed up by
The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	The wintry sun the day has clos'd, S. Behind you hills
Sultana.	The evening sun was ne'er sue sweet, As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e Blythe was she
There I'll despise imperial charms, An Empress or Sultana, S. The gowd. Locks of A	All Creature's joy in the suns returning, . S. Bonie Be
we'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r,	I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun: S. Caledonia. 1 swear and yow by moon and stars,
At sultry noon, my dearie O. S. Lassie wi the lintwhite! And crosses o'er the sultry line; S. The day returns!	And sun that shines so early, S. Come boat me o'd. His soul was like the glorious sun, El. on Capt. M.
In summer he toil'd thro' the faint, sultry heat; The Poor Thresher.	Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light; . Ib.
ium.	But like the sun eclips'd at morning tide, El. on Miss Burn. And dares the public like a noontide sun. Ep. fr. Esop:
"And last, (the sum of a' my griefs!) "My noble master lies in clay; . Lament for Glencairn.	The wretch beneath the dreary pole, So marks his latest sun. S. Farewell, dear mistres.
Sum, to. To sum up all, be merry, I advise; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	The sun of all his joy
Summer.	Now gay with the broad setting sun!
Gay as the gilded summer sky, Add. to Edinburgh. 4. While Summer with a matron grace	S. Farewell, thou fair day And blude red wine's the rysin Sun. S. Gane is the day
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade, Add. to Shade of Thomson.	The sun a backward course shall take Ere ought thy manly courage shake; . S. Highl, Ladd
The bloom of a fine summer's day! S. Adown winding Nith +	O mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
Her smile was like a summer morn; . S. Elythe was she,† The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer, . S. Eonie Bell.	S. How pleasant the bank My cheerless suns no pleasure know;
In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves; El. on Miss Burnet.	Improm., on Mrs. —'s Eirthdo
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown, S. Gloomy December.	The glorious sun began to rise; S. It was the charmin The sultry suns of summer came, John Barleyco.
The sultry suus of Summer came, John Barleycorn. O! soon, to me, may summer-suus	The sun took delight to shine for its sake; S. Lady Mary As
Nac mair light up the mora! Lament of Mary of Stors.	By fits the sun's departing heam Look'd on the fading yellow woods Lament for Glencal:
the welcome summer show'r . S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite† The bird that charm'd his summer day, S. O Lassie, art thou	"Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
[Sweet] As dews o' summer weeping, In tears the rose-buds steeping: S. O wat ye wha that loes t	"Thou found'st me, like the morning sun "That melts the fogs in limpid air,
On a bank of flowers one summer's day,	O! soon, to me, may summer-suns Nae mair light up the morn! Lament of Mary of Seo
Fair on the summer morn : . On Birth of Posth, Child.	Suo and moon but set to rise: . S. Let not woma. To think life's sun did set ere well begun
Summer, with his fervid-heaming eye: The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	To shed its influence on thy bright career. Lns on Ferguss.
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet. S. 2 ne any / 2. w	The eagle's gaze alone surveys The suo's meridian spleudor: . S. Lovely Dave
And all the gay foppery of Summer is flown: S. The lazy mist	The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mild, S. Luckless Fortu
In summer he toil'd thro' the faiot, sultry heat : S. The Poor Thresher.	The Sun that overhangs you moors, Man was made to Mourn.
Thro' Winter's cauld, or Summer's heat; The Twa Dogs. 29.	I've seen you weary winter-sun Twice forty times return;
These five and twenty summers past, . The Twa Herds. 2. The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last, The Winter it is past +	See you not you hills and dales The sun shines on sae brawlie? . S. My Collier Lada
Where hright beaming summers exalt the perfume; S. Their groves of	Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on, It shaded frae the evining sun. S. O bonie was you ros
Love's the cloudless summer sun, S. Thine am I †	And years sinsyne hae o'er us run, Like Logan to the simmer sun. S. O Logan! sweets
Whether the Summer kindly warms, Wi' life an' light, To W. Simpson.	A weary slave from sun to sun, S. O Mary, at thy window
	'The milder sun and bluer sky S. O Phely
Not the little sporting fairy, All beneath the summer moon: S. Turn again, thou fair t	The fairest maid's in yon town That ev'ning sun is shining on. [re,] S. O wat ye wha's i

While Phœbus sunk beyond Bealedi; S. By Allan stream†
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care:
El. on Miss Burnet.

My true love! she cried, and sunk down by his side, S. Oh, open the door,

. On Miss J. Lewars.

Tho' I were doom'd to wander on, Beyond the sea, beyond the sun, S. O were I on Parnass. †

Talk not to me of savages From Afric's burning sun, . . .

Gay the sun's golden eye,	S. Oh, open the door, †
Peep'd o'er the mountains high; S. Phillis the Fair. Fair on Isabella's morn	She [Justice] sunk abandon'd to the wildest woe. On Death of R. Dundas.
The sun propitious smil'd; Sad thy tale, †	Dim. cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave :
Frae morning sun 'till dine: S. Should auld acquaintance †	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day. S. Sleep'st thou, †	And sunk them in contempt; On Duke of Queensberry. sunk enerv'd 'Mang heaps o' clavers;
The sun from India's shore retires; S. Slow spreads the gloom	Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Thou whose bright sun now gilds you orient skies! Sonnet, zor. on Eirthday.	th' unblushing fair In his embraces sunk;
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn hush,	The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.
While laigh descends the simmer sun,	Sunk on the earth, defac'd its lovely form, The Rights of Woman.
S. The Contented Cottager.	The sun he is sunk in the west, . S. The sun he is sunk †
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',	Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age, . To R. G. of F., 5.
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	Though prest with care and sunk in wee, S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
The winter wild in tempest toil'd,	Sunny. And bonie blue are the sunny skies. S. Bonie Bell.
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet. S. The day returns t	The flowery Spring leads sunny summer, 16.
The sun rose clear and bright; The Election Ballads. V.	Gaily in the sunny beam; . S. I dream'd I lay t
Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a'; S. The gowd. Locks of A.	'The bee that through the sunny hour
The rising sun, our Galston Muirs, Wi' glorious light was glintan; . The Holy Fair.	'Sips nectar in the opining flower, S. O Phely, † That sunny walls from Boreas screen, S. On Cessnock banks †
The sun he is sunk in the west, . S. The sun he is sunk †	And gaudy shew at sunny noon; S. Sae flaxen †
The sun had clos'd the winter-day, . The Vision. D. I.	Blooming in the sunny ray; S. Sensibility +
By this, the sun was out o' sight, The Twa Dogs. 35.	The hoary morns precede the sunny days, The Brig of Ayr.
My love is like yon sun, whose bright course is hegun, S. The winter it is past †	Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunay vallies,
The sun was sinking in the west, . S. There was a lass t	S. Their groves of † In the pride of sunny noon; S. Turn again, thou fair †
Love's the cloudless summer sun, S. Thine am I †	Forth's sunny shores, . S. You wild mossy mountains
Would to God I had one like a beam of the sun, To Capt. Riddel.	Sunshine. Now farewell, light, thou sunshine bright,
For me, I swear by sun an' moon,	S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears, To R. G. of F., 9.	Sunshine days of joy and pleasure; . S. Raving winds † She is the sunshine o' my e'e, S. The gowd. Locks of A.
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down! 1b.	She is the sunshine o' my e'e, S. The gowd. Locks of A. Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing storms:
Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.	S. Why am I loth t
S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e † Bright as a cloudless summer sun, . 1.s, below Picture.	Hope not sunshine every hour, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
To hide the brightness of the sun, When clouds in skies †	Sun-ward,
The hunter lo'es the morning sun, S. When o'er the hill t	Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread, To a Mountain-Daisy. Sup. For aye the brose ye sup at e'en,
By Him who made you sun and sky! S. When wild War's †	Sup. For aye the crose ye sup at e en,
	Ye book them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang.
Adore the rising sun, S. Ye Jacobites †	Ye book them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded.
Adore the rising sun, S. Ye Jacobites † Sun, to.	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded. But he has superadded more, On Duke of Queensberry.
Adore the rising sun,	Ye book them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded, But he has superadded more, Superior. On Duke of Queensberry.
Adore the rising sun, S. Ye Jacobites † Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; The Jolly Beggars. S. V. Sunbeam.	Ye book them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded. But he has superadded more, Superior. On Duke of Queensberry. Or, if man's superior might
Adore the rising sun,	Ye book them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded, But he has superadded more, Superior. On Duke of Queensberry.
Adore the rising sun, S. Ye Jacobites † Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; Sunbeam. When shining sunbeams intervene Sun-prown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limited lause	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded. But he has superadded more, Superior. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, Superstition. On searing Water-fowl. Superstition, Letter to I. Goudie.
Adore the rising sun, S. Ye Jacobites † Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; Sunbeam. When shining sunbeams intervene Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-browo'd Arab's lips; Delia. An Ode.	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded. But he has superadded more, Superior. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, Superstition. On searing Water-fowl. Superstition, Letter to I. Goudie.
Adore the rising sun, S. Ye Jacobites † Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; Sunbeam. When shining sunbeams intervene Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-browd'd Arab's lips; Delia. An Ode. Sunday.	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded. But he has superadded more, Superior. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, Superstition. Poor gapin', glowria' Superstition, ''An' this is Superstition here, ''An' that's Hypocrise. The Holy Fair. 5.
Adore the rising sun, S. Ye Jacobites † Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; When shining sunbeams intervene S. On Cessnock banks † Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-browed darab's lips; Delia. An Ode. Sunday, That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter.	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded, But he has superadded more, Superior. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, Superstition. Poor gapin', glowria' Superstition, "An' this is Superstition here, "An' that's Hypocrisy. Superstition's hellishbrood The True of Liberty. Suppers Lut now the Super crowns their simple board.
Adore the rising sun, S. Ye Jacobites † Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; When shining sunbeams intervene S. On Cessnock banks † Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-browed darab's lips; Delia. An Ode. Sunday, That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter.	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded, But he has superadded more, Superior. Or, if man's superior might Date invade your native right, Superstition. Poor gapin, glowrio' Superstition, "An' this is Superstition here, "An' that's Hypocrisy. Superstition's hellishbrood. The Arthey Fair. 5. Support. Eut now the Supper crowns their simple board, The Cetter's Sat. Night. 11.
Adore the rising sun, Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; Sunbeam. When shining sunbeams intervene Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-brown'd Arab's lips; Delia. An Ode. Sunday. That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Upon a simmer Sunday morn, When Nature's face is fair, I'll get my Sunday's Sark on, The Holy Fair.	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded. But he has superadded more, On Duke of Queensberry. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, Superstition. Poor gapin', glowria' Superstition, "An' this is Superstition here, "An' that's Hypocrisy. Superstition's hellish brood. Suppers, Eut now the Supper crowns their simple boar. The Cetter's Sat. Night. 11. The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face,
Adore the rising sun, Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; Sunbeam. When shining sunbeams intervene Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-browo'd Arab's lips; Delia. An Ode. Sunday. That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Upon a simmer Sunday morn, When Nature's face is fair, "Ill get my Sunday's sark on, An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly,	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded. But he has superadded more, On Duke of Queensberry. Superior. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, Superstition. Poor gapin', glown'd Superstition, "An' this is Superstition here, "An' that's Hypocrisy. Superstition's hellish brood. The Cetter's Sat. Night. 11. The chearfu' Supper done, wi's serious face, They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; Suppin. Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin hea broo;
Adore the rising sun, Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; Sunbeam. When shining sunbeams intervene Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-brown'd Arab's lips; Delia. An Ode. Sunday. That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter. Upon a simmer Sunday morn, When Nature's fince is fair, "I'll get my Sunday's sark on, An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly, I on the questions targe them tightly; The Inventory.	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded, But he has superadded more, Superior. Or, if man's superior might Date invade your native right, Superstition, Poor gapin', glowrio' Superstition, "An' this is Superstition here, "An' that's Hypocrisy. Superstition's hellishbrood. The Holy Fair. 5. Superstition's hellishbrood. The Tree of Liberty. Supper. But now the Supper crowns their simple board, The Cetter's Sat. Night. 11. The chearfu' Supper done, wi serious face, They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; Suppin. Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin hee broo; Suppin. Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin hee broo; Suppin. Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin hee broo;
Adore the rising sun, Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; Sunbeam. When shining sunbeams intervene Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-browo'd Arab's lips; Sunday. That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. The Holy Fair. "I'll get my Sunday's sark on, An' ay on Sundays day, nightly, I on the questioos targe them tightly; The Inventory. The Inventory. Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on, What ailt ye now!	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded, But he has superadded more, Superior. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, Superstition, Poor gapin', glowrio' Superstition, "An' this is Superstition here, "An' that's Hypocrisy. Superstition's hellishbrood. The Holy Fair. 5. Superstition's hellishbrood. The Tree of Liberty. Suppert. But now the Supper crowns their simple board, The Cetter's Sat. Night. 11. The chearfu' Supper done, w' serious face, They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; Supplin. Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin heo broo; Supply'd. Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill.
Adore the rising sun, Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; Sunbeam. When shining sunbeams intervene Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-browd'd Arab's lips; Sunday. That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday. Thou drank w't Kirkton Jean till Monday. Upon a simmer Sunday morn. When Nature's fine is fair. "I'll get my Sunday's sark on, An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly, I on the questions targe them tightly; I'm the first of	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded. But he has superadded more, On Duke of Queensberry. Superior. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, Superstition. Poor gapin', glown'd Superstition, "An' this is Superstition here, "An' that's Hypocrisy. Superstition's hellish brood. The Tree of Liberty. Supper. But now the Supper crowns their simple board. They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; Supplin. Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin hoe broo; Supply'd. Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill, Supply d w' store o' water,. Add, to Unco Guid.
Adore the rising sun, S. Ye Jacobites † Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; The Jolly Beggars. S. V. Sunbeam. When shining sunbeams intervene S. On Cessnock banks † Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-browd'd Arab's lips; Delia. An Ode. Sunday. That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday. Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Upon a simmer Sunday morn, When Nature's fice is fair, "I'll get my Sunday's sack on, An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly, In questions targe them tightly; The Inventory. Wi'pinch! put a Sunday's face on, What atils ye now Sunder. And pledge we ne'er shall sunder; S. Come, let me take thee, † Sune [soon], sune as chance or fate had bash't'em	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded. But he has superadded more, On Duke of Queensberry. Superior. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, Superstition. Poor gapin', glown'd Superstition, "An' this is Superstition here, "An' that's Hypocrisy. Superstition's hellish brood. The Tree of Liberty. Supper. But now the Supper crowns their simple board. They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; Supplin. Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin hoe broo; Supply'd. Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill, Supply d w' store o' water,. Add, to Unco Guid.
Adore the rising sun, Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; Sunbeam. When shining sunbeams intervene Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-brown'd Arab's lips; Delia. An Ode. Sunday. That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday. Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. The Holy Fair. The Holy Fair. The Holy Fair. The Holy Fair. The Jon the questions targe them tightly; The Inventory. Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on, What ails ye now! Sunder. And pledge we ne'er shall sunder; S. Come, let me take thee, † Sune [soon]. sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em El. on Death of R. Ruisteaux.	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded. But he has superadded more, On Duke of Queensberry. Superior. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, Superstition. Poor gapin', glown'd Superstition, "An' this is Superstition here, "An' that's Hypocrisy. Superstition's hellish brood. The Tree of Liberty. Supper. But now the Supper crowns their simple board. They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; Supplin. Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin hoe broo; Supply'd. Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill, Supply d w' store o' water,. Add, to Unco Guid.
Adore the rising sun, S. Ye Jacobites † Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; The Jolly Beggars. S. V. Sunbeam. When shining sunbeams intervene S. On Cessnock banks † Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-browd'd Arab's lips; Delia. An Ode. Sunday. That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday. Thou drank wi Kirkton Jean till Monday. Upon a simmer Sunday morn, When Nature's fice is fair, "I'll get my Sunday's sack on, An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly, I on the questions targe them tightly; The Inventory. W' pinch I put a Sunday's face on, What atils ye now sunday. Sunder. And pledge we ne'er shall sunder; S. Come, let me take thee, the Sune [soon]. Sune [soon]. sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em El. on Death of R. Ruisteaux. How sune it [wild-rose] times its sect and hue S. I do confest the sunday its second sunder sundays and the S. I do confest the sunday its second sundays the sunday sundays confess the sundays its second and hue S. I do confest the sundays its second and hue S. I do confest the sundays its second and hue S. I do confest the sundays its second and hue S. I do confest the sundays its second and hue S. I do confest the sundays its second and hue S. I do confest the sundays its second and hue S. I do confest the sundays its second and hue S. I do confest the sundays its second and hue S. I do confest the sundays its second and hue S. I do confest the sundays its second and hue S. I do confest the sundays and the sundays its second and hue S. I do confest the sundays and the su	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded. But he has superadded more, On Duke of Queensberry. Superior. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, Superstition. Poor gapin', glown'd Superstition, "An' this is Superstition here, "An' that's Hypocrisy. Superstition's hellish brood. The Tree of Liberty. Supper. But now the Supper crowns their simple board. They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; Supplin. Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin hoe broo; Supply'd. Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill, Supply d w' store o' water,. Add, to Unco Guid.
Adore the rising sun, S. Ye Jacobites † Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; Sunbeam. When shining sunbeams intervene Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-brown'd Arab's lips; Delia. An Ode. Sunday. That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter. Upon a simmer Sunday morn, When Nature's face is fair, I'll get my Sunday's sark on, An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly, 1 on the questioos targe them tightly; I'm the Holy Fair. Wi'pinch I put a Sunday's face on, What ails ye now! Sunder. And pledge we ne'er shall sunder; S. Come, let me take thee, † Sune [soon]. sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em El. on Death of K. Ruisteaux. How sune it [wild-rose] times its scent and hus S. I do contests Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded. But he has superadded more, Superior. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, Superstition. Poor gapin', glown'd Superstition, "An' this is Superstition here, "An' that's Hypocrisy. Superstition's hellish brood. The Cetter's Sat. Night. 11. The chearfu' Supper done, wi's serious face, They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; Suppin's Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin hoe broo; Suppily'd. Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill, Supply'd wi's tore o' water, Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd, My fate will scarce bestow: Support, to. May be who made him still support him, Auld comrade t
Adore the rising sun, S. Ye Jacobites † Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; Sunbeam. When shining sunbeams intervene Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-brown'd Arab's lips; Delia. An Ode. Sunday, That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter. Upon a simmer Sunday morn, When Nature's face is fair, Till get my Sunday's sark on, An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly, 1 on the questioos targe them tightly; 1 on the question target and the sunday's face on, 1 b. 6. Sunder. And pledge we ne'er shall sunder; S. Come, let m take thee, the sune is (wild-rose) times its secent and hue S. I do confests Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside, 1 b. Sung, Who sung his rhymes in Colia's plains Nature's Law. And soul-emobling Bards heroic ditties sune.	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded. But he has superadded more, Superior. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, Superstition. Poor gapin', glown'd Superstition, "An' this is Superstition here, "An' that's Hypocrisy. Superstition's hellish brood. The Holy Fair. 5. Superstition's hellish brood. The Tree of Liberty. Supper. But now the Supper crowns their simple board. The Cetter's Sai. Night. 11. The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face. They, round the ingle, form a cricle wide; Supply. Supply d. Whase life is like a weel-gaue mill, Supply d wi' store o' water. Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd, My fate will scarce bestow: Support. May he who made him still support him, Auld comrade? May he who made him still support him, Auld comrade?
Adore the rising sun, S. Ye Jacobites † Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; The Jolly Beggars. S. V. Sunbeam. When shining sunbeams intervene S. On Cessnock banks † Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-browed darab's lips; Delia. An Ode. Sunday. That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter. Upon a simmer Sunday morn, When Nature's face is fair, "I'll get my Sunday's sark on, An' ay on Sundays daly, inghly, I on the questioos targe them tightly; The Intentory, Wi pinch I put a Sunday's face on, What ails ye now! Sunder. And pledge we ne'er shall sunder; S. Come, let me take thee, † Sune [soon]. sune as chance or fate had hush't'em. How sune it [wild-rose] time sit is secent and hue S. I do confess! Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside, Sung. Who sung his thymes in Coila's plains Nature's Law. And soul-ennobling Eards heroic ditties sung.	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded. But he has superadded more, Superior. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, Superstition. Poor gapin', glown'd Superstition, "An' this is Superstition here, "An' that's Hypocrisy. Superstition's hellish brood. The Holy Fair. 5. Superstition's hellish brood. The Tree of Liberty. Supper. But now the Supper crowns their simple board. The Cetter's Sai. Night. 11. The chearfu' Supper done, wi' serious face. They, round the ingle, form a cricle wide; Supply. Supply d. Whase life is like a weel-gaue mill. Supply d wi' store o' water. Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd, My fate will scarce bestow: Support. May he who made him still support him, Auld comrade? May he who made him still support him, Auld comrade?
Adore the rising sun, S. Ye Jacobites † Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; Sunbeam. When shining sunbeams intervene S. On Cessnock banks † Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-brown'd Arab's lips; Delia. An Ode. Sunday. That at the L—d's honse, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter. Upon a simmer Sunday sark on, An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly, 1 on the questioos targe them tightly; The Inventory. Wi'pinch I put a Sunday's face on, What ails ye now! Sunder. And pledge we ne'er shall sunder; S. Come, let me take thee, † Sune [Soon]. sune as chance or fate had husht'em El. on Death of K. Ruiszeaux. How sune it [wild-rose] times its scent and hue S. I do contest Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside, Sung. Who sung his rhymes in Cola's plain Nature's Law. And soul-ennobling Pards heroic ditties sung. The Brigs of Ayr. II. So sung the Bard—and Nansie's waw.	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded, But he has superadded more, Superior. Or, if man's superior might Dayer invade your native right, Superstition, Poor gapin', glowrio' Superstition, "An' this is Superstition here, "An' that's Hypocrisy. "An' that's Hypocrisy. Superstition's hellishbrood. The Tree of Liberty. Support. But now the Supper crowns their simple board, The Cetter's Sat. Night. 11. The chearfu' Supper done, w' serious face, They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; Suppin. Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin heo broo; Supply'd. Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill, Support, to. May he who made him still support him, My fate will scarce bestow: Support, to. May he who made him still support him, Mul cornrade t to support his helpless woodbine state. Ef. to R. Graham. 4. It's guid to support Caledonia's cause, S. Here's a health to them'
Adore the rising sun, S. Ye Jacobites † Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; Sunbeam. When shining sunbeams intervene S. On Cessnock banks † Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-brown'd Arab's lips; Delia. An Ode. Sunday, That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter. Upon a simmer Sunday morn, When Nature's face is fair, The Holy Fair. The Holy Fair. The Jon Sundays duly, nightly, I on the questioos targe them tightly; The Inventory. Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on, What ails ye now to Sunder. Sunder. And pledge we ne'er shall sunder; S. Come, let me take thee, † Sune [soon], sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em. Et. on Death of K. Ruisteaux. How sune it [wild-rose] times its secut and hue S. Ido conjest Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside, And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung. The Orige of Ayr. 11. So sung the Bard—and Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause The Jolly Beggars. R. 17111. Hence, sweet harmonlous Beattle sung	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded. But he has superadded more, Superior. Or, if man's superior might Dayer invade your native right, Superstition, Poor gapin', glowrid' Superstition, "An' this is Superstition here, "An' that's Hypocrisy. "An' that's Hypocrisy. Superstition's hellishbrood. The Tree of Liberty. Support. Eut now the Supper crowns their simple board, The Cetter's Sat. Night. 11. The chearfu' Supper done, w' serious face, They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; Suppin. Kate sits i' the neuk, Suppin heo broo; Supply'd. Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill, Supply'd w' store o' water, Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd, My fate will scarce bestow'. S. The sun he is sunk! Support, to. May he who made him still support him, Auld conrade! to support his helpless woodbine state. Ep. to R. Grakam. 4. It's guid to support Caledonia's cause, S. Here's a health to them! I bear a heart shall support me still. S. I dream'd I lay there have dear the support of support as still. S. I dream'd I lay there have dear the support me still. S. I dream'd I lay there have dear the support me still. S. I dream'd I lay there have dear the support me still. S. I dream'd I lay there have dear the support me still. S. I dream'd I lay there have dear the support me still. S. I dream'd I lay the support have the support me still. S. I dream'd I lay the support have the support have the support me still. S. I dream'd I lay the support have the support ha
Adore the rising sun, S. Ye Jacobites † Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; The Jolly Beggars. S. V. Sunbeam. When shining sunbeams intervene S. On Cessnock banks † Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-browed darab's lips; Delia. An Ode. Sunday. That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday. Thou drank wi Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter. Upon a simmer Sunday morn, When Nature's face is fair, "I'll get my Sunday's sark on, An' ay on Sundays duly, inghly, I on the questioos targe them tightly; The Inventory. Wi pinch I put a Sunday's face on, What ails ye now! Sunder. And piedge we ne'er shall sunder: S. Come, let me take thee, † Sune [soon]. sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em. How sune it [wild-rose] times its secent and hue S. I do confess' Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside, Sung. Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains Nature's Law. And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung. The Brigs of Ayr. II. So sung the Bard—and Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause The Jolly Beggars. R. V'III. Hence, sweet harmonious Beattle sung The Vision, D. III. 6.	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded. But he has superadded more, On Duke of Queensberry. Superior. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, Superstition. Poor gapin', glown'd Superstition, "An' this is Superstition here, "An' that's Hypocrisy. Superstition's bellish brood The Tree of Liberty. Supper. But now the Supper crowns their simple board. The chearfu' Supper done, wi's serious face, They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; Supplin. Kate sits i'the neuk, Suppin hoe broo; Supplyid. Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill, Supply dw' store o' water, Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd, My fate will scarce bestow: Support. May he who made him still support him, Auld conrade! to support his helpless woodbine state. Eh, to R. Graham. 4. It's guid to support Caledonia's cause, I'l support support the still. S. I dream'd I lay! Where huodreds labour to support. A haughty lordling's price; Man was made to Mourn. 3.
Adore the rising sun, S. Ye Jacobites † Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; The Jolly Beggars. S. V. Sunbeam. When shining sunbeams intervene S. On Cessnock banks † Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-browd'd Arab's lips; Delia. An Ode. Sunday. That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday. Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter. Upon a simmer Sunday morn. When Nature's fine en fair. "I'll get my Sunday's sark on, An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly. To nithe questions targe them tightly; The Inventory. I'm I'll get my Sunday's face on, What atilt ye now! Sunder. And pledge we ne'er shall sunder; S. Come, let me take thee, t Sune [soon], sune as chance or fate had bush't 'em. How sune it [wild-rose] times its seent and hus S. I do confess' Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside. How Sung. Who sung his rhymes in Coila's plains Nature's Law. And soul-emobling Eards beroic ditties sung. So sung the Bard—and Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. Hence, swet saws sung and old chronicles tell, The Whistle, 3.	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded. But he has superadded more, On Duke of Queensberry. Superior. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, Superstition. Poor gapin', glown'd Superstition, "An' this is Superstition here, "An' that's Hypocrisy. Superstition's bellish brood The Tree of Liberty. Supper. But now the Supper crowns their simple board. The chearfu' Supper done, wi's serious face, They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; Supplin. Kate sits i'the neuk, Suppin hoe broo; Supplyid. Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill, Supply dw' store o' water, Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd, My fate will scarce bestow: Support. May he who made him still support him, Auld conrade! to support his helpless woodbine state. Eh, to R. Graham. 4. It's guid to support Caledonia's cause, I'l support support the still. S. I dream'd I lay! Where huodreds labour to support. A haughty lordling's price; Man was made to Mourn. 3.
Adore the rising sun, Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; Sunbeam. When shining sunbeams intervene Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-brown'd Arab's lips; Delia. An Ode. Sunday. That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday. Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Thou Jean Sunday's face is fair, The Holy Fair. The Holy Fair. The Intendory. Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on, What ails ye now! Sunder. And pledge we ne'er shall sunder; S. Come, let me take thee, † Sunder. Li on Death of R. Ruisteaux. How sune it [wild-rose] times its scent and hue S. I do confests Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside, Li on Death of R. Ruisteaux. And soul-ennobling Bards heroic ditties sung. The Drigs of Ayr. 11. So sung the Bard—and Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause The Jolly Beggars. R. VIIII. Hence, sweet harmonious Beattle sung The Vision. D. 11. 6. Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell, The Whistle, 3. Till echoes a' resound again	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded, But he has superadded more, Superior. Or, if man's superior might Description of the last superior might Or, if man's superior might Poor gapin', glowrio' Superstition, Poor gapin', glowrio' Suppert devide', Poor The Tree of Liberty. Suppert, Eut now the Supper crowns their simple board, The Cetter's Sat. Night. 11. Supply d'. Supper done, w' serious face, They, round the ingle, form a circle wide'; Supply d'. Store o' water, Support, Suppert, Supper de la wel-gauo mill, Support, to. May le who made him still support him, May de who made him still support him, Auld conrade't to support, hendly support me still. Support his helpless woodbine state. Ep. to R. Graham. 4. It's guid to support Caledonia's cause, S. Here's a health to them't I bear a heart shall support me still. Where huodreds labour to support A haughty lordling's pride'; Man was made to Mourn. 3. May still your Nither's heart support ty: Cry and Prayer. Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.
Adore the rising sun, Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; Sunbeam. When shining sunbeams intervene Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-brown'd Arab's lips; Delia. An Ode. Sunday. That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday, Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday. Tam o' Shanter. Upon a simmer Sunday morn, When Nature's face is fair, Till get my Sunday's sark on, An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly, 1 on the questioos targe them tightly; The Inventory. Wi pinch I put a Sunday's face on, What ails ye now! Sunder. And pledge we ne'er shall sunder; S. Come, let me take thee, † Sune (Soon). Sune as chance or fate had hush't 'em El. on Death of K. Ruisteaux. How sune it [wild-rose] times its scent and hue S. I do contest Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside, Sung. Who sung his rhymes in Cola's plains Nature's Law. And soul-ennobling Pards heroic ditties sung. The Brigs of Ayr. II. So sung the Bard—and Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applanse The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. Hence, sweet harmonious Eeartie sung The Polly Beggars. R. VIII. Hence, sweet harmonious Eeartie sung The Fision. D. II. 6. Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell, The Whittle, 3. Till ecloses a' resound again. Sunk. sunk in beds of down, A Winter Night, 9.	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded. But he has superadded more, On Duke of Queensberry. Superior. Or, if man's superior might Dare invade your native right, Superstition. Poor gapin', glown'd Superstition, The Tree of Liberty. Supper. But now the Supper crowns their simple board. The Cetter's Sail. Night. 11. They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; Suppin', Rate sits i'the neuk, Suppin hoe broo; S. Gudden to you Kimmer't Suppin', Atte sits i'the neuk, Suppin hoe broo; S. Gudden to you Kimmer't Support, Now life's poor support, hardly earn'd, My fate will scarce bestow: S. The sun he is sunk't Support, to. May he who made him still support him, Auld comrade't to support his helpless woodbine state. Eh to R. Graham. 4. It's guid to support Caledonia's cause, It's fall to support Caledonia's cause, It's fall to support Caledonia's cause, It's fall to support Caledonia's
Adore the rising sun, S. Ye Jacobites † Sun, to. An' sun oursells about the dyke; The Jolly Beggars. S. V. Sunbeam. When shining sunbeams intervene S. On Cessnock banks † Sun-brown'd. Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-browd'd Arab's lips; Delia. An Ode. Sunday. That at the L—d's house, even on Sunday. Thou drank wi 'Kirkton Jean till Monday. Upon a simmer Sunday morn. When Nature's fice is fair, "I'll get my Sunday's sark on, An' ay on Sundays duly, nightly, I on the questions targe them tightly; The Inventory. Wi'pinch! I put a Sunday's face on, What atils ye now! Sunder. And pledge we ne'er shall sunder; S. Come, let me take thee, then be sunder the sunday state on, How sune it [wild-rose] times its sect nad hus Si 'em. How sune it [wild-rose] times its sect nad hus Si 'do confest' Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside, Sung. Who sung his rhynes it sseen and hus S. I do confest the Sung. Who sung his rhynes in Coila's plains Nature's Law. And soul-ennobling Lards heroic ditties sung. The Drigs of Ayr. II. So sung the Bard—and Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. Hence, sweet harmonious Beattle sung His "Ministrel lays;" The Vision. D. II. 6. Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell, The Whistle. 3. Till ecloses a' resound again Her weel-sung Praise. To W. Simpson. 6.	Ye bock them ere the morn, lassie. S. Ye hae lien wrang. Superadded, But he has superadded more, Superior. Or, if man's superior might Description of the last superior might Or, if man's superior might Poor gapin', glowrio' Superstition, Poor gapin', glowrio' Suppert devide', Poor The Tree of Liberty. Suppert, Eut now the Supper crowns their simple board, The Cetter's Sat. Night. 11. Supply d'. Supper done, w' serious face, They, round the ingle, form a circle wide'; Supply d'. Store o' water, Support, Suppert, Supper de la wel-gauo mill, Support, to. May le who made him still support him, May de who made him still support him, Auld conrade't to support, hendly support me still. Support his helpless woodbine state. Ep. to R. Graham. 4. It's guid to support Caledonia's cause, S. Here's a health to them't I bear a heart shall support me still. Where huodreds labour to support A haughty lordling's pride'; Man was made to Mourn. 3. May still your Nither's heart support ty: Cry and Prayer. Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.

Supporting.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar, . S. The gloomy night !

Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
With surging foam; The Vision. D. I. 13,

chill November's surly blast . Man was made to Mourn.

Surly. And surly winter grimly flies; . S. Bonie Bell.

When o'er the hills beat surly storms, S. Montgomerie's Peggy.

Supporting roofs, fantastic, stony groves: The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	See aged winter hid his wells will See aged winter hid his wells will be a seed winter him to be a seed winter him
Suppose. Suppose a change o' cases; Add. to Unco Guid. 6.	See aged winter 'mid his surly reign, Sonnet, wr. on Birthday. Ye surly sumphs, who hate the name,
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose.	The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose, They sair misca' thee; On Grose's Peregrinations.	But Misery and I must watch
Supreme.	The surly tempest blow: S. The sun he is sunk †
Or must no tiny sin to others fall,	And grim, surly winter is near? . S. Where are the joys t
Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? . Ep. fr. Esopus.	the brow Of surly, savage winter S. Young Peggy !
Oft, honor'd with supreme command.	Surpass.
The Farewell. To St. J.'s L	O Thou great Being! what Thou art,
strang necessity supreme is 'Mang sons o' men. To Dr. Blacklock.	Surpasses me to know: A Prayer under Anguish.
Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty Scheme,	Our sad decay in church and state, Surpasses my descriving: S. Awa, whigs, awa.
These woes of mine fulfil;	Surpasses my descriving: S. Awa, whigs, awa. (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
Supremely.	For honest men and bonny lasses.) . Tam o' Shanter. 2.
Supremely blest wi' love and thee S. Bonie lassie, will ye go t	Surpasses my descriving: . The Election Ballads, VI.
Ye shades that echo'd to bis yows.	Surpassing.
And saw me once supremely blest, S. To thee, lov'd Nith †	As far surpassing other common villains
Sure.	As Thou in natural parts hadst given me more. Tragic Frag.
My readers then are sure to lose me. A Ded. to G. H., 11.	Surprise. Yet never met with that surprise
Is sure an uncouth sight to see,	That broke my rest, V.s to I. Ranken.
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee Are all Thy works below A Prayer under Anguish.	But only, lest we gang to hell,
Are all Thy works below. A Prayer under Anguish. Yet sure those ills that wring my soul	It may be nae surprise: V.s, on Window, Carron.
Obey Thy high behest.	Surpris'd. And sore surpris'd them all. John Barleycorn.
Sure Thon, Almighty, canst not act	An' (what surprised me) modesty, . On dining with Daer.
From cruelty or wrath!	I wad na heen surpriz'd to spy You on an auld wife's flainen toy; To a Louse.
A seat, I'm sure ye're weel deservin't; . Add. of Beelsebub.	Surrender. Her feeble powers surrender; S. Lovely Davies.
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie, Add. to the Deil.	
For sure 'twere impious to despair	"Before I surrender so glorious a prize, The Whistle. 8.
So much in sight of Heaven. S. Anna, thy charms t	Surround. 'The drooping arts surround their patron's bier,
Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundreds slain;	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16. He's sure to hae; 16, 20,	Thickest night surround my dwelling! S. Thickest night †
The great Creator to revere,	Surrounded.
Must sure become the Creature; Ep. to Young Friend. 9.	Surrounded thus hy bolus pill, And potion glasses.
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,	Poem on Life.
Is sure a noble anchor!	Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded, S. Musing on the roaring t
In all of thee sure thy Esopus shares Ep. fr. Esopus.	Surrounding. The hoary caveru, wide-surrounding, lowers
Stop! there he is as sure's a gun, . Epit. on Holy Willie.	Wr. by Fall of Fyers
I was a gilpey then, I'm sure,	Surtout. The old cock'd hat, the grey surtout, the same : Extem. on IV. Smellie.
My pains o' hell on earth are past,	Survey.
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man. S. O ay my wife she dang.	thro' the starting tear, Survey this grave. A Bard's Epit,
And sure they do not lie That there is falsehood t	The princely revel may survey
Whare Sandy and Naucy I'm sure will ding them a'? S. There grows a bonie brier	Our rustic dance wi scorn; S. Behold, my love †
But sure as three times three mak nine, S. There was a lad t	The eagle's gaze alone surveys
If bringing them over was lucky for us,	The sun's meridian splendor: S. Lovely Davies.
I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them [v.A.o]	My soul, delightless, n' surveys, . S. O Logan! sweetly t
Poet. Add. to Tytler.	As one who by some savage stream, A lonely gem surveys, S. Pesev Chalmers.
And O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!	A lonely gem surveys, S. Peggy Chalmers, Surveyed, -'d,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6. "I'm sure I've seen that bonie face, . The Holy Fair, 4.	When Peggy's charms I first survey'd, S. Peggy Chalmers.
"I'm sure I've seen that bonie face, . The Holy Fair. 4. But sure her soul is not in hell.	And hear him curse the light he first surveyed, To R. G. of F.
The deil would ne'er abide her S. The Joyful Widower.	Surveying.
Syne let us pray, auld England may	What woes wring my heart while intently surveying
Sure plant this far-famed tree, man; The Tree of Liberty.	the storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave.
An' if a Devil be at a',	Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
In faith he's sure to get him. To Gav. Hamilton.	Survive.
I'm sure it's winter fairly S. Up in the morning.	Sever'd from thee, can I survive? . S. Behold the hour
Surely. A time that surely shall come; A V. on being Hosp. Entertained.	In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives Even Sappho's flame. Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
For surely that would touch her heart	Susie. sentimental sister Susie, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 13.
Wha kills me wi' disdaining C O stay squart award 4	And Susie whase daddy was laird o' the Ha':
And surely ye'll be your piot-stoup,	S. There's a youth †
And surely ye'll be your piot-stoup, And surely I'll be mine; S. Should auld acquaintance t	Suspected. I was suspected for the plot; Ep. to J. R., q.
Surest. Trapless one; a prey the surest	Suspend. Suspend their dashing oars to hear On Lincluden.
To each pirate of the skies. S. Sensibility, †	Suspicion.
As deep recoiling surges foam below, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	Alas! there's ground o' great suspicion
Surging.	She'll ne'er get better. Letter to J. Gondie.
	Just what would make suspicion start; The Tears I shed.
	Sustain.
doubling roar Surging on the rocky shore; S. How can my poor heart †	And labour to sustain me, O: S. My father was a farmer t
Bide the surging billow's shock On scaring Water-fowl.	Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains, The Twa Dogs, 10.
'Tis not the surging billow's roar. S. The glanny wight	Suthron. Till Suthron raise, an' coost their claise

While back-recoiling seem'd to reel

Aft bure the gree, as story tells, Frae Suthron billies,

Behind him in a raw, man;

Their Suthron foes. [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.

To W. Simpson.

Swagger.	Sway. 'Shunning soft Pity's rising sway, A Winter Night. 8.
The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger? Ep. fr. Esopus.	And owning heaven's mysterious sway; . Frag. of Ode.
He reeled his wonted bottle-swagger, . Tam Samson's El	Alternate Follies take the sway; Man was made to Mourn.
Swagger, to.	Who but owns their magic sway, S. My Mary's face †
Some swagger hame, the best they dow. The Holy Fair. 26.	Libra's equal sway, Nature's Law.
Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,	Avannt, away! the cruel sway, . S. Now westlin winds †
The Rights of Woman.	A slave to love's unbounded sway, . S. O lay thy loof †
Then staggering, an' swaggering,	Dulness, with redoubled sway Symon Gray †
He roar'd this ditty up The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	O! thou bright Queen, who, o'er th' expanse, Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway! The Lament.
The first of my loves was a swaggering blade, . Ib. S. II.	Sway'd. Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod:
Swain.	On Death of R. Dundas.
Is this thy faithful swain's reward, S. Canst thou leave me t	Their sceptre's sway'd by other hands;
Deluded swain, the pleasure The fickle Fair can give thee,	On Window at Stirling.
Is but a fairy treasure, S. Deluded swain †	Swear. I swear I'm thine for ever, S. An' I'll kiss thee yet † I swear and vow by moon and stars,
Only known to wandering swains, . On scaring Water-fowl.	And sun that shines so early, . S. Come boat me o'er.
'The loves, the ways of simple swains, The Vision. D. II. 18.	An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
True hearted was he the sad swain of the Varrow,	
S. True hearted was he to O had she been a country maid,	I swear to be true to My Eppie Adair! S. Eppie Adair.
And I the happy country swain, S. Twas even-the dewy t	And, by thy beauteous self I swear, . S. Fairest maid †
But sair I fear some happier swain	Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears Her noblest work she classes, O: S. Green grow the Rashes.
Has gained sweet Jennie's favour. S. When first I sawt	I vow and swenr, I dinna care,
Therefore while ye're blooming Katie, Listen to a loving swain; . S. Will ye go and marry †	How lang ye look about ye. S. Here's to thy health, †
Sae gallant and sae gay a swain, S. I'oung Jamie,†	He drinks, an' swears, an' plays at cartes,
Swaird [sward].	Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird, Add. to the Deit. 15.	When drinkers drink, and swearers swear, [v.A.11] . Ib. Swear how I love thee dearly: . S. Now westlin winds †
Swall'd [swelled].	And swear on thy white hand, lass, . S. O lay thy loof †
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve	Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair, On W. Chalmers.
Are bent like drums; To a Haggis.	To shame ye, disclaim ye.
We took the road my like a Swallow: A Guid New-Year † 9.	Ilk honest birkie swears The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Thick flies the skimming Swallow; S. Now westlin winds t	On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
"The little swallow's wanton wing, . S. O Phely,	And swears that there they shall stan', O. S. The Cooper o' cuddy \(\)
The swallow jinkin' round my shiel,	And, O how the heroes will swear! The Election Ballads, III.
S. The Contented Cottager,	And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
It's no I like to sit an' swallow,	S. The Posie.
Then like a swine to puke an' wallow, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
Swallow'd. The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;	The Rights of Woman. I'd gie my shood frae aff my feet,
Swan.	To taste sic fruit, I swear, man The Tree of Liberty.
The stately swan majestic swims, S. Again rejoicing Nature	To swear by a' you starry roof, The Vision. D. I. 6.
Her skin's fair hue is like the swan;	By your dear self !- the last great oath I swear, To Clarinda.
S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.	The boy might learn to swear; To Gav. Hamilton.
Swan-white. Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck, S. O Mally's meek.	For me, I swear by sun an' moon, To J. S.
Swank [stately].	I swear and vow that only thou Shall ever be my dearie: . S. Wilt thou be my t
A filly buirdly, steeve an' swank, . A Guid New-Year 13.	Swearer,
Swankie [a strapping young fellow].	O L-d thou kens what zeal I bear,
There, swankies young, in braw braid-claith, The Holy Fair. 7.	When drinkers drink, and swearers swear, [v.A.11]
Swap (an exchange).	Holy Willie's Prayer.
The swap we yet will do't; . Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	Swearing, -in'. But by you moon !and that's high swearin' Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.
An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware, Wi' ane anither. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 1S.	Here cursing, swearing Burton lies, Epit. on Mr. Burton.
Swapped [exchanged].	I, ance, was ty'd up like a stirk,
I trow we swapped for the warse, S. Carl, an the king come.	For civilly swearing and quaffing; The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
Swarf [to swoon].	He swoor by a' was swearing worth
For fear amaist did swarf, man. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Sweat. So I must toil and sweat and broil, S. My father was a farmer t
Swarm.	It's true, they need na starve or sweat, The Twa Dogs. 29.
When wretches range, in famish'd swarms, The scented groves, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Sweatan, -in'. To think how we stood sweatin', shakin', Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.
Swat [did sweat].	Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatan;
An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,	To W. Simpson. P.S.
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit Tam o' Shanter. 12	Sweaty I'll light now and dight now

Till ilka carlin swat and reekit, . . . Tam o' Shanter, 12.

n this hand sits an Elect swatch, Wi'screw'd-np, grace-proud faces; [v.A.18] The Holy Fair, 10.

And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels, To a Medical Gent.

Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely; Tam o' Shanter. 5.

To J. S., 17.

Ib. 11.

Death and Dr. Hornbook. 29.

Swede.

Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot, For which they never toil'd nor swat;

'That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way,'

The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle, Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.

Swatch [a sample, a specimen].

On this hand sits an Elect swatch.

Swats [new ale].

Sweep. As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps. Sweep, to. Let minstrels sweep the skilful string, S. Behold, my love † Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep; . . . Liberty. Come, let us sweep them off, said they, New Psalmody. While nightly breezes sweep the vines, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

Or if the Swede, before he halt, Would play anither Charles the twalt: Kind Sir, I've read †

Ep. to Davie. 11.

Sweaty. I'll light now, and dight now, His sweaty, wizen'd hide.

Let the blast sweep o'er the valley, See it prostrate on the clay!	Was once a sweet bud on the braces of the Ayr. S. How pleasant the banks †
Sweeps dams, an' mills, an' brigs, a' to the gate;	O mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower, Ib.
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	Where Devon, sweet Devon, meand'ring flows Ib.
Sweeping.	I do confess thee sweet, but find
Ruin, with his sweeping besom, . A Ded. to G. H., 10. Hasting to join the sweeping Nith, A Vision.	Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets, . S. I do confess † 1 gat my death frae twa sweet een, . S. I gaed a waefu' †
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows.	Sweet was its smell, and bonie was its hue;
Add. to Shade of Thomson.	S. Lady Mary Ann.
The sweeping vales, and foaming floods, Ep. to Davie. 4.	Sweet lass, may I do that? . S. Lass, when yr mither †
A sweeping, kindling, bauld strathspey Ep. to Maj. Logan. 5.	Sweet lass, may I do that? . S. Lass, when yr mither† And a' is young and sweet like thee; S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite†
She said, and vanished with the sweeping blast.	S. Lassie wi the untwhite
On Death of Sir J. Blair. And like the rootless stubble tost,	I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet, S. Last May a braw wooer †
Before the sweeping blast, The 1st Ps.	There's nae life like the Ploughman in the month o' sweet
'The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,' Winter.	May Lus on a Ploughman.
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;	At Yarico's sweet notes of grief, The rock with tears had flow'd Lns on Mrs. Kemble.
Sweer [averse, lazy].	My blossom sweet did blow, . S. Luckless Fortune.
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't; A Ded. to G. H., 13.	Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
Sweet.	S. Mark yonder Pomp † In Roslin's fairest bower
An' sweet an' gracefu' she did ride, A Guid New-Year † 6.	I'll shelter this sweet flower, . S. My Love's a winsome †
sweet rose-hud, young and gay, . S. A Rosebud by my t	More sweet than the light to my eye
Poor Labour sweet in sleep was locked, A Winter Night. 2.	This sweet wee wife o' mine S. My Wife's a winsome.
My sweet wee lady, Add. to Illegit. Child.	For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint,	S. No Churchman am I †
Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn, Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	That crimson rose how sweet and fair; S. O bonie was yon rosy t
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird, Add. to the Deil. 15.	I, wi' my sweet nurslings here, . S. O Logan! sweetly t
sweet Poet of the Year, Add. to Shade of Thomson. To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;	O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet, S. O Mally's meek.
S. Adown winding Nith †	O May thy morn was ne'er sae sweet, As the mirk night o' December, . S. O May thy morn †
The rose-bud's the blush o' my charmer,	As the mirk night o' December, . S. O May thy morn † 'As songsters of the early year
Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:	'Are ilka day mair sweet to hear, S. O Phely, †
Flow gently, sweet Afton, [re.] . S. Afton Water. My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye	" Is nucht sae fragrant or sae sweet
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye 1b. The sweet scented birk shades my Mary and me 1b.	
As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. 16.	Or why sae sweet a flower as love, Depend on Fortune's shining? . S. O poortith cauld, †
mi t . Di ah ah aa afaan laara . 21	O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay, S. O stay, sweet warb.
And hey, sweet her charter of my lays; 10. And hey, sweet ane and twenty, S. And O for ane and twenty †	S. O stay, sweet warb.
S. And O for ane and twenty	For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair! /b.
Her air so sweet, her shape complete, . S. As I gaed up by † But the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,	O sweet is she that lo'es me, . S. O wat she wha that loes † Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
S. Awa' wi yr witchcraft	S. O were I on Parnass. †
My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young ; S. Behind yon hills †	O were my love you villet sweet, S. O were my love t
For nature smiles as sweet, I ween, To shepherds as to kings S. Behold, my love t	O sweet is she in you town S. O wat ye wha's in
To shepherds as to kings S. Behold, my love t	My blessios upon thy sweet, wee lippie! S. O whare did ye get †
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet, As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e. S. Blythe was she,	Thy lips are as sweet and thy figure compleat,
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mon', S. Braw lads of G. water.	S. O when she cam ben t
It brake the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame,	Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
S. By you castle wa t	I see her sweet and fair; S. Of a' the airts †
Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood, S. Craigie-burn Wood.	Broke softly sweet on fancy's ear, On Lincluden.
I see thee sweet and bonie;	Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love, On Birth of Posth. Child.
Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay,	Sae helpless, sweet, and fair
Sweet the tiokling rill to hear; Delia. An Ode.	O sweet he thy sleep in the land of the grave,
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip;	On Death of Jav. Chila.
Thy form and miod, sweet maid, can I forget;	The flower stem shall bloom like thy sweet Seraph form, Ib. Sweet Echo is no more On Death of Lap-dog.
El. on Miss Burnet.	Your honie face sae mild and sweet . On W. Chalmers.
And thou, sweet excellence! forsake our earth [unsung], 1b. So deckt the woodbine sweet you aged tree, 1b.	C
So deckt the woodbine sweet you aged tree, 1b. That some kind husband had addrest,	There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May, That's half so sweet as thou art S. Polly Stewart.
To some sweet wife: Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 181, 3.	
By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.	
Sweet and harmless as a child; . S. First when Maggy	Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush, The Brigs of Ayr.
That only ray of soluce sweet . S. Forlorn, my love †	Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring; 1b. 13.
Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure.	Sweet to the opening day, Rosebuds bent the dewy spray; S. Phillis the Fair.
S. Gloomy December. An' gif the custock's sweet or sour,	In thy sweet sang, Barhauld, survives Even Sappho's flame Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Wi' joctelegs they taste them;	Even Sappho's flame Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
But Nelly's looks are hlythe and sweet, S. Handsome Nell.	In thy sweet Caledonian lines:
Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald, . S. Hee balou, † How sweet unto that breast to cling, S. Her flowing locks †	Sae sonsy and sweet, sae fully complete, Ronalds of Bennals.
mt	Bonie Doon, sae sweet at gloaming, . S. Scenes of woe t
S. Here's a health to ane	Sweet banks! ve bloom by Mary's side;
But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,	S, Slow spreads the gloom t

Sing on sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,	But Kindness, sweet Kindness, in the fond-sparkling e'e, S. You wild mossy mountains †
Sing on sweet bird, I listen to thy strain, Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	Still fan the sweet connubial flame S. Young Peggy †
Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn, S. Sweet fa's the eve t	Sweeten.
how mony counsels sweet,	The prattling things are just their pride, That sweetens a' their fire side The Twa Dogs. 17.
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precions:	Sweeter. Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter, A Dream. 12.
The Cotter's Sat. Wight. 16.	'Tis sweeter for thee despairing,
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide, . Ib. 12.	Than anght in the world beside S. Here's a health to ane † And the langer it hlossom'd, the sweeter it grew;
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content! Ib. 20.	S. Lady Mary Ann.
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd, Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet. S. The day returns †	But love is far a sweeter flow'r S. O bonie was yon rosy t
Sweet brushing the dew from the brown heather bells,	She's sweeter than the morning dawn
S. The heather was blooming † The lav'rocks they were chantan Fu' sweet that day,	S. On Cessnock banks † Sett. II. But sweeter flows the Nith to me, S. The Banks of Nith.
The Holy Fair.	Sweetest. The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass, I think ye seem to ken me;	Are spent among the lasses, O. [v.A.24]
hy sweet endearing stealth, . The Petition of Br. Water.	S. Green grow the Rashes. the flower which bloomed sweetest in Coila's green vale,
my bonny sweet wee lady, The Inventory.	Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
In raptures sweet this hour we meet, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead, Now trodden like the vilest weed, S. O Lassie, art thou
And said, Sweet lassie dinna cry, S. The lass that made the bed.	The sweetest and best o' them a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.
S. The lass that made the bed.	Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure.
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet honie mou : S. The Posie.	Thrill the deepest notes of woe, S. Sensibility, †
Alas! sae sweet a tree as love,	Sweetest May let love inspire thee; S. Sweetest May †
Sie bitter fruit should bear! The Ruined Maid's Lament. It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral,	The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
S. The Slave's Lament.	The sweetest still to wife or maid,
There lie my sweet babies in her arms, S. The sun he is sunk †	Was whistle owre the lave o't. The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment. , The Twa Dogs. 16.	To gie the sweetest blush o' health, The Tree of Liberty. Sweetly.
When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht, And stepped ben The Vision. D. I. &.	O my Luve's like the melodie
A whisp'ring throb did witness bear	O my Luve's like the melodie That's sweetly play'd in tune S. A red, red Rose.
	That sweetly ye might span. S. A Mastrin's bonie Anne.
sweet harmonions Beattie	He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
The Whistle. 10.	Their faces blythe, fu' sweetly kythe,
Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon, S. Their groves of †	In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
The birds sang sweet in ilka grove; S. There was a lass †	O'er the waves, that sweetly glide
At length she blush'd a sweet consent,	To the moon sae clearly S. Hark! the mavis' † Sweetly blythe his wankening be. S. Jockey's ta'en the parting †
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay;	"The mother may forget the child
S. There's auld Rob M.† Sweet ane an' twenty! Third Ep. to J. Lap.	"That smiles sae sweetly on her knee;
O wilt thon go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?	Lament for Glencairn. Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
S. Tibbie Dunbar.	Like music-notes o' Lover's hymns: S. My Lord a-hunting †
Alas! it's no thy neehor sweet, . To a Mountain-Daisy. Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!	Like music-notes o' Lover's hymns: S. My Lord a-hunting † They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they hlaw, S. My Nanie's awa,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!	And scattered cowslips sweetly spring; S. Now bank and braet
But care or pain; To J. S., 17.	We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk, S. Now westlin winds t
O sweet grows the lime and the orange, . S. To Mary.	O Logan! sweetly didst thou glide, S. O Logan! sweetly t
Mayst thon long, sweet crimson gem, Richly deck thy native stem; To Miss C.	The springing lilies sweetly press'd, S. On a bank of flowers
Sweet naïveté of feature, To Miss Fontenelle.	Blaw sweetly in its native air And rural grace; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line; . To IV. Simpson. 9.	Sweetly deckt with pearly dew Sad thy tale, †
O sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods, Ib. 12.	O sweetly, then, thou reams the horn in! Scotch Drink. 9.
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder A heart-felt sang!	Which sweetly winds so far below; S. Slow spreads the gloom †
by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river.	O sweetly smile on Somehody! S. Somebody. Give me the stream that sweetly laves
S. True hearted was he † And sweet is the lily at evening close; Ib.	The hanks by Castle Gordon S. Streams that glide t
Ae sweet smile on me bestow. S. Turn again, thou fair	Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
And sweet is night in autumn mild, S. Twas even-the dewy	How sweetly wind thy sloping dales, S. The Banks of Nith- He sweetly does compose him; . The Holy Fair, 11.
'Twas the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness.	He sweetly does compose him; The Holy Fair. 11. The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,
S. Twas na her bonie blue † And the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in my ear.	Shall sweetly join the choir: The Petition of Br. Water.
S. Wae is my heart †	Nor hirds sweetly singing, nor flowers gaily springing, Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.
Has gained sweet Jeanie's favour: S. When first I saw +	S. The small virus rejoice
sweet lass, Sweet as you hawthorn's blossom, S. When wild War's t	The lowly Daisy sweetly blows; . The Vision. D. II. 20.
And marking sweet flowerets so fair; S. Where are the joys +	Though sweetly female every part, Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."
And marking sweet flowerets so fair; S. Where are the joys† The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. For there I took the last Grewell	How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk, S. I'e banks, and brace, and streams t
	S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams t
Of my sweet Highland Mary, [re.]	And sweetly tempt to taste them: S. Young Peggy† Sweet-milk ["sweet-milk cheese," cheese made of
S. Ve banks, and braes, and streams † Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree; . S. Ve banks and braes †	milk as it comes from the cow, opposed to "skim-
Resides a sweet Lassie, my thought and my dream. S. You wild mossy mountains t	milk as it comes from the cow, opposed to "skim- milk cheese," or cheese made of milk from which the cream has been removed].
S. Von wild mossy mountains t	Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang, The Holy Fair. 7.

Sweetness.	Swine.
Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe, Such sweetness would relent her, . S. Young Feggy †	Satan took stuff to mak a swine, Epig. on A. Turner
	It's oo I like to sit an' swallow, Then like a swine to puke an' wallow, . To Mr J. Kennedy.
While through thy sweets she loves to stray, O tell me, does she muse on me! S. Behold the hour t	Swing. Whoe'er wou'd betray him, on high may he swiog :
O tell me, does she muse on me! S. Behold the hour t	At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.
Thou art sae thriftless of thy sweets, . S. I do confess ?	tiny thieves not destin'd yet to swing, . Ep. fr. Esopus.
May rove their sweets among; Lament of Mary of Scots.	Wha should swing in a rape for an hour. The Kirk's Alarm.
Whose innocence did sweets disclose Beyond that flower's perfume. On Poet's Daughter.	Swinge [to lash].
There the saftest sweets eojoying,	The young dogs—swinge them to the labour— Add. of Beelzebub.
Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine S. Scenes of woe t	Swingein [whipping].
The zephyr wantoo'd round the bean, And bore its fragrant sweets along; S. 'Twas even—the dewy †	See, see auld Orthodoxy's faes She's swingein thro' the city! The Ordination, 11.
S. Twas even-the dewy	Swirl [a curve].
	Hung owre his hurdies wi'n swirl The Twa Dogs. 5.
Their sweet-sceated woodlands that skirt the proud palace, S. Their groves of †	Swirl, to [to curve, whirl].
Swell. I'll often greet this surging swell; S. Behold the hour	While hurns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked, Wild-eddying swirl, A Winter Night.
The evining gilds the Ocean's swell; . S. Bonie Bell.	
Bold Richardton's heroic swell; [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.	Swirlie [knaggy, full of knots].
Swell, to.	He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak, For some black, grousome Carlin;
Whase [Nith's] distant roaring swells and fa's. A Vision.	Swiss.
Here Wealth still swells the golden tide, Add, to Edinburgh. 2.	If Spaniard, Portuguese, or Swiss,
Mark than along in guilt immortal small	Were sayin or takin aught amiss : . Kind Sir, Ive read t
Ep. fr. Esopus to Maria.	The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes? The Brigs of Ayr.
Now on the rising gale swell high, On Lincluden.	Switch. I'd charm her with the magic of a switch, The Henfecked Husband.
Nae hombast spates o' nonsense swell; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Swith [swift, off! away!].
With heartfelt throes his grateful bosom swells.	Then swith! an' get a wife to hug, A Dream. 12.
The Brigs of Ayr.	Kings and nations, swith awa! . S. Louis what reck I t
Poetic ardours in my bosom swell, . Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Swith to the Laigh Kirk, ane an' a, . The Ordination.
Swell'd. "Low lies the heart that swell'd with honest pride! On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Cutting to both began a time to dame.
Swelling,	Swither [doubt, irresolute wavering]. I there wi Something does forgather,
Down Pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails, A Dream. 10.	That pat me in an eerie swither; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6.
If she winna ease the throes,	I' th' ither warl', if there's anither,
In my hosom swelling; S. Elythe have I been t	An' that there is I've little swither Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.
O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes Within my bosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream t	Their bauldest thought's a baok'ring swither, To stan' or rin, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Trees with aged arms were warring,	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar,
Trees with aged arms were warring, O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. S. I dream'd I lay †	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
Trees with aged arms were warring, O'er the swelling, drumlie ware. S. I dream'd I lay † We howling winds, and wintry swelling wayes!	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sulled-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Swoom [swim].
Trees with aged arms were warring, O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves! On Death of R. Dundas.	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Swoom [swim]. Let posts an pensions sink or swoom Wi them wha grant them:
Trees with aged arms were warring, O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves! On Death of R. Dundas.	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Swoom [swim]. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Wi'them wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! On Death of R. Dundas. Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Br. Water. What throes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my boson swelling: . S. The last time I †	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Swoom [swim]. Let posts an pensions sink or swoom Wi them wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor [swore].
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howing winds, and wintry swelling waves! On Death of R. Dundas. Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Fr. Water. What threes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my bosom swelling: S. The last time I† Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. II. 5.	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Swoom [swim]. Let posts an 'pensions sink or swoom Wi'them wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor [swore]. An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. A Fragment, 9.
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. S. I dream d I lay † Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Er. Water. What throes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my boson swelling: S. The last time I † Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. II. 5. To veet thy boson's swelling rise, 16. 15.	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Swoom [swim]. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Withem wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor [swore]. An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. But Duncan swoor a bally nith. S. Duncan Davison.
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! On Death of R. Dundas. Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Br. Water. What throes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my boson swelling: S. The last time I † 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. II. 5. To veet thy boson's swelling rise. Thirld torrents, wintry swelling. S. Thickest night †	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Swoom (swim). Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Wi' them wha grant them: Swoor (swore). An' swoor fa' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. But Duncan woor a bally nith. S. Duncan Davison. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, Ep. to J. L.—A, Ap. 151, 72.
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! On Death of R. Dundas. Hoarse-swelling on the breere. What threes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my bosom swelling: 'Mong swelling floods of recking gore, The Vision. D. 11. 5. To vent thy bosom's swelling rise, Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, S. Thickest night † the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War's †	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Swoom [swim]. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Withen wha grant then: The Drigs of Ayr. 3. Swoor [swore]. An' swoor fit' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. But Duncan swoor a bally nith. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, Ep. 10 J. L.—k., clp. 141, 7. While Willie lap, and swoor by jing. Helloween. o.
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Br. Water. What throes, what tortures passing cure. Were in my bosom swelling: 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. 11. 5. To vent thy bosom's swelling rise, Turbid torrents, wintry swelling. S. Thickest night the flood 'That in my een was swelling. S. When voild War'st Swept. He swept the stakes awa', mao, A Fragment 7.	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr, 3. Swoom [swim]. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Withem wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor [swore]. An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. But Duncan swoor a bally aith. S. Duncan Davison. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, Ep. to J. Lk, Ap. 1st., 7. While Willie lap, and swoor by jiog, An' he swoor by bis conscience, 16. 17.
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! On Death of R. Dundas. Hoarse-swelling on the breere. What threes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my bosom swelling: 'Mong swelling floods of recking gore, The Vision. D. 11. 5. To vent thy bosom's swelling rise, Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, S. Thickest night † the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War's †	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Swoom [swim]. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Wi' them wha grant them: Swoor [swore]. An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. But Duncan swoor a baly sith. Shounan Davison. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, Ep. to I. L.—L., Ap. 151, 72. While Willie lap, and swoor by jiog, Halloween. o. An' he swoor by bis conscience, Ib. 17. He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw, Ib. 20.
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! On Death of R. Dundas. Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Br. Water. What throes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my boson swelling: The last time I t 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. II. 5. To vent thy bosom's swelling rise, Ih. 15. Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, Ih. 15. Swept. He swept the stakes awa', man, A Fragment 7. Swept'd. In chase o' thee [Poesie], what cronds hae swerv'd Frae common sense, Faem on Pastoral Poetry.	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Swoom [swim]. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Withem wha grant them: The Drigs of Ayr. 3. Withen wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor [swore]. An' swoor fir 'nude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. A Fragment. 9. But Duncan swoor a bally nith. S. Duncan Davison. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith. Ep. 10. I.—k., Apt. 141, 7. While Willie lap, and swoor by jiog. An' he swoor by his conscience, He swoor 'twas hitchan Jean M'Craw. She swoor she saw some rebels run To Perth and to Dundes. man:
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! On Death of R. Dundas. Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Br. Water. What throes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my boson swelling: The last time I t 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. II. 5. To vent thy bosom's swelling rise, Ih. 15. Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, Ih. 15. Swept. He swept the stakes awa', man, A Fragment 7. Swept'd. In chase o' thee [Poesie], what cronds hae swerv'd Frae common sense, Faem on Pastoral Poetry.	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr, 3. Swoom [swim]. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Withem wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor [swore]. An' swoor fa' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. But Duncan swoor a bally nith. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 141, 7. While Willie lap, and swoor by jiog, An' he swoor by bis conscience, Ho. 17. He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw, She swoor she saw some rebels run To Perth and to Dundee. man: S. The Eattle of Sherra-Moor.
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Br. Water. What throes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my boson swelling: 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. 11. 5. To veet thy boson's swelling rise, To veet thy boson's swelling rise, S. Thickest night the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When well War's Swept. He swept the stakes awa', mao, A Fragment 7. Swerv'd. In chase o' thee [Poesie], what crouds hae swerv'd. Frae common sense, Peem on Pastoral Poetry. Swervin. To right or left, eternal swervin, They zig-zag on; To J. S., 19.	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Swoom [swim]. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Withem wha grant them: The Drigs of Ayr. 3. Withen wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor [swore]. An' swoor fir rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. A Fragment. 9. But Duncan swoor a bally nith. S. Duncan Davison. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith. Ep. 10 J. L—k, Apt. 141, 7. While Willie lap, and swoor by jiog. An' he swoor by his conscience, He swoor 'twas hitchan Jean M'Craw. She swoor she saw some rebels run To Perth and to Dundes. man:
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Br. Water. What throes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my boson swelling: So The last time I f 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. II. 5. To veet thy boson's swelling rise, Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, So Thickest night the flood That in my een was swelling. So. When widd War's t Swept. He swept the stakes awa', man, A Fragment 7. Swept'd. In chase o' thee [Poesie], what cronds hae swery'd. Syevin. To right or left, eternal swervin, To right or left, eternal swervin, They zig-zag on; To J. S., 10. Swift.	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Swoom [swim]. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Wi' them wha grant them: The Difference of the Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor [swore]. An' swoor fa' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. But Duncan swoor a baly nith. S. Duncan Davison. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, Ep. 10, I.—I., Ap. 154, 7. While Willie lap, and swoor by jing, Halloween. o. An' he swoor by bis conscience, Ib. 17. He swoor twas hilchan Jean M'Craw, To Perth and to Dundee. man: S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. He swoor by a' was swearing worth The Jolly Beggars, R. VI. Sword.
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Br. Water. What throes, what tertures passing cure, Were in my bosom swelling: Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. II. 5. To veet thy bosom's swelling rise, 16. 15. Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, 16. 15. Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr, 3. Swoom [swim]. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Wit them wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor [swore]. An' swoor fa' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. But Duncan swoor a bally aith. S. Duncan Davison. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 141, 7. While Willie lay, and swoor by jiog, Hallowen. o. An' he swoor by bis conscience, Be swoor she saw some rebels run To Perth and to Dundee. man: S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. He swoor by a' was swearing worth Sword. When Venreance draws the sword in wrath.
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Pelition of Br. Water. What throes, what tortures passing cure. Were in my bosom swelling:	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr, 3. Swoom (swim). Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Wi them wha grant them: Wi them wha grant them: Swoor [Swore]. An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid to law, man. But Duncan swoor a baly nith. S. Duncan Davison. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, Ep. to I, L—L, Ap. 134, 7. While Willie lap, and swoor by jing, Halloween. o. An' he swoor by bis conscience, Ib. 17. He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw, Ib. 20. She swoor she saw some rebels run To Perth and to Dundee. man'. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. He swoor by a' was swearing worth. The Jolly Beggars. R. VI. Sword. When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath. And in the fire throws the sheath: A Ded to G. H., 10.
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! On Death of R. Dundas. Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. What throes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my bosom swelling: Mong swelling floods of reeking gree, The Vision. D. H. 5. To veat thy bosom's swelling rise, I for vest thy bosom's swelling; The Wision. The Wision. The Wision. The Wision. The Wision. The Swept. He swept the stakes awa', man. A Fragment, 7. Swept. He swept the stakes awa', man. Frag common sense, Peem on Pastoral Poetry. Swervin. To right or left, eternal swervin, To right or left, eternal swervin, To right or left, eternal swervin, Swift. Swift. Swift. Swift from this desart let me part, S. Siov spreads the gloom't Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; The Frigs of Ayr. 4. While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love.	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Drigs of Ayr, 3. Swoom [swim]. Let posts an 'pensions sink or swoom Withem wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor [swore]. An'swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. But Duncan swoor a bally nith. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 111, 7. While Willie lap, and swoor by jiog, An' he swoor by his conscience, He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw. She swoor she saw some rebels run To Perth and to Dundee. man: S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. He swoor hy a' was swearing worth The Jolly Beggars. R. VI. Sword. When Veogeance draws the sword in wrath, And in the fire throws the sheath: A Ded to G. H., to. WI' sword in hand, before his band, A Fragment. 2.
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves! Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Br. Water. What throes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my bosom swelling: 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. 11. 5. To veet thy bosom's swelling rise, To veet thy bosom's swelling rise, To viet thy bosom's swelling rise, To viet thy bosom's swelling rise, To viet thy bosom's swelling, To thickest night it the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War's the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War's the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War's the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War's the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War's the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War's the flood of the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War's the flood of the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War's the flood of the flood	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Drigs of Ayr. 3. Swoom [swim]. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Withem wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor [swore]. An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. But Duncan swoor a bally nith. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith. Ep. to J. L.—k, clp. tst, 7. While Willie lap, and swoor by jiog, An' he swoor by his conscience, He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw To Perth and to Dundee. man: To Perth and to Dundee. man: S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. He swoor by a' was swearing worth The Jolly Beggars. R. V'I. Sword. When Veogeance draws the sword in wrath, And in the fire throws the sbeath: A Ded to G. H., to. Wi' sword and gun he thought a sin Guid Christian bluid to draw. 16, 3.
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves! Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Pelition of Br. Water. What throes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my bosom swelling: 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. 11. 5. To veet thy bosom's swelling rise, To veet thy bosom's swelling rise, To veet thy bosom's swelling rise, Thribid torrents, wintry swelling, S. Thickest night it the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War'st Swept. He swept the stakes awa', man, A Fragment. 7. Swerv'd. In chase o' thee [Poesie], what crouds hae swerv'd Frae common sease, Foem on Pastoral Poetry. Swervin. To right or left, eternal swervin, They zig-zag on; To f. S., 10. Swift. Swift from this desart let me part, S. Slow spreads the gloom't Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; The Brigs of Ayr. 4. While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love. S. Yon wild mossy mountains t Swiftly.	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Drigs of Ayr, 3. Swoom (swim). Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Withem wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor (swore). An' swoor fa' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. But Duncan swoor a baly nith. S. Duncan Davison. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st., 7. While Willie lap, and swoor by jing, Halloween. o. An' he swoor by his conscience, Ib. 17. He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw. Ib. 20. She swoor she saw some rebels run To Perth and to Dundee. man The Jolly Ecgars. R. VI. Sword. When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath. And in the fire throws the sheath: A Ded to G. H., 10. Wi' sword in hand, before his band, A Fragment. 2. Wi' sword and gun he thought a sin Guid Christian bluid to draw. Wy seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword.
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! On Death of R. Dundas. Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Er. Water. What threes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my bosom swelling: S. The last time I f 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. 11. 5. To veet thy bosom's swelling rise, S. Thickest night the flood That in my een was swelling. S. Thickest night the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War's the Swept. He swept the stakes awa, man. A Fragment 7. Swerv'd. In chase o' thee [Poesie], what crouds he swerv'd Frae common sense, Peem on Pastoral Poetry. Swervin. To right or left, eternal swervin, To right or left, eternal swervin, They rig-rag on; Swift. Swift from this desart let me part, S. Slow spreads the gloom to Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; The Erigs of Ayr. 4. While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love. Swiftly. Swiftly seek, on clanging wings, Other lakes and other springs; On scaring Water-food.	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr, 3. Swoom [swim]. Let posts an 'pensions sink or swoom Withem wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor [swore]. An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. But Duncan swoor a bally nith. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith. Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 111, 7. While Willie lap, and swoor by jiog, An' he swoor by his conscience, He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw. The swoor she saw some rebels run To Perth and to Dundee. man: S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. He swoor hy a' was swearing worth Sword. When Veogeance draws the sword in wrath, And in the fire throws the sbeath: A Ped to G. H., to. Wi' sword and gun he thought a sin Guid Christian bluid to draw. My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword. S. Ey yon castle wa't
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves! Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Br. Water. What throes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my bosom's swelling: S. The last time I f 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. II. 5. To veet thy bosom's swelling rise, I for veet thy bosom's swelling rise, S. Thickest night it the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War's the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War's to swept. He swept the stakes awa, man. Swerv'd. In chase o' thee [Poesie], what crouds hee swerv'd. Frae common sense, Peem on Pastoral Poetry. Swervin. To right or left, eternal swervin, Twift. Swift. Swift from this desart let me part, S. Slow spreads the gloom't Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; Swift swift seek, on clanging wings, Other lakes and other springs; On scarring Water-fowl. Swift-wing'd.	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Drigs of Ayr, 3. Swoom (swim). Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Withem wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor (swore). An' swoor fa' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. But Duncan swoor a baly nith. S. Duncan Davison. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st., 7. While Willie lap, and swoor by jing, Halloween. o. An' he swoor by his conscience, Ib. 17. He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw. Ib. 20. She swoor she saw some rebels run To Perth and to Dundee. man The Jolly Ecgars. R. VI. Sword. When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath. And in the fire throws the sheath: A Ded to G. H., 10. Wi' sword in hand, before his band, A Fragment. 2. Wi' sword and gun he thought a sin Guid Christian bluid to draw. Wy seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword.
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! On Death of R. Dundas. Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Br. Water. What threes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my bosom swelling: S. The last time I f 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. 11. 5. To veet thy bosom's swelling rise, S. Thickest night the flood That in my een was swelling. S. Thickest night the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War's the Swept. He swept the stakes awa, man. A Fragment 7. Swerv'd. In chase o' thee [Poesie], what crouds he swerv'd Frae common sense, Peem on Pastoral Poetry. Swervin. To right or left, eternal swervin, To right or left, eternal swervin, They rig-rag on; Swift. Swift from this desart let me part, S. Slow spreads the gloom to Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; The Frigs of Ayr. 4. While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love. Swiftly. Swiftly seek, on clanging wings, Other lakes and other springs; On scaring Water-food.	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr, 3. Swoom [swim]. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Withem wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor [swore]. An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. At Fragment, 0. But Duncan swoor a bally aith. S. Duncan Davison. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, Ep. to J. Lk, Ap. 1st, 7. While Willie lap, and swoor by jiog; An' he swoor by bis conscience, 16. 17. He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw. She swoor she saw some rebels run To Perth and to Dundee. man: S. The Eattle of Sherra-Moor. He swoor by a' was swearing worth Sword. When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath, And in the fire throws the sheard: M' sword in hand, before his band, W' sword and gun he thought a sin Guid Christian blid to draw. My seven braw soos for Jamie drew sword. S. Faystreell, thou fair day t Unite these bands from off my hands. S. Farstreell, thou fair day t
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! O'er the swelling of the warring. O'er the swelling of the warring. O'er the swelling of the warring. Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. What throes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my bosom swelling: 'S. The last time I f 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. II. 5. To veat thy bosom's swelling rise, 'S. The last time I f 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. II. 5. Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, 'S. The Note of the War's the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When widd War's t Wengel. He swept the stakes awa', man. A Fragment. 7. Swerv'd. In chase o' thee [Poesie], what crouds hae swerv'd Frae common sense, Peem on Pastoral Poetry. Swervin. To right or left, eternal swervin, They zig-zag on; To J. S., 10. Swift. Swift from this desart let me part, S. Slow spreads the gloom t Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; The Frigs of Ayr. 4. While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love. Swiftly. Swiftly seek, on clanging wings, Other lakes and other springs; On scaring Water-fowl. Swift-wing'd. The clouds swift-wing'd flew o'er the starry sky, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Drigs of Ayr. 3. Swoom [swim]. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Withem wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor [swore]. An' swoor fir rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. But Duncan swoor a bally nith. S. Duncan Davison. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith. Ep. to J. L.—k, clp. tst, 7. While Willie lap, and swoor by jiog, Halloween. o. An' he swoor by his conscience, He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean Al' Craw. To Perth and to Dundee. man: To Perth and to Dundee. man: The Folly Deggars. R. VI. Sword. When Veogeance draws the sword in wrath. And in the fire throws the sbeath: A Ded to G. H., to. Wi' sword in hand, before his band, Wi' sword in hand, before his band, Wi'' sword and gun he thought a sin Guid Christian bluid to draw. My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword. S. Ey yon castle wa't In the field of proud honour, our swords in our bands. S. Ey yon castle wa't Untie these bands from off my Fairweelf, thou fair day t Untie these bands from off my Fairweelf, thou fair day t Untie these bands from off my Fairweelf, thou fair day t Unite these bands from off my Fairweelf, thou fair day t
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Br. Water. What throes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my bosom swelling: S. The last time I f 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. II. 5. To vent thy bosom's swelling rise, I fo vent thy bosom's swelling; S. Thickest night it the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War's † Swept. He swept the stakes awa', man. A Fragment. 7. Swept. He swept the stakes awa', man. A Fragment. 7. Swept. In chase o' thee [Poesle], what crouds hae swert' Frae common sense, Feen on Pastoral Poetry. Swervin. To right or left, eternal swervin, They zig-zag on; To f, S., 10. Swift. Swift from this desart let me part, S. Slow spreads the gloom! Swift. Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; The Brigs of Ayr. 4. While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love. S. Yon wild mozzy mountains! Swiftly. Swiftly seek, on clauging wings, Other lakes and other springs; On Death of Sir J. Blair. The social hours, swift-wing'd, annotic'd fleet; The Cetter's Sat. Night. 5.	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Swoom [swim]. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Withem wha grant them: The Drigs of Ayr. 3. Withem wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor [swore]. An' swoor fir rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. A Fragment. 9. But Duncan swoor a bally nith. S. Duncan Davison. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith. Ep. 10. I. I.—k., Apt. 141, 7. While Willie lap, and swoor by jiog. An' he swoor by bis conscience, He swoor 'twas hitchan Jean M'Craw. She swoor she saw some tebels run To Ferth and to Dundee. man: To Ferth and to Dundee. man: S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. He swoor by a' was swearing worth And in the fire throws the sheath: All the fire throws the sheath: S. Fy you castle wa't In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands, S. Farzetell, thou fair day t Untie these bands from off my hands, And bring to me my sword! S. Frazzeell, ye dungeons t Grim servagence, we, shall whet a sword.
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! On Death of R. Dundas. Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. What threes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my bosom swelling: S. The last time I f 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. II. 5. To veet thy bosom's swelling rise, S. The kest time I f the flood That in my een was swelling. S. Thickest night is the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When widd War's t Swept. He swept the stakes awa', man. A Fragment, T. Swerv'd. In chase o' thee [Poesie], what crouds hae swerv'd Frae common sense, Peem on Pastoral Poetry. Swervin. To right or left, eternal swervin. To right or left, eternal swervin. To right or left, eternal swervin. Swift. Swift from this desart let me part, S. Slove spreads the gloom't Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; The Friga of Ayr. 4. While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love. Swiftly. Swiftly. Swiftly seek, on clanging wings, Other lakes and other springs; On scaring Water-fowl. Swift-wing'd. The clouds swift-wing'd enough the starry sky. On Death of Sir J. Blair. The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Drigs of Ayr, 3. Swoom [swim]. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Withem wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor [swore]. An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. An' has woor the subject of the swoor should be subject of the swoor by his conscience, An' he swoor by his conscience, Be swoor she saw some rebels run To Perth and to Duodee. man: The Fattle of Sherra-Moor. He swoor by a' was swearing worth The folly Deggars. R. VI. Sword. When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath. And in the fire throws the sheath: A Ded to G. H., to. Wi' sword in hand, before his band, Wi' sword and gun he thought a sin Guid Christian bluid to draw. My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword. In the field of proud honour, our swords in our bands, And bring to me my sword: S. Farzetell, thou fair day t Untie these bands from off my hands, And bring to me my sword: S. Farzetell, ye dungeous t Grim wengeance, yet, shall whet a sword That thry' thy soul shall gae: Lament of Mary of Scots.
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Br. Water. What throes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my boson swelling: S. The last time I f 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. II. 5. To veet thy boson's swelling rise, S. Thickest night the flood That in my cen was swelling. S. Thickest night the flood That in my cen was swelling. S. When wild War'st Swept. He swept the stakes awa', man, A Fragment 7. Swept'd. In chase o' thee [Poesie], what cronds has swery'd. To right or left. eternal swervin, To right or left. eternal swervin, They rig-rag on i. To J. S., 10. Swift. Swift from this desart let me part, S. Slow spreads the gloom! Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; The Brigs of Ayr. 4. While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love. Swiftly seek, on clanging wings, Other lakes and other springs; On scaring Water-fowl. Swift. Wing'd. The clouds swift-wing'd. unnoticed fleet; The Cottor's Sat. Night. 5. Swim. The stately swan majestic swims, S. Again rejoicing Nature t	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Drigs of Ayr. 3. Swoom [swim]. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Withem wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor [swore]. An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. But Duncan swoor a bally nith. S. Duncan Davison. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, Ep. to J. L.—k, clp. 1st, 7. While Willie lap, and swoor by jiog, Halloween. o. An' he swoor by his conscience, He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw The swoor she saw some rebels run To Perth and to Dundee. man: S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. He swoor hy a' was swearing worth. Sword. When Veogeance draws the sword in wrath. And in the fire throws the sbeath: A Ded to G. H., to. Wi' sword in hand, before his band, A' Fragment. 2. My seven braw sons for Jamie Grew sword. S. Ey yon castle wa' t In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands, And bring to me my sword: S. Farcwell, thou fair day t Unite these bands from off my hands, And bring to me my sword: S. Farcwell, ye dungeous t Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword That thro' thy soul shall gae: Lament of Mary of Scots. I he a guide braid sword, I'll tak dunts free nachody. S. Nachody.
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Br. Water. What throes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my boson swelling: S. The last time I f 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. II. 5. To veet thy boson's swelling rise, I fo veet thy boson's swelling; S. Thickest night the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War's twelling, To right or left. eternal swervin, To right or left. eternal swervin, They rig-vag on; To f. S., 10. Swift. Swift from this desart let me part, S. Slow streads the gloom't Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours of Love. S. Yon wild mozy mountains the Swiftly, Swiftly, Swiftly, Swiftly, Swiftly, Swiftly, Swiftly, Seek, on clauging wings, Other lakes and other springs; On scaring Water-fowl. Swift The clouds swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet; The Cetter's Sat. Night Swim. The stately swan majestic swims, S. Again rejoicing Nature to There let him side or swim. John Barleycorn.	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Drigs of Ayr. 3. Swoom [swim]. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Withem wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor [swore]. An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. But Duncan swoor a bally nith. S. Duncan Davison. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, Ep. to J. L.—k, clp. 1st, 7. While Willie lap, and swoor by jiog, Halloween. o. An' he swoor by his conscience, He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw The swoor she saw some rebels run To Perth and to Dundee. man: S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. He swoor hy a' was swearing worth. Sword. When Veogeance draws the sword in wrath. And in the fire throws the sbeath: A Ded to G. H., to. Wi' sword in hand, before his band, A' Fragment. 2. My seven braw sons for Jamie Grew sword. S. Ey yon castle wa' t In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands, And bring to me my sword: S. Farcwell, thou fair day t Unite these bands from off my hands, And bring to me my sword: S. Farcwell, ye dungeous t Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword That thro' thy soul shall gae: Lament of Mary of Scots. I he a guide braid sword, I'll tak dunts free nachody. S. Nachody.
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! The Death of R. Dundas. Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Br. Water. What threes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my bosom swelling: 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. H. 5. To veet thy bosom's swelling rise, Thridd torrents, wintry swelling, Thridd torrents, wintry swelling, Thridd torrents, wintry swelling, Thridd torrents, wintry swelling, Thridd to that in my een was swelling. S. When widt War'st Swept. He swept the stakes awa', man. Thridd to hashae' thee [Poesie], what crouds has eswer'd. Swervin. To right or left, etternal swervin, To right or left, etternal swervin, The right or left, etternal swervin, Swift. Swift. Swift from this desart let me part, S. Slow spreads the gloomt Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; The Brigs of Ayr. 4. While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love. Swiftly. Swiftly. Swiftly seek, on clanging wings, Other lakes and other springs; On scaring Water-food. Swift-wing'd. The clouds swift-wing'd nemotic fleet; The Cetter's Sat. Night. 5. Swim. The stately swan majestic swims, S. Again rejoicing Nature There let him sick or swim. John Barkeycorn. Where laughing love sae wanton swims. S. My Lord a-hunting t	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Drigs of Ayr, 3. Swoom [swim]. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Withem wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor [swore]. An' swoor fir rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. A Fragment. 9. But Duncan swoor a bally nith. S. Duncan Davison. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith. Ep. 10, I.—k., clp. 141, 7. While Willie lap, and swoor by jiog. An' he swoor by bis conscience, He swoor 'twas hichan Jean M'Craw. He swoor by a' was swearing worth He swoor by a' was swearing worth And in the fire throws the sheath; All the fire throws the sword in wrath, And in the fire throws the sheath; All through and the fire throws the sheath; All through and the fire throws the sheath; And bring to me my sword; And thring to me my sword; And thrin
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Br. Water. What throes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my boson swelling: S. The last time I f 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. II. 5. To veet thy boson's swelling rise, I fo veet thy boson's swelling rise, S. Thickest night the flood That in my een was swelling. S. When wild War'et Swept. He swept the stakes awa', mao, A Fragment. 7. Swept'd. In chase o' thee [Poesie], what crouds hae swert'd. To right or left. eternal swervin, To right or left. eternal swervin, They rig-rag on; To fight or left. eternal swervin, Swift. Swift from this desart let me part, S. Slow spreads the gloom't Swift. While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love. S. Yon wild mony mountains t Swiftly seek, on clanging wings, Other lakes and other springs; On scaring Water-fowl. Swift. The clouds swift-wing'd. monotic'd fleet; The Cottor's Sat. Night. 5. Swim. The stately swao majestic swims, S. Again rejoicing Nature t There let him sick or swim. S. My Lord a-kunting t The theu chould cat the very sake and swim. S. My Lord a-kunting t The theu chould cat the very sake and swim.	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Drigs of Ayr. 3. Swoom [swim]. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Withem wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor [swore]. An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. But Duncan swoor a bally nith. S. Duncan Davison. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, Ep. to J. L.—k, clp. 1st, 7. While Willie lap, and swoor by jiog, An' he swoor by his conscience, He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw The swoor she saw some rebels run To Perth and to Dundee. man: S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. He swoor by a' was swearing worth. Sword. When Veogeance draws the sword in wrath. And in the fire throws the sbeath: A Ded to G. H., to. Wi' sword in hand, before his band, A' Fragment. 2. My seven braw sons for Jamie Grew sword. S. Ey yon castle wa' t In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands. And bring to me my sword: S. Farcwell, thou fair day t Unite these bands from off my hands. And bring to me my sword: S. Farcwell, ye dungeous t Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword That thro' thy soul shall gae: Lament of Mary of Scots. I hae a guide braid sword, I'll tak dunts free nachody. Shame fe' the fun; wi' sword and gun To slap mankind like lumber! Notemure's on and axéa t S. O Kemuure's on and axéa t
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ye howling wiods, and wintry swelling waves! Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Br. Water. What throes, what tortures passing cure, Were in my boson swelling: S. The last time I f 'Mong swelling floods of reeking gore, The Vision. D. II. 5. To veet thy boson's swelling rise, I for veet thy boson's swelling, S. Thickest night's the flood That in my cen was swelling, S. Thickest night's the flood That in my cen was swelling. S. When wild War'st Swept. He swept the stakes awa', mao. A Fragment 7. Swept'd. In chase o' thee [Poesle], what crouds hae swery'd. Frae common sease, Frem on Pastoral Poetry. Swervin. To right or left, eternal swervin, They zig-zag on; To flood the Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; Swift. Swift as the Gos drives on the wheeling hare; The Brigs of Ayr. 4. While o'er us unheeded, file the swift hours o' Love. S. Yon wild mesty mountainst Swift. Swift. Swift, on clanging wings, Other lakes and other springs; On scaring Water-food. Swift-wing'd. The clouds swift-wing'd. Innoticed fleet; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5. Swim. The social hours, swift-wing'd. nunoticed fleet; The Free let him sick or swim. John Earleycon. Where laughing love sae wanton swims. S. My Lord a-hunting t The 'brigs of Ayr. 6.	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Swoom [swim]. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Withem wha grant them: The Britgo of Ayr, 3. Swoor [swore]. An' swoor fa' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. An' swoor fa' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. The na fa guid in law, man. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 111, 7. While Willie lap, and swoor by jiog, An' he swoor by bis conscience, He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw, He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw, She swoor she saw some rebels run To Perth and to Duodee. man: S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. He swoor by a' was swearing worth Sword. When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath, And in the fire throws the sheath; A Fragment, 2. Wi' sword and gun he thought a sin Guid Christian bluid to draw, My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword. In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands. S. Farcucell, thou fair day t Untie these bands from off my hands, And hring to me my sword! Sham En' the fun' yi' sword and gun To slap mankind like lumber! The in the stot he first notestick the sword year. Their hearts and swords are metal true. S. O Kennure's on and axéa t How on this snot he first notsheulth the sword Scots Prologue.
Trees with aged arms were warring. O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. Ne howling winds, and wintry swelling waves! Do Death of R. Dundas. Hoarse-swelling on the breeze. The Petition of Br. Water. What threes, what tortures passing cure. Were in my bosom swelling: 'Mong swelling floods of recking gore, The Vision. D. 11. 5. To vent thy bosom's swelling rise, 1h. rs. Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, 1h. rs. Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,	Swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Drigs of Ayr. 3. Swoom [swim]. Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom Withem wha grant them: The Author's Cry and Prayer. Swoor [swore]. An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood. To mak it guid in law, man. But Duncan swoor a bally nith. S. Duncan Davison. Then up I gat, an swoor an aith, Ep. to J. L.—k, clp. 1st, 7. While Willie lap, and swoor by jiog, An' he swoor by his conscience, He swoor 'twas hilchan Jean M'Craw The swoor she saw some rebels run To Perth and to Dundee. man: S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. He swoor by a' was swearing worth. Sword. When Veogeance draws the sword in wrath. And in the fire throws the sbeath: A Ded to G. H., to. Wi' sword in hand, before his band, A' Fragment. 2. My seven braw sons for Jamie Grew sword. S. Ey yon castle wa' t In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands. And bring to me my sword: S. Farcwell, thou fair day t Unite these bands from off my hands. And bring to me my sword: S. Farcwell, ye dungeous t Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword That thro' thy soul shall gae: Lament of Mary of Scots. I hae a guide braid sword, I'll tak dunts free nachody. Shame fe' the fun; wi' sword and gun To slap mankind like lumber! Notemure's on and axéa t S. O Kemuure's on and axéa t

They hack'd and hash'd while braid swords clash'd	Syne up the back-style, and let naehody see, S. O whistle
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. I saw that honour's sword was rusted; The Hernit.	(And aye a rowth, roast heef and claret; Syne wha would starve?) . Poem on Life
His piercin words, like Highlan swords, The Holy Fair. 21.	Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church;	Syne weave, nnseen, thy spider snare
The Jolly Beggars. S. II.	Till first ae caper, syne anither, Tam o' Shanter. 16
The sword would help to mak a plough, The Tree of Liberty.	Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.
A short sword, and a lang, S. Ye Jacobites †	The Jolly Beggars. R. III
Swore.	Syne draws her kehbuck an' ber knife; The Holy Fair. 24
Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore, "Whoe'er shall provoke thee, th' encounter shall rue!"	Syne to salute her wi' a kiss, I flang my arms about her neck.
	S. The lass that made the bea
I put him to bed, and he swore he wad wed, S. The auld man†	A wicked crew syne, on a time,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.	Did tak a solemn aith, man, . The Tree of Liberty
The Whistle. 14.	Syne let us pray, auld England may Sure plant this far-famed tree, man;
Anld Sootie then swore by the edge of his knife, S. There liv'd ance a carle†	An' syne Mess John, beyond expression, Fell foul o' me What ails ye now
	Fell foul o' me What ails ye now
And the wretch, his true sworn brother, S. Does haughty Gaul,	Syne pale like ony lily, S. When wild War's System.
S. Does haughty Gaul, †	The ordered system fair hefore ber stood, Ep. to R. Graham. 3
And they hae sworn a solemn cath [re.] John Darleycorn.	What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,
But come what will, I've sworn it still, I'll ne'er be melancholy, O. S. My father was a farmer t	One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him!
If angry fate is sworn my foe, . S. O wat ye wha's in †	Table. Fragment, inscr. to Fox
And Wallace Tow'r bad sworn the fact was true:	Five honie Lasses round their table, A Ded. to G. H., 14
The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	To note upon the haly table, Tam o' Shanter. 11
Sworn foe to sorrow, care, and prose, To J. S., 25.	Sit round the table, weel content,
I bae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary, I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true; To Mary.	An' steer about the toddy The Holy Fair. 20
Swung.	Tack [a lease; "stand by your tack," stand to you bargain].
The pedant swung his felon cudgel round, . The Vowels.	Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't; Kind Sir, Fre read
Sybow [a young onion].	Now stand as tightly by your tack:
A lee dyke-side, a sybow-tail,	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 6
And barley-scone shall cheer me. To Mr. M'Adam. Sylvia.	On thee a tack o' seven times seven Will yet bestow it To Terraughts
There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay: S. Damon and Sylvia.	Tacket [a kind of nail or large-headed tack for
Symbol.	Tacket [a kind of nail or large-headed tack for driving into the heels and soles of boots and
I turn'd my weeding beuk aside,	Shoes]. Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
An spar d the symbol dear, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	A towmont gude ; On Grose's Peregrinations
Syme. A gift that e'en for S[ym]e were fit To Mr. Syme.	Tae [to].
Symmetry.	Tae cheer you thro' the weary widdle Second Ep. to Davie
(Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace, Can only charm us in the second place,) Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Rivan the words tae gar them clink;
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Nae cares tae gie us joy or grievin':
with order, symmetry, or taste unblest; The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	Frae door tae door
Sympathetic. Smith, wi'his sympathetic feeling Auld comrade †	Come Sir, here's tae you; To Mr. J. Kennedy
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa', El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.	Tae [toe].
The smile of love, the friendly tear,	I mann sit the lee lang day, And jeeg the cradle wi' my tae, S. Duncan Gray
The sympathetic glow! Ep. to Davie. 10.	To additional Committee to 1 on the result of the
Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly; On Death of R. Dundas.	Taed [toad]. Sprawlin' like a taed. The Election Ballads. IV
Sympathy.	Tae'd (tod). Sprawin like a tado. Inc Election Balladas, IV Tae'd (tod ; a "three-tae'd" or three-pronged leister was a fish-spear with a long shaft used when the fish were very difficult to spear].
Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us, Add. to Toothache.	used when the fish were very difficult to
Symptom.	A three-tac'd leister on the ither [shouther]
I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great, On dining with Daer.	Lay, large an' lang. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 6
Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that; . A Ded. to G. H., 6.	Taen, Ta'en [taken].
Syne [since, ago, then].	For Oh! the yellow treasure's taen By witching skill; . Add. to the Deil. 10
Lang syne in Eden's honic yard, . Add. to the Deil. 15.	By witching skill; . Add. to the Deil. 10 Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap, S. Awa, whigs, awa
"There was a time, it's nae lang syne, . As on the banks † Syne rhyme till't, well time till't,	'Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,
Syne rhyme till't, well time till't, Ep. to Davie. 4. An' syne they think to climb Parnassus	'And faith, be'll waur me. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13
By dint o' Greek! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 12.	'A countra Laird had ta'en the batts, 1b. 27
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter, Ib. 19.	In Eighty-eight, ye ken, was ta'en What ye'll ne'er ha'e to gi'e again. El. on Year 1785
Syne I began to wander: S. Gat ye me †	Ye'd better taen up spades and shools.
Let him be planted in my place, Syne, say, I was a fautor S. Had I the wyte †	Ye'd better taen up spades and shools, Or knappin-hammers. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 11
	While caps an' bonnets aff are taen,
Syne coziely, aboon the door, Wi' cannie care, they've plac'd them Hallowcen. 5.	As by be walks? 1b., Ap. 21st, 12 His saul has ta'en some other way, Epit. on Holy Willie
Syne bad him slip frae 'mang the folk, 1b. 17.	You have my choicest model ta'en, Epit. on W——
Syne bauldly in she enters:	And ev'ry time great care is taen,
Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt, They parted aff careerin Fu' blythe 1b. 28.	To see them duely changed: Halloween. 27
Syne to the Highlands hame to me S. Hee balout	she has ta'en to the heather, Jenny M'Craw,
Syne as ye brew, my maiden fair,	Their leagues and their covenants a' she has ta'en; 1b
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill. S. In simmer when t	Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss, . S. Jockey's ta'en the
	They've taen a weapon, long and sharp, John Barleycorn

Whom death had all untimely taen. Lament for Glencairn.	Tak this excuse for nae epistle Ep. to II. Parker.
For now he's taen anither shore, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	A man may tak a neehor's part, Yet hae nae cash to spare him, Ep. to Young Friend. 4.
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle, 16.	Yet hae nae cash to spare him. Ep. to Young Friend. 4. Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
And taen the—Antiquarian trade, On Grose's Peregrinations. For loyal Forbes' Charter'd boast	
Is ta'en awa! Scotch Drink. 19.	tak that, ye lea'e them naething To ken them hy,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice! . Tam o' Shanter. 3.	Taks up its last abode; Epit. on Holy Willie.
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	Deil tak Kate
And a deadly aith she's ta'en, . The Election Ballads. I.	An' she he na noddin too: . S. Guaeen to you Aimmer?
While Common-Sense has taen the road, The Holy Fair. 10.	She thro' the yard the nearest taks,
I've ta'en the gold, an been enroll'd The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.	He taks a swirlie, auld moss-oak,
They've ta'en me in, an' a' that,	For some black, grousome Carlin; 10. 23.
The Kirk's Alarm.	They tell me, Sir, 'twould be a sin, To tak me frae my mammy yet; S. I'm o'er young to marry t
My mither, she has ta'en the bed, Wi' thinking on my fa' The Ruined Maid's Lament.	Tak this frae me, my honie hen, . S. In simmer when t
And hunger'd Maukin taen ber way	Tak' tent, I'll tell thee what, S. Lass, when yr mither t
To kail-yards green, . The Vision. D. I. Now he's ta'en her hame to his ain reeky den.	The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her! S. Last May a braw wooer t
S. There liv'd ance a carle \	I'll tak Cuckold frae nane, S. Nacbody.
And ev'ry ither pair that's done, Mair taen I'm wi' you To J. S., 2.	I'll tak dunts frae naebody
Just now I've taen the fit o' rhyme, 16., 4.	An' gin she winna tak a man, E'en let her tak her will, jo S. O steer her up t
This while my notion's taen a sklent,	An' gin she tak the thiog amiss [re.] Ib.
To try my fate in guid, black prent;	But sorrow tak' him that's sae mean, S. O Tibbie!
aet [a small quantity].	But Tibbie, lass, tak' my advice:
Wi' taets o' hay an' ripps o' corn The Death of Mailie.	Gie him the schulin of your weans; On a Schoolmaster.
ail.	Puir harmless beast! tak thee nae care, On B,'s Horse Impound.
But ev'ry tail thou pay't them hollow, A Gude New Year † 9. But thy auld tail thou wad hae whisket,	If we be for Miss Jean, tak this frae a frien',
	Konatas of Bennats.
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail, Right on ye scud your sea-way; He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail. Ep. to H. Parker.	Tak a' the rest,
He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail Ep. to H. Parker. An' by my hen, an' by her tail Ep. to J. R., 10.	And we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught,
A runt was like a sow-tail Sae bow't Halloween. 4.	But if its ordain'd I maun tak' him,
Was threshin still at hizzies tails, . Kind Sir, I've read t	O wha will I get but Tam Glen? S. Tam Glen.
Even as two bowling, ravening wolves To does do turn their tail	An' folk begin to tak the gate; Tam o' Shanter. And sic a night he taks the road in,
A brow new paig wi' the tail o't a' rottan.	As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in
S. O ken ye what meg 1	An' durk an' pistol at her helt, She'll tak the streets, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Syne, whip! bis tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on, Poem on Life. There at them thou thy tail may toss, Tam o' Shanter. 18.	if she promise auld or young To tak their part, 16.
The fient a tail she had to shake!	She eyes ber freehorn, martial hoys, Tak aff their Whisky
But left behind her ain gray tail:	Freedom and Whisky gang thegither,
Eels weel kend for souple tail, . Tam Samson's El., 6. As ever ran afore a tail	Tak an your diam.
As ever ran afore a tail	Tak aff your whitter. [v.A.2]
He'll clap a shangan on her tail, The Ordination. 2.	There's men of taste wou'd tak the Ducat-stream, The Brigs of Ayr. 6,
Now auld K[ilmarnock], cock thy tail.	Tak tent how ye purchase a dram; The Election Ballads. III.
An' toss thy horns fu' canty;	Ye monarchs, tak the east and west, Frae Indus to Savannah! The gowd. Locks of A.
Hung owre his hurdies wi' a swirl The Twa Dogs. 3.	Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,
He draws a bonie, silken purse As lang's my tail, . 1b. 8. He kend the Lord's sheep ilka tail, . The Twa Herds. 7.	S. The heather was blooming (
	An' taks me by the han's, The Holy Fair. 4. The Kirk an' you may tak' you that, The Inventory.
Taint. Never haleful stellar lights, Taint thee with untimely hlights! . To Miss C.	The Kirk an' you may tak' you that, The Inventory. He taks the Fiddler by the heard, The Jolly Beggars, R. VI.
Tak [to take].	An' there tak up your stations; The Ordination.
What's no his ain, he winna tak it; . A Ded. to G. H., 5. But point the Rake that taks the door: 1b. 8.	This day M'[Kinlay] taks the flail, 16.
(ye need na tak it ill)	And tak a look o' Mysie; The Tarbolton Lasses. De'il tak the war!
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' scriegh,	De'il tak the war! S. The lither morn? Did tak a solemn aith, man, The Tree of Liberty.
An' tak the road! . A Guid New-Year † 8. They'll step in and tak a pint S. A' the lads o' Thornic-bank †	To make a tour an' tak a wbirl, The Twa Dogs. 22.
An' tak' the counsel I sall gi'e thee, Add. to Illegit. Child.	Aboon them a' ye tak your place, To a Haggis.
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'! Add to the Deil. 21.	Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive, 16.
at diale talt a spell	Tour if the re no there is a
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O: S. Behind you hills t	He tald mysel by word o' mouth, He'd tak my letter; To Dr. Blacklock.
'I red ye weel, tak care o'skaith, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.	"I red you, honest man, tak tent! To J. S., 7.
We'll ease our shanks an' tak a seat, 10. 11.	And large, before Enjoyment's gale, Let's tak the tide
'Kirkyards will soon he till'd eneugh, Tak ye nae fear:	See wha taks notice o' the hard! To Mr. M. Adam.
This pight I'm free to tak my aith,	Are mind't, in things they ca' balloons, To tak a flight, To W. Simpson. P.S.
Thou beardless hoy, I pray tak' care, . Et. on Year 1700.	Can ye think to tak a man? . S. Will ye go and marry t
'I'ak thou the Carlin's carcase aff, Thou'se get the saul o' boot. Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	Tak a mark by auntie Betty,
THOU SE REL THE SHALL O BOOK TANKS	I and the second

Thae winks and finger-ends, I dread, Are notice takin!

Tak me, Katie, at my offer,	Tak'st.
Or be-had, and I'll tak you: S. Will ye go and marry t	As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
When in his arms he taks me a'; S. Young Jockey † Take.	With overwhelming sweep The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps
	Tald v. Tauld.
Then thro' the lakes Montgomery takes, A Fragment. 2. "Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand	Tale But oh, it was a tale of woe, A Vision.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Truth, weeping, tells the mouraful tale, A Winter Night. 8. And love was ay the tale. S. As down the burn to
I will take my chance with you; . Add. to Dumourier.	The courtier tells a finer tale, S. Behold, my love, †
Let Meg now take away the flesh, At Globe Tav., D.	But now, what else for me remains
Take [Powers divine!] nught else of mine, But, my Chloris spare me! S. Ay waking, O †	But tales of woe; . El. on Capt. M. H., 11.
Eut, my Chloris spare me! S. Ay waking, 0 † Come, let me take thee to my breast, S. Come, let me take thee † L'll want im, ere I take such a d—ble load	I tell nae common tale o' grief,
S. Come, let me take thee t	Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale; . Ep. fr. Esopus.
	Esteeming, and deeming.
Still take her, and make her,	It [Heaven, Hell] a' an idle tale! . Ep. to Davie. 6.
Thy most peculiar care! Ep. to Davic. 9.	An' either douse or merry tale, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 6.
This hour on e'enin's edge I take, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st.	And anco tales, an funnie jokes,
And merchandise' whole genus take their birth: Ep. to R. Graham.	We hae tales to tell, And we hae sangs to sing; S. Hey ca' thro'.
But take it [fortune's road] like the unbacked filly.	Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale.
But take it [fortune's road] like the unbacked filly, Proud o' her speed Ep. to Maj. Logan.	On Death of R. Dundas.
That never gives—tho' humbly takes enough;	Sad thy tale, thou idle page, Sad thy tale †
Ef. to R. Graham. 5. Death takes him hame to gie him quarters.	Ve chief, to you my tale I tell, Scotch Drink. 16. But to our tale:
Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
My hale and weel I'll take a care o't	Ilk man and mother's son, take heed: 1b. 19.
A tentier way: Friend of the poet † P.S. The sun a hackward course shall take S. Highl. Laddic.	And echo cons the doolfu' tale; S. The Contented Cottager.
Alternate Follies take the sway: Man was made to mourn.	'In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
Take pity on my weary feet, S. O Lassie, art thou	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9. dinna fail, To tell my Master a' my tale;
But I hae ane will take my part, S. Oh, how can I be blythe !	The Death of Mailie.
I'd take the rascal by the nose,	'Twad he owre lang a tale to tell, The Holy Fair. 23.
Ward say, Shame fa' thee. On Grose's Percgrinations,	What herd like R[usse]ll tell'd his tale, The Twa Herds. 7.
Would take the Muses' servants by the hand, Scots Prologue, That future-life in worlds unknown	As Robie tauld a tale o' love S. There was a lass †
Must take its hue from this alone; Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	And whisper'd thus his tale o' love
What wealth could never give nor take away!	In plaintive notes my tale rehearses . To Clarinda. But why, o' Death, begin a tale?
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	As modest want the tale of woe reveals; To Miss Graham.
Take a heart which he designs thee; . S. Sweetest May † Ilk man and mother's son, take heed: Tam o' Shanter, 10,	I send you more than India hoasts
Retrieve its doom and take its place. S. The capt, Ribband.	In Edwin's simple tale To Miss L.
A strappan youth; he takes the Mother's eye;	(It soothes poor Misery, hearkening to her tale),
The Cotter's Sat. Night. S.	Yet when a tale comes i' my head, . To W. Simpson
Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way; . 1b. 18.	I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me, What ails ye now t
While dying raptures in her arms, I give and take with Anna! S. The gowd. Locks of A.	Talent. My talents they were not the worst,
Round and round take up the Chorus,	S. My father was a farmer †
The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	Are qualifications saucy; The Dean of Fac.
He takes but for the fashion; The Ordination. 5.	I fear I my talent mistenk, . The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take away, S. The Posie.	In days when mankind were but callans
Take away these rosy lips,	At Grammar, Logic, an' sic talents, To W. Simpson, P.S. O injured God! Thy goodness has endow'd me
Rich with balmy treasure: S. Thine am I†	With talents passing most of my compeers, Tragic Frag.
To Hague or Calais takes a waft, The Twa Dogs. 22. Or by Madrid he takes the rout,	Did many talents gild thy span? Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Or by Madrid he takes the rout,	Talk. His talk o' H-ll, whare devils dwell,
Clarinda, take this little boon, To a Lady.	Our vera "Sauls does harrow" Wi' fright The Holy Fair. 21.
And with them take the poet's prayer; . To a yng Lady.	And talk of love my dearie O. S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
Come Firm Resolve take thou the van, To Dr. Blacklock.	Talk of him that's far awa. [re.] S. Musing on the roaring t
Then take what gold could never buy—	We'll gently walk and sweetly talk, S. Now westlin winds †
An honest Eard's esteem To J. M'Murdo. Fair maid, you need not take the hint, . To Miss Ainslie.	She talks of rank and fashion. S. O poortith cauld †
They take religion in their mouth; . To Rev. J. M' Math.	Talk not to me of savages On Miss J. Lewars. Talk not of Love, it gives me pain, S. Talk not of Love †
Would take His hand, whose vernal tints	But never talk of love
His other works admire V.s below Picture.	Did meet the poor Thresher and freely did talk;
Say then, Katie, sny ye'll take me, S. Will ye go and marry†	The Poor Thresher
Take pity on n sodger S. When wild Wars †	They'll talk o' patronage an' priests, Wi' kindling fury i' their breasts, The Twa Dogs. 18.
Taken. What dire events ha'e taken place! El. on Year 1788.	They talk o' mercy, grace an' truth, To Rev. I. M'Math.
faking, -in'.	iaik'd.
Vet has sae mony takin' arts, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 11.	She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd, S. I gaed a waefu t
Were sayin or takin aught amiss: . Kind Sir, Fve read t	Talking, -in. She didna wait on talkin To spier that night. Halloween, 12.
A chield's nmang you, taking notes, On Grose's Peregrinations.	If thou hast heard her talking, S. O wat ye wha that loes †
Nae kind of licence out I'm takin'; The Inventory.	That ilka hody talking But her by thee is slighted, . Ib.
One evening this Nobleman, taking his walk,	Tall.
The Poor Thresher.	I see thee gracefu', straight and tall, S. Craigie-burn Wood.

To a Louse.

She's honie, blooming, straight, and tall;

S. O this is no my ain †

Tam [dim. of Thomas]. And O for ane and twenty, Tam ! [re.]	The vera tapmost, towrin height
S. And O for ane and twenty t As Tam the Chapman on a day Wi'death forgather'd by the way, Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	O' Miss's bonnet To a Louse. Tap-pickle [the grain at the top of the stalk].
Wi'death forgather'd by the way, Epit. on Tam the Chapman. In hopes to see Tam Kipples	But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
But what will I do wi' Tam Glen? [re.] . S. Tam Glen.	Tappit-hen [a tin pot with a knob on the top, holding a quart].
O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise, Tam o' Shanter.	The tappit-hen gae bring her ben, . On W. Stewart.
Tam had got planted unco right;	Tapsalteerie [topsy-turvy].
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;	When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels, That dang her tapsalteerie, O S. Amang the trees, †
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,	He fir'd a fiddler in the north
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;	That dang them tapsalteerie, O
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire, 1b. S.	May a gae tapsaiteene, O: 3. Green grow the Kashes.
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight! Ib. II. By which heroic Tam was able Ib.	Tar. The manly tar, my mason Billie, Auld comrade †
By which heroic Tam was able	A toom tar harrel An' twa red peats Letter to J. Goudie. Tarbolton.
But Tam kend what was what fu' brawlie, 1b. 15.	Tarbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
And bow Tam stood, like ane hewitch'd, Ib. 16.	Ye'll find me in a better tune; Ep. to H. Farker.
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,	In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men, Ronalds of Bennals.
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;	Tardy. She, tardy, hell-ward plies. Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
"O how deil Tam can that he true?	Targe. When baiginets o'erpower'd the targe, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Targe, to [to drill, to examine strictly].
And there will be gleg Colonel Tam. The Election Ballads. III. Thou hast left me ever, Tam, [re.] S. Thou hast left me †	I on the questions targe them tightly; The Inventory.
And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants, [re.] What ails ye now t	Tarrow [to murmur]. Or, if you on your station tarrow,
Tam o' Shanter.	Between Almagro and Pizarro; . Add. of Beelzebub. 5.
This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter, Tam o' Shanter.	Tarrow't [murmured].
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare 1b. 1q. Tam Samson.	An' I hae seen their coggie fou, That yet hae tarrow't at it,
Tam Samson's dead! [re.] Tam Samson's El.	Tarry. Nae time hae I to tarry. S. Here's to thy health,
Tame.	It's not the roar o' sea or shore, Wad make me langer wish to tarry; . S. My bonie Mary.
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.	Come counsel, dear titty, don't tarry : S. Tam Glen.
Tammie [dim. of Tam].	At Darlet we a blink did tarry; S. Th. Menzies' bonie Mary.
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie, S. Here's a health to them †	There simmer first unfauld her robes, And there the langest tarry:
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle, Tam o' Shanter. 11.	S. I'e banks, and braes, and streams t
As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious, 1b. 12.	Tarry-Breeks [a sailor]. Young, royal Tarry-Breeks,
Tammy Gage. Poor Tammy G-ge within a cage,	Tart. A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight, Sketch.
Was kept at Boston-ha, man;	Tartan.
Tamtallan [Tantallan Castle, on the coast of Hadding- tonshire].	Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie. [re.] S. As I came o'er t
The teeth o' time may graw Tamtallan,	And I'll cleed thee in the tartan sae fine, S. O whare did ye get †
Tane (the one).	Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
The tane is game, a bluidy devil, El. on Year 1788.	O' Clans frae woods, in tartan duds. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither. S. Scroggant.	the philibegs And skyrin tartan trews,
Tangle [sea-weed]. His manly leg with garter tangle bound. The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	With his Philibeg, an' tartan Plaid, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
Tangling.	Down flow'd her robe, a tartan sheen, The Vision. D. I. 11. Tartaned.
The course wild with tangling roots, Despondency, an Ode. 3.	leaves the tartaned lines, For other wars, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Tangs [tongs; "a sheep-head on a tangs," a sheep's head being singed].	Task. Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive— To make three guineas do the work of five:
A 111 hear head on a tangs Foem on Life,	Aud. Sp. by Pontenesse.
Tankard. An' fareweel chearfu' tankards toamin, An' social noise: To I. S., 14.	Heavy, heavy is the task, Hopeless love declaring; S. Blythe ha'e I been †
man than a tran o' tow "the quantity of flax put on	Take not outdo him the task is, out thieve him.
the spinning-wheel at one times	Prag., there is to please a barb'rous throng.
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me hien, S. The Contented Cottager.	Protogue, sp. by w boas.
Gae spin your tap o' tow! S. The weary Pund.	Tassel. As dangling in the wind he hangs A gibbet's tassel Poem on Life.
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned, Like taps o' thrissle To a Haggis.	Toggio (a goblet)
The hand five taper stayes as smooth's a bead,	And fill it in a silver tassie; S. My bonie Mary.
a	Taste. Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste Of truest happiness. Ep. to Davie. 3. O Death, how horrid is thy taste . Epit. on Grizel Grim.
	O Death, how horrid is thy taste . Epit. on Gricel Grim.
Taper. With noiseless step and taper bright, On Lincluden.	The de'il tak' his taste to gae near her! S. Last May a braw wooer †
The artar smas, the tapers the	They tompt the taste and charm the sight;
Tapering. spreading beech and tapering elm, . As on the banks †	S. Dr. Cessace banks 1
Choodless foolish, DilPDOSelessi.	Good sense and taste are natives here at home; 1b.
The tapetless, ramfeezl'd hizzie, Ep. to J. L-k, np. 2131, 3	well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit Prologue, sp. by woods.
Tapmost [topmost]. But may the tapmas to the sack. Third Et. to I. Lap.	But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best Ronalds of Bennals.
Come to the sack Third Ep. to J. Lap.	1

But, oh! respect his lordship's taste, And spare his golden bindings The Book-Worms.	Tawle [tame, tractable; that lets itself peaceably be handled].
There's men of taste won'd tak the Ducat-stream,	But bamely, tawie, quiet an' cannie, A Guid New-Year † 5
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	Tawple [a silly, sluggish young person].
With order, symmetry, or taste unblest;	gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools To IV. Creech
Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste, The Fête Champetre. the sense, wit, and taste of n sweet lovely dame.	Tax. When taxes he enlarges, A Dream. 7
The Whistle. 10.	An' ye have laid nae tax on misses; . The Inventory
The joys refin'd of sense and taste, To Chloris.	While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes; To W. Simpson
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,	Tax, to.
She'll always find a lover S. When first I saw t	An' gin ye tax ber or her mither, B' the L—d! ye'se get them a' thegither The Inventory.
She showed her taste refined and just When she selected thee, . Wr. on Leaf of "H. More."	Taxation. Your sair taxation does her fleece, A Dream. 6
The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;	Or tell what new taxation's comin, . The Twa Dogs. 18
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Tax'd. Or if bare a- yet were tax'd: Kind Sir, I've read
Taste, to.	Taxing. What are your landlords rent-rolls? taxing ledgers. Lns on Window, K.'s Arns
But ab! those pleasures, Loves and Joys, Which I too keenly taste, Despondency, an Ode. 4.	Tay.
Never mair to taste delight S. Frae the friends †	Whare Tay rins wimplin by sae clear; S. O whare did ye get
Wi' joctelegs they taste them [tbe custocks]; Halloween. 5.	Ramsay an' famous Ferguson
She wadna trow't, the broust she brew't,	
Wad taste sae bitterlie S. Her Daddie forbad t	Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon; To W. Simpson. The Tay meandering sweet in infant pride, Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
For if you do but taste bis blood, "Twill make your courage rise John Barleycorn.	Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
'Twill make your courage rise John Barleycorn.	laylor. Sten, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree. S. O Willie brew'd t It's aye the cheapest Lawyer's fee	The Erigs of Ayr. 9. The taylor staw the lynin o't S. The cardin o't.
To taste the harrel Scotch Drink, 13.	The Taylor fell thro' the hed thimble an' a' fee l
There taste that life of life—immortal love.	The taylor staw the lynin o't
The Rights of Woman.	She thought that a Taylor could do her nae ill Ib.
Gif ance the pensant taste a bit, He's greater than a lord, man, . The Tree of Liberty.	There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain
I'd gie my shoon frae aff my feet,	To see the bit Taylor come skippin again
To taste sic fruit, I swear, man	The Taylor he cam here to sew,
Nae poison'd soor Arminian stank,	The Taylor rase and sheuk his duds,
He let them taste, The Twa Herds. 5. As them who like to taste the drappie There's naethin like t	Taylor [Dr. Taylor of Norwich].
As them wha like to taste the drappie There's naethin like t And taste a swatch o' Manson's barrels, To a Medical Gent,	'Tis you and Taylor are the chief,
And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews, . To Mr. J. Kennedy.	Wha are to blame for this mischief; Letter to J. Goudie.
And sweetly tempt to taste them: . S. Young Peggy †	Tea. Ae night, at tea, began a plen, A Fragment.
Tasting. Tasting the breathing spring, S. Phillis the Fair.	some scheme, like ten an' winnocks,
Tatter'd.	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
And gar the tatter'd gypsies pack, Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	Teach, whose judgment clear Can others teach A Bard's Epit.
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,	There's somehody there we'll teach better behaviour.
Tatters. The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	They who but feign a wounded heart,
Squire Pope but busks his skinklin patches	They who but feign a wounded heart, May teach the lyre to languish; S. Could aught of song † Go [King of Terrors] frighten the coward and slave!
O heathen tatters: Poem on Pastoral Poetry,	Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant!
Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,	S. Farewell, thou fair day †
Their unknown pages To J. S., S.	S. Farewell, thou fair day† She'll teach yon, wi' a reekan whittle Anither sang. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 'Some teach the Bard, a darling care.
taught by the bright Caledonian lance, . S. Caledonia. 5	Some teach the Bard a darling core
The martial phosphorus is taught to flow, Ep. to R. Graham. 2.	'Some teach the Bard, a darling care, 'The tuneful Art The Vision. D. II. 4.
But still the hope Experience taught to live,	'Some teach to meliorate the plain,
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	
'I taught thee how to pour in song, 'To soothe thy flame. The Vision. D. II. 16.	An' teach the lanely heights an' howes My rustic sang To J. S., q.
'I taught thy manners-painting strains, Ib. 17.	My rustic sang
But then wi' you, he'll be sae taught, . To Gav. Hamilton.	To R. G. of F., 4.
'auk [to talk].	
The mair they tauk I'm kent the better, Add. to Illegit. Child.	Saws of experience, sage and sound. Wr. in Friars-Carse H Teacher. A candid lib'ral band is found
auld, Tald [told].	Of public teachers, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Down Pleasure's stream, wi swelling sails,	Teaching.
I'm tauld ye're driving rarely; A Dream. 10.	A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
I'm tauld he offers very fairly, Auld comrade †	Teal. Mourn sooty coots, and speckled teals;
They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel About Mnirkirk. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4.	El. on Capt. M. H., S. Team. The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,
It's tauld he was a sodger bred, On Grose's Peregrinations.	S. Again reioic. Nature †
I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit; Second Et, to Davie.	Tear. And o'er this grassy heap sing dool,
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum, Tam o' Shanter. ?.	And drap a tear A Bard's Epit.
The Souter tauld his queerest stories; 1b. 5.	Here pause—and thro' the starting tear, Survey this grave
There's even, I'm tauld, i' the Conrt	thro' the tender-gusbing tear, . A Ded. to G. H., 16.
A Tumbler ca'd the Premier. The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	O, free my weary eyes from tears, A Prayer under Anguish.
As Robie tauld a tale o' love S. There was a lass † He tald mysel by word o' mouth, To Dr. Blacklock.	Regardless of the tears, and unavailing pray'rs!
I at no this of thee he shall C TIZZZZ	A Winter Night, 8.
Let na this o' thee be tauld S. Will ye go and marry †	Dissolve in pause- and sentimental tears- Add, sp. by Fontenelle.
aunt. May taunt you wi' his jeers an' mocks; The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Add, sp. by Fontenelle. With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears, I view that noble, stately Dome, Add. to Edinburgh. 6.
	I view that noble, stately Dome. Add to Edinburgh 6
auted, Tawted [matted, uncombed].	The state of the s
auted, Tawted [matted, uncombed]. Wi' tnuted ket, nn' hairy hips; Poor Mailie's El Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie, The Twa Dogs.	While Scotia, with exulting tear, Proclaims that Thomson was her son.

The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain; S. As I was a-wand ring †	I, sighing, drop the silent tear, To Clarinda.
And as he was singing the tears down came, S. By you castle wa' †	My vows and tears her scorn excite
The fears all, the tears all,	And left us darkling in a world of tears:) To R. G. of F., 9.
Of dim declining Age! . Despondency, an Ode. 5. Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear: . El. on Capt. M. H., 12.	No fear more, no tear more,
Thy sympathetic tear maun fa', Ib., Epit	To stain my lifeless face,
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears. El. on Miss Burnet.	"Rejnicing in the honest man's destruction, . Tragic Frag
The smile of love, the friendly tear, The sympathetic glow! Ep. to Davie. 10.	Remembrance oft may start a tear, . V.s, under Grief. A tear may wet thy laughin' e'e, Ib.
While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose! Ep. to H. Parker.	Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e; S. Wae is my heart †
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan, Yet frequent all unheeded in his own. Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	S. Wae is my heart † Wha wou'd soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e Ib.
O ve whose cheek the tear of pity stains,	Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e;
Epit. for Author's Father. And soft as their [lovers'] parting tear—Jessy.	S. Wandering Willie. With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!
S. Here's a health to ane t	Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.
"Twill make the widow's heart to sing, Tho' the tear were in her eye John Barleycorn.	But now wi' sighs and starting tears . S. Young Jamie,† Tear, to.
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears; Lament for Glencairn. What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,	Farewell! and ne'er such sorrows tear That fickle heart of thine S. Canst thou leave me thus †
Lns on Fergusson.	In grief thy sallow mantle tear; . El. on Capt. M. H. 13.
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief, The rock with tears had flow'd Lns on Mrs. Kemble.	That holy robe, O dinna tear it! Ep. to J. R. 3.
So shy, grave and distant, ye shed not a tear: Monody, on a Lady.	As the storms the forest tear, . S. How can my poor heart † Death tears the brother of her love
The tender thrill, the pitying tear, S. My Mary's face †	From Isabella's arms Sad thy tale,
While down his cheeks the sant tears row'd; S. My Sandy gied to †	Fate oft tears the hosom chords That Nature finest strung:
Ye who never shed a tear, . S. Musing on the roaring t	Nor cause me from my bosom tear The very friend I sought S. Talk not of Love †
And ev'ning's tears are tears o' joy: S. O Logan! sweetly † The widow's tears, the orphan's cry!	What hursting anguish tears my heart! The Farewell.
But spare a Mother's tears! O Thou dread Pow'r	These bleed afresh, those ties I tear, S. The gloomy night † Though mem'ry there my bosom tear; S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
With earnest tears I pray,	Teauful -fu' The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
In tears the rose-huds steeping: S. O wat ye wha that loes to But aye the tear comes in my ee,	Ens sent Sir J. Whiteford. may bless him, Wi' tearfu' e'e; On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
To think on him that's far awa, S. Oh, how can I be blythe	Tearing.
An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear:	Tenring my nerves wi' hitter pang, Add. to Toothache.
On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	Wild as the winter now tearing the forest, S. Gloomy December.
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.	But tearing Peggy from my soul Must be a stronger denth
On Death of Sir J. Blair. "A weeping country joins a widow's tear, Ib.	For why,-methinks I hear her voice
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, S. One fond kiss, †	Tearing the clouds asunder S. The Joyful Widower.
Wi' saut tears trickling dawn your nose; Poor Mailie's El	My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye, The Lament.
It's no the loss o' warl's gear, That could sae hitter draw the tear,	Tease. An' tease my name in kintry clatter: Add. to Illegit. Child
The saut tear blin't his e'e; . S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Friends, that parting tear reserve it, . S. Scenes of wee †	Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Numbering ev'ry bud which nature	Teased.
Waters wi' the tears of joy. S. Sleep'st thou, † While by their nose the tears will revel, Tam Samson's El	Dull, listless, teased, dejected, and deprest, To R. G. of F 'Teen [abbrev. of "at e'en"; evening].
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,	O met vo what my minnie did.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16. A brother's sigh! a sister's tear! The Farewell.	On Tysday teen to me, jo? S. O wat ye what my † Teen [chagrin, vexation].
I, with a much indebted tear,	Last day I grat wi' spite and teen, The Petition of Br. Water.
One round I ask it with a tear. The Farewell, To St. J.'s L.	Teens. I've heen but three years in my teens; S. I'm o'er young to marry
The bursting tears my heart declare, S. The gloomy night 1	A' ninmp and strapping in their teens, . Tam o' Shanter. 13.
Let me ryke up to dight that tear, The Jolly Beggars. S. V.	Teeth. But in the teeth o' baith [wind, tide] to sail, It maks an unco leeway. Add. to Unco Guid. 4.
While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e; S. The Lass that made the bed.	Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou'. S. Braw lads of G. water.
The Solemn League and Covenant Cost Scotland blond—cost Scotland tears: The League and Covenant.	Her teeth are like a flack o' sheep,
And aye the salt tear blinds her ee: . The lovely lass †	With fleeces newly washen clean, S. On CESSHOEK BURKS
c " cighe tenre fits flirtations airs.	When pale the morning rises keen, 10., Sett. 11.
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares The Rights of Woman.	The teeth o' time may gnaw Tamtallan, But thou's for ever. Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e, My tears rin down like rain. The Ruined Maid's Lament.	When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs,
Alas! that e'er a banie face Should draw a sauty tear!	
And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear, S. The Slave's Lament.	Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
The instling tears ran down his honest face! The Vowels.	Teethin ["teethin a heckle," putting new teeth in
In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right, 10.	a heckle). O merry hae I been teethin a heckle S. O merry hae I been t
Wi'monie a sigh and a tear S. There was a bonie lass t	2 mars, mars and a second
3 V	

•	
Teethless.	His solid sense—by inches you must tell, Sketch.
An' my auld teethless Bawtie's dead; . El. on Year 1788.	My heart is sair, I darena tell, S. Somebody.
An' my auld teethless Bawtie's dead; . El. on Year 1788. Wi' his teethless gah and his auld held pow, S. To daunton me.	Tell ev'ry social, honest billie To cease his grievin, Tam Samson's El., Per C
Tell. I tell your Highness fairly, A Dream. 10. And tells the midnight moon her care A Vision.	But hashing and dashing, I kend na how to tell The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale, A Winter Night. 7.	Tell them wha hae the chief direction.
"Ma'nm, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,	Scotland an' me's in great affliction.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,	Tell him o' mine an' Scotland's drouth, ,
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags, . Add. to the Deil. 9.	But raise your arm, an' tell your crack Before them a'. 1b. 6.
strange to tell!	An' tell them, wi' a patriot-heat, Ye winna bear it? Ib. 11.
And ranked plagues their numbers tell,	Tell yon guid bluid o' auld Boconnock's, Ib. 20.
In dreadfu' raw, Add to Toothache.	But tell me Whisky's name in Greek, I'll tell the reason
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell Your Neebours' fauts and folly! . Add. to Unco Guid.	
Than ever tongue could tell; S. Ah, Chloris†	
Tell them frae me, wi' chiels be cautious; . Auld comrade †	No guess could tell what instrument appear'd, . 1b. 12. Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.
The courtier tells a finer tale,	The Cotter's Sat. Night.
But is his heart as true? S. Behold, my love †	Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor, Ib. 7.
While through thy sweets she loves to stray,	The frugal Wifie, garrulous, will tell.
O tell me, does she muse on me! . S. Behold the hour	How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the hell. 16. 11.
Old Time and Nature their changes tell, . S. Bonie Bell.	Tell him, if e'er again he keep
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell. S. Caledonia.	As muckle gear as buy a sheep, . The Death of Mailie.
And that we'll tell them at the cross,	Tell him, he was a Master kin',
As Largs well can witness, and Loncartie tell. S. Caledonia. And that we'll tell them at the cross, S. Carl, an the King come. Gin a hody kiss a body, perd a body tell.	To tell my Master n' my tale; 1b.
Gin a body kiss a body, need a body tell; S. Comin thro' the rye.	So how this weighty plea may end, Nae mortal wight can tell:. The Election Ballads. I.
The muse should tell, in labor'd strains,	The Kirk and State may join, and tell
S. Could aught of song †	To do such things I maunna; S. The gowd. Locks of A
I canna tell, I maunna tell, I darena for your anger: S. Craigie-burn Wood.	Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell:
this that I am gaun to tell, . Death and Dr. Hornbook.	The Henpecked Husband. Their waefu' fate what need I tell,
But whether she [the Moon] had three or four [horns],	S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
I cou'd na tell	'Twad he owre lang n tale to tell, The Holy Fair. 23.
'Baith their disease, and what will mend it, 'At ance he tells't	When the tother bag I sell and the tother bottle tell,
But hark! I'll tell you of a plot,	The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
But just as he began to tell.	I once was a maid tho' I cannot tell when; Ib. S. II.
The nuld kirk-hammer strak the hell	And now my conclusion I'll tell,
How it comes, let Doctors tell, . S. Duncan Gray †	That you do maintain them so well as you do.
Tell that far warlds, wha lies in clay, El. on Capt. M. H., 9.	That you do maintain them so well as you do. The Poor Thresher.
I tell nae common tale o' grief, Ib., Epit.	Its virtues n' can tell, man; The Tree of Liberty.
To tell the truth, they seldom fash't him,	Or tell what new taxation's comin, . The Twa Dogs. 18.
El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.	But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar, 1b. 27.
But tell him he was learn'd and clark,	O! dool to tell, The Twa Herds. 2.
Ye roos'd him then!	And mony a ane that I could tell, Ib. 14.
To tell Maria her Esopus' fate. Ep. fr. Esopus. Ay free, aff han', your story tell, Ep. to Young Friend. 5.	Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell, The Whistle. 3.
Ay free, aff han', your story tell, Ep. to Young Friend. 5. But still keep something to yoursel	And tell future ages the feats of the day; Ib. II.
Ye scarcely tell to ony	There's news, lasses, news, Gude news I've to tell,
But first an' foremost, I should tell, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 8.	Ev'ry pulse nlong my veins, S. There's news, lasses †
As ill I like my fauts to tell;	Tells the nrdent lover S. Thine am I +
Somehody tells the Poacher-Court,	To tell the truth and shame the Deil
The hale affair Ep. to J. R., 8.	And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
Whn 'twas, she wadna tell; Halloween. 8.	On thee a tack o' seven times seven Will yet bestow it To Terraughty.
To tell thee that I loe thee S. Here's to thy health †	Will yet bestow it To Terraughty. An' tell aloud Their jugglin' hocus-pocus arts
They tell me, Sir, 'twould he a sin, To tak me frae my mammy yet; S. I'm o'er young t	To Rev. I M'Math
Tak' tent, I'll tell thee what, S. Lass, when yr mither †	But tell him, though he broke my heart.
And tell me what they ca' ye? . S. My Collier Laddie.	Yet to that heart he still was dear! S. To thee, lov'd Nith +
Shame fa' me gin I tell ; S. My heart was ance †	Wallace, Aft hure the gree, as story tells,
The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair,"	Frae Suthron billies To W. Simpson. 11
What tongue his woes can tell; S. Now Spring has clad t	Some people tell me gin I fa', V.s to J. Ranken
O tell na me of wind and rain, . S. O Lassie, art thou t	Tell me thou bring'st me, my Willie, the same.
I tell you now this ae night,	S. Wandering Willie. This leads me on, to tell for sport, What ails re now t
And here's to them, we darena tell, [re.] S. O May thy morn †	
Thou tells of never-ending care; S. O stay, sweet warbling †	I couldna tell what ailed me, S. When first I saw the eastern star Tells hughtin-time is near,
O wha will tell me how to ca't? S. O wha my baby-clouts †	S. When o'er the hill †
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why At my presence thus you fly? On scaring Water-fowl.	wny, wny tell thy lover,
Where Philomel, Her griefs will tell!	Bliss he never must enjoy? S. Why, why tell † But, my dear and lovely Katie,
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	This ae thing I hae to tell, S. Will ye go and marry †
Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Not for to preach, but tell his simple story: Prologue, at Th., D	Tell them, and press it on their mind, IVr. in Friars-Carse H.
Prologue, at Th., D	Tell'd [told].
The her myser, but darena weer ten, Konalas of Bennals.	Thus the wooer tell'd his mind: S. lockey fout
Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,	He's tell'd her father and mother baith.
mi	But he has na tell'd the lass hersel Katharine Jaffray.
Thou, my friend, canst truly tell; . , S. Sensibility †	I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me, . What ails ye now t

Telling. Hear the woodlark charm the forest, Telling o'er his little joys: S. Sensibility,†	Ten-hours-bite (a slight feed to the horses while in yoke in the forenoon),
Like scrapin' out auld Crummie's nicks, An' tellin' lies about them; To Gav. Hamilton.	Or dealing thro among the naigs Their ten-hours bite, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 2.
Temper-pin [the pin for tempering or regulating the motion of a spinning-wheel; the pin for tempering a fiddle-string].	Ten-pund. her tenpund lands o' tocher gude . S. My Lord a-hunting † Ten-shillings.
And ay she shook the temper-pin S. Duncan Davison.	A ten-shillings hat, a Holland cravat; . Ronalds of Bennals.
And [Heaven] screw your temper-pins aboon A fifth or mair, The melancholious, lazie croon	Why, we tenants of the lake.
O' cankrie care Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4. Tempest. While pityless the tempest wild Sore on you beats. A Winter Night. 5.	For me your wat'ry haunt forsake? On scaring Waterfowl. The happy tenants share his rounds; Sketch. New-1'r's Day. Poor tenant hodies, scant o' cash,
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin, Tirlan the kirks; Add. to the Deil. 4.	How they mann thole a factor's snash; . The Twa Dogs. 13. It wad for ev'ry ane be better, The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter! 10. 26.
When Masons' mystic word an' grip,	
In storms an' tempests raise you up,	Tenant-man. Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner.
S. Gloomy December.	Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner, Better than ony Tenant-man The Twa Dogs. 9.
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming A' my flowery hliss destroy'd S. I dream'd I lay † And loud the tempest's roar: S. O mirk, mirk †	Tend. Give me the cot below the pine, To tend the flocks or till the soil, S. 'Twas even—the demy'
Ye tempests, rage! ve turbid torrents, roll!	Tender.
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd, . S. The day returns †	She soon shall see her tender brood, The pride, the pleasure o' the wood, S. A Rosebud by my † Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
Across her placid, azure sky, She sees the scowling tempest fly: S. The gloomy night †	A Winter Night. 8.
Tho' stars in skies may disappear, And angry tempests gather, . S. The noble Maxwells †	They lay aside a' tender mercies, . Add. of Beelzebub. 4. Unfolds her tender mantle green, Add. to Shade of Thomson.
But Misery and I must watch	In the keen, yet teoder eye,
The surly tempest blow: S. The sun he is sunk ?	O read th' imploring lover S. Could aught of song t
Howling tempests o'er me rave! S. Thickest night † Chill came the tempest's lour: To Chloris.	His chicken heart so tender; . Epig. on a Coxcomb. All hail! ye tender feelings dear! . Ep. to Davie. 10.
heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks, To R. G. of F7.	A tye more tender still
And Ettrick banks now roaring red	The tender Father, and the gen'rous Friend.
While tempests blaw; To W. Creech. Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,	Epit, for Author's Father.
Why am I toth	Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties! S. Farewell, thou fair day †
The Tempest's howl, it soothes my soul, Winter. Tempest-driven. But when on Life we're tempest-driven, Ep. to Young Friend. 10.	But why urge the tender confession, 'Gainst fortunes fell cruel decree S. Here's a health to ane't the tender heart o' leesome love, S. In Simmer when t
Temple.	The tender thrill, the pitying tear, S. My Mary's face †
I'm here a pillar in thy temple, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 5. Temples. Now prouder still, Maria's temples press Ep. fr. Esopus.	Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find, The savage and the tender; But O the road was very hard,
Temp'ral. For temp'ral gifts we little merit; . A Grace.	For that fair maiden's tender feet S. O Mally's meek.
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine, Holy Willie's Prayer. 16. Tempt.	"So in my tender bosom grows, "The love I bear my Willy S. O Phely, †
But never tempt th' illicit rove, . Ep. to Young Friend. 6.	Again, again that tender part, S. O stay, sweet warbling † She, who her lovely Offspring eyes
They tempt the taste and charm the sight; S. On Cessnock banks †	With tender hopes and fears, O Thou dread Pow'r † Her tender limbs embrace, S. On a bank of flowers †
And thirst of gold might tempt the deep, S. 'Twas even-the dewy †	"And I will join a mother's tender cares, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
And sweetly tempt to taste them: . S. Young Peggy† Temptation.	In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9.
Ye're aiblins nae temptation Add. to Unco Guid. 6.	The promis'd Father's tender name; . The Lament. 3.
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,	The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
'Lest in temptation's path ve gang astray.	Helpless, must fall hefore the blasts of fate, The Rights of Woman.
'Implore his counsel and assisting might: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6. (L—d keep me ay frae a' temptation!) The Inventory.	But hawks will rob the tender joys That bless the little lintwhite's nest; S. There was a lass, and †
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran? Why am I loth †	Within the breast of bonie Jean
Tempted. Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minny S. What can a yng lassic †	Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth Thy tender form. To a Mountain-Daisy.
Tempting.	Our parting was fu' tender; S. Ye banks, and braces, and streams †
Thy tempting lips, thy glancing een, S. Owere I on Parnass.	Tender-gushing. through the tender-gushing tear, . A Ded. to G. H., 16.
First shewing us the tempting ware, Poem on Life.	mandament To disease aladge of future blice To a Kice
Temptingly.	Peace, the tenderest flower of Spring: Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.
as the boughs all temptingly project, Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Ten. It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in	Tenderly.
Some eldritch part, On Grose's Peregrinations.	Her dear idea round my heart
He'll gi'e me gude hunder marks ten: . S. Tam Glen. Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck	Should tenderly entwine S. The cruel fate t
Of a' the ten comman's A screed some day. The Holy Fair. 4.	But oh! that tenderness forbear,
Here is Murray's fragments O' the ten commands; . The Election Ballads. IV.	Though 'twad my sorrows lessen. V.s, under Grief. Tenebrifio. It lightens, it brightens
Nor for my ten white shillings luke The Inventory.	The tenebring scene, Ep. to Davie. 10.

Tenor.

Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror A Ded. to G. H., to.

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 12.

Tenor.	Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror A Ded. to G. H., to.
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul. On Death of R. Dundas.	Ev'ry hope is fled, Ev'ry fear is terror; . S. Ay waking, O †
Tent [a box-like movable pulpit for preaching in the open air].	Their poinces were mirder, and terror their cry, S. Ay waking, U† S. Caledonia.
When gaping they [the sannts] besiege the tents, Are doubly fir'd Scotch Drink. 8.	The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
But hark ! the tent has chang'd it's voice ; The Holy Fair. 14.	Thou grim King of Terrors, thou life's gloomy foe, S. Farcwell, thou fair day †
Tent [heed, caution].	No terrors hast thou to the hrave
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay	O Gondie! terror of the Whigs, Letter to J. Goudie.
To free the ditches; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.	Grim horror grin'd; pale terror ronr'd
Tak' tent, I'll tell thee whnt, . S. Lass, when yr mither †	As murder at his thrapple shor'd; The Election Ballads. VI.
Tak tent how ye purchase a dram; The Election Ballads. III.	For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms; Why am I loth +
"I red yon, honest man, tak tent! To J. S., 7.	Test. And aiblins when they winns stand the test, Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their best."
Tent, to [to tend, watch over; look to; mark, observe; regard, value].	Wink hard, and sny, "The folks hae done their hest."
observe ; regard, value].	Scots Protogue.
Shalt sweetly pay the tender care That tents thy early morning S. A Rosebud by †	Tester [an old coin, about sixpence in value].
That tents thy early morning S. A Rosebud by † We'll tent our flocks by Galla water.	Your sair taxation does her fleece, Till she has scarce a tester: A Dream. 6.
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †	Tether.
'But tent me, billie; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9.	Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether, . A Guid New-Year 18.
I tent less, and want less	Was ae day nibbling on the tether, The Death of Mailie.
Their [the Great folk's] roomy fire-side; . Ep. to Davie.	Gnde keep thee frae a tether string! Ib.
Think ye, are we less blest than they,	An' hid him hurn this cursed tether,
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,	An' gies them't, like a tether, Fu' lang The Holy Fair. 24.
But tent me, Davie, Ace o' Hearts!	May Envy wallop in a tether, To W. Simpson.
Wilt thou wi' me tent the flocks, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite	Tether, to.
The powers aboon will tent thee, S. O saw ye bonie Lesley †	Nae man can tether time or tide; Tam o' Shanter. 7.
And she, a lovely little flower That I would tent and shelter there. S. O wat ye wha's in t	Teugh [tough].
O wha will tent me when I cry? S. O wha my babie-clouts †	The toolzie's tengh 'tween Pitt an' Fox. El. on Year 1788.
But warily tent, when ye come to court me, S. O whistle, †	"I saw the battle sair and tengh,
	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
If there's a hole in a' your coats, 1 rede you tent it: On Grose's Peregrinations.	A carline auld and tengh The Election Ballads. I.
An' tent them duely, e'en an' morn,	Tengh Johnie, staunch Geordie and Wattie, . Ib. III.
Wi' taets o' hay an' ripps o' corn The Death of Mailie.	Teughly [toughly].
There's no a callant tents the kye, But kens o' Westerha', Jamie S. The Laddies by †	Yet, tenghly doure, he bade an unco bang. The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
But kens o' Westerha', Jamie S. The Laddies by † Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,	Teuk [took]. They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
About the dykes The Twa Herds.	The Jolly Beggars, R. III,
A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld, Ib. 10.	Text. Right, Sir! your text I'll prove it true, Tho Heretics may laugh; The Calf.
And learn to tent the farms wi' me? S. There was a lass t	Come, let a proper text be read, The Ordination. 4.
And tent the waving corn wi' me	Nor idle texts pursue ; To Miss Ainslie.
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.	A text for infamy to preach; To W. Creech.
S. Von wild mossy mountains †	mt + 141 + 13
Tentie [watchful, cautious, careful, attentive].	And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap :
Wi' tentie care I'll flit thy tether, . A Guid New-Year † 18.	And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap; The Erigs of Ayr.
Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks,	right an' tight in thack an' raep The Twa Dogs. 10.
S. Again rejoicing Nature †	Thae [those].
Jean slips in twa [nits], wi' tentie e'e; Halloween. 8.	thae Birth-day dresses Sae fine this day A Dream.
some tentie rin A cannie errand to a neehor town: The Cotter's Sat. Night.	Thae honie Bairntime, Heav'n has lent,
Tented.	np amang thae lakes and sens Add. of Beelzebub.
I left the lines, and tented field, . S. When wild War's †	'Waes me for Johnny Ged's-Hole now, Quoth I, 'if that thae news he true!
Tenth. But pions Boh, 'mid learning's store, Commandment tenth remember'd. The Dean of Fac.	
Tentler [more careful].	Tell that far warlds, wha lies in clay, El. on Capt. NI. H., 9.
My hale and weel I'll take a care o't	El. on Capt. M. H., q.
A tentier way: Friend of the poet † P.S.	Thae curst horse-leeches o' th' Excise, Scotch Drink. 29.
Tentless [heedless, inattentive].	Now, Tam, O Tam! had that been queans,
The time flew by, wi' tentless head, S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Tam o' Shanter. 13.
I'll wander on with tentless heed,	thae frank, rantan, ramblan billies, . The Twa Dogs. 26.
How never-halting moments speed, To J. S., 10.	Thae winks and finger ends, I dread, To a Louse.
Term. Who hold your being on the terms,	In that auld times,
'Ench aid the others,' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 21.	Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path, S. You wild mossy mountains †
'In terms sae friendly,	
To mouth 'A Citizen,' a term o' scandal: The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	Thairm [the gut or intestinal canal; a fiddle-string]. while I kittle hair on thairms The folly Beggars, S. V.
Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it, To W. Simpson.	And o'er the thairms be tryin: The Ordination. 7.
Terra, Terra firma.	
Tho' I should wander Terra o'er,	Aboon them a' ye tak your place, Painch, tripe, or thairm : . To a Haggis.
In all her climes, 10 J. S., 21.	Thairm-inspiring.
While Terra firma, on her axis,	Hail, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie! Ep. to Maj. Logan.
Diurnal turns, To W. Simpson.	M'Lauchlan, thairm-inspiring Sage, The Brigs of Ayr. 12.
Terreagle. And they'll gae build Terreagle's towers, S. The noble Maxwells +	Thames.
And they declare Terreagle's fair,	The Thames flows proudly to the sea, S. The Banks of Nith.
Terrific. Learn to despise those frowns now so terrific,	Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames an' Seine, Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line; . To W. Simpson.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	
Terror.	Thane. Or is't the panelty feudal Thane Fé to I I -k 46 21st 12

. A Ded. to G. H., 6.

It's no through terror of D-mn-t-n;

Thank. For me, thank God, my life's a lease, A Dream. 6.	As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither, The Death of Mailie.
L-d, we thank an' thee adore A Grace.	B' the L-d! ye'se get them a' thegither The Inventory.
'Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts 'An' thank him kindly?' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 5.	An' unco pack an' thick thegither; . The Twa Dogs, 6.
I thank thee, author of this opening day!	They're a' run deils an' jads thegither 1b. 33.
Sonnel, wr. on Birthday.	Now let us lay our heads the gither, In love fraternal: To W. Simpson. 17.
Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled; The Rights of Woman.	The breaking of ac point, tho' sma', Breaks a' thegither V.s to J. Ranken.
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie; To W. Simpson.	'I'll frankly gi'e her't a' thegither, What ails ye now †
Thanked, -'d, Thanket, -it.	Theme. Flow gently, sweet River, the theme of my lays;
For, Lord be thanket, I can plough; A Ded. to G. H., 2. Then, Lord be thanket, I can beg;	S. Afton Water.
The L—d be thankit that we've tint the gate o't!	To muse some favourite Scottish theme, As on the banks † But how the subject theme may gang,
The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	Let time and chance determine; Ep. to Young Friend.
I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit The Inventory.	My Muse to dream of such a theme,
And thank'd her for her courtesie; S. The lass that made the bed.	Her feehle powers surrender; S. Lovely Davies. There's themes enow in Caledonian story, Scots Prologue.
He thanked his Lordship and taking his leave S. The Poor Thresher.	Perhaps the Christian Volume is the theme, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.
But we hae meat and we can eat, And sae the Lord be thanket The Selkirk Grace.	Chloris, Chloris all the theme! . S. Why, why tell thy
Thankfu'.	Themsel, Themsels [themselves].
And, ev'n should Misfortunes come.	Thou'rt like themsels [the powers about] sae lovely,
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some,	That ill they'll ne'er let near thee. S. O Saw ye bonic L.† Till they be fit to fend themsel; The Death of Mailie.
An's thankfu' for them yet Ep. to Davie. 7. Thankfulness.	And some wad please themsel The Election Ballads. I.
Their tokens of love, and their true thankfulness;	God grant the King and ilka man
Thanks,	May look weel to themsel
But then, nae thanks to him for a' that; A Ded. to G. H., 6.	Between themsels they were sae busy: The Jolly Beggars, R. III.
But, thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate	An' please themsels wi' countra sports, . The Twa Dogs, 29.
We learn our creed. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 14.	That when nae real ills perplex them, They mak enow themsels to vex them;
Though thanks to heaven I dare even that last shift, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Ha'e had a bitter black out-cast
E.f. to K. Graham. 5. I hae a penny to spend, There, thanks to naebody; S. Naebody.	Atween themsel The Twa Herds. 2. And get the brutes the power themsels,
Accept a Bardie's gratefu' thanks! Scotch Drink. 18.	Thonial
God help us !-we're but poor-ye'se get but thanks ! Scots Prologue.	Theniel Menzie's bonie Mary, [re.] S. Th. Menzie's bonie Mary.
Thanks to you for your line The Ans. to the Guidwife.	For kissin' Theniel's bonie Mary
"And mony braw thanks to the meikle black de'il,	Theologic. Had at the time some dainty fair one,
"That danc'd awa' wi' th' Exciseman S. The deil cam fiddlin'	To ware his theologic care on, To Dr. Blacklock. Theopocritus. But thee, Theopocritus, who matches?
And listen mony a grateful bird Return you tuneful thanks. The Petition of Br. Water.	Poem on Pastoral Poetry,
Not to thee, but thanks to Nature.	Theoretic.
Thou art acting but thyself, To Miss Fontenelle.	For, in spite of his fine theoretic positions, Mankind is a science defies definitions. Frag., inser. to Fox.
To murder men, and gie God thanks! V. on Nat. Thanks., God won't accept your thanks for murther! Ib.	Thick.
Thatch'd.	And rode thro' thick and thin; El. on Feg Nicholson.
His uncombed grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd, Extem. on W. Smellie.	And he grew thick and strong, John Barleycorn. Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;
	Lament for Glencairn.
Theatre. The sweeping theatre of hanging woods; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Thick flies the skimming Swallow; S. Now westlin winds †
Theekit [thatched].	Crowd thick on fancy's wondering eye, On Lincluden. Else why within so thick a wall
An' a' the vittel in the yard, An' theekit right, . Third Ep. to J. Lap	Enclose so poor a treasure? On Com. Goldie's Brains.
Thegither [together].	While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays. The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
For days thegither A Guid New-Year 11.	thick an' thrang, an' loud an' lang, . The Holy Fair. 18.
We've worn to crazy years thegither;	Whare horn nor hane ne'er danr unsettle,
And lump them ny thegither; Add. to the Unco Guid. May he be dad, and Meg the mither,	Your thick plantations To a Louse.
Just five and forty years thegither! . Auld comrade †	Thick [intimate, familiar]. An' unco pack an' thick thegither; . The Twa Dogs. 6.
In rhyme, or prose, or bath thegither, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 7.	Thickening.
We cheek for chow shall jog thegither, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 8.	No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep, He'll haud it weel thegither Epit. on a Ruling Elder.	On seeing wounded Hare. And cruelty directs the thickening blows; . The Vowels.
To school in hands thegither, Epit. on a Wag.	O'erhung with wild woods thickening green,
I gat some gear wi' meikle care.	To Mary in Heaven.
I held it weel thegither; Extem., Ap. 1782.	Tho' thick'ning, and black'ning, Round my devoted head. To Ruin.
Some kindle, couthie, side by side, An' burn thegither trimly;	Thickest.
we clamb the hill thegither, S. John Anderson †	Thickest night surround my dwelling! . S. Thickest night †
And sleep thegither at the foot, 16.	Thief. tiny thieves not destin'd yet to swing, . Ep. fr. Esopus.
They laid the twa i' the hed thegither, Scroggam; S. Scroggam.	Stop Thief! dame Nature cried to Death, . Epit. on W
They had been fou for weeks thegither. Tam o' Shanter. 5.	'I daur you try sic sportin.
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,	'As seek the foul Thief onie place,
Freedom and Whisky gang thegither, [v. A.2] The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	And thieves of every rank and station, Lns add. to J. Ranken,

	1
A thief sae pawky is my Jean . S. O this is no my ain †	My Loves a winsome wee thing,
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape, . Tam o' Shanter. 11.	She is a handsome wee thing,
As eager runs the market-crowd, When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud; Ib. 17.	She is a honic wee thing, . S. My Love's a winsome † O blessings on my wee thing,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud; 1b. 17. For the foul thief is just at your gate. The Kirk's Alarm.	My kindly blythesome wee thing,
Keep watchings with the nightly thief: . The Lament.	With the hand and heart of my wee thing, No more at my fate I'll repine
The ill-thief blaw the Heron south! . To Dr. Blacklock.	But I gied him a far hetter thing,
Dear S[mith], the sleest, pawkie thief,	I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring S. My Sandy gied †
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,	While ilka thing in nature join Their sorrows to forego, Now Spring has clad †
Never, never reptile thief Riot on thy virgin leaf! To Miss C. What mak ye sae like a thief? S. Wha is that at †	An' gin she tak the thing amiss
Thieve. It is not, outdo him, the task is, out thieve him.	E'en let her flyte her fill, jo S. O steer her up †
Fragment, inser. to Fox.	An' I was but a young thing, [re.] S. O wat ye what my †
I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve; . To a Monse.	To put a young thing in a fright,
Thieveless [cold, dry, spited].	That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep! . Poor Mailie's El
Thieveless [cold, dry, spited]. Wi' thieveless sneer to see his modish mien, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Thou that of a' things Maker art, S. Sae far awa.
	These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans Searching auld †
Ply ev'ry art o' legal thieving; A Ded. to G. H., 8. Thievish I'll say't she never brok a fence.	An' niest my yowie, silly thing, . The Death of Mailie.
Thievish. I'll say't, she never brak a fence, Thro' thievish greed. Poor Mailie's El	While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things, The Rights of Woman.
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes	The prattling things are just their pride, The Twa Dogs. 17.
That haunt St. Jamie's! The Author's Cry and Prayer. By a thievish midge	The kirk and state may join, and tell
They had amaist been lost. The Election Ballads. IV.	To do such things I manna: S. The gowd. Locks of A.
Thiggan [begging].	Now every thing is glad, while I am very sad, S. The winter it is past †
Come thiggan at your doors and yetts, Add. of Beelzebub.	That is the thing you ne'er shall see, . S. To daunton me.
Thimble. The Taylor fell thro' the hed, thimble an' a; [re.] S. The Taylor fell t	
Thin. They were as thin, as sharp an' sma'	A thing unteachable in world's skill, . To R. G. of F., 3. God knows, I'm no the thing I shou'd he, Nor am I even the thing I cou'd he, To Rev. J. M'Math.
As cheeks o' branks. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7.	And had o' things an unco' slight; To W. Creech.
And rode thro' thick and thin; . El. on Peg Nicholson. When hanes are craz'd, and bluid is thin, Ep. to Davie. 3.	Wad threap auld folk the thing mistenk:
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare:	To W. Simpson, P.S
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	in things they ca' halloons, To tak a flight, 16. It's a pity ane sae pretty
Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin, . The Holy Fair. 3.	Should na do the thing they can. S. Will ye go and marry
The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma', S. The Taylor fell t	This ae thing I hae to tell,
Thine. I swear I'm thine for ever, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet	Think. And ony De'il that thinks to get you,
I'm thine at ane and twenty. S. And O for ane and twenty	Good Lord deceive him. A Farewell. An' think na., my auld, trusty Servan'
She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!" S. By Allan stream	An' think na, my auld, trusty Servan', That now perhaps thou's less deservin, A Guid New-Year † 17.
No love but thine my heart shall know. S. Fairest maid† And shelter, shade, nor home have I,	Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate, A Winter Night. 9.
Save in those arms of thine, Love. S. Forlorn, my Love +	Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
Wi' double plenty o'er the loanin To thee and thine; Friend of the poet	D'ye think, said I, this face was made for crying?
And thine that latest sigh! . S. From thee, Eliza, †	Add. sp. by Fontenelle. I also think—so may I he a bride!
An' a' the glory shall be thine, Holy Willie's Prayer, 10.	That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd Ib.
They a' are mine, and they shall be thine Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie. S. My Collier Laddie.	An' think't weel war'd Add. to Illegit. Child.
Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie. S. My Collier Laddie. Thine he ilka joy and treasure, S. One fond kiss, t	I'm wae to think upo' yon den, Ev'n for your sake! Add. to the Deil. 21.
thine the virgin claim, From aught that's good exempt.	Think, when your castigated pulse
On Duke of Queensberry.	Gies now and then a wallop, . Add. to Unco Guid. 4.
'Tis thine to pity and forgive. Sent to a Gent. offended. And gi'es a hand o' thine; S. Should and acquaintance	I think on my bonie lad, And I hleer my een wi' greetin S. Ay waukin, O.
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low.	Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past.
Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low, I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O S. The Highl. Lassie.	S. Contented wi' little †
"So thine he the laurel, and mine be the hay; The Whistle. 18.	Think ye, are we less blest than they, . Ep. to Davie. 6. An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
Thine am I my faithful fair, S. Thine am I †	By dint o' Greek! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 12.
That fate is thine-no distant date : To a Mountain-Daisy.	Wha think that havins, sense an' grace
Chloris, I'm thine wi' a passion sincerest,	Ev'n love an' friendship should give place To catch the plack!
Thing. S. Twas na her bonie blue †	Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank hane, Ib. Ap. 21st, 12.
lik happing bird, wee, helpless thing! . A Winter Night. 4.	Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing: Ep. to J. R., 4.
And ev'ry thing is hlest but I. S. Again rejoic. Nature †	An' never think o' right an' wrang By square an' rule, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.
Bonie wee thing, canie wee thing, Lovely wee thing was thou mine; S. Bonie wee thing t	O let me think we yet shall meet! . S. Forlorn, my Love, †
Lest my wee thing be na mine	Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And oh! her een they spak sic things! . S. Duncan Gray t	And think human nature they truly describe; Frag., inser. to Fox.
To see how things are shar'd: Et to Davie 2	Nor think to lure us as in days of yore: . Frag. of Ode.
Maybe some ither thing they gie me They weel can spare. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 17.	O dinna think my pretty pink,
The poor, wee thing was little hart: . Ep. to J. R., S.	But I can live without thee: . S. Here's to thy health, †
She forms the thing and christens it-a poet.	To think how we stood sweatin', shakin', Holy Willie's Prayer. 14.
Ep. to R. Graham. 3. We've all things that's nice, and mostly in season,	When I think on the lightsome days
Impromptu,	Holy Willie's Prayer. 14. When I think on the lightsome days I spent wi' thee, my dearie; S. How lang and dreary† When you lay me in the dust,
That kisses ilka thing it meets S. I do confess †	Think, think how you will hear it. S. Husband, husband t

I think on him that's far awa', The lee-lang night, and weep, He will think on her be loves, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t	Ve maist wad think, a wee touch langer, An' they mann starve o' cauld and hanger: The Twa Dogs. 11.
I think nae shame to own, John, I lo'ed ye ear' and late:	They're no sae wretched's ane wad think;
S. John Anderson † O father, O father, an' ye think it fit, We'll send him a year to the College yet; S. Lady Mary Ann.	In favor wi' some gentle Master,
But what wad ye think? . S. Last May a braw wooer †	I think my wife will end her life,
I think I mann wed him-to-morrow,	Before she spin her tow S. The weary pund. I think we'll ca' nim Robin S. There was a lad †
Yet, think not all the Rich and Great, Are likewise truly blest Man was made to Mourn.	O can'st thou think to fancy me! . S. There was a lass †
But Jenny's jimps and jirkinet, My Lord thinks meikle mair upon't. S. My Lord a-hunting †	But what d'ye think, my trusty fier, . To Dr. Blacklock. The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog, And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog. To R. G. of F., 7.
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,	And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog. To R. G. of F., 7. I sud be laith to think ye hinted Ironic satire, To W. Simpson.
And think my lot divine S. My Wife's a winsome. O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty,	Adown some trottin burn's meander, An' no think lang;
And meikle thinks my love o' my kin; But little thinks my love I ken brawlie,	Should think they better were inform'd, Than their nuld dadies Ib., P.S.
My tocher's the jewel has charms for him. S. O meikle thinks my love †	An' when the new-light billies see them, I think they'll crouch! Ib.
This warld's wealth when I think on, Its pride, and a' the lave o't; . S. O poortith cauld, †	Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity: Tragic Frag.
O wha can prudence think upon, And sic a lassie by him; [rc.]	Vou think I'm glad; Verses under Grief. When I think on the happy days
But think upon it still, jo, S. O steer her up †	I spent wi' you, my dearie; . S. When I think on † Can ye think to tak a man? . S. Will ye go and marry †
But ave the tear comes in my ee,	Thinking, -in, -an.
To think on him that's far awa. S. Oh, how can I be blythe t And taen the—Antiquarian trade,	An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkan, Add. to the Deil. 20.
I think they call it. On Grose's Peregrinations. A' ye wha live and never think, On Scot Bard gne to W. I.	Rest I canna get For thinking o' my dearie. S. Ay waking, O†
But lest you think I am uncivil, Poem on Life.	Sleep I can get nane, For thinking on my Dearie. S. Ay waukin, O.
He hade me on you press this one word—"Think!" Prologue, at Th., D.,	There's monie godly folks are thinkin, Eft. to J. R. Ne'er thinkan they wad fash me for't;
Who think to storm the world by dint of merit, 1b. The warld would think I was mad,	The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife.
S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.	He could na preach for thinkin' o't. S. My love she's but † I'm thinking wi' sic a braw fellow, In poortith I might mak' a fen'; S. Tam Glen.
How much happier wou'd I he S. Scenes of woe † An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think	Here, some are thinkan on their sins.
Braw soher lessons. Second Ep. to Davie. The devil-haet, that I sud ban, They ever think Ib.	An' some npo' their claes; The Holy Fair. 10. Thinking the story himself he did raise, The Poor Thresher.
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen? S. Tam Glen.	I hae been happy thinking: S. The Rigs o' Barley.
To think how mony counsels sweet,	Thir [these]. Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes; Epit. on a noisy Polemic.
The husband fracthe wife despises! Ib. 4. Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear, Ib. 19.	And as he was singin' thir words he did say, Lns on a Ploughman.
She, honest woman, may think shame That ye're connected with her. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Some sairie comfort still at last, When a' thir days are done, man, S. O ay my wife she dang.
My heart is wae, and unco wne, To think upon the raging sea, S. The bonie Lass of Alb.	Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair, Tam o' Shanter. 13. At strife thir carlines fell; The Election Ballads. I.
I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheep-shank, The Brigs of Ayr. 5.	Third. The third of Libra's equal sway, That gave another E[urns] . Nature's Law.
Weel-pleas'd to think her hairn's respected like the lave. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	The third, that gaed a wee a back, Was in the fashion shining Fu gay . The Holy Fair. 2.
An' when ye think upo' your Mither, Mind to be kind to ane anither The Death of Mailie.	The third cam up, hap-step-an'-loup, 16.3.
Departed Whigs enjoy the fight, And think on former daring: The Election Ballads. VI.	Thirl'd [thrilled]. It thirl'd the heart-strings thro' the hreast,
I think upon the stormy wave . S. The gloomy night †	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 3. Thirst. Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Think not, though from the wo receding, 1 joy my lonely days to lead in This desert drear; The Hermit.	Man was made to Mourn. And thirst of gold might tempt the deep, S. Twas even—the dewy †
"I think ye seem to ken me; The Holy Fair. 4.	S. Twas even—the dewy † Thirty. Ye heretic eight and thirty! . The Dean of Fac.
Tho' in his heart he weel helieves, An' thinks it auld wives' fables:	Thistle.
The half asleep start up wi' fear, An' think they hear it roaran,	The rough hurr-thistle spreading wide Amang the hearded bear, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
No comfort but a hearty can, When I think on John Highlandman. The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	This while. 'This while ye have been mony a gate, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.
I rather think she is aloft, S. The Joyful Widower.	Ye've heard this while how I've heen licket. Friend of the poet † P.S.
And, must I think it! is she gone, The Lament. Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,	Thole (to endure, suffer). An' haith a yellow George to claim, An' thole their hlethers!. Ep. to J. R., 12.
To think upon our Zion; The Ordination. 7. For there [in Ayr] they'll think you clever;	then the scathe an' banter We're forced to thole.
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers) The Rights of Woman.	Ep. to Maj. Logan.
Whene'er my father thinks on me, He stares into the wa'; . The Ruined Maid's Lament.	O'mony a saucy quenn; . The Ruined Maid's Lament. How they mann thole a factor's snash; . The Twa Dogs. 13.
And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear, S. The Slave's Lament.	To thole the Winter's sleety dribble, An' cranrench canld! To a Mouse.
5. Int Others Lament.	

	1
And sairly thole their mither's han, Afore the howdy What ails ye now †	A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd: Extem. on W. Sniellie.
Tholed [endured].	Her thoughts on Andrew Bell;
For misery ever tholed a pang. On Window of C. Inn, F	How can I the thought forego,
Thomas. And death was one less pleased wi' Thomas, Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	He's on the seas to meet the foe? S. How can my poor heart this Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
Thomson. While Scotia, with exulting tear, Proclaims that Thomson was her son. Add. to Shade of Thomson.	Are with him that's far away. A thought ungentle canna be The thought of Mary Morison. S. O Mary, at thy window t
'To paint with Thomson's landscape-glow:	My thoughts are a' bound up in ane, S. O Phely, †
The Vision. D. II. 19.	Ae thought frae her shall ne'er depart; S. O wat ye wha's int The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame; S. O were I on Parnass,
The langest thong, the fiercest growler Add. of Beelzebub. 'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are ply'd, The Vowels.	S. O were I on Parnass. as lost in thought profound, On Lincluden.
The Vowels.	Each worldly thought a while forbear,
Thorn. Sweet as the dewy, milk-white thorn, Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace? Remorse. A Frag.
But are their hearts as light as ours Beneath the milkwhite thorn? . S. Behold, my love †	Scenes that former thoughts renew; . S. Scenes of woe t
As light's a bird upon a thorn S. Blythe was she, †	Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin'. Second Ep. to Davie.
And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose! Ep. fr. Esopus. Behint the muckle thorn:	Then of its faults my houest thoughts I'll give Symon Gray †
Behint the muckle thorn:	Your thought, if love must harbour there, Conceal it in that thought; . S. Talk not of Love;
And safe beneath the shady thorn	Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither, To stan' or rin, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
Defies the angler's art: . S. Now spring has cladt	To stan' or rin, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.
The spreading thorn [o'erhangs] the Liooet. S. Now westlin winds †	He has use thought but how to kill Twa at a blow Ib. No thought of guilt my bosom sours; The Hermit.
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,	with thoughts still soaring To God on high,
She's spotless as the flow ring thorn	Your dear remembrance in my breast,
With flowr's so white and leaves so green, S. On Cessnock banks †	My foudly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd The Lament.
Nay, by heaven, said I, may I perish if ever I plant in your bosom a thorn. Stoke Extem. to a Lady.	The vera thought o't need na fear them. The Twa Dogs. 27. But hear their absent thoughts o' ither, 1b. 33.
And near the thorn, about the well, Whare Muugo's mither hang'd hersel. Tam o' Shanter. 10.	And, like a passing thought, she fled, In light away The Vision. D. II. 23.
And my fause luyer staw the rose.	Each thought intoxicated homage yields, . To Clarinda.
And my fause luver staw the rose, But left the thorn wi'me. S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.	Some rhyme, (vain thought !) for needfu' cash; To J. S., 5.
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush, The Brigs of Ayr.	Where late with careless thought I rang'd, S. To thee, lov'd Nith†
'In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale, 'Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evining gale.'	But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans, Like you or me To W. Simpson. P.S
The Cotter's Sat. Night. q. And, for the little soogster's nest, The close embowering thorn. The Petition of Br. Water.	There ruminate with sober thought; Wr. in Friars-Carse H Resides a sweet Lassie, my thought and my dream.
We eye the rose upon the brier,	S. You wild mossy mountains †
Unmindful that the thorn is near, To J. S., 16.	But I maturely thought it proper, A Ded. to G. H., 12.
The birds sit chittering in the thorn, S. Up in the morning. I past the mill, and trysting thorn.	I thought them [my works] something like yoursel Ib. Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sia
I past the mill, and trysting thorn, Where Nancy aft I courted: S. When wild Wars †	Guid Christian bluid to draw, man ; . A Fragment. 3.
That wantons thro' the flowery thorn: S. Ye banks and braes †	I thought We wad be beat! A Guid New-Year † 16.
But ah! he left the thorn wi'me	I thought me on the ourie cattle, A Winter Night. 3.
Thorne-Bank, A the lads of Internet and S. A Rosebud by my † Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,	To love they thought nae crime, Sir; S. Damon and Sylvia. I listen'd to a lover's sang, And thought on youthful pleasures many;
S. Afton Water.	S. Sy Allan stream t
Ye roses on your thorny tree, . El. on Capt. M. H., 5. Long since, this world's thorny ways	And, as the twilight was begun, Thought nane wad ken. Llang has thought, my couthfu! friend. Ep. to J. R., 7.
Had number'd out my weary days, . Ep. to Davie. 10. Amid life's thorny path o' care. S. O bonie was you rosy t	I lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend, A Something to have sent you, . Ep. to Young Friend. Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Just opening on its thorny stem ; S.On Cessnock banks † Sett II.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, Frae aff its thorny tree; S. The Banks of Doon. Sett II.	Heaven, I thought, was in her air; S. First when Maggy †
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree; . S. Ye banks and braes †	But thought I might hae waur offers, S. Last May a braw wooer †
Thought, s.	And thought his very een enrich'd; . Tam o' Shanter. 16.
Thoughts, words and deeds, the Statute blames with reason; A Dream.	It's thought the gudes were stown. The Election Ballads. IV. The lassie thought na lang till day. S. The Lass that made the bed. She thought that a Taylor could do her nae ill.
Still crouding thoughts, a pensive train, Rose in my soul, A Winter Night. 6.	S. The Lass that made the bed.
Measur'st in desperate thought—a rope—thy neck	The Taylor fell †
With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,	We thought ay death wad bring relief, The Twa Herds. 13. An' cozie here, beneath the blast, Thou thought to dwell, To a Mouse.
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'! Add. to Edinburgh. 6. Add. to Edinburgh. 6. Add. to Edinburgh. 6.	Hae thought they had ensur'd their debtors,
My thoughts are a', my Nanie, . S. Behind you hills t	
Careless ilka thought and free, S. Blythe ha'e I been † I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought.	Nae Poet thought her worth his while, To W. Simpson. 7. In thae auld times, they thought the Moon,
S. Contented wi' little †	Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
Or haply, to his evoling thought, By unfrequented stream, Despondency, an Ode. 3.	Folk thought them ruin'd stick-an-stowe,
While praising, and raising	Ah! little thought we 'twas our last! To Mary in Heaven. I thought sair storms wad never Bedew the scene;
His thoughts to Heaven on high, Ib.	Verses under Grief.

3 P

My heart was caught before I thought, S. When first I came t	Thrash, Thresh.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,	An' first cou'd thrash the baru, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
I thought upon my Nancy, I thought upon the witching smile	May Boreas never thrash your rigs, Third Ep. to J. Lap
That caught my youthful fancy: S. When wild War's	To thresh my back at sic a pitch? What ails ye now
	Thrasher v. Thresher.
I little thought the time was near, Repentance I should buy sae dear: S. Young Jamie,	Thrave [twenty-four sheaves of corn].
	A daimenticker in a through
Thoughtless.	A daimen-icker in a thrave 'S a sma' request: To a Mouse.
But thoughtless follies laid him low, A Bard's Epit	Thraw (a twist, turn).
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes	
Would here propone defences, Add. to Unco Guid. 2.	She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw,
When duncing thoughtless Pleasure's maze, Despondency, an Ode. 5.	Thraw, to [to twist; to cross, contradict].
The followers o' the ragged Nine,	Au' did our hellim thraw, man, A Fragment.
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine	wha stood the stoure, The German Chief to thraw, man: 16.5.
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 16.	They [Saint Stephen's hoys] did his measures thraw, man, Ib. 6.
Oh! thoughtless lassie, life's a fecht, S. In simmer when t	But lordly will, I hold it still
He [Time] hids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle,	A mortal sin to thraw that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
That the first blow is ever half the battle;	A mortal sui to thraw that. The Jolly Beggars. 3. 11. But I'll sued besoms—thraw saugh woodies, To Dr. Blacklock,
Prologue, at Th., D	TO Dr. Blacklock,
Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man, Commen' me to the Bardie clau; . Second Ep. to Davie.	Thrawin [twisting; "for thrawin," to prevent twisting or warping].
	It chaoc'd the Stack he faddom't thrice,
For prodigal thoughtless hestowing, His merit had won him respect. The Election Ballads. III.	Was timmer-propt for thrawin:
Pleasure with her siren air	Thrawn [twisted, sprained].
May delude the thoughtless pair [Vouth, Love];	Or great M'[Kiulay] thrawn his heel? . Tam Samson's El.,
May delude the thoughtless pair [Vouth, Love]; Wr. in Friars-Carse H	
Thousand. Thy tens o' thousands thou [morality] hast slain!	Thread. 'It's e'en a lang, lang time indeed 'Sin' I began to nick the thread,
A Ded. to G. H., 7.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 12.
Tho' it ware ten thousand mile! . S. A red, red Rose.	Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
If I had tweety thousand lives,	S. O meikle thinks my love †
I'd die as aft for Charlie S. Come, boat me o'er t	Till fate shall suap the brittle thread; To J. S., 10.
While Coofs on countless thousands rant, Ep. to Davie. 2.	Threap [to maintain by dint of loud and much
Sax thousand years are near hand fled	assertion].
Siu' I was to the butching bred, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.	Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk; To W. Simpson. P.S
Whan thousands thou hast left in night, Holy Willie's Prayer.	Thurst
Five thousand year fore my creation,	Threat. Does haughty Gaul, invasion threat?
I would na gie her in her sark	Then let the louns beware, Sir, . S. Does haughty Gaul,
For thee wi'a' thy thousand mark; S. O Tibbie!	Threaten.
And are they of no more avail, Ten thousand glittering pounds a year?	He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear, The Twa Dogs. 13.
Ode to Mem. of Mrs	Her nose and chin they threaten ither : . S. Willie Wastle ;
	Threaten'd.
And thousands hasten'd to the charge; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	An' threaten'd labor back to keep, . A Guid New-year † 13.
As happy as those that have thousands a year.	
The Poor Thresher.	Mid Lawson's port entreuch'd his hold, And threaten'd worse damnation. The Election Ballads. VI.
Thou'se [thou shalt].	The Election Ballads, VI.
I'se he fou and thou'se he toom, Coggie, an the king come. S. Carl, an the King come.	Threat'ning. Hanging with threat'ning jut like precipices; The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
	The Drigs by Ayr. S.
Thou'se get the saul o' hoot. Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	The threat'uing Storm, some, strongly, rein; The Vision. D. II. 8.
Thowe [thaw].	Three.
When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord, Add. to the Deil. 12.	Whare three Lairds' lan's met at a burn, . Halloween. 24.
But my white pow, une kindly thowe Shall melt the snaws of age; . S. But lately seen †	The Luggies three are ranged;
	And thretty gude shillins and three; S. Her Daddie forbad t
Arous'd hy blustering winds an' spotting thowes, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	Wi' Lizie's lass, three times I trow; Holy Willie's Prayer. S.
Thowless [slack, lazy].	W1 Lizie's lass, three times I trow, 11019 With 31 Mayer. 5.
Conscience 'says I 've thowless ind!	I saw three sheep And these three sheep saw me; I saw three sheep And these three sheep saw me;
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 4.	There's ane to you, and twa to me,
Thrall. An' how ye gat him i' your thrall, Add. to the Deil. 18.	And three to our John Highlandman.
Wi' care nor thrall opprest Lament of Mary of Scots.	S. O gin ye were dead.
love, in luckless hour, Made me the thrall of care.	Fient haet he had but three Goos feathers and a whittle. S. Robin shure in hairst.
S. Now spring has clad t	Um three times doubly o'er your delitor.
And lang has had my heart in thrall, S. O this is no my ain t	I'm three times doubly o'er your dehtor, Second Ep. to Davie.
Thrang, adj. adv. [throng; busy].	Three vollies let his mem'ry crave . Tam Samson's El., 13.
I see ye're complimented thrang,	He had twa fauts, or maybe three, Ib. 14.
By many a lord an' lady; A Dream. 2.	Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.
The lasses, skelpan harefit, thrang, In silks an' scarlets glitter: The Holy Fair, 7.	
In silks an' scarlets glitter; The Holy Fair, 7. Thrang winkan on the lasses To chairs	That ruled Albion's kingdoms three, S. The bonie lass of Alb.
thick an' thrang, an' loud au' lang, 15. 18.	Three lawyers' tongues, turn'd inside out, [v. A.16] Tam o' Shanter.
	Tum v Sminier.
2112 2 0817 11111	Titlee priests deares, rettent amon as 7
	Had I on earth but wishes three, The first should be my Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A
Thrang [a throng, crowd]. An' aff the godly pour in thrangs. The Holy Fair. 14.	2.000 2,,
An' aff the godly pour in thraugs, . The Holy Fair. 14.	Three-mile. Their three-mile prayers, an hauf-mile graces.
Then owre again the jovial thrang The Poet did request. The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.	Their three-mile prayers, an mani-mile graces, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Thrapple [the windpipe, throat].	Three-narts.
See how she fetches at the thrapple. Letter to I. Coudie.	Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers,
See how she fetches at the thrapple, Letter to J. Goudie. As murder at his thrapple shor'd; The Election Ballads. VI.	Men, three-parts made by Taylors and by Barbers, The Brigs of Ayr. 9.

Threesome [three together].

Thriving.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels, S. The deil cam fiddlin'	And we hae done wi thriving. S. Awa, whigs, awa.
Three-tae'd [three-toed or pronged; v. Tae'd].	Thro'. Hey ca' thro' ca' thro', S. Hey ca' thro'. Throat.
A three-tne'd leister on the ither [shouther] Lay large an' lang. Death and Dr. Hornbook, 6.	A knife, a father's throat had mangled, Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Thresh v. Thrash.	O for a throat like huge Monsmeg, The Election Ballads. VI. Throb. Ent the latest throb that leaves my heart,
Thresher, Thrasher. A gandsman ane, a thrasher t'other, The Inventory.	While Death stands victor by,
A gandsman ane, a thrasher t'other, The Inventory. Hard by a poor Thresher whose toil it was great,	That throh, Eliza, is thy part, S. From thee, Eliza, †
S. The Poor Thresher.	Can reason down its [his heart's] agonizing throhs; Remorse. A Frag
Did meet the poor Thresher and freely did talk; Ib.	"Remorse's throb, or loose desire; The Hermit.
The Thresher's weary flingin-tree, . The Vision. D. I.	A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
Threshin. Was threshin still at hizzies tails, . Kind Sir, Ive read t	Of kindred sweet, The Vision. D. II. Throb, to. To thy bosom lay my heart,
Gie them sufficient threshin,	There to throb and languish; S. Thine am It
Threshold.	Throbbing.
An' owre the threshold ventures; Halloween, 22.	Her head upon my throbbing breast, S. By Allan stream †
Thretteen [thirteen].	My weary heart it's throbbings cease, To Ruin. I can feel by its throbbings, will soon he at rest.
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa, A Guid New-Year † 15.	S. Wae is my heart †
Thretty [thirty]. And thretty gude shillins and three; S. Her Daddie forbad †	Throe. Where, where is Love's fond, tender throe,
As ye were nine year less than thretty, Third Ep. to J. Lap.	A Winter Night. 8.
Threw. An' Charlie F-x threw by the box, A Fragment. 5.	If she winna ease the throes, I a my bosom swelling; S. Blythe ha'e I been †
An' Caledon threw by the drone,	O mem'ry, spare the cruel throes
"And stately oaks their twisted arms, "Threw broad and dark across the pool: As on the banks †	Within my hosom swelling: S. Farewell, thou stream † But heaves impassion'd with the grateful throe.
'I threw a noble throw at ane;' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Deep lights and shades, hold-mingliog, threw	With heartfelt throes his grateful hosom swells,
A lustre grand; . The Vision. D. I. 12. Threw by his coat and bonnet, To J. Taylor.	The Brigs of Ayr. My Jean's heart-rending throe! The Farewell.
Thrice. the Stack he faddom't thrice,	Full many a paog, and many a throe, The Lament.
Because he gat the toom dish thrice,	What throes, what tortures passing cure,
He heav'd them on the fire,	Were in my bosom swelling: S. The last time I† But for their sake my heart doth ache,
There, sieze the bliokers! Scotch Drink. 20.	With many a bitter throe: S. The sun he is sunk †
For thrice I drew ane without failing, And thrice it was written, Tam Glen S. Tam Glen.	Or wake the bosom-melting throe, With Shenstone's art; The Vision. D. II. 19.
Thriftless.	While the life bents in my bosom,
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets, . S. I do confess †	Thou shalt mix in ilka throe: . S. Turn again, thou †
Thrifty.	Throne. So, ye may dousely fill a Throne, For a' their clish-ma-claver: . A Dream. 11.
Nae langer thrifty Citizeos, an' donce, Meet owre a pint, or in the Council-house;	Behind the throne then Gr-nv-lle's gone, A Fragment. 8.
The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	Who would set the Mob above the throne,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty Wifie's smile, The Cotter's Sat. Night.	S. Does haughty Gaul † Content and love bring peace and joy,
Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another	What mair has queens upon a throne? S. In simmer when t
S. The Sons of old Killie.	A race outlandish fills their throne; On Window at Stirling.
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy! . Add. to Edinburgh. 4.	My fathers, that name have rever'd on a throne; Poet. Add. to W. Tytler.
No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,	A king and a father to place on his throne?
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land. The tender thrill, the pitying tear, S. My Mary's face †	S. The small birds † Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne! The Vowels.
Ah! must the agonizing thrill,	Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne, To Clarinda,
For ever har returning Peace! The Lament.	Throng. In wood and wild ye warbling throng,
Thrill, to. He felt the powerful, high behest, Thrill, vital, thro' and thro'; Nature's Law.	Your heavy loss deplore; On Death of Lap-dog. Poor is the task to please a barb'rous throng,
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure,	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Thrill the deepest notes of woe, S. Sensibility, † Thrilling.	Throng, to. That weekly this area throng, A Bard's Epit.
What words can ever speak affection	Through ["to mak to through," to make good]. And muckle mair than ye can mak to through.
So thrilling and sincere as thine! To a Kiss.	The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
Thrissle [a thistle]. Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair, S. Awa, whigs, awa.	Throw.
Paint Scotland greetan owre her thrissle;	'I threw a noble throw at ane; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16. Throw, to.
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	And in the fire throws the sheath; A Ded. to G. H., 10.
An' legs, ao' arms, an' heads will sned, Like taps o' thrissle To a Haggis.	I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle, Add. to Toothache.
Thristed [thirsted].	And ay a westlin leuk she throws, Ep. to H. Parker.
Nor want but-when he thristed : The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	The cruel fates between us throw A boundless ocean's roar; S. From thee, Eliza†
Thrive.	And in the blue-clue throws then, Right fear't Halloween. 11.
Our auld Guidman delights to view His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, . S. Behind yon hills †	And honours masooic prepare for to throw; S. No Churchman am I †
And how do ye thrive; . S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †	And throw on poverty his [Oppression's] cruel eyes;
In Homer's craft Jock Milton thrives; Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	On Death of R. Dundas.
But vicious folk aye hate to see	And o'er the stream your shadows throw, S. Slow spreads the gloom †
The works o' Virtue thrive, man: The Tree of Liberty.	S. Slow spreads the gloom † And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings, The Brigs of Ayr.
And grat to see it thrive, man;	The Brigs of Ayr.

That Indian wealth may Instre throw Around my Highland lassie, O S. The Highl. Lassie. A greedy glowr black-honnet throws, The Holy Fair. S.	And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime. [re.] S. There liv'd ance a earle † Thyse! [thyself].
The large the forest's Manages through	
A greedy glowr black-honnet throws, The Holy Fair. S. Tho' large the forest's Monarch throws His army shade, The Vision. D. II. 20.	Wha, as it pleases best thysel', Holy Willie's Prayer.
Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws, The Vowels.	Wi' sheep o' credit like thysel! . The Death of Mailie. Thyself.
An anxious e'e I never throws	
Behint my lug, or by my nose; To J. S. 25.	Laugh at her follies—laugh e'en at thyself: Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Thrown. Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside, S. I do confess +	Must earth no rascal, save thyself, endure? Ep. fr. Esopus.
Throw'st. Thou haply throw'st a scornful eye at	Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
The hermit's prayer. The Hermit.	Thou art acting but thyself To Miss Fontenelle.
Throw'ther [through-other, pell mell].	Tibble. O Tibbie! I hae seen the day
They roar an' cry a' throw ther; Halloween. 5.	Ye would na been sae shy; S. O Tibbie! †
Till skelp-a shot-they're aff, a' throw'ther,	O wilt thon go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Tiber. S. Tibbie Dunbar.
Thrum. He took my heart as wi' a net, In every knot and thrum. S. My heart was ance t	Th' Illissus, Tiber, Thames an' Seine,
Thrum, to.	Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line; . To W. Simpson.
I hear a wheel thrnm i' the neuk, Ep. to H. Parker.	Tickle.
To thrum guittars an' fecht wi' nowt; . The Twa Dogs. 23.	Mak faces to tickle the Moh; The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
Thrush. The hazel bash o'erhangs the Thrush,	Tickled.
S. Now westlin winds †	
Within you milk-white hawthorn bush,	Sae tickled Death, they couldna part: Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush; S. O Logan! sweetly † Her voice is like the evining thrush S. On Cessnock banks †	The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
While falling, recalling,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
The amorous thrush concludes his sang; . S. Sae flaxen t	Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
Sing on sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,	Add. to Edinburgh. 2.
Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.	Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail.
The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush, The Brigs of Ayr.	Right on ye send your sea-way; Add. to Unco Guid. 4.
Thud [a stroke causing a dull, hollow sound; the	"When a my weel-clad hanks could see,
sound itself].	"Their woody picture in my tide: . As on the banks
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds O' Clans S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Time and chance are but a tide, S. Duncan Gray † like the sun eclips'd at morning tide, El. on Miss Burnet.
And them that stored and front's thinds	like the sun eclips'd at morning tide, El. on Miss Eurnet. Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. And them that stay'd gat fearfu' thnds, S. The Taylor he cam t	Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms, $Ep. \ to \ J. \ L-k, \ Ap. \ ist, \ 2i.$
Thud, to [to rush with a hollow sound; to move	Tumultuons tides his pulses roll, S. On a bank of flowers t
swiftly].	The tide of Empire's fluctuating course;
There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds: The Vision. D. I. 14.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
Thumb. Speak ont an' never fash your thumb.	Or where you grot o'erhangs the tide,
The Author's Cry and Prayer.	S. Slow spreads the gloom
Thummart [the foumart, or polecat].	Nae man can tether time or tide; Tam o' Shanter. 7.
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
The thimmart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
The thmmart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide; The Bries of Ayr. 7.
The thmmmart, willcat, brock and tod, The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! The Holy Fair. 13.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide; The Bries of Ayr. 7.
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi 'rattlin an' thumpin!	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide; The Bries of Ayr. 7.
The thimmart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi'rattlin an' thumpin! Wi' jumping, an' thumping, The yera girdle rang. The Jelly Eggars. R. I.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an 'tide; The Brigs of Ayr. 7. O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide, That stream'd thro' great, unbappy Wallace' heart; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.
The thmmmart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi' rattin an' thumpin! . The Holy Fair. 13. Wi' jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang The Jolly Eeggars. R. I. Thumpit (thumped).	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide; The Brigs of Ayr. 7. O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thou's great, unbappy Wallace' heart; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21. Than a' the pride that loads the tide. S. The Day returns?
The thammart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! . The Holy Fair. 13. Wi' jumping, an' thumping, The vera girdle rang The Jolly Eeggars. R. I. Thumpit [thumped]. An' ay the tither shot he thumpit . Tam Samson's El., 10.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide; O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. The Brigs of Ayr. 7. O That stream'd thro' great, unbappy Wallace' heart; That stream'd thro' great, unbappy Wallace' heart; Than a' the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns? And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water.
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping,in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! The Hely Fair. 13. Wi' pumping, an' thumping,	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide; O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. The Brigs of Ayr. 7. O That stream'd thro' great, unbappy Wallace' heart; That stream'd thro' great, unbappy Wallace' heart; Than a' the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns? And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water.
The thmmart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping,in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an 'tide', O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; That at ream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; Than a' the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns't And drink my crystal tide. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide, S. The Sons of old Killie.
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! . The Holy Fair. 13. Wi' jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang. Thumpit (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit Thumder. And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart t Ye mustering thunders from above Your willing victim see! . S. O mirk, mirk t	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide; The Brigs of Ayr. 7. O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns? And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Vlater. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide, S. The Sons of old Killie. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whitelle. 4.
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping,in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide; O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. The Brigs of Ayr. 7. O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21. Than stream'd thro great, unbappy Wallace' heart; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns! And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whistle. 4. And large, before Enjoymen's gale, Let's tak the tide. To J. S., II.
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! . The Holy Fair. 13. Wi jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang. The Jolly Eggars. R. I. Thumpit (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit Tam Samson's El., to. Thunder. And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart to Ye mustering thunders from above Your willing victim see! . S. O mirk, mirk to Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd: Tam o' Shanter. 8.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an 'tide; O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; Than a't the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns? And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide, S. The Son of old Killie. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whittle. 4. And large, before Enjoymen's gale, Let's tak the tide. To J. S., H. Tideless-blooded.
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! . The Holy Fair. 13. Wi' jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang. Thumpit (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit Thumder. And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart! Ye mustering thunders from above Your willing victim see! . S. O mirk, mirk! Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd: Tam & Shanter. 8. Near and more near the thunders roll: . 16. 10.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide; O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. The Brigs of Ayr. 7. O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thro great, unhappy Wallace' heart; Than a' the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns the And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide, S. The Sons of old Killie. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whistle. 4. And large, before Enjoymen's gale, Let's tak the tide. To J. S., 11. Tideless-blooded. Crave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, To J. S., 26.
The thummart, wilcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! . The Holy Fair. 13. Wi 'jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang The Jolly Eeggars. R. I. Thumpit (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit . Tam Samson's El., 10. Thunder. And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart! Ye mustering thunders from above Vour willing victim see! . S. O mirk, mirk! Load, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd! . Tam o' Shanter. S. Near and more near the thunders roll! . The state of the shanter is the to.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an 'tide'; O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; Than a't the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns! And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide, No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whistile. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whistile. Let's tak the tide. To J. S., II. Tideless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded.
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! . The Holy Fair. 13. Wi' jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang The Jolly Eeggars. R. 1. Thumpit (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit . Tam Samson's El., 10. Thumpit thumped: . And thunders from above . S. O mirk, mirk † Ye mustering thunders from above . S. O mirk, mirk † Lond, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd! . Tam Shanter. S. Near and more near the thunders roll: . 16. 10. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Heela streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide; O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. The Brigs of Ayr. 7. O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; Than a' the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns't And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide, S. The Sons of old Killie. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whistle. 4. And large, before Enjoyment's gale, Let's tak the tide. To J. S., 11. Tideless-blooded. Crave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, To J. S., 26. Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Tide Brigs of Ayr. 3.
The thmmmart, willcat, brock and tod, The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! The Holy Fair. 13. Wi Jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang. The Jolly Eeggars. R. I. Thumpit (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit Tam Samson's El., 10. Thunder. And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart to Ye mustering thunders from above Your willing victim see! S. O mirk, mirk to Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd: Near and more near the thunders Foll: Tam o' Shanter. S. Near and more near the thunders Foll: 16. 10. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Eallads. VI. As Highland craigs by thunder cleft, 16.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an 'tide'; O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; Than a't the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns! And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide, No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whistile. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whistile. Let's tak the tide. To J. S., II. Tideless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded.
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! . The Holy Fair. 13. Wi jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang The Jolly Eeggars. R. I. Thumpit (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit . Tam Samson's El., 10. Thumber. And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart to Ye mustering thunders from above . S. O mirk, mirk to Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow di Tam o' Shanter. 8. Near and more near the thunders Pool! . Thopse, metaphors, and figures pour, . Like Hecla streaming thunder! The Election Ballads. VI. As Highland craigs by thunder cleft, . Ib. Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause . The Jolly Beckars. R. VIII.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an 'tide; O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide, That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; That at the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns? And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide, No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whittle, s. And large, hefore Enjoyment's gale, Life Saw, the Saw, To J. S., st. Tideless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Tide Tide Saw
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! . The Holy Fair. 13. Wi' jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang. The Jolly Eeggars. R. 1. Thumpit (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit Tam Samson's El., 10. Thumple. And thunders from above Your willing victim see! . S. O mirk, mirk † Lond, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd: Tam o' Shanter. S. Near and more near the thunders roll: . 16. 10. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Heela streaming thunder: The Election Eallads. VI. As Highland craigs by thunder cleft, . 16. Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause The Jolly Eeggars. R. VIII. I rather think she is aloft,	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide; O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; Than a' the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returnst And drink my crystal tide. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returnst And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide, S. The Sons of old Killie. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whittle. 4. And large, before Enjoyment's gale, Crave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, Crave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, To J. S., 26. Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Tidings, And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay; S. My Nanie's Awa. "Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring, "As meeting o' my Willy. S. O Phely, t
The thmmmart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! . The Holy Fair. 13. Wi Jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang The Jolly Eeggars. R. I. Thumpit (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit . Tam Samson's El., 10. Thumber. And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart to Ye mustering thunders from above . S. O mirk, mirk to Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow di. Tam o' Shanter. 8. Near and more near the thunders roll: . Tam o' Shanter. 8. Near and more near the thunders roll: . The Lection Eallads. VI. Las Highland craigs by thunder: The Election Eallads. VI. Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause . The Jolly Eeggars. R. VIII. I rather think she is aloft, And imitating thunder; . S. The Joyful Widower.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an 'tide; O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide, That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; That at the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns? And drink my crystal tide. The Potition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide, S. The Sons of old Killie. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whittle, s. And large, hefore Enjoymen's gale, Lief tak the tide. Tideless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Tide Tidess. And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay; S. My Nanie's Awa. "Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring, "As meeting o' my Willy. S. O Phely, † Hearing the tidings of the stal blow,
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! . The Holy Fair. 13. Wi 'jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang The Jolly Eeggars. R. I. Thumpit (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit . Tam Samson's El., 10. Thunder. And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart to Ye mustering thunders from above . S. O mirk, mirk to Lond, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd: . Tam o' Shanter. S. Near and more near the thunders roll: . Tam o' Shanter. S. Near and more has the figures pour, . Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. As Highland craigs by thunder cleft, . 16. Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause . The folly begars. R. VIII. I rather think she is aloft, And imitating thunder; . S. The foyful Widower. An' rouse their holy thunder on it To Rev. J. M' Math.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lasz of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide; O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; Than a' the pride that loads the tide. S. The Day returns't And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide. S. The Sons of old Killie. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whittle. J. And large, hefore Enjoymen's gale, Crave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, Crave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, To J. S., 26. Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Tidings. And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay; S. My Nanie's Awa. "Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring, "As meeting o' my Willy. S. O Phely, t' Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow, On Death of R. Dundas.
The thmmart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi rattlin an' sthumpin! . The Hely Fair. 13. Wi jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang The Jolly Eggars. R. I. Thumpit (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit . Tam Samson's El., 10. Thunder. And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart t Ve mustering thunders from above . Your willing victim see! . S. O mirk, mirk t . Lond, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd: . Tam o' Shanter. 8. Near and more near the thunders roll: . Ib. 10. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, . Like Hecla streaming thunder: 'The Election Ballads. VI. As Highland crafgs by thunder cleft, . Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause . The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. I rather think she is aloft, And imitating thunder; . S. The Joyful Widower. An' rouse their holy thunder on it . To Rev. J. M' Math. Thundering.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an 'tide'; O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide, That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; That at the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns? And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide, S. The Sons of old Killie. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whittle, 4. And large, hefore Enjoyment's gale, Liet sak the tide. To J. S., 11. Tideless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Tide Tide, And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay; S. My Nanie's Awa. "Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring, "As meeting o' my Willy. S. O Phely, † Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow, On Death of R. Dundas.
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! . The Holy Fair. 13. Wi jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang The Jolly Eeggars. R. I. Thumpit (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit . Tam Samson's El., 10. Thunder. And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart! Ye mustering thunders from above Vour willing victim see! . S. O mirk, mirk! Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd! . Tam o' Shanter. S. Near and more near the thunders roll: . Ib. 10. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, . Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. As Highland craigs by thunder cleft, . Ib. Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause . Ib. 10. Tather think she is aloft, . And imitating thunder; . S. The Joyful Widower. An' rouse their holy thunder on it To Rev. J. M' Math. Thundering. As from the cliff, with thundering course,	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an 'tide'; O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; That at the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day eturns't And drink my crystal tide. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21. Than a't the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day eturns't And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whistle. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whittle. And large, hefore Enjoymen's gale, Let's tak the tide. To J. S., 11. Tideless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Tidings. And soother me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay. "Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring, "As meeting o' my Willy. "As meeting o' my Willy. "Do Beath of R. Dundas. To send a lad to London town To bring them tidings hame. "The Election Balladt. I. Not only him them tidings hame. "The time them tidings hame.
The thmmart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping,in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi rattlin an' thumpin! . The Hely Fair. 13. Wi jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang The Jolly Eggars. R. I. Thumpit (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit . Tam Samson's El., 10. Thumder. And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart t Ve mustering thunders from above . S. O mirk, mirk t Lond, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd: . Tam o' Shanter. S. Near and more near the thunder soll: . Ib. 10. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, . Like Hecla streaming thunder: 'The Election Ballads. VI. As Highland craigs by thunder cleft, . S. The Joyful Widower. And in the she is aloft, And imitating thunder; . S. The Joyful Widower. An' rouse their holy thunder on it To Rev. J. M' Math. Thundering. As from the cliff, with thundering course, . Fragment of Ode.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lasz of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide; O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; Than a' the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns't And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide, S. The Sons of old Killie. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whitelle. And large, hefore Enjoymen's gale, Crave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, Trof. S., 16. Tideless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, Tof. S., 26. Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Tidings, And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay; S. My Nanie's Awa. "Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring, "As meeting o' my Willy. Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow, On Death of R. Dundas. To send a lad to London town To bring them tidings hame. Not only bring them tidings hame. Not only bring them tidings hame. The Election Eallads. I. Not only bring them tidings hame, In determine the services and there, It.
The thmmart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping,in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi rattlin an' thumpin! . The Hely Fair. 13. Wi jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang The Jolly Eggars. R. I. Thumpit (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit . Tam Samson's El., 10. Thunder. And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart t Ve mustering thunders from above . Your willing victim see! . S. O mirk, mirk t . Lond, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd: . Tam o' Shanter. S. Near and more near the thunders roll: . Ib. 10. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, . Like Hecla streaming thunder: 'The Election Ballads. VI. As Highland craigs by thunder cleft, . Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause . The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. I rather think she is aloft, And imitating thunder; . S. The Joyful Widower. An' rouse their holy thunder on it. To Rev. J. M' Math. Thundering. As from the cliff, with thundering course, The snowy ruin smokes along, . Fragment of Odenerved with thundering fate, . Liberty.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lasz of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide; O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; Than a' the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns't And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide, S. The Sons of old Killie. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whitelle. And large, hefore Enjoymen's gale, Crave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, Trof. S., 16. Tideless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, Tof. S., 26. Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Tidings, And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay; S. My Nanie's Awa. "Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring, "As meeting o' my Willy. Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow, On Death of R. Dundas. To send a lad to London town To bring them tidings hame. Not only bring them tidings hame. Not only bring them tidings hame. The Election Eallads. I. Not only bring them tidings hame, In determine the services and there, It.
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! . The Holy Fair. 13. Wi jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang. The Jolly Eggars. R. I. Thumpit (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit Tam Samson's El., to. Thunder. And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart! Ye mustering thunders from above Vour willing victim see! . S. O mirk, mirk! Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd: Tam o' Shanter. S. Near and more near the thunders roll: 1. Ib. 10. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, . Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. As Highland craigs by thunder cleft, . Ib. Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause waws Shook with a thunder of applause The fully Eggars. R. VIII. I rather think she is aloft. The folly Eggars. R. VIII. I rather think she is aloft. The folly Eggars. R. VIII. And imitating thunder: . S. The folly Widewer. An' ronse their holy thunder on it. To Keo. J. M' Math. Thundering. As from the cliff, with thundering course, The snowy ruin smokes along, Fragment of Ode. nerved with thundering fate, . Liberty. The Brigs of Ayr. 2.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an 'tide; O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; That ar'd the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns't And drink my crystal tide. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21. Than a't the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns't And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide. S. The Sons of old Killie. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whitelle. 4. And large, hefore Enjoymen's gale, Tele Sons of old Killie. To J. S., 11. Tideless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, Trate. Sons of Ayr. 3. Tidings. And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay; S. My Nanie's Awa. "Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring, "As meeting o' my Willy. S. O Phely, the Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow, To bring them tidings hame. Not only bring them tidings hame, But do their errands there, For [Moodie] speels the holy door, Wi'tidings o' selv-ton. (N-A.2). The Holy Fair. 12.
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! . The Holy Fair. 13. Wi Jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang The Jolly Eggars. R. I. The wear girdle rang The Jolly Eggars. R. I. Thumpit (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit . Tam Samson's El., 10. Thumber. And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart to Ye mustering thunders from above . S. O mirk, mirk to Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd. Tam o' Shanter. S. Near and more near the thunders roll: . Io. 10. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, . Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Eallads. VI. As Highland craigs by thunder cleft, . Io. Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause . The Jolly Eggars. R. VIII. I rather think she is aloft, And imitating thunder; . S. The Joyful Widower. An' ronse their holy thunder on it To Rev. J. M'Math. Thundering. As from the cliff, with thundering course, The snowy ruin smokes along, . Fragment of Ode. nerved with thundering fate, . Liberty. The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side, . The string of Ayr. 2.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an 'tide'; O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns? And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide. S. The Sons of old Killie. No tide of the Baltic 'er drunker than he. The Whittle, 4. And large, hefore Enjoyment's gale, I'deless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Tide Sing of Ayr. 3. Tidings, And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay; S. My Nanie's Awa. "Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring, "As meeting o' my Willy. "Do Death of R. Dundas. To send a lad to London town To bring them tidings hame, But do their errands there, But do their errands there, For (Moodel) speels the holy door, Wi' tidings o' d-mat-en. (N-Ac2) Wi' tidings o' d-mat-en. (N-Ac2) Tide Swoln
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! . The Holy Fair. 13. Wi jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang. The Jolly Eeggars. R. I. Thumpit (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit Tam Samson's El., to. Thunder. And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart! Ye mustering thunders from above Vour willing victim see! . S. O mirk, mirk! Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd: Tam o' Shanter. S. Near and more near the thunders roll: 16. to. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. As Highland craigs by thunder cleft, . Ib. Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause I have think she is aloft. The folly beggars. R. VIII. I have think she is aloft. The folly beggars. R. VIII. And imitating thunder: S. The foyful Widawer. An' ronse their holy thunder on it. To Rev. J. M'Math. Thundering. As from the cliff, with thundering course, The snowy ruin smokes along, Fragment of Ode. The snowy ruin smokes along, Fragment of Ode. The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side, The folly Beggars. S. II. The folly Beggars. S. II.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an 'tide; O'thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; That at the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns? And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide, No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whittle. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whittle. And large, hefore Enjoymen's gale, Let's tak the tide. To J. S., 11. Tideless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brige of Ayr. 3. Tidings. And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay. "Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring, "As meeting o' my Wily. To send a lad to London tow To bring them tidings hame. Not only bring them tidings hame, Ent do their errands then, For [Moodle] speels the holy door, Wi' tidings o' sl-tvon. (V-A.zz) Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t-a (V-A.zz) Tide, Tye. A tye more tender still. Ept. to Davie. to.
The thmmart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! . The Holy Fair. 13. Wi jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang The Jolly Eggars. R. I. The wear girdle rang The Jolly Eggars. R. I. Thumpit (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit . Tam Samson's El., 10. Thunder. And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart to Ye mustering thunders from above . S. O mirk, mirk to Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd: . Tam o' Shanter. S. Near and more near the thunders soil: . 16. 10. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, . Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. As Highland craigs by thunder cleft, . 16. Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause . 16. Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause . 16. That think she is aloft, And imitating thunder; . S. The Joyful Widower. An' ronse their holy thunder on it . To Rev. J. M'Math. Thundering. As from the cliff, with thundering course, The snowy ruin smokes along, . Fragment of Ode. nerved with thundering fate, . Liberty. The thund'ring guns are heard on ev'ry side, . The Effect of Ayr. 2. To rattle the thundering drum was his trade; . The Jolly Beggars. S. II. Thurlow.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an 'tide; O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; That college and the loads the tide, S. The Day returns? And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide, S. The Sons of old Killie. No tide of the Baltic 'er drunker than he. The Whittle, J. And large, hefore Enjoymen's gale, Let's tak the tide. To J. S., II. Tideless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, Tride-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brige of Ayr. 3. Tidings, And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay; S. My Nanie's Avaa. "Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring, "As meeting o' my Willy. S. O Phely, t Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow, On Death of R. Dundas. To send a lad to London town To bring them tidings hame, But do their errands there, Ent to their errands there, For [Moodle] speeds the holy door, Wi' tidings o' shev-on. (v.A.22) The Holy Fair. 12. Wi't tidings o' d-met-ac. (v.A.22) The Tye. A tye more tender still. Ep. to Davie. 10. Still closer kint in friendship's ties
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi'r attlin an' thumpin! . The Holy Fair. 13. Wi jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang The Jolly Eggars. R. I. Thumpit (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit . Tam Samson's El., 10. Thumber. And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart! Ye mustering thunders from above . S. O mirk, mirk! Cond, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd: . Tam o' Shanter. 8. Near and more near the thunders roll: . To. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, . Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. As Highland craigs by thunder cleft, . Io. Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause . The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. I rather think she is aloft, . And imitating thunder; . S. The Joyful Widaveer. An' ronse their holy thunder on it . To Kev. J. M'Math. Thundering. As from the cliff, with thundering course, . Fragment of Ode. nerved with thundering date, . Liberty. The thund'ing guns are heard on ev'ry side, . Liberty. The thund'ing guns are heard on ev'ry side, . The Brigs of Ayr. 2. To rattle the thundering drum was his trade: . The Folly Beggars. S. II. Thurlow. And Thurlow growl a curse of woe, The Election Eallads. VI.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an 'tide; O'thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; That at the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day relurns't And drink my crystal tide. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21. The Petition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whittle. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whittle. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whittle. Tideless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Tidings. And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay. "Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring, "As meeting o' my Willy. Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow, To send a lad to London town To should ald to London town To bring them tidings hame, Ent do their errands there, For [Moodle] specis the holy door, Wi' tidings o' al-thon. (V-A.22) . The Holy Fair. 12. Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t-a. [V-A.22] . The Holy Fair. 12. Wi' tidings o' d-mn-t-a. [V-A.22] . The Holy Fair. 12. Still closer kint in friendship's ties Still closer kint in friendship's ties Each passing year! Ept. to J. L.—k, Ap. 2141, 18.
The thmmart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping,in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith . The Hely Fair. 13. Wi jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang. The Jolly Beggars. R. I. Thumpit (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit Tam Samson's El., 10. Thumpit. (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit Tam Samson's El., 10. Thunder. And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart! to mustering thunders from above Vour willing victim see! S. Omirk, mirk! Lond, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd! Tam o' Shanter. S. Near and more near the thunders roll! Ib. 10. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, Like Hecla streaming thunder! The Election Ballads. VI. As Highland craigs by thunder cleft, 16. Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. I rather think she is aloft. The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. And imitating thunder; S. The Joyful Widower. An' ronse their holy thunder on it. To Rev. J. M'Math. Thundering. As from the cliff, with thundering course, The snowy ruin smokes along, Fragment of Ode. The thunding guns are heard on every side, Liberty. The thunding guns are heard on every side, Liberty. The thunding guns are heard on every side, The Spolly Beggars. S. II. Thurlow. And Thurlow growl a curse of woe, The Election Ballads. VI. Thwart.	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide; O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns? And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide. S. The Sons of old Killie. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whittle, 4. And large, hefore Enjoyment's gale, It's tak the tide. Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brige of Ayr. 3. Tidings, And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay; S. My Nanie's Awa. "Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring, "As meeting o' my Willy. S. O Phely, t Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow, On Death of R. Dundas. To send a lad to London town To bring them tidings hame, But do their errands there, For [Moodle] speels the holy door, Wi' tidings o' d-met-ac, [A.A.2] Tie, Tye. A tye more tender still. Ech passing year! Ept. tof. L.—k, Ap. 21st, 18. Exercelle layer and friendships, we dear tender ties!
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi'r attlin an' thumpin! . The Holy Fair. 13. Wi Jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang The Jolly Eggars. R. I. The wear girdle rang The Jolly Eggars. R. I. Thumpit (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit . Tam Samson's El., 10. Thunder. And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart to Ye mustering thunders from above . S. O mirk, mirk to Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow distribution of the standard of the standard relation of the standard relation. The standard relation is the standard relation of the standard	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an 'tide', O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; That at the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day eturns't And drink my crystal tide. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21. The Desire of B. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide. S. The Sons of old Killie. No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he. The Whistle. 4. And large, hefore Enjoyment's gale, Let's tak the tide. To J. S., 11. Tideless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded. Grave, tideless-blooded. The Brige of Ayr. 3. Tidings. And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay. S. My Nanie's Avoa. "Did ne'er to me sic tidings bring. "As meeting o' my Willy. Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow, To send a lad to London town To bring them tidings hame. But do their errands there, For [Moodis] speels the holy door, Wi' tidings o' selve-ton. [vA.22] The Holy Fair. 12. Wi' tidings o' selve-ton. [vA.22] The Holy Fair. 12. Still closer knit in friendship's tiess Each passing year! Ep. to J. Lk, Ap. 21st, 18. Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties! S. Faerwell, thou fair day t
The thmmart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping,in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide; The Brigs of Ayr, 7. O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; The Cotter's Sat. Night, 21. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns? And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide, S. The Sons of old Killie. S. The Sons of old Killie. And large, hefore Enjoymen's gale, Let's tak the tide. The Sons of old Killie. And large, hefore Enjoymen's gale, Let's tak the tide. To J. S., 11. Tideless-blooded. Carve, tideless-blooded. Carve, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, To J. S., 26. Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Tidens, And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay; S. My Nanie's Avas. S. O Phely, t Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow, On Death of R. Dundas. To send a lad to London town To bring them tidings hame, But do their errands there, For [Moodle] speeds the holy door, Wi' tidings o' d-met-ta. (N-Azz) Tide, Tye. A tye more tender still. Ept to Davic. 10. S. Farewell, thou fair day t Parent, filial, kindred ties? On savaring Water-frowl.
The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping, -in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith Wi' rattlin an' thumpin! . The Holy Fair. 13. Wi Jumping, an' thumping. The vera girdle rang The Jolly Eggars. R. I. The wear girdle rang The Jolly Eggars. R. I. Thumpit (thumped). An' ay the tither shot he thumpit . Tam Samson's El., 10. Thumber. And thunders rend the howling air, S. How can my poor heart to Ye mustering thunders from above . S. O mirk, mirk to Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow distribution. The Samson's El., 10. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour, . Like Hecla streaming thunder: The Election Ballads. VI. As Highland craigs by thunder cleft, . Ib. Nansie's waws Shook with a thunder of applause . The Jolly Eggars. R. VIII. I rather think she is aloft, . And imitating thunder; . S. The Joyful Widower. An' conse their holy thunder on it. To Rev. J. M'Math. Thundering. As from the cliff, with thundering course, . The snowy ruin smokes along, . Fragment of Ode. nerved with thundering fate, . The Showy ruin smokes along, . Fragment of Ode. nerved with thundering fate, . The Showy ruin smokes along, . The snow ruin smokes along, . The snow ruin smokes along, . The snow ruin smokes along, . The Showy ruin smokes, along ruin show ruin show ruin show ruin show ruin show ruin	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide; The Brigs of Ayr, 7. O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; The Cotter's Sat. Night, 21. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns? And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide, S. The Sons of old Killie. S. The Sons of old Killie. And large, hefore Enjoymen's gale, Let's tak the tide. To J. S., 11. Tideless-blooded. Carve, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, To J. S., 26. Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Tidings, And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay; S. My Nanie's Avas. S. O Phely, t Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow, On Death of R. Dundas. To send a lad to London town To bring them tidings hame. Not only bring them tidings hame. For [Moodle] speels the holy door, Wi' tidings o' al-wt-on. [V-A.22] The Holy Fair. 12. Wi' tidings o' d-mst-ta. (V-A.22) The Tye. A tye more tender still. E. f. to Davic. 10. S. Farewell, thou fair day t Parent, filial, kindred ties? On scaring Water-frowl. The Brigs of Ayr.
The thmmart, willcat, brock and tod, . The Twa Herds. 6. Thumping,in. Hear how he clears the points o' Faith	In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde S. The bonie Lass of Alb. This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide; The Brigs of Ayr, 7. O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide. That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart; The Cotter's Sat. Night, 21. Than a' the pride that loads the tide, S. The Day returns? And drink my crystal tide. The Petition of Br. Water. Ve powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide, S. The Sons of old Killie. S. The Sons of old Killie. And large, hefore Enjoymen's gale, Let's tak the tide. The Sons of old Killie. And large, hefore Enjoymen's gale, Let's tak the tide. To J. S., 11. Tideless-blooded. Carve, tideless-blooded. Carve, tideless-blooded, calm and cool, To J. S., 26. Tide-swoln. The tide-swoln Firth, with sullen-sounding roar, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Tidens, And soothe me wi' tidings o' Nature's decay; S. My Nanie's Avas. S. O Phely, t Hearing the tidings of the fatal blow, On Death of R. Dundas. To send a lad to London town To bring them tidings hame, But do their errands there, For [Moodle] speeds the holy door, Wi' tidings o' d-met-ta. (N-Azz) Tide, Tye. A tye more tender still. Ept to Davic. 10. S. Farewell, thou fair day t Parent, filial, kindred ties? On savaring Water-frowl.

But round my heart the ties are bound,	A rousing whid at times to vend [v.A.6]
That heart transpierced with many a wound; These bleed afresh, those ties I tear, S. The gloomy night;	Death and Dr. Hornbook.
What ties cruel fate in my bosom has torn. S. The lazy mist †	Sin' I began to nick the thread
Dearest tie of young connexions, To a Kiss. For one [dart] has cut my dearest tye,	'Niest time we meet I'll wad a groat, 'He gets his fairin'! 1b. 30.
And quivers in my heart	How ill exchang'd for riper times, Despondency, an Ode. 5.
Tie, Tye, to. Your horns shall tie you to the staw, S. O gin ye were dead.	Time and chance are but a tide, S. Duncan Gray † What time the moon, wi' silent glowr,
An' tye some hose well. The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Sets up her horn, . El. on Capt. M. H., 10.
O, bid him never tye them mair, . The Death of Mailie. I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' love, S. The Posie.	But how the subject theme may gang, Let time and chance determine; Ep. to Young Friend.
Tiger. Was like a bluidy tiger	It's hardly in a body's pow'r, To keep, at times, frae being sour, Ep. to Davie. 2.
I' th' inn that day The Ordination, 4.	Let time mak proof; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 7.
Tight [prepared, girt for action]. He should he tight that daur't to raize thee,	But pennyworth's again is fair. When time's expedient:. Ep. to J. R., 13. Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
A Guid New-Year † 2. While healths gae round to him wha, tight, Gies famous sport. [v.A.25] Scotch Drink. 12.	Fig. to R. Graham. 5. The measur'd time is run! . S. Farewell, dear mistress †
Fight. There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,	M'Pherson's time will not be long On yonder gallows-tree. S. Farewell, ye dungeons
The Author's Cry and Prayer. His leg was so tight and his cheek was so rudy.	And ev'ry time great care is taen, To see them duely changed:
The Jolly Beggars. S. 11. There Sophy tight, a lassie bright, The Tarbolton Lasses.	Nae time hae I to tarry S. Here's to thy health, †
right an' tight in thack an' raep The Twa Dogs. 10.	At times I'm fash'd wi' fleshly lust Holy Willie's Prayer. 6. Wi' Lizie's lass, three times I trow;
A tight, outlandish Hizzie, braw, The Vision. D. I. 7.	Wi' Lizie's lass, three times I trow; Ib. 8. When trystin time draws near again; . S. I'll ay ca' in †
Sae straught, sae taper, tight and clean [a leg],	His locks were bleached white with time,
Auld Reekie ay he keepit tight, And trig an' braw: To W. Creech.	"But nocht in all-revolving time "Can gladness bring again to me
She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight, S. When first I saw †	"O! why has Worth so short a date?
lighter.	"While villains ripen grey with time! Ib. And ev'ry time has added proofs,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet. The Whistle. 12.	That Man was made to mourn. Man was made to Mourn. 3.
Fightly [firmly]. Now stand as tightly by your tack: The Author's Cry and Prayer. 6.	O Man! while in thy early years, How prodigal of time!
I on the questions targe them tightly; The Inventory.	With future rhymes, an' other times,
[ill [to].	To emulate his sire;
An' her kind stars hae airted till her, A guid chiel wi' a pickle siller: Auld comrade †	Three times crowdie in a day; . S. O that I had ne'er t
He'll be a credit 'till us a', S. There was a lad t	And time is setting with me, Oh; . S. Oh, open the door, †
But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her,	Resist the crumbling touch of time; On Lincluden. Oh! had each Scot of ancient times,
Fill, to.	Been, Jeany Scott, as thou art, On Miss J. Scott.
Give me the cot below the pine,	[Violence] Rousing elate in these degenerate times; On Death of R. Dundas.
To tend the flocks or till the soil, S. Twas even—the dewy† Fillage. With tillage or pasture at times she would sport, S. Caledonia,	"Thro' future times to make his virtues last On Death of Sir J. Blair.
fillage-skill.	The teeth o' time may goaw Tamtallan,
'Some teach to meliorate the plain, 'With tillage-skill;'. The Vision. D. II. 8.	But thou's for ever. Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Old Father Time deputes me here before ye,
Fill'd. 'Kirkyards will soon be till'd eneugh, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.	For making o' rhymes, and working at times, Does little or naething at a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.
His acre's till'd, he's right eneugh; . The Twa Dogs. 30.	Yet humbly kind, in time o' need, Scotch Drink. 7.
And waly fa' the ley-crap For I maun till'd again S. There's news, lasses †	And warsle Time, and lay him on his back. Scots Prologue.
Fill't [to it],	I'm three times doubly o'er your debtor, Second Ep. to Davie.
Syne rhyme till't, well time till't, Ep. to Davie. 4.	This day, Time winds th' exhausted chain, Sketch, New-Yr's Day.
An' L—d! if ance they pit her till't, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 17.	Add to our date one minute more?
They're welcome till't for a' that. The Jolly Beggars, S. VII. Fime. A time that surely shall come;	I could not then just ascertain Its worth, for want of time, Symon Gray †
Time. A time that surely shall come; A V. on being Hosp. Entertained.	Nae man can tether time or tide;
He weening wail'd his latter times: A Vision	Or up the rink like Jehn roar
"I know your bent—these are no laughing times: Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	In time o' need; . Tam Samson's El., 5. With clavers and haivers Wearing the time awa':
Alas, how chang'd the times to come! Add. to Edinburgh. 6. Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,	The Ans. to the Guidwife. An' drink his health in auld Nanse Timock's
Down to this time, . Add. to the Deil. 19.	Nine times a week, The Author's Cry and Prayer.
'There was a time, it's nae lang syne, . As on the banks †	The time may come, with pipe and drum We'll welcome hame fair Albany, S. The bonie Lass of Alb
Simmer's a pleasant time, S. Ay waukin, O. Old Time and Nature their changes tell, . S. Bonie Bell.	He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang,
My trunk of eild, but buss or beild,	The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Compare wi' bonie Brigs o' modern time? Ib. 6.
Sinks in time's wintry rage S. But lately seen,† Thou golden time o' youthful prime,	Or Cuifs of later times, wha held the notion.
Thou golden time o' youthful prime,	That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion: 1b. 8.
With tillage or pasture at times she would sport, Ib.	And, agonising, curse the time and place 1b. 9. While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.
The unright is Change and ald Time is the base:	Of Co. 1

Tim'rous.

Timmer-propt [propped up with timber].

[The Stack] Was timmer-propt for thrawin: Halloween. 23.

An' warn him ay at ridin time,

To stay content wi' yowes at hame; [v.A.3] The Death of Mailie.

From countless, unbeginning time The 1st 6 V.s of ooth Ps .. Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie, . . To a Mouse. In guid time comes an antidote . . The Holy Fair. 16. Tine, Tyne [to lose; be lost]. Ib. 17. Like hafflins wise o'ercomes him At times . . I wad wear thee in my bosom, An' your auld burrough mony a time, . The Inventory. Least my Jewel I should tine. . S. Bonie wee thing t Frae this time forth, I do declare, May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist.

S. Here's a health to them † I'se ne'er ride horse nor hizzie mair ; Unless he would from that time forth How sune it [wild-rose] times its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy!. S. I do confess t Relinquish ber for ever: . The Jolly Beggars. R. VI. The time, unheeded, sped away, The Lament. And next my heart I'll wear her. The last time I came o'er the moor, S. The last time I camet S. My Love's a winsome t For fear my jewel tine. How quick Time is flying, bow keep Fate pursues.

S. The lasy mist t And fools may tyne, and knaves may win; . S. O Phely t Sweets that mem'ry ne'er shall tine. . S. Scenes of woet What aspects old Time in his progress has worn; . 15. Ye tine your dam; [v.A.2] The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. To ev'ry New-light mother's son, And I was fear'd my heart wou'd tine, S. Where Cart rins t From this time forth, Confusion : . The Ordination. 14. Tingle. A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways;

The Rights of Woman. That gart my beart-strings tingle. The Ans. to the Guidwife. Tinkler [a tinker]. Now, thank our stars! these Gothic times are fled; . Ib. An' [Fox] lows'd his tinkler jaw, man. . The time flew by, wi' tentless head, S. The Rigs o' Barley. A Fragment, 5. But deil a foreign tinkler loun Shall ever ca' a nail in't: Tho' three times doubl'd fairly, . . S. Does haughty Gault A wicked crew syne, on a time, A wicked crew syne, on a time,
Did tak a solemn aith, man,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The Tree of Liberty.

The Twa Dogs.

Ib. 13. You ill-tongu'd tinkler, Charlie Fox, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 19. When round the Tinkler prest her, The Jolly Beggars. R. VI. . Ib. S. VI. A Tinkler is my station; . . . I backward mus'd on wasted time, . The Vision. D. I. 4. O Tinkler Madgie was her mither; . S. Willie Wastlet Fir'd at the simple, artless lays Of other times. Ib. D. II. 12. Tinkler-gipsey. "And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er." The Tana Does. The Whistle. Ev'n wi' a Tinkler-gipsey's messan: . Tinkler-hizzie [tinker-hussy]. There's naethin like t I've seen me daez't upon a time; . Sat guzzling wi' a Tinkler-hizzie; The Jolly Beggars, R. III. Your pin wad belp to mend a mill Tinkling. Sweet the tinkling rill to hear: Delia. An Ode. To a Haggis. In time o' need, Tinnock's. And drink his health in auld Nanse Tinnock's (I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,) To Dr. Blacklock. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 20. . To J. S., 4. Hae ye a leisure-moment's time . . . Tinsel. In a' the tinsel trash o' state ! El. on Capt. M. H., 16. Time but the impression stronger makes, ime but the impression stongs.
As streams their channels deeper wear.

To Mary in Heaven. Ohlige them, patronize their tinsel lays, They persecute you all your future days Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Again the silent wheels of time gain the silent wheels of this.

Their annual round have driv'n,

To Miss L., with "Beattie." For a' that, and a' that, Their tinsel shew, and a' that, S. The Honest Man. Or in gulravage rinnin scow'r To pass the time, Tinwald. To Rev. J. M' Math. Frae the downs o' Tinwald . The Election Ballads. IV. But twenty times, I rather wou'd be An atheist clean, . Ib. Tint [lost; "tint as win," lost as won]. In thre auld times, they thought the Moon. Like fortune's favours, tint as win. To W. Simpson. P.S .. Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon, . My funny toil is now a' tint, . . Add. to Illegit. Child. . What ails ye now t My funny ton is now a,

Since I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown,

S. By you castle wa't at times when I grow crouse, . at the Inner port Cry'd three times, "Robin!" . . . 16. the eastern star Tells bughtin-time is near,
S. When o'er the hill t I tint my curch and baith my shoon, . S. Duncan Grav. El. on Year 1788. The Spanish empire's tint a head, . Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal, . Ib. S. Where are the joys t For some o' you [lasses] hae tint a frien'; I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it, Ep. to Maj. Logan, 12. I little thought the time was near, Till in a declamation mist,
His argument he tint it: Extern. in Court of Session. Repentance I should buy sae dear: . S. Young Jamie, † Time, to. Syne rhyme till't, well time till't, And sing't when we hae done. I tint my whistle and my sang, Ep. to Davie. 4. I tint my peace and pleasure ; . S. Gat ve me. t Time-bleach'd. And I has tint my dearest dear; . S. She's fair and fause t Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show, Tam tint his reason a thegither, . . . Tam o' Shanter. 19. The Brigs of Ayr. 13. The L-d he thankit that we've tint the gate o't!

The Brigs of Ayr. 8. Time-settled. I grant him [Wisdom] his calm-blooded, time-settled pleasures,

Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.. Here's a reputation Tint by Balmaghie.

The Election Ballads. IV. Time-worn. Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch; The Ruined Maid's Lament. The Brigs of Agr. 4 O I hae tint my rosy cheeks, Timid. Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main!

Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Charlie Gregor tint his plaidie, Kissin' Theniel's honie Mary. S. Th. Menzie's bonie Mary. Her heart was tint, her peace was stown! S. There was a lass † Th' abodes of coveyed grouse and timid sheep.

Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Tints. Fair the tints of opining rose; . Delia. An Ode. Timmer [timber]. I gied thy cog a wee-hit heap Ahoon the timmer; A Gude New-Year † 13. Tiny. Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport, Despondency, an Ode.5. Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer, I've seen the bud upo' the timmer, Ef. to J. L-k, Af. 21st, 10. tiny thieves not destined yet to swing, . . Ep. fr. Esopus. Or must no tiny sin to others fall, Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all? . Blaws through the leafless timmer, . S. I'm o'cr young t Ye're like to the timmer o' you rotten wood, S. O meikle thinks my love t Tip v. Toop. Tip, to. And [Death] tips auld drunken Nanse the wink, Adam A-'s Prayer. The timmer is scant, when ye're ta'en for a saunt,

The Kirk's Alarm. Tipp'd. For ay she tipp'd the sidelin's wink, Come kiss me at your leisure. S. As I gaed up by t . The Twa Dogs. 26. Except for breakin o' their timmer,

Tippence [two pence].

Titty [dim. of Sister].

My heart is a-breaking, dear titty,

Come counsel, dear titty, don't tarry; .

. S. Tam Glen,

Tiviotdale.

An' we maun draw our tippence The Holy Fair. 8.	Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
	He had few matches. Ep. lo J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 6.
Tippence-worth. Gat tippence-worth to mend her [wife's] head,	To. Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.	S. Contented wi' little,†
Tippeny [two-penny ale].	Toad. Toads with their poison, docters with their drug,
Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil; . Tam o' Shanter. 11.	To R. G. of F
Tipsie.	Toast. Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast,
	At a Meet. of D. Volunteers. And you the toast of a' the town, S. O Mary, at thy window t
Your muse is a gipsie, e'en tho' she were tipsie, She cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are. The Kirk's Alarm.	S. O. Mary, at the window t
Tired, -'d.	Call a toast—a toast divine; The Toast.
Then when I'm tir'd—and sae are ye,	Thou hast given a peerless toast
Wi' monie a fulsome, sinfu' lie, A Ded. to G. H.	And pledge me in the generous toast—
Till with their Logic-jargon tir'd, Auld comrade †	"The whole of human kind!" To a Lady.
How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,	Toast, to.
Monody, on a Lady.	Then let us toast John Barleycorn, . John Barleycorn.
sore harass'd, and tir'd at last, S. My father was a farmer t	I'll toast you in my bindmost gillie,
Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce, They set them down upon their arse, [v.A.1] The Thresher's weary flingingtree. The Thresher's weary flingingtree.	On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
The Toua Dogs. 6.	Tocher [marriage portion; "tocher band," dowry
The Thresher's weary flingin-tree, The lee-lang day had tir'd me; The Vision. D. I. 2.	bond].
The lee-lang day had tir'd me; The Vision. D. I. 2.	He gied me thee, o' tocher clear, A Guid New-Year †
And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,	Then bey for a lass wi' a tocher, S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft t
E'en tried the hody To Dr. Blacklock.	And the' I hae na meikle tocher, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †
My musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet To Rev. J. M' Math.	A very gude tocher, a cotter-man's dachter,
Tirl [to uncover, strip].	S. Her daddie forbad †
And tirl the hallions to the birsies; Add. of Beelzebub. 4.	Let her lo'e nae man but me ;
Tirlan (unroofing).	That's the tocher gude I prize, S. Jockey fou, t
Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin,	her tenpund lands o' tocher gude S. My Lord a-hunting †
Tirlan the kirks; Add. to the Deil. 4.	My tocher's the jewel has charms for him.
Tirl'd [knocked].	S. O meikle thinks my love †
But whan we tirl'd at your door, Your porter dought na hear us; V.s, on Window, Carron.	My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy; 1b.
	My daddy sign'd my tocher band, . S. Where Cart rins †
Tiseday v. Tysday.	We's mak nae din about your tocher; S. Will ye go and marry t
Tither [the other].	Tochen to its give one a devined
The tither's dour, has nae sic breedin', . El. on Vear 1788.	Tocher, to [to give one a dowry].
Was driving to the tither warl', Lns to J. Ranken.	Braid money to tocher them a', man, Ronalds of Bennals.
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither. S. Scroggam.	Tochered [dowered].
An' ay the tither shot he thumpit, . Tam Samson's El.	Nac weel tochered aunts, to wait on their drants, Ronalds of Bennals.
Still shearing and clearing	Weel-featur'd, weel-tacher'd, weel mounted and braw;
The tither stooked raw; . The Ans. to the Guidwife.	S. There's a youth †
Then on the tither hand present her, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy . Ib.
And ay he catch'd the tither wretch, The Ordination. 10.	Tod [a fox]. Frae dogs an' tods, an' butcher's knives!
Hear, how he gies the tither yell,	The Death of Mailie.
Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,	Daddy Auld, Daddy Auld, there's a tod in the fauld,
The tither marn, S. The tither morn t	A too merkle want than the Clerk; . The Kirk's Alarm.
The tither was a ploughman's collie, . The Twa Dogs. 4.	, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,
	The tad reply'd upon the hill, . S. What will I do gin †
The tither skelpan kiss, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	To-day. When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.
And ay she took the tither souk, . S. The weary pund.	Ep. to R. Graham, 3,
Bout whom ye spak the tither day, . To Gav. Hamilton.	I live to-day as well's I may. Regardless of to-morrow, O. S. My father was a farmer t
Title. O Thou, whatever title suit thee! Add. to the Deil.	The doctrine, to-day, that is lovalty found.
It's no in titles nor in rank; It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank,	The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty found, To-morrow may bring us a halter. Poet. Add. to Tytler.
To purchase peace and rest; Ep. to Davie. 5.	Coila's fair Rachel's care to-day, Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
A title, and the only one I claim.	Toddle [to walk with short, tottering stens, like a
To lay strong hold for help on bounteous Graham.	ennaj.
Ep. to R. Graham, 4.	while I toddle on through life, V.s to a Landlady.
whose titles were shamm'd, . Extem. on "the Marquis."	Toddlin -an Todlin furnilging with short stone and
	roddin, -an, rodin twarking with short steps and
Their title's avowed by my country. Poet. Add. to Tytler.	Toddlin, -an, Todlin [walking with short steps and in a tottering way, like a child; purling, moving with a contle project
Their titles a' are empty show; . S. The Highl. Lassie.	ing with a gentle noisel.
Their titles a' are empty show; . S. The Highl. Lassie. What is title? what is treasure? The Jolly Beggars, S. VIII.	ing with a gentle noisel.
Their titles a' are empty show; . S. The Highl. Lassie. What is title? what is treasure? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. And next the title following close behind, . The Vowels.	ing with a gentle noisel.
Their titles a' are empty show; S. The Highl. Lassie. What is title? what is treasure? The Joly Beggars. S. VIII. And next the title following close behind, The Vowels. A Title, Dempster merits it; To J. S., 23.	And tadlin dawn on Willie's mill, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5. Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens, Wi' toddlin din, El. on Capt. M. H., 4.
Their titles a' are empty show; . S. The Hight. Lassie. What is title? what is ressure? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. And next the title following close behind, . The Vowels. A Title, Dempster merits it; To J. S., 23. Titled. No more of your guests, be they titled or not.	And todlin down on Willie's mill, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5. Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens, Wi toddlin din, El. on Capt. M. H., 4. The vera weethings, toddlan, rin.
Their titles a' are empty shaw; . S. The Hight. Lassie. What is title? what is treasure? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. And next the title fallowing close behind, . The Vowels. A Title, Dempster merits it; . To J. S., 23. Titled. No more of your guests, be they titled or not. Extem., To Mr. S.	And todlin down on Willie's mill, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5. Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens, W'i toddin din, El. on Capt. M. H., J. The vera wee-things, toddin, rin, W'i stocks out ower their shouther: Halloween.
Their titles a' are empty show; . S. The Hight. Lassie. What is title? what is ressure? The Jaip Beggars. S. VIII. And next the title following close behind, . The Vowels. A Title, Dempster merits it; To J. S., 23. Titled. No more of your guests, be they titled or not, Extem., To Mr. S. While titled knaves and idiat greatness shipe.	And toddin down on Willie's mill, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5. Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens, W'i toddin din, El. on Capt. M. H., J. The vera wee-things, toddian, rin, W'i stocks out owne their shouther: Halloween. The expectant wee-things, toddian, stacher through The cypectant wee-things, toddian, stacher through
Their titles a' are empty show; . S. The Hight. Lassie. What is title? what is treasure? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. And next the title fallowing close behind, . The Vowels. A Title, Dempster merits it; . To J. S., 23. Titled. No more of your guests, be they titled or not. Extem., To Mr. S. While titled knaves and idiat greatness shine Lns on Ferrusson.	And toddin down on Willie's mill, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5. Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens, W'i toddin din, El. on Capt. M. H., J. The vera wee-things, toddian, rin, W'i stocks out owne their shouther: Halloween. The expectant wee-things, toddian, stacher through The cypectant wee-things, toddian, stacher through
Their titles a' are empty show; . S. The Hight. Lassie. What is title? what is treasure? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. And next the title fallowing close behind, . The Vowels. A Title, Dempster merits it; To J. S., 23. Titled. No more of your guests, be they titled or not. Extem., To Mr. S. While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine Lns on Fergusson. Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion, Round the wealthy, titled hride . S. Mark yonder Pomp †	And toddin down on Willie's mill, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5. Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens, W'i toddin din, El. on Capt. M. H., J. The vera wee-things, toddlan, rin, W'i stocks out owne their shouther: Halloween. The expectant wee-things, toddlan, stacher through The days of the toddlan, stacher through Toddy. Sit round the table, weel content, W'sters about the roddy.
Their titles a' are empty show; . S. The Hight. Lassic. What is title? what is ressure? The Jaip Beggars. S. VIII. And next the title following close behind, . The Vowels. A Title, Dempster merits it; To J. S., 23. Titled. No more of your guests, be they titled or not. Extem, To Mr. S. While titled knaves and idiat greatness shine . Lns on Fergusson. Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion, . Kound the wealthy, titled bride. S. Mark yonder Pomp? We Labour soon, we labour late,	And toddin down on Willie's mill, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5. Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens, Wi' toddlin din, El. on Capt. M. H., J. The vera wee-things, toddlan, rin, Wi stocks out owne their shouther: Halloween. The expectant wee-things, toddlan, stacher through The Cotter's Sat. Night. Toddy. Sit round the table, weel content, An steer about the toddy. The Holy Fair. 20. The Manual Content of the Cotter's Sat. Night.
Their titles a' are empty show; . S. The Hight. Lassie. What is title? what is treasure? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. And next the title fallowing close behind, . The Vowels. A Title, Dempster merits it; To J. S., 23. Titled. No more of your guests, be they titled or not, Extem., To Mr. S. While titled knaves and idiat greatness shine Lns on Fergusson. Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion, Round the wealthy, titled bride . S. Mark yonder Pomp† We labour soon, we labour late, To feed the titled knave, man; . The Tree of Liberty.	And toddin down on Willie's mill, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5. Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens, Wi' toddlin din, El. on Capt. M. H., J. The vera wee-things, toddlan, rin, Wi stocks out owne their shouther: Halloween. The expectant wee-things, toddlan, stacher through The Cotter's Sat. Night. Toddy. Sit round the table, weel content, An steer about the toddy. The Holy Fair. 20. The Manual Content of the Cotter's Sat. Night.
Their titles a' are empty show; S. The Hight. Lassie. What is title? what is treasure? The Jaip Beggars. S. VIII. And next the title following close behind, The Vowels. A Title, Dempster merits it; To J. To J. S., 23. Titled. No more of your guests, be they titled or not. Extern., To Mr. S. While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine Lnson Fergusson. Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion, Kound the wealthy, titled hride. S. Mark yonder Pomp? We labour soon, we labour late, To feed the titled knave, man; The Tree of Liberty. Tit-ta. when than shalt ca' me Tit-to or daddy.	And todlin down on Willie's mill, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5. Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens, Wi 'toddlin din, El. on Capt. M. H., J. The vera wee-things, toddlan, rin, Wi 'stocks out own their shouther: Halloween. The expectant wee-things, toddlan, stacher through The Cotter's Sat. Night. Toddy. Sit round the table, weel content. An' steer about the toddy. The Holy Fair. 20. Toe. "If that your right hand, leg or toe, "Should ever prove your sprittal foe, What ails ye now the
Their titles a' are empty show; . S. The Hight. Lassie. What is title? what is treasure? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. And next the title fallowing close behind, . The Vowels. A Title, Dempster merits it; To J. S., 23. Titled. No more of your guests, be they titled or not, Extem., To Mr. S. While titled knaves and idint greatness shine Lns on Fergusson. Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion, Round the wealthy, titled bride. S. Mark yonder Pomp† We labour soon, we labour late, To feed the titled knave, man; . The Tree of Liberty, Tit-ta. when thou shalt ca' me Tit-ta or daddy.	And todlin down on Willie's mill, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5. Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens, W'i toddin din, El. on Capt. M. H., 4. The vera wes-things, toddian, rin, W'i stocks out owne their shouther: Halloween. The expectant weet-things, toddian, stacher theory. The context's Sait. Night. Toddy. Sit round the table, well content, An'ster about the toddy. The Holy Fair. 20. "If that your right hand, leg or toe, "Should ever prove your sprittal foe, What ails ye now together.
Their titles a' are empty show; S. The Hight. Lassic. What is title? what is treasure? The Joily Beggars. S. VIII. And next the title following close behind, The Vowels. A Title, Dempster merits it; To Joint Vowels. Titled. No more of your guests, be they titled or not, Extern., To Mr. S. While titled knaves and idiat greatness shine Lns on Fergusson. Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion, Kound the wealthy, titled bride. S. Mark yonder Pomp† We labour soon, we labour late, To feed the titled knave, man; The Tree of Liberty. Tit-ta. when thou shalt ca' me Tit-ta or daddy. Add. to Illegit. Child. Tittlan [whispering].	And todlin down on Willie's mill, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5. Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens, Wi toddlin din, El. on Capt. M. H., J. The vera wee-things, toddlan, rin, Wi stocks out owne their shouther: Halloween. The expectant wee-things, toddlan, stacher through The Cotter's Sat. Night. Toddy. Sit round the table, weel content, An steer about the toddy. The Holy Fair. 20. The Holy Fair 20. "If that your right hand, leg or toe, "Should ever prove your sprittual foe, "Should ever prove your sprittual foe, Together. But gie me a braw moonlight,
Their titles a' are empty show; . S. The Hight. Lassie. What is title? what is treasure? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. And next the title fallowing close behind, . The Vowels. A Title, Dempster merits it; To J. S., 23. Titled. No more of your guests, be they titled or not, Extem., To Mr. S. While titled knaves and idint greatness shine Lns on Fergusson. Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion, Round the wealthy, titled bride. S. Mark yonder Pomp† We labour soon, we labour late, To feed the titled knave, man; . The Tree of Liberty, Tit-ta. when thou shalt ca' me Tit-ta or daddy.	And todlin down on Willie's mill, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5. Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens, W'i toddin din, El. on Capt. M. H., 4. The vera wes-things, toddian, rin, W'i stocks out owne their shouther: Halloween. The expectant weet-things, toddian, stacher theory. The context's Sait. Night. Toddy. Sit round the table, well content, An'ster about the toddy. The Holy Fair. 20. "If that your right hand, leg or toe, "Should ever prove your sprittal foe, What ails ye now together.

Together hymning their Creator's praise,

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.

We lived full one and twenty years
A man and wife together; . . S. The loyful Widower.

Oil. And eyes the simple rustic Hind. *Whose toil upholds the glitt ring show, A Winter Night. 7.	Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great, Ed. on Capt. M. H., th. "That fillest an untimely tomb, Lament for Glenzairn.
My funny toil is now a' tint, Add. to Illegit. Child. Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,	th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies. Sommet. on Peach of R To-morrow. When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.
May plunge an plunge the kirn in vain; Add. to the Dec. 10. Wha drudge and drive thro wet and dry,	Ep. to R. Graham. 3. I think I main wed him—to-merrow, S. Last May a britte tracer f
Wi' never-ceasing toil;	I live to-day as well's I may, Regardless of to-morrow, O. S. My father was a farmer t
Ease frae toil, relief frae care: S. Frae the friends t	Like the beam of the day-star to morrow. On Peach of far. Child.
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil, S. O Logan! sweetly † Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-sair, At's weary toil; Statch Drink o.	The doctrine, to-day, that is loyalty found. To-morrow may bring us a halter. Post. Add. to Tytler.
Hapless wretches sold to toil, S. Sireams that glide t	That grandchild's cap will do tomorrow Stende, Nen-Yr's Pay.
The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer-toils. The Brigs of Ayr. 2.	As praying's the ton of your fashion; S. The Some of old K
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil. The Cetter's Sat. Night. 3. thy hardy sons of rustic toil,	And strikes the ever-deep ning tones. A Desi. to G. H 10.
For a' that, and a' that, Our toils obscure, and a' that. S. The Honest Man.	Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell Add. to Toethache. He knows each chord its various tone, Add. to Unco Guid. S.
Awakes me up to toil and woe; The Lamen:.	Whose tones the echoing aisles prolong: . On Lincingen.
Hard by a poor Thresher whose toil it was great. S. The Foor Thresher.	Tongue. An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter To gie ane fash. Add. to I.legit. Child. Wad ding a' Lallah tongue, or Erse. Add. to the Deil. 19.
the Lab'rer's weary toil, For humble gains, The Vision. D. II. 9. Alas! what hitter toil an' straining To I. S., 20.	Altho I love my Chloris mair Than ever tongue could tell: . S. Ah, Chloris. †
By toil and famine wore to skin and bone, To R. G. of F., 6.	May ill befa' the flattering tongue That wad beguile my Nanie. S. Behind you kills t
Toil-beat. My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye. The Lament.	And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply. Est. fr. Estpast.
Toil-won. And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap; The Brigs of Ayr.	If you ratile along like your mistress's tongue. Your speed will outrival the dart: Extem. pinned to Coach.
Toil-worn. The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes. The Cotter's Sat. Night.	O had your tongue now. Luckie Laing. O had your tongue and jauner; S. Gat 50 me. ?
Toil, to. To give him leave to toil; Man was made to Mourn. So I must toil and sweat and broil,	How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired, Monody, on a Lady.
S. My father was a farmer t For Comedy abroad he need na toil Scots Prolegue.	The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair." What tongue his woes can tell; S. Now Spring has elast? Beware a tongue that's smoothly hung: O lease wirels?
Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay: The Brigs of Ayr. 9.	subtile Litigation's pliant tongue On Death of R. Dundas.
I moil, and I toil, and I harrow and plough. S. The Poor Thresher.	every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue. On Death of Sir J. Blair.
I moil, and I toil, and I labour all day, Iô. With joy, with rapture, I would toil; S. Twas even—the deay +	howsoe'er our tangues may ill reveal it, Preligiee, at Th., D Three lawyers' tengues, turn'd inside out, WI' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout; [v.A. i6] Tam o' Shanter.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils, Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	Auld Scotland has a raucle tongue; The Author's Cry and Prayer. 22.
My Jockey tolls upon the plain, . S. Young Jockey † Toll'd.	O hand your tongue, my feirrie auld wife. O hand your tongue, now Nansie. O: S. The deuks dang o'er.
Ev'n you on murd'ring errands toil'd, A Winter Night. 5. The winter wild in tempest toil'd, S. The day returns t	The tongue of the trump to them a : The Election Ballads, III.
In summer he toil'd thro' the faint, sultry heat: S. The Poor Thresher.	The music of thy tongue I heard. Nor wist while it enslaved me: S. The last time I i No tongue then was able their joy to express,
Some, lucky, find a flow'ry spot, For which they never toil door swat: To J. S., 17- Toiling.	That e'er I heard your flattering tongre. The Ruined Maid's Lament.
Frue morn to een it's nought but toiling, At baking, roasting, frying, boiling; The Twa Degs. 9.	Demogratis truth-prevailing tongue: [v.A.23]
Token. Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token, The Inventory.	Those accents, grateful to thy toague,
And in token of favour he gave him a ring. S. The Poor Thresher.	Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil, The Whistle. 7
Their tokens of love, and their true thankfulness; Ic. I took her for some Scottish Muse, The Vision D. L.O.	WT his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue. S. To daunton me Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts. To R. G. of F.
By that same token, . The Filter 2017	A clapper tongue wad deave a miller; . S. Willie Wastle
(For none that knew him need be told) . Epit. for R. A.	Yet let not this too much, my Son,
The village bell has told the hour, . S. Here is the given,	Toofa' [Mit to fall; the close; "toofa' o' the night,
Toll.	the evening.
While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes; To W. Simpson. Tom Jones.	Took. Down Lowrie's burn he took a turn, A Fragment. 2
Your fine Tom Jones and Grandisons, . O leave nevers	For Philadelphia, man:
Tomahawks, wi hlude red-rusted; Tam o Shanter. 11	We took the road av like a Swallow: A Guid New-Year to
Tomb. My woes here, shall close on er,	As down the burn they took their way, S. As down the turn

With linked hands we took the sands, S. As I gaed up by	And pledging aft to meet again,
"E'en here, I took the last farewell; S. Behold the hour † She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly, S. Caledonia.	We tore ourselves asunder. S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams
The fell Harpy-raven took wing from the north, 16.	Torment.
I stacher'd whyles, but yet took tent ay	But, oh! what will my torments be, If thou refuse thy Johnie? S. Craigie-burn Wood
To free the ditches; Death and Dr. Hornbook, 3.	O hurning hell! in all thy store of torments
Tho' leeward whyles, against my will, I took a hicker	There's not a keener lash! Remorse. A Frag The slighted maids my torments see, . S. Young Jamie,
I took the way that pleas'd mysel, And sae did Death	Torment, to.
And sae did Death	An' Gouts torment him, inch hy inch, . Scotch Drink. I
And flang them a' out o'er the burn. S. Duncan Davison.	Tormenting. For oh! love forsaken's a tormenting pain.
Satan took stuff to mak a swine, . Epig. on A. Turner.	Torn. S. As I was a-wand ring
Thou [Death] ne'er took such a hleth'ran b-tch, Into thy dark dominion! Epit. on a noisy Polemic.	He's gane ! he's gane ! he's frae us torn, El. on Capt. M. H.,
Sae craftilie she took me ben, S. Had I the wyte †	From pomp and pleasure torn; Man was made to Mours How I would mourn when it was torn, S. O were my love
An' Mary, nae douht, took the drunt,	How I would mourn when it was torn, S. O were my love By early Winter's ravage torn; S. The gloomy night
They took a plough and plough'd him down, John Barleycorn. The sun took delight to shine for its sake;	From ev'ry joy and pleasure torn, The Lamen
S. Lady Mary Ann.	What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn. S. The lazy mist
He took my heart as wi' a net, . S. My heart was ance t	Torn from that levely shore, and must never see it more; S. The Slave's Lamen
He took a hanf and gied it to me, . S. My Sandy gied † To thee my fancy took its wing, S. O Mary, at thy window †	My Mary from my soul was torn To Mary in Heaver
Hands that took-hut never gave. Ode, to Mem. of Mrs	By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear: To R. G. of F., 5
So, took a birth afore the mast, On Scot. Bard gne to W.I.	Torrent. Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
The Muse was a' that he took pride io,	Add. to Shade of Thomson
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Or torrents owre a linn, Extem. in Court of Session aghast, The wheeling torrent viewing, S. Farewell, thou stream
He left his bed and took his wayward rout, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	S. Farewell, thou stream
It chanc'd his new-come neehor took his e'e, 1b. 4.	Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods. S. My heart's in the Highlands
And hrandy Jean, that took her gill, The Election Ballads. I.	And, all devout, he never sought
An' each took off his several way, The Twa Dogs. 35.	To stem the sacred torrent
I took her for some Scottish Muse, And ay she took the tither souk, S. The Weary Pund.	On Death of R. Dundas
She took the rock, and wi'n knock,	In mony a torrent down the snaw-broo rowes; The Brigs of Ayr. 7
She brak it o'er my pow	There, high my boiling torrent smokes, Wild-roaring o'er a lina: . The Petition of Br. Water
An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it, Third Ep. to J. Lap She took the wing like fire! To Miss Ferrier.	Wild-roaring o'er a lina: . The Petition of Br. Water And many a lesser torrent scuds, . The Vision. D. I. 14
They took has pains their speech to balance.	Turbid torreats, wintry swelling, . S. Thickest night
To W. Simpson. P.S. That faith the youngsters took the sands	To rule their torrent in th' allowed line; Why am I loth
That faith, the youngsters took the sands Wi' nimhle shanks,	As high in air the bursting torrents flow, IVr. by Fall of Fyers
For there I took the last farewell Of my sweet Highland Mary.	Torrid. Who distant burns in flaming torrid climes, Once fondly lov'd
Of my sweet Highland Mary. S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams	Far dearer than the torrid plains Where rich ananas blow!
Toolzie v. Tulzie. Toom [empty].	Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
I'se be fou and thou'se be toom, S. Carl, an the king come.	Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid heams. To R. G. of F., 7 Torture. No fabled tortures, quaint and tame. The Lament
Because he gat the toom dish thrice,	What throes, what tortures passing cure,
He heav'd them on the fire,	Were in my bosom swelling: S. The last time I Torture, to.
Her mutchkin stowp as toom's a whissle;	M'[Kinlay], R[ussel], are the boys
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 7.	That Heresy can forture; The Ordination. 13 Tortur'd.
Jamy Goose, ye ha'e made but toom roose, The Kirk's Alarm.	That shoots my tortur'd gums alang; . Add. to Tooth-ache
Toom'd [emptied]. They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd their duds,	Torturing. (A while forbear, ye torturing fiends), Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII.	The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt
Tooth [v. also Teeth]. And fretful envy grins in vain	Remorse. A Frag.
The poison'd tooth to fasten S. Young Peggy †	Tory. How Tories fell and Whigs to h-ll Flew off S, The Battle of Sherra-Moor
Tooth-ache. Thou, Toothache surely bear'st the hell Amang them a'! Add. to Toothache.	S, The Battle of Sherra-Moor Blew up each Tory's dark designs, The Election Ballads, VI
Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal	who set at nought The wildest savage Tory,
A towmond's Tooth-Ache! Ib. Toothy [biting]. And toothy critics by the score,	To these what Tory hosts oppos'd
In bloody raw! To W. Creech.	With these what Tory warriors clos'd,
Tootie. Master Tootie, Alias, Laird M'Gaun, To Gav. Hamilton.	Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame;
Master Tootie, Alias, Laird M'Gaun, To Gav. Hamilton. Top. so trig from top to toe, S. John Anderson, †	The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns; Ib.
And when my hope was at the top, I still was worst mistakeo, O. S. My father was a farmer †	The Tory ranks are broken
	Toss [a belle, a beauty].
The fruitful top is spread on high, And firm the root below	my honie sel', The toss of Ecclefechan S. Gat ye me,
Then top and maintop croud the sail, To J. S., 11.	Toss, to. Ere ye toss me afar from my lov'd native shore :
Tore. Or tore, with noble product stung,	Lament, on leaving Nat. Land There at them thou thy tail may toss, . Tam o' Shanter. 18
The Sceptic's bays. The Vision. D. II. 6.	An' toss thy horns fu' canty: The Ordination. 6.

Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field, The Whistle, o.	saw in halls and towers That lust and pride, In state preside The Hermit.
O Jenny dinna toss your head, To a Louse.	Beside Kirkendbright's towers, The Election Ballads, V.
Toss'd, Tost.	Sae, in the tower o' Cardoness,
And still, as signs of life appear'd, They toss'd him to and fro John Barleycorn.	A howlet sits at noon
And like the rootless stubble tost,	S. The noble Maxwells †
Before the sweeping hlast The 1st Psalm.	By stately tow'r, or palace fair, [v.A.4] The Vision.
There, mountains to the skies were tost: The Vision. D. I. 13. Pother. A gaudsman ane, a thrasher t'other, The Inventory.	Towering.
When the tother hag I sell and the tother bottle tell,	I see her wave thy towering plumes afar, Ep. fr. Esopus. He'll shade my hanks wi' towering trees
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	The Petition of Br. Water.
Now we mann totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go.	Towmond, Towmont [a twelvemonth].
S. John Anderson, T	Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal A towmond's Tooth-Ache! Add, to Toothache.
Tottering. the palsied arm of tottering, powerless age Liberty.	A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
Touch. It's [Honor's] slightest touches, instant pause	A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a'; S. Contented wi' little †
Ep. to Young Friend, 8.	A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck! . El. on Year 1788.
Come, kittle up your moorlan harp Wi' gleesome touch! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, &.	Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
Resist the crumbling touch of time;	A towmont gude; On Grose's Peregrinations. For mair than a towmond or twa. man; Ronalds of Bennals.
And ev'n his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd! The Brigs of Ayr. 12.	How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' Lint was i' the bell.
	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer, An' they mann starve o' cauld and bunger: The Twa Dogs. 11.	Town [a general name including towns from a city to a hamlet and farmhouse].
Touch, to.	When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town,
And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch. S. Contented wi' little †	S. Cock up your beaver.
My Muse, the hamely in attire, May touch the heart. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 13.	Gin a body meet a body, Comin frae the town, S. Comin thro' the rye.
A gaudy dress and gentle air	I'll ay ca' in by yon town, S. I'll ay ca' in t
A gaudy dress and gentle air May slightly touch the heart S. Handsome Nell.	My mither sent me to the town, . S. My heart was ance t
For surely that would touch her heart S. O stay, sweet warbling †	And you the toast of a' the town, S. O Mary, at thy window † O wat ye wha's in yon town,
I ken the devils dare na touch me The Inventory.	Ve see the evining sun upon? [re.] S. O wat ye wha's in t
An' touch it aff wi' vigour, The Ordination. 4.	The sun blinks blythe on yon town,
The present only toucheth thee: To a Mouse.	A fairer than's in yon town, His setting beam ne'er shone upon. [re.] Ib.
Touched, -'d.	Thro' a' the town she trotted by him; . Poor Mailie's El.
as he touch'd his trembling harp Lament for Glencairn. Like frost-work touched by southern gales; On Lincluden.	But my delight in yon town,
But fairer never touch'd a heart S. Sae far awa.	And dearest joy, is Lucy fair
So touched, bewitched, I rav'd ay to mysel:	What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on? Scots Prologue.
The Ans. to the Guidwife.	(Auld Ayr, wham ne er a town surpasses, For honest men and bonny lasses.). Tam o' Shanter. 2.
Nay more—there is danger in touching; Inscrip. on Goblet.	
Tour. A man of fashion too, he made his tour, . Sketch.	Should grace the Lass of Albany.
To make a tour an' tak a whirl, The Twa Dogs. 22.	Ye godly Councils wha hae blest this town; The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Tout [the blast of a horn or trumpet].	The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Now he [Death] proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet, Tam Samson's dead! Tam Samson's El., 10.	A cannie errand to a neehor town: The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Tout, to [to blow a horn or trumpet].	The deil cam fiddlin' thro' the town, S. The deil cam fiddlin' t
But now the L-'s ain trumpet touts, Till a' the hills are rairan, The Holy Fair. 21.	To send a lad to London town [re.] The Election Ballads. 1.
Touzle [to rumple].	And he wad gae to London town, [re.]
May never wicked fortune touzle him: 10 11 . Cretter.	Whom will you send to London town,
Tow [a rope; coarse flax].	New-christening towns far and oear
As e'er in tug or tow was drawn! . A Guid New-Year † 11. Clinkumbell, wi'rattlan tow, The Holy Fair. 26.	But Homer like the glowrac byke, Frae town to town I draw that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd	Frae town to town I draw that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
The weary pund o' tow; S. The weary Pund.	Town of Ayr, town of Ayr, it was mad I declare, The Kirk's Alarm.
I think my wife will end her life,	Or try the wicked town of A[yr], The Ordination. 9.
And at three che has made of that.	There's a boutfu' o' lads Come to our town to sell S. There's news, lasses †
Is ae poor pund o' tow.	Come to our town to sell S. There's news, lasses † A' the colours in the town,
And ay she took the tither souk,	I hae won their wanton favour
Che spin your tan o' tow!	Young Jockey was the hlythest lad In a our town or here awa; S. Young Jockey t
And or I wad anither jad, I'll wallop in a tow Ib.	Towns-bodies.
Tower. As I stood by you rooness tower	Towns-bodies ran, an' stood ahiegh, A Gude New-Year † &
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs Add. to Edinburgh.	Towrin (towering).
Yonder Clouden's silent towers, S. Hark! the maxis † A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower, S. O mirk, mirk †	The vera tapmost, towrin height O' Miss's bonnet To a Louse.
Who now commands the towers and lands—	Towsing [handling roughly, dishevelling].
The royal right of Albany S. The bonie Lass of Alb.	For towsing a lass i' my daffin. The Jolly Beggars, S. III.
And Wallace Tow'r had sworn the fact was true: The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	Towzie [rough, shaggy].
The attent man shape high o'er tow'r and tree: Ib.	A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large, Tam o' Shanter. 11.
A female form, [Benevolence] came from the tow'rs of Stair:	His breast was white, his towzie back, Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black; . The Twa Dogs. 5.

Toy [an old fashion of female headdress].
on an auld wife's flainen toy; To a Louse.
Toy. How sune it [wild-rose] tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy! S. I do confess † Amid their flaring, idle toys, . S. The Contented Cottager.
Toyte [to totter like old age]. We'll toyte about wi' ane anither; A Guid New-Year † 18.
Tozie [tipsy]. An' ay he gies the tozie drab The tither skelpan kiss, The folly Beggars, R. I.
The tither skelpan kiss, The Jolly Beggars. R. I. Trace.
A "hare-brain'd, sentimental trace" The Vision. D. I. 10. To mark the embryotic trace, Of rustic Bard; Ib. D. II. 10. Nae hare-brain'd, sentimental traces, To J. S., 27.
Trace, to. Wild-heats my heart, to trace your steps, Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
Yet oft, delighted, [Summer] stops to trace The progress of the spiky blade. Add. to Shade of Thomson. Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace? Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace; On searing Water-fowl. Still, if some Patron's gen'rous care he trace, The Brigs of Ayr.
For her I'll trace a distant shore; . S. The Highl. Lassic.
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
These northern scenes with weary feet 1 trace; Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Trac'd.
Where never human footstep trac'd, Despondency, an Ode. 4.
As e'er in tug or tow was trac'd
Tracery. knit with curious tracery On Lincluden.
Trade.
As busy Trade his labours plies; Add, to Edinburgh. 2. Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,
*And faith, he'll waur me. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13. 'An honest Wabster to his trade,
'So dima ye affront your trade, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 4. He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle; Frag., inscr. to Fox.
And taen the—Antiquarian trade,
I think they call it. On Grose's Peregrinations. Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry hough; The Brigs of Ayr.
Broken trade o' Broughton, A' in high repair. The Election Ballads. IV.
And I served out my Trade when the gallant game was play'd, The Jolly Beggars. S. I.
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
Of a' the trades that I do ken, Commend me to the Ploughman . S. The Ploughman.
But soon grew weary o' the trade, The Tree of Liberty.
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade. To R. G. of F., Tragic.
There's themes enow in Caledonian story, Wad shew the Tragic Muse in a' her glory. Scots Prologue.
Train. Still cronding thoughts, a pensive train, A Winter Night. 6.
Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
'Tis the soft, spotless, vestal train, On Lincluden.
Once the lov'd haunts of Scotia's royal train; On Death of Sir I. Blair.
Say, Lassie, why thy train amang, Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang But wi' miscarriage? Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
A fairy train appear'd in order bright: The Brigs of Ayr. 11. The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene; The Cotter's Sat. Night.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose: Ib.
The black ning trains o' craws to their repose: 16. Here's to all the wandering train! The folly Beggars. S. VIII. Keen Recollection's direful train. The Lawrent
Keen Recollection's direful train, The Lament.
Not so the Muses' mad-cap train, To R. G. of F., 8.
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train, The ministers of Grief and Pain,
An' far unworthy of thy train, . To Rev. J. M'Math. Train-attendant.
Nor for a train-attendant; Ep. to Young Friend. 7.

Train-attended. Does the train-attended Carriage Through the country lighter rove?

The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. Train'd. And train'd to arms in stern misfortune's field, The Brigs of Ayr. Traitor Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns, Ye're but a pack o traiter found,
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
Lament of Mary of Scots. S. Awa, whies, awa, Wha will be a traitor knave?. . S. Scots, wha ha'e t Traitor, coward, turn and flee! And he wha acts the traitor's part, It to perdition sends, man. . . The Tree of Liberty. For hireling traitors' wages. . . S. The Union. Tram. Ae leg an' baith the trams are broken; The Inventory. Wi' woo' like goats, an' legs like trams; [v.A.19]

Poor Mailie's El.. Tramp. Knowledge, on a random tramp, . The Bries of Avr. 10. Transgression. And punish each transgression : . The Ordination, 5. Transmit. But please transmit the enclosed letter,
S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. † Transmugrify'd [transformed]. Till, quite transmugrify'd, they're grown Debauchery and Drinking: A Add, to Unco Guid. 5. Transpiere'd. That heart transpiere'd with many a wound;
S. The gloomy night † Transport. And do I hear my Jeanie own,
That equal transports move her? S. Come, let me take thee \(\) My heart did glowing transport feel, [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I. And bring an angel pen to write My transports wi' my Anna! S. The gowd. Locks of A. Those records dear of transports past, To Mary in Heaven. Transported. Transported I was with my Sodger laddie.

The Jolly Beggars. S. II. Trap. But fell in a trap On the braes o' Gemappe, The Black-Headed Eagle. Trash. In a' the tinsel trash o' state ! El. on Capt. M. H. 16. Wae worth that Brandy, hurnan trash! Scotch Drink. 15. Poor devil! see him owre his trash. . To a Haggis. Trashtrie [trash] Wi' sauce, ragouts, an sic like trashtrie, The Twa Dogs. q. Travail. Come ease, or come travail, come pleasure or pain; S. Contented wi' little, Travel. For the man that loves his mistress weel Nae travel makes him weary. S. Here's to thy health, † My travel a' on foot I'll shank it. The Inventory. Travel, to. An' tho' you lowan hengh's thy hame,
Thou travels far; Add. to the Deil. 3.
Travel the constry thro' and thro', . . S. Hee balou, † Travell'd. So travell'd monkies their grimace improve, . Trav'llers. An' nighted Trav'llers are allur'd To their destruction. Traversing. An' aft your moss-traversing Spunkies Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is: Add, to the Deil. 13.

Sketch. I've travell'd round all Christian ground
The Jolly Beggars, S. VI.

Add, to the Deil. 12.

Treacherle. And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true? Ep. fr. Esopus.

I die by treacherie; . . S. Farewell, ye dungcons † Treacherous. A dear-lov'd lad, convenience snug, A treacherous inclination

Add. to Unco Guid. 6. Tread. The trembling earth resounds his tread, To a Haggis. Tread. to.

a shapely shank, As e'er tread vird : A Guid New Year t 2. O tread ye lightly on his grass, . Epit. on a Wag. And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford. Treason.

But surely Dreams were ne'er indicted Treason. A Dream. To wyte her [my Muse's] countrymen wi' treason! Scotch Drink. 1.1. And bar'd the treason under. . The Election Ballads. VI.

	1
O would, or I had seen the day That treason thus could sell us, S. The Union.	It's
Treasure.	Ye'r
For oh! the yellow treasure's taen	She
By witching skill; . Add. to the Deil. 10.	And
When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms, I clasp my countless treasure, O! S. An' I'll kiss thee yet t	The
Know thy form was once a treasure; . Blue Bonnets.	I see
The bands and bliss o' mutual love, O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!	Who A
S. Braw lads on Yar, braes †	Wh
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure. S. By Allan stream †	Who Kirl
the pleasure The fickle Fair can give thee, Is but a fairy treasure, S. Deluded Swain †	Wi
Is but a fairy treasure, S. Deluded Savain	F:
Nae treasures, nor pleasures Could make us happy lang; Ep. to Davie. 5.	Pro
An' trowth my rhymin' ware's nae treasure ;	The
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 11.	Ben
But your green graff, now, Luckie Laing, Wad airt me to my treasure S. Gat ye me †	The
Let her lo's see man but me	
Let her lo'e nae man but me; There the Lover's treasure lies, S. Jockey fou †	Tha W
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,	He
Lns extem. in Lady's Pocket-bk.	
The greybeard, old wisdom, may hoast of his treasures, Lns on Windows, Gl. Tav.	Or, M
What are their showy treasures? . S. Mark yonder Pompt	But
But now I've found a trensure	Alas
Too rich for a King to buy. S. My Love's a winsome t	Si
That make the miser's treasure poor: S. O Mary, at thy window	Hea
Else why within so thick a wall	Upo
Enclose so poor a treasure? On Com. Goldie's Brains.	The
Thine be ilka joy and treasure, . S. One fond kiss †	For H
Already in thy fancy's eye, Thy sicker treasure. Poem on Life.	That
What pleasure, what treasure, Unto these rosy lips to grow: S. Sae flaxen	
Unto these rosy lips to grow: S. Sae flaxen Leeze me on rhyme! it's ay a treasure. Second Ep. to Davie.	With Is
Dearly bought the hidden treasure	Wi*
Finer feelings can bestow! S. Sensibility, †	Wi [*]
With richer treasures bless my sight!	Syne
S. Slow spreads the gloom † As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure, . Tam o' Shanter. 6.	
What is title? what is treasure? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.	The And
	The
Take away these rosy lips, Rich with halmy treasure: S. Thine am I †	Sh
And all the treasures of the mind To a yng Lady.	Wha
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive Bum owre their treasure. To W. Simpson. 16.	0
If ance I had my lovely treasure.	On e Whe
If ance I had my lovely treasure, Let the rest admire and die. S. Will ye go and marry †	Byr
By the treasure of my soul That's the love I bear thee! . S. Wilt thou be my t	The
	Fu':
Your dear remembrance in my breast,	Tree-
My fondly-treasur'd thoughts employ'd. The Lament. 6.	_
Tree.	Trem
And raging bend the naked tree; S. Again rejoicing Nature	Tot
Amang the trees where humming hees S. Amang the trees t	
When glimmering through the trees appear'd, You wee white Cot aboon the Mill, . As on the banks †	Whe
" Alas I" anoth I. " what ruefu chance,	I tre
"Has twin'd ye o' your bonie trees; 1b.	Trem
"The worm that gnaws my honie trees, "That Reptile wears a Ducal crown!"	And
"Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees :	I tre
	Trem
Ye houlets, frae your ivy bower, In some auld tree, or eldritch tower, El. on Capt. M. II., 10.	On t
In some and tree, or eldriten tower, Et. on Capt. M. 11. 10. So deckt the woodbine sweet you aged tree, El on Miss Burnet.	Tren
El on Miss Burnet.	The
She cast about a standard tree to find;	as he
Ep. to K. Granam, 4.	Yest Ti
Trees with aged arms were warring, S. I dream'd I lay	
She'll wander by the aiken tree, S. I'll ay ca' in †	Nor
The feather'd people you might see, Perch'd all around on every tree, S. It was the charming	The
"I am a bending aged tree, "That long has stood the wind and rain;	Who
"That long has stood the wind and rain;	I joy
Lament for Glencairn.	

Now Nature hangs her mantle green

On every blooming tree, . Lament of Mary of Scots.

a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree; S. O meikle thinks my love t re like to the bark o' you rotten tree; wanders by you spreading tree; S. O wat to wha's int d gane, alas! the sheltering tree, On Birth of Posth. Child. groaning trees untimely shed their locks, On Death of Sir I. Blair. e the flowers and spreading trees, S. Sweet fa's the evet en yon green leaves fade frae the tree, round my grave they'll wither. glimmering through the groaning trees, k-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze; Tam o' Shanter, 10. lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, rae aff its thorny tree; S. The Banks of Doon, Sett. II. silent moon shone high o'er tow'r and tree: . . . Ib. 3. neath the shelter of an aged tree; The Cotter's Sat. Night. western breeze steals through the trees, The Fête Champetre. it man shall flourish like the trees hich by the streamlets grow; . . The 1st Psalm. ll shade my banks wi' towering trees. The Petition of Br. Water. ere the bud was on the tree, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV. s! sae sweet a tree as love, ic bitter fruit should bear! The Ruined Maid's Lament. ard ye o' the tree o' France, . The Tree of Liberty. this tree there grows sic fruit, 15 courtly vermin's banned the tree, 16. Freedom standing by the tree, er sons did loudly ca', man; . 11 at sic a tree cannot be found wixt London and the Tweed, man. . 11 hout this tree, alake this life but a vale o' woe, man; . 14 plenty o' sic trees, I trow, he warld would live in peace, man; . 16. ne let us pray, auld England may ure plant this far-famed tree, man; . Thresher's weary flingin-tree, The Vision. D. I. 2. the small hirds sing on every tree; The Winter it is past † trees now naked groaning, hall soon wi' leaves he hinging, S. The yng Highl. Rover. are the trees and the branches will be our safe guard. S. There grows a bonie t every tree appear my verses . . . To Clarinda. en winds rave thro' the naked tree; To W. Simpson. mony a flow'r and spreading tree, S. Where Cart rins t elenfless trees my fancy please, Winter. sweet upon its thorny tree; . S. I'e banks and bracs † root. I sat me down to ponder, Upon an auld tree-root: One night as I t ble. Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! S. Farewell, thou fair day t tremble under Fortune's cummock, S. On Scot Bard ene to W. I. ere two wheel-harrows tremble when they meet, The Brigs of Ayr. 6. emble to approach an angry God, Why am I loth † bled. -'d.

Trembled, -d.
And trembl'd where he stood.
And trembl'd where he stood.
S. On a bank of flowers t
I trembling.
On trembling string, or vocal air.
S. A Rosebud by myt

On trembling string, or vocal air, S. A Kosteud by my Trembling. I dow nought hut glowr.

The trembling dove thus flies, as he touch'd his trembling harp,
Vestreen, when to the trembling string
The dance gued thro' the lighted ha,
S. O Mary, at thy window the string the stri

Norquit for me the trembling spray, S. O stay, weet varieting.

The silvery moonbeams trembling play:

On Lincluden.

Who trembling heard my parting sigh,
S. Slow spreads the gloom to S. Sow spreads the gloom to S.

I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill. . . . The Lament.
And call the trembling vowels to account. . The Vowels.

As trembling U stood staring all aghast, . The Vowels. So trembling, pure, was tender love	Tried all my skill, but find I'm still Just where I was before Symon Gray †
Within the breast of honie Jean. S. There was a lass † The trembling earth resounds his tread, To a Haggis.	But I hae tried this border knight, I'll try him yet again The Election Ballads. I.
With trembling voice I tune my strain To Rev. J. M'Math.	In spite at her plumage he [Phœbus] tried his skill: S. The heather was blooming
Trench. This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench.	And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	Trifle.
'They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a shengh, In twa-three year. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 24.	I send you a trifle, a head of a hard, A trifle scarce worthy your care; Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Trencher. The groaning trencher there ye fill, To a Haggis.	O, could I give thee India's wealth. As I this trifle send!
Trenching. Trenching your gushing entrails bright . To a Haggis.	Trifled.
Trepan.	Trifled aff till she's grown auld, S. Will ye go and marry trifling.
Your hearts she will trepan. S. A. Masterton's bonic Anne. The ladies' hearts he did trepan, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.	One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him! Frag., inser. to Fox.
Tresses.	Trig [spruce, neat].
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear, El. on Capt. M. II., 12. Trews, Trouse [trousers].	The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs,
the philibegs And skyrin tartan trews, S. The Battle of Shorra-Moor.	But he sae trig Lap o'er the rig, . S. The tither morn
The rose upon the breer will be him trouse an' doublet,	Auld Reckie ay he keepit tight, And trig an' braw: To W. Creech
S. Wee Willie Gray † Trial. May his son he a hangman, and he his first trial.	But Willie's wife is nae sae trig, She dights her grunzie wi' a husbion; S. Willie Wastle
At a Meet. of D. Volunteers. Your faith proved so loyal, in bot bloody trial,	Trigger.
Triangle.	Wi' durk, claymore, or rusty trigger, . Add. of Beelzebub But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose, S. Caledonia. 6. Tribe. Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,	Wi' weel-aim'd heed; Tam Samson's El., II.
Frag., inser. to Fox.	Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13
Issachar, The burden-bearing tribe. New Psalmody. When feather'd tribes are courting, S. Young Peggy †	In arioso trills and graces Ye never stray, . To J. S., 27
Tribulation. For she [our Kirk] by tribulations Is now brought very low. New Psalmody.	Trim. She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight, S. When first I saw
Tribute.	Trimly, An' [some nits] burn thegither trimly; Halloween. 7 Trinkling [trickling].
"Accept this tribute from the Bard Lament for Glencairn. The tearful tribute of a broken heart.	Comes trinkling down her swan-white neck, S. O Mally's meek
Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford, Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind. To Miss Graham.	Trin'le [the wheel of a barrow]. An' my auld mother brunt the trin'le The Inventory
And all the tribute of my heart returns, To R. Graham. Trick.	Trip. Though 'twere a trip to you blue warl', To Mr. Renton
The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools Add. to Toothache.	Tripe. Aboon them a' ye tak your place, Painch, tripe, or thairm: To a Haggis
Their donsie tricks, their hlack mistakes. Add. to Unco Guid. Your dreams an' tricks	Tripped. She tripped by the banks of Earn.
Will send you, Korah-like, a sinkin, . Ep. to J. R. Play'd me sic a trick, S. Kohin shure in hairst.	She tripped by the banks of Earn, As light's a bird upon a thorn S. Elythe was she, Tripping.
Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,	Tripping o'er the pearly lawn, . S. It was the charming
With the ready trick and fable	A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight, Sketch lightly tripping among the wild flowers, S. Their groves of
Round we wander all the day; Ib. S. VIII. lest he learn the callan tricks	Triumphant. England. triumphant, display her proud rose S. How pleasant the banks
An' some, to learn them for their tricks, Were hang'd an' hrunt. To W. Simpson, P.S.	Triumphant crushan't like a moscle The Author's Cry and Prayer 7
Trick, to. Dame life, tho' fiction out may trick her, Poem on Life.	Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
Trickie [tricksy].	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16
Tho' ye was trickie, slee and funnie, Ye ne'er was donsie; A Gnid New-Year † 5.	Her grandsire, old Odin, triumphantly swore, S. Caledonia Triumph'd. Nor envious death so triumph'd in a blow,
Trickle. Adown my heard the slavers trickle! . Add. to Toothache.	Trodden.
Trickled. The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain; S. As I was a-wand ring †	The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead, Now trodden like the vilest weed, . S. O Lassie, art thou
When the tear trickled bright, . On Death of fav. Child.	Trode. But Phemie was the blythest lass
Trickling. Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose; Poor Mailie's El	That ever trode the dewy green. S. Blythe was she, a good bay mare, As ever trode on airn:
Tried, Try'd, Try't.	Trode i' the mire out o' sight!
But sax Scotch mile, thon try't their mettle, A Guid New-Year † 10.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10 Learning and Worth in equal measures trode,
'I might as weel hae try'd a quarry 'O' hard whin-rock, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18.	The Brigs of Ayr. 13
Half-jest, she [nature] tried one curious labour more, Ep. to R. Graham, 3.	Troggin [wares sold by wandering merchants]. Wha will buy my troggin,
Friend of the poet tried and leal, . Friend of the poet † Her prentice han' she try'd on man,	Gude election ware; The Election Ballads. IV Buy braw troggin, Frae the banks o' Dee;
An' then she made the lasses, O. S. Green grow the Rashes.	Wha wants troggin Let him come to me
Sometime when nae ane see'd him, An' try't that night	Troke [to exchange, barter].
Scarce ane has tried the shepherd-sang But wi' miscarriage? Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	Wi' you no friendship I will troke Nor cheap nor dear, To Mr. J. Kennedy

Iroop.	Truce. But truce with abstraction, and truce with a nusse, Frag., inser. to Fox.
Lord, send a rough-shod troop o' Hell O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell, The Election Ballads. VI.	But loyalty truce! we're on dangerous ground,
I could meet a troop of Hell at the sound of a drum.	Poet. Add. to Tytler.
The Jolly Beggars. S. 1.	But truce with peevish, poor complaining! . To J. S., 20. True. 'Tis very true, my sovereign King,
Some one of a troop of Dragoons was my dadie, . Ib. S. II. Trope. Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,	My skill may weel be doubted; . A Dream. 4.
The Election Battans, 11.	Will's a true guid fallow's get,
Trophied. 'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd: On Death of Sir J. Blair.	In loyal, true affection,
Thouby Thus Robert victorious the trouby has gained.	In loyal, true affection,
Trophy. Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gained. The Whistle. 5.	The courtier tells a finer tale, But is his heart as true?
Trot. Or trots [thy burnie] by hazelly shaws and braes, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	S. Behold, my love, † as true's the Deil's in hell, Or Dublin city;
On ilka hand the burnies trot, S. The Contented Cottager.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 2.
Troth v. Trowth.	True Sal-marinum o' the seas;
Troth. We hae plighted our troth, my Mary, To Mary.	'Waes me for Johnny Ged's-Hole now,' Ouoth I, 'if that that news be true! 1b. 23.
Trotted. Till stop! she trotted thro' them a'; An' wha was it but Grumphie Halloween. 20.	Be Britain still to Britain true, S. Does haughty Gaul,
Thro' a' the town she trotted by him; Poor Mailie's El.	And the wretch, his true sworn brother, Ib.
Trottin, -an.	And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true? Ep. fr. Esopus.
Ye then was trottan wi your Minnie: A Guid New Year \$ 5.	But gif ye want ae friend that's true, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 15.
Adown some trottin barn's meander, To W. Simpson. 15.	Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes!
Trouble. A towmond o' trouble, should that he my fa', A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a';	Ep. to R. Graham, 5.
S. Contented wi tittle t	I swear to be true to My Eppie Adair? S. Effie Adair. And art thou come, and art thou true! S. Here is the glen,
For care and trouble set your thought, Ep. to Young Friend. 2.	It's guid to be honest and true, S. Here's a health to them
This worthless body damn'd himsel,	His royal heart was firm and true, . S. Highl. Laddie.
To save the Lord the trouble Epit. on D. C.	Or else, thou kens, thy servant true Wad ne'er ha'e steer'd her. Holy Willie's Prayer. 8
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble. But house or hald, To a Mouse.	True it is, she had one failing. Lns under Pict. of Miss B.
Trouble, to.	But come, all ye offspring of folly so true, Monody, on a Lady.
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me, S. Behind you hills t	May ev'ry true Brother of th' Compass and Square
False friends, false love, farewel! for more, I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, Oh. S. Oh, open the door t	Have a big-belly'd bottle when pressed with care. S. No Churchman am I
Or maething else to trouble thee, . S. There was a lass t	Their hearts and swords are metal true, S. O Kenmure's on and away
Troubled.	And my fond heart, itsel sae true,
Nor wi' envy troubled be; . S. Will ye go and marry t	It ne'er mistrusted thine
Troublesome. I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,	Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true, S. Oh, open the door,
S. Contented we tittle (My true love! she cried,—and sunk down by his side, Ib
Trouse v. Trews. Trout. And pleasure is a wanton trout, S. Gane is the day t	May he who wins thy matchless charms Possess a leal and true heart; S. Polly Stewart
The treat within you wimpling burn	A name, which to love was the mark of a true heart.
That glides, a silver dart, . S. Now Spring has class	Poet. Add. to Tytter
That wanton trout was 1;	True Campbells Frederick an' Ilay:
Trouts bedropp'd wi' crimson hail, Tan Samson's El., 6.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14
The lightly-jumping, glowrin trouts. The Petition of Br. Water.	When my fause lave was true. S. The Banks of Doon, Sett. 11
Trouth v. Trowth. Trow [to believe].	(4 O how doil Tam can that he true?
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang, A Dream. 2.	S. The Battle of Sherra-Stoor
I trow we swapped for the warse, S. Carl, an the King come.	And Wallace-Tow'r had sworn the fact was true: The Brigs of Ayr. 3
She wadna trow't, the broust she brew't,	That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion: Ib. S
Three merry boys. I trow, are we; S. O Willie brew'd t	Right, Sir, your text I'll prove it true The Call
He's there but a prentice, I trow, The Jolly Beggars, S. III.	Her auld Scots heart was true; The Election Ballads. I
A bloody man I trow thou be: . S. Ine lovely lass of 1.	Muirhead, wha's as gude as he's true;
There's some that are dowie, I trow wad be fain To see the hit Taylor come skippin again. S. The Taylor fell t	He's wal'd us out a true ane, And sound The Ordination. &
I didna trow, I'd see my jo, S. The tither morn t	His mind is ever true, jo, S. The Ploughman
	Their tokens of love, and their true thankfulness; The Poor Thresher
Many I never see it, may I never trow it, S. Wandering Wille.	Still it's owre true that ye hae said, . The Twa Dogs. 21
Trowth, Trouth, Troth [truth: a petty dath].	It's true, they need na starve or sweat, 10. 20
(The teenth my head is grown right dizzie,	Since my true love is parted from me. [re.] S. The Winter it is past
27.7.5.	And is constant for ever and true;
Trowth, they had mackle for to hlame! Ep. to J. R., 12.	
An' trowth my rhymin' ware's nae treasure; Ef. to Maj. Logan. 14.	That's the true patnos and standard of the true of the
In troth I'm fear'd to venture. Sir S. I'm o'er young t	I had sword by the area less
Post troth Leare na by	
Fine architecture, trowth, I needs must say't o't! The Brigs of Ayr. S.	But gie me just a true good fallow Wil right ingine To Mr. I. Kennedy
Trowth, Cæsar, whyles their fash't enough: The Twa Dogs. 10.	I own'd the tale was true he tell d me, . What alls ye now
	Promotine love's regarded,
I lippen'd to the chiel in trouth, To Dr. Blacklock. Truant. truant 'prentices, yet young in sin, Ep. fr. Esopus.	thus may still True lovers he rewarded
I rugues a dans promise pro-	·

man's true, genuine estimate, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Trusted.
Ve true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song, Ye true "Loyal Natives" † True blue. Departure area Market "Loyal Natives" †	Ye've trusted 'Ministration, To chaps, wha, in a barn or byre
The Author's Cry and Prayer, 13.	Wad hetter fill'd their station Than courts A Dream. 5. But Och, mankind are unco weak,
When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs, And covenant True blues, man; S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. True-hearted.	An' little to be trusted; . Ep. to Young Friend, 3. Is nought to what poor she endures
True-hearted. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	That's trusted faithless man, jo. S. O Lassie, art thou t
True hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow. S. True hearted was het	That he was still deceived who trusted To love or friend; Trustees. The Hermit.
And find thee still true-hearted; . S. When wild War's	Your factors, grieves, trustees and hailies,
Truest.	I canna say but they do gailies; . Add. of Beelzebub. 4.
Yet rich in kindest, truest love, S. Braw lads on Far. braes †	Trusting.
In thee, high Heaven above, was truest shown. El. on Miss Burnet. Ev'n then, sometimes we'd snatch a taste	Let witless, trusting woman say How aft her fates the same, jo S. O Lassie, art thou †
Of truest happiness Ep. to Davic. 3.	Let me, lassie, quickly die, Trusting that thou lo'es me: S. Wilt thou be my
For she, as fairest is her form, She has the truest, kindest heart. S. O wat ye wha's in t	Trusty. my auld, trusty Servan', A Guid New-Year † 17.
Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe,	'Tis thy trusty quondam Mate. Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —. To that trusty and worthy Clackleith,
Lns on Fergusson. And, dearest gift of heaven below,	P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm." And there's a hand, my trusty feire,
Thine friendship's truest heart To Chloris.	S. Should auld acquaintance † His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony; . Tam o' Shanter. 5.
Truly. It's no in books; it's no in Lear, To make us truly blest: Ep. to Davie. 5.	And there will be trusty Kerroughtree.
Attach'd him to the generous truly great. Ep. to R. Graham, 4.	The Election Ballads. III. A pair o' trusty lairds,
And think human nature they truly describe;	And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins; The Whistle.
Fragment, inser. to Fox. Yet, think not all the Rich and Great,	But what d'ye think, my trusty fier, . To Dr. Blacklock. No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur, To R. G. of F., 3.
Are likewise truly blest Man was made to mourn.	Truth.
Her face so truly heavenly fair, . S. My Mary's face † Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.	Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is, In moral Mercy, Truth and Justice! . A Ded. to G. H., 7.
Prologue at Th., D	Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale, A Winter Night. 8.
She fell—but fell with spirit truly Roman, Scots Prologue. But hath decreed that wicked men	But deep this truth impress'd my mind— Ib. 10.
Shall ne'er be truly blest	And truth I shall relate, man; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. To tell the truth, they seldom fash't him,
Trump. While loud, the trump's heroic clang, Foem on Pastoral Poetry.	El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
The tongue o' the trump to them a';	May Prudence, Fortitude and Truth Erect your brow undaunting! Ep. to Young Friend. 11.
The Election Ballads. III.	They [Misfortunes] make us see the naked truth,
Trumpet. Trumpets sound and cannons roar, S. Highl. Laddie.	Ep. to Davic. 7. Plain truth to speak; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 12.
The trumpets sound, the hanners fly, . S. My bonie Mary.	The friend of man, the friend of truth; Epit, on a Friend.
Will gar Fame blaw until her trumpet crack, Scots Prologue.	One trifling particular, Truth, should have miss'd him!
Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet, Tam Samson's dead! Tam Samson's El., 10.	Frag., inser. to Fox. To prove our loyal truth—we can no more; Frag. of Ode.
But now the L—'s ain trumpet touts,	There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,
Till a' the hills are rairan,	But they wham the truth wad indite. S. Here's a health to them t
S. But lately seen,†	Thon God of love and truth, O Thou dread Pow'r†
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years; Lament for Glencairn	Auld Truth hersel' might swear ye're fair, On W. Chalmers. But Worth and Truth eternal Youth
Trust.	Will give to Polly Stewart S. Polly Stewart.
Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is. In moral Mercy, Truth, and Justice! . A Ded. to G. H., 7.	Says the more 'tis a truth, Sir, the more 'tis a libel ? Reproof by Himself.
wi' warldly trust, Vile self gets in; Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.	And hear my vows o' truth and love S. Sae flaxen †
By Love's simplicity betray'd, And guileless trust, . To a Mountain-Daisy.	For its faith and truth reward it S. Sweetest May †
Keep His Goodness still in view,	This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter, Tam o' Shanter. 2. Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Thy trust—and thy example too. Wr. in Hermitage at F.C. Trust, to.	Ilk man and mother's son, take heed: , 1b. 19.
'She trusts hersel, to hide the shame,	Stand forth and tell yon Premier Youth, The honest, open, naked truth:
'In Hornbook's care; Death and Dr. Hornbook, 28. I trust mean time my boon is in thy gift:	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 4. A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth!
Ep. to R. Graham. 5. The Friend we trust; the Fair we love; Grace after Dinner.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
She trusts the ruthless falconer S. How cruel †	Buittles scrap o' truth, The Election Ballads. IV.
I will hope and trust in heaven, . S. Husband, husband t	By sacred truth and honour's hand! S. The Highl. Lassie. So lost to Honor, lost to Truth, The Lament.
Dut far better days I trust will come again; S. Lady Mary Ann.	So lost to Honor, lost to Truth, The Lament. gin the truth were a' hut kent, The Ruined Maid's Lament.
And grateful still, I trust, ye'll ever find us: Scots Prologue.	If ye should doubt the truth o' this— It's Bessy's ain opinion! The Tarbolton Lasses.
My helpless lambs, I trust them wi' him. The Death of Mailie.	To tell the truth an' shame the Deil To
Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie; S. The Laddies by †	They talk o' mercy, grace an' truth, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Eut chiefly thou, apostle A[nl]d, We trust in thee, The Twa Herds. 10.	Ye pow'rs of honour, love and truth From ev'ry ill defend her; S. Young Peggy †
And trust me, not Potosi's mine, Nor King's regard, Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine, The Vision. D. II. 21.	Truth-prevailing.
And trust, the Universal Plan Will all protect. 1b. 22.	Hence, Dempster's truth-prevailing tongue, [v.A.23] The Vision. D. II.

Try. Who made the heart, 'tis He alone	Tumble. To cast my een up like a Pyet,
Decidedly can try us, . Add. to Unco Guid. S.	When by the gnn she tumbles o'er, Auld comrade t
Already I begin to try it, Auld comrade	Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport, The Jolly Beggars, S. III.
Ye'll try the world soon my lad Ep. to Young Friend.	Tumbl'd. An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle Out owre Halloween, 10.
Do but try to develope his hooks and his crooks:	Tumbler.
Frag., inser. to Fox.	There's eyen, I'm tauld, i' the Court
Then in thy bosom try,	A Tumbler ca'd the Premier. The Jolly Beggars. S. III.
What peace is there! S. Had I a care t	Tumbling.
'I danr you try sic sportin,	Or tumbling in the hoiling flood Wi' kail an' beef; Scotch Drink. 4.
I ken thy friends try ilka means Frae wedlock to delay thee; . S. Here's to thy health,	Wi' kail an' heef; Scotch Drink. 4.
But far off fowls hae feathers fair,	While, tumbling brown, the Burn comes down, . Winter.
And ay until ye try them:	Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast, With surging foam; The Vision. D. I. 13.
L-d in the day of vengeance try him,	With surging roam; I he Vision. D. 1. 13.
Holy Willie's Prayer, 15.	The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
[The dove] To shua impelling ruin	Tumult.
A while ber pinions tries;	With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife; S. Caledonia. 5.
"Yet I'll try to make a shift, S. Husband, husband †	Or still the tumult of the raging sea: . Why am I loth t
Still I will try to daunt you;	Tumultuous.
If thon would win my love, Jamie, come try me [re.]	Tumultuous tides his pulses roll, S. On a bank of flowers †
S. Jamie, come try me †	Tune. O my Lave's like the melodie
when Nature first began To try her canny hand,	That's sweetly play'd in tune. S. A red, red Rose.
O how shall I, unskilfu', try	On braes when we please then,
The Poet's occupation? S. Lovely Davies.	We'll sit and sowth a tune; Ef. to Davie. 4.
Resolv'd was I, at least to try, To mend my situation, O. S. My father was a farmer †	Ye'll find me in a better tune; Ef. to H. Parker.
	Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.	Ef. to Maj. Logan. 4.
S. O meikle thinks my love †	They're a' in famous tune For crack . The Holy Fair. 26.
That ye can please me at a wink, Whene'er ye like to try S. O Tibbic!	An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
Whene'er ye like to try S. O Tibbie! † That tho' some by the skirt may try to snatch him [Time],	The sweetest still to wife or maid, Was whistle owre the lave o't. The Jolly Beggars. S. V.
Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;	Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
Prologue, at Th., D	Owre Scotland rings, , To W. Simpson, 8.
Will bauldly try to gie us Plays at hame? . Scots Prologue.	Tune to Or [Spring] tunes Eolian strains between.
But I has tried this horder knight.	Add. to Shade of Thomson.
I'll try bim yet again The Election Ballads. I.	An' wha on Aire your chanters tune! . Poor Mailie's El
And ye shall see me try him	Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
when my nightly couch 1 try, The Lament. S.	Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
There, try his mettle on the creed, The Ordination. 5.	They tune their hearts, hy far the noblest aim: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13.
Or try the wicked town of A[yr],	
If she be shy, her sister try, The Tarbolton Lasses.	Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre Ib. 14.
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.	But tune their lays, Till echoes a' resound again To W. Simpson. 6.
The Whistle. 7.	Tuned, -'d.
To try my fate in guid, black prent; To J. S., 7.	as he tuned his doleful sang, Lament for Glencairn.
Try'd, Try't v. Tried.	Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.
Tryin.	The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
For prey, a' holes au' corners tryin : . Add. to the Deil. 4.	Tuneful, -fu'.
And o'er the thairms be tryin; The Ordination. 7.	Pity the tuneful muses' hapless train, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
Tryste [an appointed meeting; a fair or market].	But there are such who court the tuneful nine Ib.
I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock; S. Last May a braw woocr†	The tunefu' powers, in happy hours, That whisper inspiration; S. Lovely Davies.
Wha us'd to trystes an' fairs to driddle, The Jolly Beggars. R. V.	
He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste, . S. There was a lass †	every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue, On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Trysted [appointed].	How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour; S. O Mary, at thy window t	Sonnet, on Death of R.
Trysting [pertaining to the time or place of an	Learning bis tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
appointed meeting].	The Brigs of Ayr.
When trystin time draws near again; . S. I'll ay ca' in t	And listen mony a grateful bird
the mill, and trysting thorn, Where Nancy aft I courted:	Return you tuneful thanks. The Petition of Br. Water.
5, when with warst	Come, screw the pegs wi' tunefu' cheep, The Ordination. 7.
Tub. Tho', by his banes wha in a tub	'Some teach the Bard, a darling care, 'The tuneful Art The Vision. D. II. 4.
Match d Macedonian Sandy: . 10 mr. in Matam.	Inc tanciarities 1 2 no 1 months - 1 months
Tubalcain. Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender; On Grose's Peregrinations.	I mark'd thy embryo-tuneful flame,
	t I C. I. I. also simulations To Mice Foundame
Tug [traces]. As e'er in tug or tow was drawn! A Guid New-Year † 11.	In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd, To Miss Graham.
	To Miss Graham.
	Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line; . To W. Simpson, q.
Tugging.	Tuneless.
Lies, seaseless of each tugging bitch's son. To R. G. of F., 6.	
Tully.	Their tuncless hearts! Ep. to Maj. Logan. 7.
Tully.	your din of tuneless sound On Death of Lap-dog.
Tully. Whom and Demosthenes or Tully Might own for brithers. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.	your din of tuneless sound, On Death of Lap-dog. When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks
Tully. Whom and Demosthenes or Tully Might own for brithers. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14. Tulzie. Toolzie [a fight, wrangle, quarrel].	
Tully. Whom and Demosthenes or Tully. Might own for brithers. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14. Tulzie, Toolzie [a fight, wrangle, quarrel]. The toolicis tengh tween Pitt an Fox, Et. on Year 1788.	your din of tuneless sound. On Death of Lap-dog. When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks Are my poor verses! Scotch Drink. 18. Tup, Tip, Toop [a ram].
Tully. Whom and Demosthenes or Tully. Might own for brithers. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14. Tulzle, Toolzle [a fight, wrangle, quarrel]. The toolise tengh tween Pitt an Fox, Et. on Year 1733. The butcher deeds of bloody fate, Amid this mighty tulie!. The Election Ballads. VI.	your din of tuncless sound. On Death of Lat-dog. When wanting thee, what tuncless cranks Are my poor verse! Scotch Drink. 18. Tup, Tip, Toop [a ram].
Tully. Whom and Demosthenes or Tully Might own for brithers. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14. Tulzie, Toolzie [a fight, wrangle, quarrel]. The toolzie's tengh 'tween Pitt an' Fox, El. on Year 1788. The burter deeds of bloody fate.	your din of tuneless sound. On Death of Lap-dog. When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks Are my poor verses! Scotch Drink. 18. Tup, Tip, Toop [a ram].

O, may thou pe'er forgather up	Turned'd.
O, may thou ne'er forgather up, Wi' onie blastet, moorlan toop; . The Death of Mailie.	Hae turn'd sax rood heside our han', A Guid New Year † 11
Toop lamb.	By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes, A Vision
My poor toop-lamb, my son an' heir, The Death of Mailie.	Whom Prose has turned out of doors, Epig. on E.'s " Martial.
Turbid.	But by gude luck I lap a wicket,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar, Add. to Shade of Thomson.	And turn'd a neuk. Friend of the Poet † P.S
Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!	He turn'd him right and round about, . S. It was a for
On Death of R. Dundas. Turbid torrents, wintry swelling, S. Thickest night †	They hung him up before the storm, And turn'd him o'er and o'er John Barleycorn
Tunf But by the honest turf I'll wait	And turn'd him o'er and o'er John Barleycorn "Though of I turned the wietful are
Turf. But by thy honest turf I'll wait, Thon man of worth! El. on Capt. M. H., 16.	"Though oft I turned the wistful eye, "Nae ray of fame was to be found: Lament for Glencairn
When they wha wad hae starv'd thy life	Three lawyer's tongues, turn'd inside out, [v.A.16]
Thy senseless turf adorn!	Tam o' Shanter.
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson. Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies! . Liberty.	I turn'd my weeding heuk aside, An' spar'd the symbol dear. The Ans. to the Guidwife.
A green turf on your head, gudeman, S. O gin ye were dead.	This said, poor Mailie turn'd her head, An' clos'd her een among the dead! The Death of Mailie.
Turk.	An' clos'd her een among the dead! The Death of Mailie.
Ye'll get the best o' moral works.	His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd up snout, The Holy Fair. 13
'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks, A Ded. to G. H., 6.	Till faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg, . The Inventory.
For Paddy B-rke, like ony Turk,	Then turn'd an' laid a smack on Grizzie The Jolly Beggars. R. III.
Nae mercy had at a', man; A Fragment. 5.	But he ne'er turned his back on his foe—or his friend,
But honest Nature is not quite a Turk, Ep. to R. Graham, 4.	The Whistle. 9.
Or how the collieshangie works Atween the Russians and the Turks; Kind Sir, I've read †	Turned o'er in one humper a hottle of red,
Turkey-cock.	Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
Irvine side, Irvine side, wi' your turkey-cock pride,	But house or hald, To a Mouse.
The Kirk's Alarm, 14.	I'm turu'd a gauger—Peace he here! . To Dr. Blacklock. She's turn'd you off, a human creature
Turn. Down Lowrie's hurn he took a turn, A Fragment. 2.	On her first plan, To J. S., 3.
Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter, . S. Bonie Bell.	Ve turn'd a neuk-1 saw your e'e To Miss Ferrier.
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns; The Election Ballads, VI.	Inspir'd, I turn'd Fate's sihyl leaf, . To Terraughty.
Poet Burns, Poet Burns, wi' your priest-skelping turns,	For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a newk To W. Simpson. P.S.
The Kirk's Alarm.	Whom vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to ruiu. Tragie Frag.
By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell. To R. G. of F., S.	And turned me round to hide the flood
furn, to.	That in my een was swelling S. When wild War's
This hoasted Honor turns away,	Your rosy cheeks are turned sae wan, S. Ye hae lien wrang.
Shunuing soft Pity's rising sway, A Winter Night. S.	Turner. And shap'd it something like a man. And ca'd it Andrew Turner. Epig. on A. Turner.
But faith! he'll turn a corner jinkan, Add. to the Deil. 20. I'll westward turn my wistful eye: S. Behold the hour!	Turnin'. Hornie's turnin' chanman.
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale; . Ep. fr. Esopus.	He'll huy a' the pack. The Election Ballads. IV. Turnkey.
Perhaps it may turn out a Sang;	
Perhaps turn out a Sermon Ep. to Young Friend.	Where turukeys make the jealous portal fast, Ep. fr. Esopus. Tutti taiti.
Or turn the pole like any arrow; Ep. to H. Parker.	Hey tutti taiti, How tutti taiti, . S. Landlady, count †
Gie me o' wit an sense a lift,	Twa [two].
Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 13.	A secret word or two, man; A Fragment. 8.
Say, sages, what's the charm ou earth,	They drew me thretteen pund an' twa, A Guid New-Year 15.
Can turn death's dart aside? . Epit. on Miss Lewars.	Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought, 16. 16.
She turns the key, wi' cannie thraw, Halloween. 22.	Twa sage Philosophers to glimpse on! . Auld comrade †
Lest he owre high and proud shou'd turn,	Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa.
Or turn their hearts to thee: Lanent of Mary of Scots.	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7. Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel bred, . 1b. 26.
To thee I turn with swimming eyes; Liberty.	Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred, . 10. 26.
I wad turn my back on you and it a', S. My Collier Laddie.	The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets, Was Laird himsel 1b. 27.
Even as two howling, ravening wolves	And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme, Ep. to Davie.
To dogs do turn their tail New Psalmody.	Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,
May woman on him turn her back, . On W. Stewart.	A pint o' the best o't.
Traitor, coward, turn and flee! S. Scots wha ha'e t	And twa pints mair S. Gudeen to you Kimmer †
I wonder didna turn thy stomach. Tam o' Shanter. 14.	Twa o' them were gotten When Johny was awa Ib.
Where blythe I turn my spinuing-wheel. S. The Contented Cottager. The Size turns o'er with participable group.	Jean slips in twa, wi' tentie e'e; Halloween. 8.
The Sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace,	An' twa red checket apples,
The hig ha'-Bible, ance his Father's pride: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
The Cotter's Sat. Night, 12.	Two lovely een of bonie blue, [re.] S. I gaed a waefu't
Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie S. The Laddies by t	A toom tar harrel Au' twa red peats . Letter to J. Goudie.
Mak haste an' turn king David owre, . The Ordination. 3.	We'll let her stand a year or twa, . S. My love she's but † There's ane to you, and twa to me, S. O gin ye were dead.
Aud turn a Carpet-weaver Aff-hand	There's and to you, and twa to me, S. O gin ye were dead.
O whither, O whither shall I turn? S. The sum he is sunk †	An' she's twa glancin' sparklin' e'en. [re.] S. On Cessnock banks †
Turn out on her guard in the clap of a hand, S. There liv'd ance a carle t	An she has twa sparking reguesh een. [re.] 1b., Sett 11.
Turn away thine eyes of love,	An sic a Lord-lang Scotch ells twa, On Dining with Daer.
Lest I die with pleasure S. Thing am I t	Then set him down, and two or three
While Terra firma, on her axis, Diurual turns, To W. Simpson.	Gude fellows wi' him; On Grose's Peregrinations.
Turn again, thou fair Eliza, [re.] S. Turn again, thou fair †	And sic twa love-inspiring een, On W. Chalmers.
Turn again, thou lovely maiden,	Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man. Ronalds of Bennals.
Tho' women's minds like winter winds Mny shift and turn, and a' that, S. Women's Minds.	A hint o' a rival or twa, mau,
	For mair than a towmond or twa, man; Ib.
urncoat. Ye turncoat Whigs awa! S. The Laddies but	O' pairs o' guid breeks I ba'e two man
urncoat. Ye turncoat Whigs awa! S. The Laddies by † Forby turn-coats amang oursel, The Twa Herds. 14.	O' pairs o' guid hreeks I ha'e twa, man, Ib. To leave me a hundred or twa, man, Ib.

Twa laughing een o' bonie blue	But twa-three winters will inform ye better. The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
S. Scroggam. We twa ha'e run about the braes, S. Should and acquaintance t	There, racer Jess, an' twathree wb-res, Are blinkan at the entry The Holy Fair. 9.
S. Should auld acquaintance t We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn	Tway [two]. O ne'er a ane but tway The Election Ballads, I.
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns; Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Tweed.
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches),	While Autumn, benefactor kind,
He bad twa fauts, or maybe three, Tam Samson's El., 14.	By Tweed erects his aged head, Add, to Shade of Thomson.
He has noe thought but how to kill	From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain, S. Culedonia.
Twa at a blow. The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.	Oft prowling, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood; . 16.
Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,	And friends on both sides of the Tweed:
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	S. Here's a health to them t
The blissful day we twa did meet, . The Dean of Fac.	For her forbears were brought in ships, Frae 'yout the Tweed: . Poor Mailie's El
Twa had manteeles o' dolefu' black, . The Holy Fair. 2.	Frae 'yont the Tweed: . Poor Mailie's El
The twa appear'd like sisters twin,	We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey, The Jolly Beggars. S. IV.
Three carts, an' twa are feekly new; The Inventory.	That sic a tree can not be found, 'Twixt Loodon and the Tweed, man. The Tree of Liberty.
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin', The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.	And Tweed rins to the ocean S. The Union.
Between his twa Deborahs,	Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped To W. Creech.
auld Satan must have ye,	Varrow an' Tweed, to monie a tune,
For preaching that three's ane and twa. The Kirk's Alarm. 4.	Owre Scotland rings, . To W. Simpson.
Like him there is na twa, Jamie; S. The Laddies by t	Twixt Forth and Tweed all over, . S. When first I saw !
Wi' ber twa white hands she spread it down; S. The lass that made the bed.	Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed, S. Willie Wastle †
	Tweedledee [a fiddler].
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see,	Wi' ghastly e'e poor Tweedledee
Hear, how he [morality] gies the tither yell,	Upon his hunkers bended, . The Jolly Beggars, R. VI.
Between his twa companions!	'Tween [between].
Twa Dogs, that were na thrang at hame, The Twa Dogs.	'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
The twa best herds in a' the wast, The Twa Herds. 2.	He had few matches. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 6.
Sic twa, O! do I live to see't,	I laid her 'tween me and the wa', S. The lass that made the bed.
Sic famous twa should disagreet,	The time flew by, wi' tentless head,
And love was ay between them twa. S. There was a lass †	Till 'tween the late and early; . S. The Rigs o' Barley.
It's now two mouth that I'm your debtor, Third Ep. to J. Lap.,	Or women sonsie, saft an' sappy, 'Tween morn an' morn, There's naethin like †
I hae a wife and twa wee laddies, To Dr. Blacklock.	Twelfth. Twelfth.
To try to get the twa to gree, . To Gav. Hamilton.	Here's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost;
The cat has twa, the very colour; . S. Willie Wastle †	At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.
AMP 3 F1. 235	Twelvemonth. To run the twelvemonth's length again;
Then o' 'tweed gie o' jou to me	Sketch, New-Yr's Day.
Twad [it would]. Then a' twad gie o' joy to me, The sharin't with Montgomerie's Peggy. S. Montgomerie's Peggy. Twad been not plea: On Scot. Eard one to W. I.	Twenty. I wat they glanc'd for twenty miles, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
3. Montgomerie's Peggy.	Twenty-three.
'Twad been nae plea; On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last; Tam o' Shanter. S.	I'm twenty-three, and five feet nice,
	I'll go and be a sodger Extem., Ap. 1782.
'Twad please me to the Nine. The Ans, to the Guidwife,	Twice.
Your Honor's hearts wi' grief 'twad pierce, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	For a' that an' a' that, An' twice as muckle's a' that, The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.
'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell, The Holy Fair. 23.	Twilight.
Though 'twad my sorrows lessen Verses under Grief.	When twilight did my Granoie summon,
Twa-fauld [two-fold, double].	To say her prayers, Add. to the Deil. 6.
He birples twa-fauld as he dow, S. To daunton me.	And, as the twilight was begun,
Twal [twelve; "the twal," twelve o'clock].	Thought nane wad ken Ep. to J. R., 7.
Some wee, short hour avont the twal,	Twin. Though like as was ever twin brother to brother, Frag., inser. to Fox.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 31.	The two appear'd like sisters twin, . The Holy Fair. 3.
at twal at night, when the moon shines bright,	The twin o' that upon her shouther; . S. Willie Wastle †
S. Here's to thy health t	Twin, to [to deprive, rob].
Twal' hundred [twelve hundred; linen of a certain	May twin auld Scotland o' a life Add. of Beelzebub.
quality).	
Twal' hundred, as white as the snaw, man, Ronalds of Bennals.	Twins monie a poor, doylt, druken bash O' half his days; Scotch Drink 15.
Twalpennie-worth [twelve pennyworth, i.e., one	Twin'd [deprived, robbed].
penny-worth sterling].	"Alas!" quoth I, "what ruefu chance,
An' whyles twalpennie-worth o' nappy	"Has twin'd ye o' your honie trees; As on the banks †
Can mak the bodies unco happy: The Twa Dogs. 18.	Twine. Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.
Twal-pint ["twal-pint Hawkie," a cow which gives twelve pints at a milking].	To see the woodbine twine, S. The Banks of Doon. Sett. II.
An' dawtet, twal-pint Hawkie's gane	To see the rose and woodbine twine; S. Ye banks and braes †
As yell's the Bill Add. to the Deil. 10.	Twin'd. The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twalt [twelfth].	Twin d amorous round the raptur'd scene:
Or if the Swede before he halt.	To Mary in Heaven,
Would play anither Charles the twalt: Kind Sir, Ize read t	Twining. In twining hazel bowers. S. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st, †
Twang [twinge].	Twinkle.
And thro my lugs gies mony a twang, Add. to Tooth-ache.	Me, no cheerful twiakle lights me; S. One fond kiss, †
Twa-three [two or three].	Twinkle, to.
And twa-three stinted birks are left, . As on the banks t	When dewdrops twickle o'er the lawn; S. On Cessnock banks †
They'll a' he treoch'd wi' mony a sheugh, In twa-three year. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 21.	Twinkling, -in'.
But twa-three draps about the wame . Ep. to J. R., 12.	ye twinkling starnies bright, . El. on Capt. M. H., 14.

While the tear stood twinklin' in her e'e; S. The lass that made the bed.	Tythe.
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray S. The gowd. Locks of A. Twist. Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch	The tythe Wad Tytler.
O' sour disdain, . Scotch Drink. 17.	T[ytle]r's a
Twisted. "And stately oaks their twisted arms, "Threw broad and dark across the pool: As on the banks †	U. U, His As trem
"Threw broad and dark across the pool: As on the banks	Ugly. Line
Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care, Ep. fr. Esopus.	Ye ugly gl
Were twisted, gracefu', round her brows, The Vision. D. I. o.	sic an ugly Ye ngly, c
His twisted head look'd backward on his way, The Vowels. She's twisted right, she's twisted left, . S. Willie Wastle t	Unaffected
She's twisted right, she's twisted left, . S. Willie Wastle † Twisting.	The daisy
Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,	Unaided.
In twisting strength I rin; . The Petition of Er. Water.	Unanxious
Twistle [a twist]. The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle, The Twa Herds. 3.	
Two The drowsy Dungeon-clock had number'd two.	Unassumin Thou lifts
In either wing two champions fought.	I hou mits
The Election Ballads. VI.	Unavailing
Ty'd. Ty'd up in godly laces, Add. to Unco Guid. 6.	And with
Ty'd. Ty'd up in godly laces, Add. to Unco Guid. b. Then ty'd him fast upon a cart, John Barleycorn.	I view to
1, ance, was ty'd up like a stirk, The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	
Tyke [a dog].	Whiles glo Lest bogle
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large, Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,	Unbacked. But take i
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him, . The Troa Dogs.	1
He was a gash an' faithfu' tyke, 16.5.	Unbeginni
Wha now will keep you frae the fox, Or worrying tykes, The Twa Herds.	From cour Was eve
An unco tyke lap o'er the Dyke, . S. What will I do gin t	Unbelief.
Tyne v. Tine.	Unbend.
Type. They [hillows, breezes, clouds] are but types of woman. S. Deluded swain †	
Typical.	Unblest.
But chiefly the nettle so typical, shower, Monody, on a Lady. Tyrannic.	With orde
Turannic man's dominion : S Norm mostlin minds t	And soon
Who dar'd to, nohly, stem tyrannic pride, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.	Unblushin
Turanny. Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd:	Unbottom
Tyranny. Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd; At a Meet. of D. Volunteers.	A vast, un Unbounde
May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist, And wander their way to the devil!	A slave to
S. Here's a health to them †	Unbroken.
Firm may she rise with generous disdain At Tyranny's, or direr Pleasure's chain;	He bears t
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	And resolu
There commix'd with foulest stains From tyranny's empurpled bands: S. Streams that glide †	Uncarin
Tyrant.	Uncertain
The wretch that would a Tyrant own, S. Does haughty Gaul† O Death! thon tyrant fell and bloody! El. on Capt. M. H.	That on th
Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! S. Farewell, thou fair day †	Hang mat Unchancy
S. Farewell, thou fair day † May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,	And down
And wander their way to the devil!	Unchang'd
S. Here's a health to them † To shun a tyrant father's hate, S. How cruel†	with heart
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride. Tyrant stem to all beside. On scaring Water-fowl.	To thee I
Tyrant stern to all beside. On scaring Water-fowl.	Unchangir But never
The tyrant Death, with grim control, S. Peggy Chalmers. Tyrants fall in every foe; S. Seots, wha have t	I ndore
These, their richly-gleaming waves,	If thou art
I leave to tyrants and their slaves; S. Streams that glide	Like the The hyaci
Woods that ever verdant wave, I leave the tyrant and the slave,	
Are doom'd by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak, The Brigs of Ayr.	Unchrister Twa span-
The Erigs of Ayr. The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife, The Henpecked Husband.	Uncivil. 1
Pale he surrenders at the tyrant's throne . The Vowels.	tho' the ph
1 0 m 1 0 m 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	And dinna You'll tak
What are they?—The haunt of the Tyrant and Slave! S. Their groves of† Tysday, Tiseday [Tuesday; "Tyseday 'teen," Tuesday evening!.	Uncle. 'I
O wat ve what my minnie did.	Anld und
O wat ye what my minnie did, On Tysday 'teen to me, jo? S. O wat ye what my	Auld, uncl Sin' Ma
Put I can through the Tireday's day: S Un I I the souts t	Mill ample

But I cam through the Tiseday's dew, S. Hat I the wyte !

498 e o' what ye waste at cartes d stow'd his [Ferguson's] pantry!) To W. Simpson. and G[reenfield]'s modest grace; To IV. Creech. dearest friend and brother scarcely knew;
nbling U stood staring all aghast, . The Vowels. cluden's ugly witch; . Epit. on Grizel Grim.

In Defence of a Lady. In Defence of a Lady. y, Gothic hulk as you. . The Brigs of Ayr. 6. creepan, blastet wonner, . . . To a Louse. d. for simplicity, and unaffected air. Unaided through thy curs'd restriction;

Lus, on Back of Bank Note. s. Sits meek content with light unanxious heart. Sonnet, wr. on Birthday. ing. thy unassuming head In humble guise; . To a Mountain-Daisy. g. Regardless of the tenrs, and unavailing pray'rs!

A Winter Night. 8. sincere tho' unavailing sighs, the helpless children of distress. Tragic Frag. owring round wi' prudent cares, les catch him unawares: . . . Tam o' Shanter. o. it [fortune's road] like the unbacked filly, Ep. to Maj. Logan. antless, unbeginning time er still the same. . . . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps. Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod; Lns on Mrs. Kemble, As blooming spring unbends the brow Of surly, savage winter. . S. Young Peggy t Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. er, symmetry, or taste unblest; The Brigs of Avr. 8. may they expire, unblest with resurrection! . 1b. ig. th' unblushing fair In his embraces sunk;

The Jolly Beggars. R. VII. 'd. nbottom'd, boundless Pit, d. o love's unbounded sway, utely keep it's [Honor's] laws his frail, uncertain state, tters of eternal weight: . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.

. The Holy Fair. 22. . S. O lay thy loof t the unbroken blast from every side: To R. G. of F., 3.

ng consequences. . . Ep. to Young Friend, 8. 1. The clouds' uncertain motion [a type of woman],
S. Deluded swain †

[dangerous]. n the gate, in faith, they're worse
And mair unchancy. . To Mr. J. Kennedy.

t unchang'd as mine, S. Slow spreads the gloom t bring a heart unchang'd. S. To thee, lov'd Nith ! ranging, still unchanging,

my Bonie Bell. . S. Bonie Bell. t staunch without a stain,

e unchanging blue, man ; El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. inth for constancy, wi' its unchanging blue, S. The Posie.

lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns; Tam o' Shanter, 11. But lest you think I am uncivil, . Poem on Life. hrase may seem uncivil, . . . Scots Prologue. a sae uncivil be; S. The lass that made the bed. it no uncivil: To a Painter. 'il eat the apple at the glass, 'I gat frae uncle Johnie.' . Hallowcen, 13.

cle John, wha wedlock's joys, Sin' Mar's-year aid desire, . Wi' uncle's purse, and a' that; The Election Ballads. II. Unclouded.

Beneath the moon's unclouded light, I held awa to Annie:

Unco, adj., adv. [strange, unusual, great, extreme,

Unconscious what evils await; . . The Kirk's Alarm.

In this strange land, this uncouth clime, Ep. to H. Parker.

Come then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg.
O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg, The Election Ballads. VI.

Uncouth. Is sure an uncouth sight to see. . A Dream.

Thy rudely-caroll'd. chiming phrase, In uncouth rhymes, The Vision, D. II, 12.

The magna charta flag unfurls, The Election Ballads. VI.

Unfurled, -'d. Reclined that hanner, erst in fields unfurl'd,
On Death of Sir J. Blair.

As Queensberry blue and buff unfurled,

The Election Ballads. VI.

Uncouthly. And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,

The Brigs of Ayr.

S. The Rigs-o' Barley.

foreign; unusually, veryl.	Uncreated. There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
n cukoo sang That's unco easy said ay : . A Dream. 2.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 16.
He was an unco shaver For monie a day 1b. 11.	Undaunted.
For King's are unco scant ay,	Still she undaunted reels and rattles on, . Ep. fr. Esopus.
Ye're unco muckle dantet;	I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind.
quiet an' cnunie, An' unco sonsie A Guid New-Year + 5.	Undaunting. S. Tho' fielde Fortune †
Yet scarce as lang's a guid kail whittle, I'm unco queer Adam A—'s Prayer.	May Prudence, Fortitude and Truth
It maks an unco leeway Add. to Unco Guid. 4.	Erect your brow undaunting! Ep. to Young Friend. 11.
Till, slap! come in an unco loun, S. Does haughty Gaul, †	Undeceive.
And Duncan, ye're an unco loun; . S. Duncan Gray.	Why, why undeceive him, S. Why, why tell thy †
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh, S. Duncan Gray t	Undermining. In spite of undermining jobs, To Rev. J. M'Math.
But to the hen-birds unco civil; , El. on Year 1788.	Undernotit. Day an' date as under notit, . The Inventory.
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad, Ep. to Young Friend. 2.	Understand.
But Och, mankind are unco weak,	That night, a child might understand.
And rin an unco fit: Ep. to Davie. 11.	The Deil had husiness on his hand Tam o' Shanter. S.
Some unco blate, an' some wi' gabs,	As Arts or Arms they understand, Their lahors ply. The Vision. D. II. 3.
'An' Stuff was unco green;	Their labors ply The Vision. D. II. 3. Understood.
'An' he made unco light o't;	Much specious lore, but little understood; Sketch.
A hungry care's an unco care; . S. In simmer when t	Undeserved.
Colours mingl'd unco fine,	By cruel Fortune's undeserved blow? . A Winter Night. 9.
But now she's got an unco ripple, Letter to J. Goudic.	Undismay'd.
And wow! he has an unco slight	Bold, soldier-featur'd, undismay'd
O' cauk and keel. On Grose's Peregrinations.	They strode along. [v. A.4] The Vision. D. I.
And getting fou and unco happy,	Undisputed. This past for certain, undisputed; . To W. Simpson. P.S.
Tam had got planted unco right;	Undoing, -in.
And, vow! Tam snw an unco sight! Ib. 11. Death's gien the Lodge nn unco devel, Tam Samson's El.	My voice, a lioness that mourns
An' tho' fu' foughten sair eneugh,	Her darling cub's undoing! The Election Ballads. VI.
	Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' airn, Has shor'd the Kirk's undoin, The Ordination. 8.
Yet, tenghly doure, he bade an unco bang. The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Fair tho' she he, that was ne'er my undoing;
God knows, an unco Calf! The Calf.	S. Twas na her bonie blue e'e t
The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout, S. The deuks dang o'er.	And leave a mnn undone To his fate S. Ye Jacobites †
I vow it's unco pretty: The Ordination. 11.	Undying. hold Balmerino's undying name, . Frag. of Ode
King Loui' thought to cut it down, When it was unco sma', man; . The Tree of Liberty.	Uneasy.
When it was unco sma', man; . The Tree of Liberty. An' unco pack an' thick thegither; . The Twa Dogs. 6.	Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy; . The Twa Dogs. 30.
Can mak the bodies unco happy;	Unequal.
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel; 16.30.	Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step S. Again rejoic. Nature
And had o' things an unco' slight; To W. Creech.	Foiled, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife, To R. G. of F., 5.
Grief's gien his heart an unco kickin',	Unerring. But ay unerring steady, A Dream.
I wad be silly, An' unco vain, To W. Simpson.	That you may keep th' unerring line,
I'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts An unco slip yet, What ails ye now	Still rising by the plummet's law, The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.
An unco tyke lap o'er the Dyke, . S. What will I do gin t	Unfading. And claught th' unfading garland there, Exten. on Commem.s of Thomson.
Ye've lien in some unco bed,	
And wi'some unco man S. Ye hae lien wrang.	Unfauld [to unfold]. There simmer first unfauld her robes, S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †
Uncos [strange things, news of the country side]. Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears.	Unfeign'd. With joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
Uncombed. His uncombed grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd, Extem. on W. Smellie.	A mortal quite unfit for fortune's strife, Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Uncommon, 'Forbye some new, uncommon weapons',	Thro' bluidy flood or field to dash,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22. If thou uncommon merit hast,	O how unfit! To a Haggis. For all unfit I feel my powers he, Why am I loth t
Vet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man;	Unfitted. Whilst I. a hope-ahandon'd wight,
El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. If thou on men, their works and ways,	Unfitted with an aim, Despondency, an Ode. 2.
Canst throw nucommon light, 10.	Unfold. Unfolds her [Spring's] tender mantle green, Add. to Shade of Thomson.
I marked nought uncommon On dining with Dacr.	Unforeseen.
Unconcern.	Some unforeseen misfortune
Henceforth to meet with unconcern, One rank as well's another: On dining with Dacr.	Comes generally upon me, O; S. My fatherwas a farmer
Unconquered.	Unfrequented. Or haply, to his evining thought,
Thus hold, independent, unconquer'd, and free, S. Caledonia.	By unfrequented stream, Despondency, an Ode. 3.
Unmatched at the bottle, unconquered in war, The Whistle. 4.	Unfurl.
Unconscious.	As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls, Eft. fr. Esopus.
Unconscious what evils await The Kirk's Alarm.	The magna charta flag unfurls. The Election Ballads, VI.

Ungainly.	Unkind.
Rusticity's ungainly form May cloud the highest mind; . Rusticity's ungainly †	Say, was thy little mate unkind, S. O stay, sweet warbling
Ungen'rous.	But now dejected I appear, Clarinda proves unkind;
Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae, S. It is na, Jean,	Unkindly. And wad na Manhood been to blame,
Ungentle. A thought ungentle canna be	Had I unkindly us'd her: S. Had I the wyte !
The thought of Mary Morison.	Unkindness.
S. O Mary, at the window t	'Not all your rage, as now, united shows 'More hard unkindness, unrelenting, A Winter Night. 7.
The ungentle, harsh rebuke Rusticity's ungainly †	Unknowing.
Ungodly.	Unknowing what my way may thwart, S. Sae far awa.
Th' ungodly o'er the just prevailed, New Psalmo.iy.	Unknown. O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage; The Whistie, 15.	A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
Ungracious. Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage,	To Care, to Guilt unknown! . Despondency, an Ode. 5.
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;	And hast thou crost that unknown river.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.	Life's dreary bound! El. on Capt. M. H., 15.
Ungrateful.	A land unknown to prose or rhyme; . Ep. to H. Parker.
But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight, To Clarinda.	This freedom, in an unknown frien',
Curse on ungrateful man, Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.	I pray excuse Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown.
Unhallow'd.	S. Farewell, thou stream t
Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallow'd fire; To Clarinda.	To realms unknown while fate exiles me.
Unhang'd.	Make her hosom still my home S. Highl, Mary.
An' cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard. The Twa Dogs. 33.	"Alike unknowing and unknown: Lament for Glencairn.
Unhappy. That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart;	Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
That stream d thro great, unnappy wanace neart; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 21.	Lament, on leaving Nat. Land. And trend the dreary path to that dark world unknown.
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,	Lus sent Sir J. Whiteford.
Pursuing past, unhappy loves! . S. The gloomy night †	Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate!	S. My father was a farmer t
Unheard. Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.	Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heaven.
"Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd, . Lament for Glencairn.	Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,	Must take its hue from this alone; Sketch. New-1'r's Day.
On Death of R. Dundas.	Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward, The Brigs of Ayr. 3,
Unheeded. Has thy Prime unheeded past? Blue Bonnets.	Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there I ween!
Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan,	"Unknown each guilty worldly fire,
Yet frequent all unheeded in his own. Ep. to R. Graham 3.	"Remorse's throb, or loose desire; The Hermit,
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's; . S. O Lassie, art thou t	"Now moths deform in shapeless tatters.
The time, unheeded, sped away, The Lament. o.	"Their unknown pages." . To I. S., &
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose. S. True hearted was he t	Then, all unknown, I'll lay me with th' inglorious dead,
While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' Love.	To light and ion unknown before 115, to F : C
S. You wild mossy mountains t	To light and joy unknown before. Wr. in Friars-Carse H Unlamented.
Unhonoured.	Where unknown, unlamented, my ashes shall rest,
Laden with unhonoured years, Odc, to Mem. of Mrs	Lawent on leaving Mat I and
Unimpair'd.	Uniawiu'.
Adjust the unimpair'd machine, . Sketch. New-1'r's Day	Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu',

Union. I'm truly sorry Man's dominion Has broken Nature's social union, To a Mouse.

Unison. Nae unison hae they, with our Creator's praise.

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13. Wish'd unison between the pair, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.

Unite. How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite! Frag., inser. to Fox. . On W. Chalmers. May powers aboon unite you soon.

When well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit unite, When well-form a taste, and spanning With manly lore, or female beauty bright. Prologue, sp. by Woods.

The scented birk and hawthorn white, Across the pool their arms unite, S. The Contented Cottager.

Across the pool their arms man.

May Freedom, Harmony and Love
Unite you in the grand Design,

The Farewell. To St. J.'s L..

When rural life, of ev'ry station, Unite in common recreation; . The Twa Dogs, 10. United. For N-rth an' F-x united stocks, A Fragment. 6.

Not all the rage, as now, united shows More hard unkindness, unrelenting, A Winter Night. 7.

Be Britain still to Britain true, . S. Does haughty Gaul, † Amang oursels united: Our force united on thy foes we'll turn, . . . Ep. fr. Esopus.

Universal. 'And trust, the Universal Plan 'Will all protect. The The Vision. D. II. 22. That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds This universal frame, . . . The 1st 6 V.s of goth Ps.

Unkend, Unkend-of, Unkenn'd [unknown], An's loof upon her bosom Unkend . The Holy Fair. 11.

She lay like some unkend of isle

Beside New Holland, To W. Simpson. We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither: . . . 1b.

Which even to name wad he unlawfu'. Tam o' Shanter. 11. Unletter'd. In your unletter'd, nameless faces! To J. S., 27. Unlike. Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!

How much unlike! . To J. S., 26.

Unlisten'd. Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale, On Death of R. Dundas. Unloved. Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unloved.

Monody, on a Lady. Unlovely. Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode? . Why am I loth t

Unmanner'd. Th' unmanner'd dust might soil bis star, The Election Ballads, VI. Unmatched. -'d.

A head for thought profound and clear, unmatch'd:

Extem. on W. Smellie. Unmatched at the hottle, unconquered in war,

The Whistle. 4.

Unmeet.

But of meet, or unmeet, in a fabric complete, I'll holdly pronounce they [reviewers] are none [no judges],

Sir. To Capt. Ri.
Unmindful. When blest to-day unmindful of to-morrow.

Eb. to R. Grahar · · · To Capt. Riddel.

Ep. to R. Graham. 3. Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife, And helpless offspring mourn. Man was made to Mourn. Unmindful that the thorn is near, . . To J. S., 16.

Unmingl'd. But the dire feeling, O farewell for ever.

Anguish unmingi'd and agony pute. S. Gloomy December.

Unmixed. He dips in gall unmixed his eager pen, Ep. from Esopus.

Unmuzzled.

Whistling his [Combustion's] roaring pack abroad,
Of mad. unmuzzled lions; . The Election Ballads. VI.

Unnoticed, -'d.

For though 1 be poor, unnoticed, obscure,
My stomach's as proud as them a', man. Ronalds of Bennals. The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.

nnumbered.
Unnumber'd buds an' flow'rs' delicious spoils,

The Brigs of Ayr. 2.

Unpitied. 'Wrong'd, injur'd, shunn'd, unpitied, unredrest;
Invain weld Prudence † Lament for Glencairn. "Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,

Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest. Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. -.

And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail! On Death of R. Dundas.

Why is the bard unpitied by the world, Wr. under Port. of Fergusson.

Unprotected. Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age, . To K. G. of F., 5.

Unredrest. 'Wrong'd, injur'd, shunn'd, unpitied, unredrest;
In vain vold Prudence † Hnrefin'd.

. A Winter Night. 7. Some coarser substance, unrefin'd, Unregenerate.

Frae ony unregenerate Heathen, Like you or I.

. Ep. to J. R., 4. Unrelenting. More hard unkindness, unrelenting, . A Winter Night. 7.

love wi' unrelenting beam . S. Now Spring has cladt Unreliev'd.

"Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd, . Lament for Glencairn. Unremitting.

All you who follow wealth and power
With unremitting ardour, O, S. My father was a farmer t

Unrepenting.

. A Winter Night. 7. Vengeful malice, unrepenting, A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting villain, . Tragic Frag. Unrevenged.

Not unrevenged your fate shall be, . . Frag. of Ode. Unrivall'd.

Vet all heneath th' unrivall'd Rose,

The lowly Daisy sweetly blows; . The Fision D II 20. Unroof'd.

But now unroof'd their palace stands, On Window at Stirling. Unruly. She made me weary of my life,
By one unruly member. S. The Joyful Widower.

Unscathed. Unscathed by ruffian hand! . On Birth of Posth. Child. Unseal. Yours this moment I unseal, . . . To -.

Unseen. Whyles, in the human bosom pryin Unseen thou lurks. Add. to the Deil. 4.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown, S. Farewell, thou stream t Roh, stownlins, prie'd her honie mou, Fu' cozie in the neuk for't, Unseen that night.

Halloween. 10. Whyles cooket underneath the braes, Below the spreading hazle Unseen 16. 25.

Some cause unseen still stept between, S. My father was a farmer † To steel a blink by a' unseen; . S. O this is no my ain t That sings in Cessnock banks unseen, S. On Cessnock banks +

Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
On Death of R. Dundas. Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare O' hell's damned waft. . Poem on Life.

Where the blue-bell and gownn lurk, lowly, unseen; S. Their groves of

Adorns the histie stibble-field, Unseen, alane. . To a Mountain-Daisy. Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose. S. Truc hearted was het Unsettle. Where horn nor bane ne'er daur unsettle,

Your thick plantations. To a Louse. Unsheath'd.

How on this spot he first unsheath'd the sword Scots Prologue. Unsheltered.

On Birth of Fosth. Child. Unsheltered and forlorn. Unsicker [not secure; unsteady].

Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker I've found her [life] still, . Poem on Life. Unsightly. Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,
On Death of R. Dundas.

Unskaith'd [unscathed].

Unskaith'd by hunger'd Highland boors! Add. of Beelzebub. unskaith'd by Death's gleg gullie, Tam Samson's El., per C. Unskilful, -fu'. O how can I, unskilfu', try

The Poet's occupation? S. Lovely Davies. Unskilful he to note the card

Of prudent Lore, . To a Mountain-Daisy. Unsmooth. Alas! Life's path may be unsmooth! The Lament. Unsour'd.

Health, ay unsour'd by care or grief: . To Terraughty.

Unsparing. Your blood shall with incessant cry Awake at last th' unsparing power.

. Frag. of Ode.

My hand unstain'd wi' plunder: . S. When wild War's t Unsubmitting.

Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime. Tragic Frag. Unsung. "My patriot falls, but shall he lie unsung, On Death of Sir J. Blair.

Unsuspecting. View unsuspecting innocence a prey On Death of R. Dundas.

Retray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?

S. The Cotter's Sat Night. 10 Unteachable.

A thing untenchable in world's skill, . To R. G. of F .. 3. Unthinking.

See Social-life and Glee sit down. . Add. to Unco Guid 5. All joyous and unthinking, .

Untie. Untie these hands from off my hands, S. Farewell, ye dungeons t Untimely. Whom death had all untimely taen.

Lament for Glencairn. "That fillest on untimely tomb,

The groaning trees untimely shed their locks, On Death of Sir J. Blair. "My patriot son fills an untimely grave!" . . . Ib.

th' untimely tomb where Riddel lies. Sonnet, on Death of R .. Taint thee with untimely blights! . . To Miss C. But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
S. Ye lanks, and bracs, and streams

Untried. Its [the future's] good or ill untried, O;
S. My father was a farmer t Untroubled.

Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded, S. Musing on the roaring t

Untrue. Cold, comfortless, changing, untrue.
S. The winter it is past † O why should Fate sic pleasure have,

S. O toortith cauld t Life's dearest bands untwining? . Unvail.

When Remembrance wracks the mind, Pleasures but unvail Despair. S. Frae the friends t Unwarming. . The Lament. Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam; .

Unwary. Th' unwary sailor, thus, aghast,

The wheeling torrent viewing. 'Mid circling horrors sicks at last S. Farewell, thou stream t Unweeting.

The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,

Betray the hapless lover: S. Farewell, thou stream †

The unweeting groan, the bursting sigh,

The property lover.

S. The last time I

Unwept. Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unloved. Monody, on a Lady.

Unwilling. Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends?

Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. -.

Nor with unwilling ear attend The moralizing Muse. To Chloris.

Unworthy. To Rev. I. M' Math.

An' far unworthy of thy train, . Unvielding.

Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs, Ep. to R. Graham. 2.

Up [" up wi't a", up with it all]. A Fragment. 7. 'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!' . S. Hey ca' thro'. Up wi' the carls of Dysart, . Up and waur them a', Jamie, Up and waur them a';

. S. The Laddies by t S. The Ploughman t Then up wi't a', my Ploughman lad,

We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine Up wi' the hest. To W. Simpson. 9. Linhpaid Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain, S. O Lassie, art thou t Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallow'd fire; To Clarinda. Un-choked While burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl, . A Winter Night, 2. Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter Uphill, down hrae, till some mishanter, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2. Uphold. Whose toil upholds the glitt'ring show, A Winter Night. 7. That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds This universal frame, . . . The 1st 6 V.s of goth Ps. Upo' [upon]. An' when ye think upo' your Mither, Mind to he kind to ane anither. The Death of Mailie. Upper. No fallen angel, hnrled from upper skies;
Ode to Mem. of Mrs. -. Uprear. Ane on th' Anld Brig his airy shape uprears,

The Bries of Ayr. 1 Upright. The upright is Chance, and old time is the base; He's blest—if as he brew'd he drink—

Township honest morals. Epit. on G. Richardson. S. Caledonia, 6. A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight, . . . Sketch. Uproar. But up arose the martial Chuck, An' laid the loud uproar. The Jolly Beggars, R. II. In uproar and riot rejoice the night long;

Ye true "Loyal Natives" † Uprose. So aprose bright Phochus-and down fell the knight. The Whistle. 16. Next aprose our Bard, like a prophet in drink: . Ib. 17. Untear. But now the share uptears thy bed, To a Mountain-Daisy. Unward. pward.
Wi' hand on hainch, and npward e'e,

The Jolly Beggars. R. V. His gawsie tail, wi' upward curl, . . The Twa Dogs. 5. I see ye npward cast your eyes-Ye ken the road To J. S., 28. Upward-springing. When upward springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling East. . To a Mountain-Daisy. Urge. Down the zodiac urge the race, . Ep. to H. Parker. But why urge the tender confession, Gainst fortune's fell cruel decree S. Here's a health to ane t Why arge the only, one request, You know I will deny! S. Talk not of Lore ! Urged. bis warm-urged wishes. . . On W. Chalmers. Urinus Spiritus. Urinus Spiritus of capons; . Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22. Urn. "No storied urn nor animated bust," Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson. Urr. Here's armorial bearings The Election Ballads, IV. Frae the manse o' Urr: Ursa-Major [Dr. Samuel Johnson]. Or him who led o'er Scotland a' The meikle Ursa-Major? The Fête Champetre. Plac'd for her [Luxnry's] lordly use, thus far, thus vile, below! A Winter Night. 7. Use, to. Then catch the moments as they fly, And use them as ye ought, man A Bottle and Friend. My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp, Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 8. O did not Love exclaim, " Forhear! "Nor use a faithful lover so?" . . S. Fairest maid t Jamaica bodies, use bim weel, On Scot. Bard gne to W.I. Use't, Us'd. Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note, . Et. to I. R. . o. And wad na Manhood been to blame, Had I unkindly us'd her: . . S. Had I the wyte†

But a Miller us'd him worst of all, John Barleycorn. As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum. The Jolly Beggars. S. I. Wha us'd to trystes an' fairs to driddle, . . Ib. K. V. An' may a bard no crack his jest What way they've use't him? To Rev. J. M'Math.

Usher. And ushers the long dreary night: Usher'st. Again thou usher'st in the day My Mary from my sonl was torn. . Usquabae, Usquebae [whisky]. Wi' usquahae, we'll face the devil! An' when wi' Usquebae we've wat it It winns break. Alas the day, and wo the day, A false usurper wan the gree, Usurping. Man your proud usurping foe, . On scaring Water-fow .. Utmost. Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg. Wha does the utmost that he can, Will whyles do mair. But to his atmost would befriend Ought that belang'd ye. To Rev. J. M'Math. But thy atmost duly done. Uzz. An' sklented on the man of Uzz.
Your spitefu' joke? Add. to the Deil. 17. Vacahond "Ye poor, despis'd, abandon'd vagabonds, Vagrant. But, Delia, on thy balmy lips Let me, no vagrant insect, rove! Vain. And mony a scheme in vain's been laid,

To stap or scar me; Death and Dr. Hornbook, 13, I, listless, yet restless, Find ev'ry prospect vain. In vain would Prudence, with decorons sneer, Point out a censuring world, and hid me fear; Now a' is done that men can do, And a' is done in vain: I wad in vain essay the strain, With fortune's vain delusion, O, Vain ev'n the omnipotence of Female charms, In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin! In vain Auld-age his body batters; In vain the Gout his ancles fetters; In vain the burns cam down like waters, An acre-braid! Tam Samson's El., 9. In vain Auld-age his body batters;

Useful. Then first she [nature] calls the useful many forth;

Et. to R. Graham, 2, Man then is useful to his kind. Man was made to Mourn. Some useful plan, or book could make, The Ans. to the Guidwife. With chill hoary wing as ye [breezes] usher the dawn:
S. How pleasant the banks †

Poet. Add. to Tytler.

To Mary in Heaven. Using. For using thy name offers fifty excuses Fragment, inser. to Fox.

Tam o' Shanter, 11. Wi' usonebae an' hlankets warm, . The Jolly Beggars. R. I.

Third Ep. to J. Lap .. Usurpation. Braved usurpation's holdest daring! Liberty. Usurper. Lay the prond nsurpers low, S. Scots, wha ha'et

S. The bonic Lass of Alb.

Tam o' Shanter, 18.

To Dr Blacklock

Welcome what thou canst not shun: Wr. in Hermitage at F.C.

Vacant. Then foreweel vacant, careless roamin; To J. S., 14.

Tracic Frag.

Delia. An Ode. Why, Lonsdale thus, thy wrath on vagrants pour, Ep. fr. Esopus.

Vain is his hope, whase stay an' trust is, In moral Mercy, Truth and Justice! A Ded. to G. II., 7. May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain ; Add. to the Deil. 10, In vain to me the cowslips blaw, [re.] S. Again rejoic. Nature t But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd, . S. Caledonia,

. Despondency, an Ode. 2. In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves; El. on Miss Burnet.

Who calls thee, pert, affected, vain coquette, Ep. fr. Esopus. I hear it-for in vain I lenk, . . . Ep. to H. Parker. In vain with Squire Eilly for laurels you struggle, Frag., inser. to Fox.

In vain wld Prudence †

. S. It was a' for t . S. Lovely Davies.

I wad in vain essay,
In many a way, and vain essay,
S. My father was a farmer to

In vain I've roam'd for pleasure, S. My Love's a winsome t 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's arms Scots Prologue.

In vain assail him with their prayer, Sketch. New-Yr's Day. Tam o' Shanter, 18.

They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.

My Lord, I know, your noble car Woe ne'er assails in vain; . The Petition of Br. Water. But vain they search'd when off I march'd	Vampyre. Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart, To R. G. of F., 3.
To go an' clout the Caudron. The folly Beggars, S. VI. How long I have liv'd, but how much liv'd in vain;	Van. Come Firm Resolve take thou the van, To Dr. Blacklock.
S. The lazy mist † But Mousie, thou art no thy lane,	Youth, grace, and love attendant move. And pleasure leads the van. S. A. Masterton's bonic Anne.
In proving foresight may be vain: To a Mouse.	Vandal. Auld Vandal, ye but show your little mense.
In vain the laws their feeble force oppose; . To Clarinda. In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye:	Vanish'd.
In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye; 1b. Conscience in vain upbraids the unballow'd fire; 1b.	"There, latest mark'd her vanish'd sail." S. Behold the hour t
Some rhyme, (vain thought!) for needfu' cash; To J. S., 5.	She said, and vanish'd with the sweeping blast. On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly, An' unco vain, To W. Simpson.	Vanity. The idiot strum of vanity hemused, Ep. fr. Esopus.
To equal young Jessie, you seek it in vain:	The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art: S. Mark yonder Pomp †
S. True hearted was he † And fretful envy grins in vain . S. Young Peggy †	Here vanity strums on her idiot lyre; Monody, on a Lady.
Vainly.	His meddling vanity, a busy fiend, Sketch.
And for thy potence vainly wisht, Lns, on Back of Bank Note. Vale. in the vale of humble life. A Ded. to G. H., to.	Vanquish'd. When the vanquish'd foe
* Ev'n in the peaceful rural vale,	Sues for peace and quiet, . S. The Captain's Lady.
'Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale, A Winter Night. S.	Chain'd at his feet they groan, Love's vanquish'd foes: To Clarinda.
Above the narrow, rural vale: Add. to Edinburgh. The sweeping vales, and foaming floods, Ef. to Davic. 4.	Vapour.
'Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale;	So Sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour, A Ded. to G. H., 12. Where ignorance her darkening vapour throws, The l'owels.
Frag. of Ode. Poverty's low barren vale, Lament for Glencairn.	Vap'rin [vapouring].
the flower which bloom'd sweetest in Coila's green vale,	In wrath she was sae vap'rin,
Lament on leaving Nat. Land. Blows chilly from the misty vale; On Lincluden.	Life is all a variorum, The Jolly Beggars. S. 1'111.
How levely, Nith, thy fruitful vales, S. The Banks of Nith.	Various.
One cordial in this melancholy vale, The Cotter's Sat. Night, 9.	He knows each chord its various tone, Each spring its various bias: . Add. to Unco Guid. S.
Her [Coila's] heathy moors and winding vales; S. The gloomy night t	She [nature] form'd of various parts the various man. Ef. to R. Graham.
Life's weary vale I wander thro': The Lament.	Who heals life's various stounds, On Birth of Posth. Child.
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale, S. The small birds †	Bright to the moon their various dresses glane'd: The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
Dost thou spurn the humble vale? Wr. in Friar's-Carse H.	'All chuse, as, various they're inclin'd, 'The various man The Vision. D. 11, 7.
Valentine ["Valentines dealing," a kind of lottery held on St. Valentine's day to ascertain if you were to be married, and if so, to whom].	Vassal. The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife,
Yestreen at the Valentines dealing.	The Henpecked Husband. Vast. And make a vast monopoly of hell? . Ep. fr. Esopus.
My heart to my mou' gied a sten; S. Tam Glen.	With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong, Frag, inser. to Fox.
Valley. How pleasant thy banks and green vallies below. S. Afton Water.	Those mighty periods of years
A fairer than either adorns the green vallies, Where Devon, sweet Devon, meand'ring flows.	Which seem to us so vast, . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps., A vast, unbottom'd, boundless Pit, The Holy Fair, 22,
S. How fleasant the banks † Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;	Vaulted.
S. My heart's in the Highlanas \	By turns in soaring heaven, or vaulted hell. To R. G. of F., 8.
May Has made our bills and valleys gay; S. O Logan! sweetly † Gi'e me the lonely valley,	Vaunt. I need na vaunt
The dewy eve, and rising moon; S. Sae flaxen t	Vauntie [proud, boastful]. It was her best, and she was vauntie. Tam o' Shanter. 15.
Let the blast sweep o'er the valley, See it prostrate on the clay! S. Sensibility †	I'd be mair vauntie o' my hap, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill, S. The heather was blooming †	Wow, but your letter made me vauntie! To Dr. Blacklock.
O were you hills and vallies mine, S. The Highl. Lassic.	Vein. What ragings must his veins convulse, That still eternal gallop: . Add. to Unco Guid. 4.
His right are these hills, and his right are these vallies, S. The small birds †	To feel a fire in every vein, . S. Farewell, thou stream
Low, in a sandy valley spread, . The Vision, D. I. 15.	And feel thro' every vein love's raptures roll. S. Mark youder Pomp †
Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay, sunny vallies, S. Their groves of	They heat your brains, and fire your veius, O leave novels to We will drain our dearest veius, S. Scots, wha ha'e to
Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores, S. You wild mossy mountains t	To feel a fire in every vein,
Valour The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;	Yet dare not speak my anguish. S. The last time I † Evry pulse along my veins.
S. My heart's in the Highlands † Secure in valour's station; S. The Union.	Tells the ardent lover
Value.	Shall venal lays their [princes'] pompous exit hail; El. on Miss Burnet.
Because God meant mankind should set That higher value on it. [v.A.27] Ask why God made †	With all the yenal soul of dedicating Prose?
Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig, And ye'll ha'e a calf's hend o' sma' value.	The Brigs of Ayr. 'mid the venal Senate's roar, The Vision. D. 11. 5.
The Kirk's Marm.	Vend [to set forth, to offer for acceptance].
Value, to. Reader, dost value matchless worth? Lns, on Window, F.'s C. Her.	Great lies and nonsense baith to vend, Death and Dr. Hornbook.
Valued'st. The Friend thou valued'st, I, the Patron, lov'd; Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.	A rousing whid at times to vend [v.A.6] 1b.
Vamp. "I would vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better; Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Veneering. Veneering oft outshines the solid wood: Sketch.
Time quey a vincini	

Venerable
Venerable.
Hear me, ye venerable Core, Add. to Unco Guid. 2
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years; The Brigs of Ayr. 13. Venetian.
An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers, O' curst Venetian b—res un' ch-ncres [v.A.13]
Vengeance. The Twa Dogs, 23.
When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath. And in the fire throws the sheath; A Ded. to G. H, 10.
Paint Vengeance as he takes his horrid stand Waving on high the desolating brand, Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang, Wi' gnawing vengeance; Add. to Toothache.
Grim Vengeance lang has taen a nap, S. Awa, whigs, awa.
And pours his vengeance in the burning line. Ep. fr. Esopus.
Who on my fair one satire's vengeance harls? Ib.
'Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale; So vengeance * * * Frag. of Odc.
L-d in the day of vengeance try him, Holy Willie's Prayer. 15.
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet n sword That thro' thy soul shall gae: Lament of Mary of Scots.
In sullen vengeance, I, disdain'd, reply: . The I'owels.
Spare me thy vengeance, G[alloway] To Lord G
Vengeful -fu'.
Vengeful malice, unrepenting, . A Winter Night. 7.
To glut that direst foe,-a vengeful woman: Scots Prologue,
That aft ha'e made us black and blae, Wi' vengefu' paws The Twa Herds. 12.
No vengeful spirit hid him fear; S. To thee lov'd Nith †
Veni, vidi, vici.
Comes, 'mid a string of coxcombs to display, That veni, vidi, vici, is his way;
Venom.
Whose spleen e'en worse than Burns' venom when He dips in gall unmixed his enger pen, . Ep. fr. Esopus.
Venom'd.
My curse upon your venom'd stang, . Add. to Toothache.
Vent To went the become evalling rice

bus. che ent thy bosom's swelling rise.

'In pensive walk. . The Vision. D. II. 15.

Venture. I once was persuaded a venture to make; S. No Churchman am I+ Venture, to. I winna ventur't in my rhymes, . A Vision. And when I wad na venture in, A coward loon she ca'd me; [re.] . S. Had I the write t

An' owre the threshold ventures; . . . Halloween. 22. In troth I'm fear'd to venture, Sir. S. I'm o'er young to marry t He'd venture the gallows for siller, An'twere na the cost o' the rape. The Election Ballads. III.

For drink I would venture my neck; The Jolly Beggars. S. III. O Love will venture in, where it dare no weel be seen :

O love will venture in, where wisdom ance has been S. The Posie. Critics-appalled, I venture on the name. To R. G. of F., 1. Ventured, -'d.

She ventured forward on the light : Tam o' Shanter, 11. She ventured forward on the figure .

He ventur'd the Soul, and I risked the Body,

The Jolly Beggars, S. II.

What champions ventured, what champions fell;

The Whistle.

Venus, Weel rigg'd for Venus barter; . A Dream, 13. If Venus yet had got his nose off; . Kind Sir, I've read t Life-giving wars of Venus. . Lns, on Windows, Gl. Tav., Vera [very]. thretteen pund an' twa, The vera warst.

A Guid New-Year † 15. a hearty blaud, This vera night; Ef. to J. L-k, Af. 21st, 4. The vera wee-things, toddlan, rin, . Halloween 5. He was sae sairly frighted That vera night. . . 16. 16. In hopes to see Tam Kipples That vera night, Ib. 21. A vera gude tocher, a cotter-man's dochter, S. Her Daddie forbad t

Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither: . Tam o' Shanter. 5. And ev'n the vera deils they brawly ken them). The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

The' they should cast the vera sark and swim, Our vera "Sauls does barrow" Wi fright The Holy Fair, 21.

To's ain het hame had sent him . 11/1 12 The vera girdle rang. . . . The Jolly Beggars, R. I. The vera thought o't need no fear them. The Twa Dogs. 27. The vera tapmost, towrin height . . . To a Louse.
Ye hate as ill's the vera de'il, . . To Mr. J. Kennedy. Verdant. No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains On seeing wounded Hare. Woods that ever verdant wave. . S. Streams that glide t

The yera sight o' (Moodiel's face,

The palace rising on his verdant side : Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Verdure. The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn. S. How pleasant the banks t

Veriest. Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown, S. Farewell, thou stream t Love's veriest wretch, despairing, . . S. The last time It Vermin.

The courtly vermin's hanned the tree, The Tree of Liberty. Vermined.

And vermined gipsies litter'd heretofore. . Ep. fr. Esopus. Vernal. Again rejoicing Nature sees

gain rejoicing Nature sees Her robe assume its vernal hues, S. Again rejoicing Nature† And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,

S. How pleasant the banks t

The reliques of the vernal quire; , Lament for Gleneairn. Not vernal showers to hudding flow'rs, S. Now westlin winds t Her looks are like the vernal May, S. On Cessnock banks t Sett II.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn, Some musing hard may stray, The Petition of Er, Water, Her air like nature's vernal smile ; S. 'Twas even-the dewy † Would take His hand, whose vernal tints

His other works admire. . . . V.s below Picture. Versailles. There, at Vienna or Versailles,

He rives his father's auld entails; . . The Twa Dogs. 23. Verse. Who called her verse, a parish workhouse made For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or strayed? Ep. fr. Esopus,

. Ep. to Davic. And spin a verse or twa o' rhyme, 'Von wha ken hardly verse frae prose, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 10.

Whose verse in manhood's pride sublimely flows. Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose. Ep. to R. Graham. 5. S. Lovely Davies.

Now, by the Powers o' Verse and Prose! On Grose's Peregrinations. When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks

Are my poor Verses! Scotch Drink. 18. An' scriechan out prosaic verse,
An' like to brust! The Author's Cry and Prayer,

What verse can sing, what prose narrate, The Election Ballads. VI. O' double verse come gie us four, . . The Ordination. 3.

On every tree appear my verses . . To Clarinda. (I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time.) To Dr. Blacklock. Verv.

So may ye hae auld stanes in store, -- The very stanes that Adam bore, Ken ye aught o' Copt. G. And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen! . S. Tam Glen. Vest. My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best,

Ronalds of Bennals. Vestal. 'Tis the soft, spotless, vestal train, On Lincluden.

Like some hold Vet'ran, gray in arms, And mark'd with many a seamy scar: Add. to Edinburgh. 5.

Health to the Maxwell's vet'ran Chief! To Terraughty. Vex.

That when nae real ills perplex them, They mak enow themsels to vex them; The Twa Dogs. 29. Vexation. How would your spirits groan in deep vexation, The Brigs of Ayr. o.

Vex'd. And e'en n vex'd and angry heart had he! The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

If thou hast known false love's vexation,

Their zealous herds are vex'd an' swentan;
To W. Simpson. P.S..

. The Hermit.

Vibrate. Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure, Thrill the deepest notes of woe, S. Sensibility, †	They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
Vice, the Vices.	The view o't gies them little fright. The Twa Dogs. 15. And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
The vices also, must they club their curse? Ep. fr. Esopus. The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe;	A well-known Land. The Vision. D. I 12. Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
Epit. for Author's Father. How virtue and vice blend their black and their white!	On sic a dinner? To a Haggis. Keep His Goodness still in view, . Wr. in Hermitage, F.C.
Frag., inser. to Fex.	Till fam'd Breadalbaine opens on my view.
I saw mankind with vice incrusted; The Hernit. "Whom vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to ruin. Tragic Frag	View, to. Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
The smile or frown of aweful Heaven.	Guilt, erring Man, relenting view! A Winter Night. 9. With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
To Virtue or to Vice is given. Wr. in Friars-Carse H Vicegerent. Justice, the high vicegerent of her God.	I view that noble, stately Dome, Add. to Edinburgh. 6.
On Death of R. Dundas.	Our auld Guidman delights to view His sheep an' kye thrive honie, S. Behind yon hills
But vicious folk age bate to see The works o' Virtue thrive, man; The Tree of Liberty.	As wand'ring, meand'ring, He views the solemo sky Despondency, an Ode. 3.
Victim.	And view the charms of Nature; S. Now westlin winds to View the wither'd beldam's face Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —.
The victim sad of Fortune's strife, . A Ded. to G. H., 16. I've seen th' oppressor's cruel smile,	I view the solemn scene around, On Lincluden
Amid his hapless victim's spoil. Lns. on Back of Bank Note.	Not ev'n to view the Heaveoly choir, Would be so blest a sight On Miss J. Lewars.
Ye mustering thunders from above Your willing victim see! S. O mirk, mirk †	View unsuspecting Innocence a prey, On Death of R. Dundas. Elest stream! she views thee haste to Clyde.
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly, On Death of R. Dundas.	S. Slow spreads the gloom
Victor. While Death stands victor by. S. From thee, Eliza, +	The western breeze steals through the trees, To view this Fête Champetre The Fête Champetre.
Victorious. O'er a' the ills o' life victorious! Tam o' Shanter. 6.	I walked forth to view the corn, An' souff the callor air The Holy Fair.
Th' envenomed wasp, victorious, guards his cell. To R. G. of F., 2.	And view, deep-beading in the pool, Their shadows' wat'ry bed: The Petition of Br. Water.
Victory, -ie.	I joyless view thy rays adorn, [re.] The Lament.
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands, O, who would not die with the brave!	Nor even Sol too fiercely view Thy bosom blushing still with dew! . To Miss C.
S. Farewell, thou fair day †	And with sincere tho' unavailing sighs, I view the helpless children of distress. Tracic Frag.
From great Dundee, who smiling victory led, And fell a martyr in her arms, Frag. of Ode.	We cam' na here to view your warks, V.s, on Window, Carron.
But soon wi' sounding victorie May Kenmure's Lord come hame.	View'd. Dark-muffl'd, [Phœbe] view'd the dreary plain; A Winter Night. 6.
Welcome to your gory bed,	'Twas Caledonia's trophied shield I view'd: On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Or to glorious victory S. Scots, wha ha'e t Yet simple Bob the victory got, The Dean of Fac.	An' meek an' mim has view'd it [the word], The Holy Fair. 16.
Vie. You knot of gay flowers in the aroour, They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:	I view'd the heavenly-seeming Fair; . The Vision. D. II. Viewing, -in. Sae, after viewing knives and garters.
S. Adown winding Nith †	Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
But for sease and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best Ronalds of Bennals.	Epit. on Tam the Chapman. aghast The wheeling torrent viewing, S. Farewell, thou stream † Woor by degrees, till her last roon
The flowers shall vie in all their charms The Petition of Er. Water.	Gaed past their viewin, To W. Simpson. P.S.
Vienna. There, at Vienna or Versailles.	Viewless. And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends. Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
He rives his father's auld entails; The Twa Dogs. 23.	Vigils. With Woe I nightly vigils keep, . The Lament. Vigour. And drinks the stream with vigour fresh;
View. Their views enlarg'd, Add. to Edinburgh 3. An' views beyond the grave comfort him. Auld comrade †	S. On Cessnock banks† Sett II.
Dim-backward as I cast my view, What sick ning scenes appear! Despondency, an Ode.	An' touch it aff wi' vigour, The Ordination. 4. Vile. Plac'd for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below!
Who, equal to the bustling strife,	A Winter Night. 7. To watch and premier owre the pack vile! Add. of Beelzebub.
No other view regard!	wi' warldly trust, Vile self gets in; Holy Willie's Prayer. 6.
Where ev'ry nerve is strained Ep. to Young Friend. 2. Nell's heart was dancin at the view;	Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside, Like ony common weed and vile. S. I do confess †
This partial view of human-kind	That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph, Kind Sir, Fre read †
Is surely not the last! . Man was made to Mourn. No help, nor hope, nor view had I,	See, yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight. So abject, mean and vile, Man was made to Mourn.
S. My father was a farmer† No view nor care, but shun whate'er	That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep! . Poor Mailie's El., Three priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
Might breed me pain or sorrow, O: 1b.	Lay stinking, vile, in every neak. [v.A.16] Tam o Shanter.
The more in this [wealth, &c.] you look for bliss, You leave your view the farther, O:	From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
How strongly still your view displays The piety of accient days! On Lincluden.	An' may they never learn the gaets, Of ither vile, wanrestfu' Pets! . The Death of Mailie.
Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin', Second Ep. to Davie.	How could you raise so vile a hustle, . The Twa Herds. 3. That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
E'er they would grate their feelings wi' the view	Lead to be wretched, vile, and hase. Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
The Erigs of Ayr. 6. Or gather'd lib'ral views in Boods and Seisins. 10. 10.	Vilest. And I shall spurn as vilest dust,
Anticipation forward points the view;	The warld's wealth and grandeur; S. Come, let me take thee?
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5. There's a holier chace in your view; The Kirk's Alarm.	Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prose. Ep. to R. Graham. 5. The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead.
I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view, S. The Posie.	Now trodden like the vilest weed, S. O Lassie, art thou t Vi'let v. Violet.

Village. The village bell has told the hour. A Nobleman livd in a village of late, The village glittering in the noontide beam Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	"Thro' future times to make his virtues last On Death of Sir I. Blair. His forbears' virtues all contrasted, On Duke of Queensberry. Virtue alone who dost revere, What Dreast so dead to heavinly Virtue's glow,
Villain, Villian.	Prologue, sp. by Woods.
I'll no say, men are villains a'; . Ep. to Young Friend. 3. "O! why has Worth so short a date? "While villains ripen grey with time!	Virtue's blossoms there shall blow, And fear no withering blast; And soothe the Virtues weeping on this bier: [v.A.10]
Lament for Glencairn. To crush the villain in the dust: Lns, on Each of Eanh Note. A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.	Sonnet, on Death of R. Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd? The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.
And names, like villian, hypocrite,	And certes, in fair Virtne's heavenly road, The Cottage leaves the Palace far behind: 1b. 1g.
Ilk ither gien, The Twa Herds. 9. By all the conscions villian fears helow! . To Clarinda.	If the virtues were pack't in a parcel, His worth might be sample for a'. The Election Ballads. III.
Only to number out a villain's years! . To R. Graham.	Its virtues a' can tell, man; The Tree of Liberty.
"A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting villain, Tragic Frag "As far surpassing other common villains,	Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care,
"As Thon in natural parts hadst given me more." . Ib.	The works o' Virtue thrive, man; 1b. To ev'ry nobler virtue bred,
Vines. While nightly breezes sweep the vines, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	And polish'd grace. The Vision. D. I. 15.
'Bont vines, an' wines, an' druken Bacchns, Scotch Drink. Vineyard. And wished that Parnassus a vineyard had been.	While conscious virtue all the strain endears. To Miss Graham.
The Whistle. 11.	Again I might desert fair Virtue's way; Why am I loth † The smile or frown of awful Heaven,
Vintage. The sparkling heavenly vintage, Love and Bliss! Innocence †	To Virtue or to Vice is given. Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Vintner. An' cheek-for-chow, a chuffie Vintner, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Virtuous. Ye high, exalted, virtuous Dames, Add. to the Unco Guid. 6.
Violence. Mark ruffian Violence, distain'd with crimes; On Death of R. Dundas.	Powers celestial whose protection Ever guards the virtuous fair, S. Highl. Mary.
Violet, Vi'let. In vain to me the vi'lets spring; S. Again rejoicing Nature †	Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love, S. Somebody.
And violets bathe in the weet of the morn;	A virtuous Populace may rise the while, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.
S. My Nanie's Awa O were my love you villet sweet, That peeps frae 'neath the hawthorn spray ;	Visage. The moon was sinking in the west Wi' visage pale and wan, S. My heart was ance † Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin,
That peeps trae neart the nawthorn spray; S. O were my love† The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear, S. The Posie.	An' sour as ony slaes: The Holy Fair. 3.
Violino.	'I saw grim nature's visage hoar 'Struck thy young eye. The Vision.'D. II. 13.
Sir Violino with an air That show'd a man o' spnak, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII.	Vision. But as I gaze the vision fails,
Virgin.	Like frost-work touched by southern gales; On Lincluden. So may be, on this Pisgah height,
virgin Spring, by Eden's flood, Add. to Shade of Thomson. Where first I own'd that virgin love	Bob's purblind mental vision t The Dean of F-
I lang, lang had denied S. O mirk, mirk † But Queensberry, thine the virgin claim	Visit. Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot, Nae ruder visit knows, S. Now Spring has clad †
From aught that's good exempt. On Duke of Queensberry.	Elythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
Love's first snow-drop, virgin kiss To a Kiss. Never, never reptile thief	Visit, to. L-d visit them wha did employ him, Holy Willie's Prayer. 15.
Riot on thy virgin leaf! To Miss C. Virginia.	Vista. Or down Italian Vista startles, The Twa Dogs. 23. Vital. Thrill, vital, thro' and thro'; Nature's Law.
Tho' I should herd the buckskin kye For't, in Virginia! . Ep. to J. R., 11.	While down the wretched vital part is driven! Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral, For the lands of Virginia-ginia, O:	Vittle, Vittel, [victual; grain]. Robin promis'd me
S. The Slave's Lament.	A' my winter vittle; . S. Robin shure in hairst.
All on that charming coast is no hitter snow and frost, Like the lands of Virginia ginia O; Ib.	An' a' the vittel in the yard, An' theekit right, . Third Ep. to J. Lap.
The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear, In the lands of Virginia ginia O;	Vive. By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted, Then, vive t'amour! Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.
Virginity. O wrang na my virginity! S. The lass that made the bed.	Learn'd vive la bagatelle, et vive l'amour; Sketch. Vocal. On trembling string, or vocal air, S. A Rosebud by my †
Virl [ferrule, ferrel, a ring round the end of a staff, tool-handle, column, &c.].	Oft in the vocal bowers recline? S. Slow spreads the gloom †
Wi' virls an' whirlygignms at the head. The Erigs of Ayr.	Again ye'll charm the vocal air. S. The Catrine woods †
Virtue, the Virtues. And virtue's light that beams beyond the spheres;	To follow the noble vocation; S. The Sons of old Killie.
El. on Miss Burnet.	Vogle [vain, proud, highly pleased]. And vow but I was vogie! S. What will I do gin t
Thon know'st, the virtues cannot hate thee worse, Ep. fr. Esopus.	Voice.
'For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side.' Epit. for Author's Father.	And list'ning to their witching voice Has often led me wrong. A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd, Epit. on a Friend, How virtue and vice blend their black and their white!	Her voice is the song of the morning S. Adown winding Nith † Beyond what Fancy e'er refin'd
Frag., inscr. to Fox. No two virtues, whatever relation they claim	The voice of Nature prizing. S. Could aught of song † The music of thy voice I heard,
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other Ib. Loves, graces and virtues, I call not on you; Monody, on a Lady.	Nor wist while it enslav'd me; S. Farewell, thou stream † A hoding voice is in mine ear, S. From thee, Eliza, † It is Maria's voice I hear! S. Here is the glen, †
	at is is an and a voice i mean i S. Here is the gien, †

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp! "The voice of woe and wild despair! Lament for Glencairn.	How aften didst thou pledge and vow, . S. O mirk, mirk †
Her voice is like the evining thrush S. On Cessnock banks †	Ay yow and protest that ye carena for me, . S. O whistle,† 1 vow it's unco pretty: The Ordination. II.
The voice of nature loudly cries, And many a message from the skies,	I swear and you that only thou
That something in us never dies: . Sketch. New-Yr's Day. My voice, a lioness that mourns	Shall ever be my dearie: . S. Wilt thou be my † An' ay he vows he'll be my ain
Her darling cub's undoing! The Election Ballads, VI.	As lang's he has a breath to draw. S. I'oung lockey t
Each night and morn with voice imploring, This wish 1 sigh: The Hermit.	Vowed, -'d. And vow'd for my love he was dying; S. Last May a braw wooer†
But hark ! the tent has chang'd it's voice ; The Holy Fair. 14.	And vow'd I was his dear lassie, [re.]
For why, -methinks I hear her voice Tearing the clouds asunder. S. The Joyful Widower.	He vow'd, he pray'd, he found the maid Forgiving all and good. S. On a bank of flowers t
Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood, The Twa Herds, b.	And vowed that to leave them he was quite forlorn, The Whistle. 13.
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale, 1b. 7. With trembling voice I tune my strain To Rev. J. M'Blath.	Often hast thou yow'd that death
And the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in my ear.	Only should us sever: S. Thou hast left me †
S. Wae is my heart t Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, sweet lass, S. When wild War's t	And call the trembling vowels to account The Vowels.
Void.	And knock'd the grouning vowel to the ground! Ib. Vulcan.
Her native grace so void of art; . S. My Mary face †	When Vulcan gies his bellys breath, . Scotch Drink. 10.
That breast, how dreary now, and void, . The Lament.	To Vulcan then Apollo goes, To get a frosty calker
Three vollies let his mem'ry crave Tam Samson's El., 13.	Ohliging Vulcan fell to work,
Poet Willie, Poet Willie, gi' the Doctor a volly, The Kirk's Alarm.	Ve Vulcan's sons of Wanlockhead,
Volume. Perhaps the Christian Volume is the theme,	Wa', Waw [wall]. He hung it to the wa', A Fragment. 4. An' bore him to the wa', man
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15. Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair, To a young Lady.	Be-north the Roman wa', man:
Volunteers.	Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
There's wooden walls upon our seas, And Volunteers on shore, Sir S. Does haughty Gaul †	The braes ascend like lofty wa's, S. Eonie Lassie, will ye go† By you castle wa' at the close of the day, S. By you castle wa'†
Ante In gath'rin votes you were no slack	S. By you castle wa't A ratton ratti'd up the wa'. Halloween 22
Now stand as tightly by your tack: The Author's Cry and Prayer, 6.	A ratton ratti'd up the wa',
The deil ane but honours them highly.	Altho' my back be at the wa', S. Here's his health in water. O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa', S. Lady Mary Ann.
The deil ane will give them his vote. The Election Ballads. III.	That grows upon the castle wa'! S. O were my love †
For worth and honour pawn their word, Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man? The Fète Champetre.	Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's Auld Scotland's wrangs,
ote, to. That she wad vote the border knight,	The Author's Cry and Prayer, 12,
Though she should vote her lane. The Election Ballads, I.	His back's been at the wa'; The Election Ballads, I. I laid her 'tween me and the wa'.
Notive. To thee this votive off ring 1 impart, Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford.	I laid her 'tween me and the wa', S. The lass that made the bed.
low! [an exclamation of surprise or delight].	Whene'er my father thinks on me, He stares into the wa'; . The Ruined Maid's Lament.
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight! Tam o' Shanter. 11.	And jee! the door gued to the wa'; . The Vision. D. I. 7.
And vow but I was vogie! S. What will I do gin †	A reekit wee deevil looks ower the wa', S. There liv'd ance a carle †
And on thy lips I seal my vow, . S. An' I'll kiss thee yet †	High-shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield. To a Mountain-Daisy.
While many a kiss the seal imprest, The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever. S. By Allan stream †	It's silly wa's the win's are strewin! To a Mouse.
All thy fond-plighted vows, fleeting as air! S. Had I a care t	But the houlet cry'd frac the Castle wa', S. What will I do gin †
And let us all our vows renew, S. Here is the glen,† She'll aiblins listen to my vow: . S. I gaed a waefu'†	So sung the Bard-and Nansie's waws
She'll aiblins listen to my vow: S. I gaed a waefu't But purer was the lover's vow S. O bonie was you rosy t	Shook with a thunder of applause The Jolly Beggars, R. VIII. Wab [a web].
Sweet early object of my youthful vows, Once fondly lov'd †	To warp a plaiden wab; S. My heart was ance t
And hear my vows o' truth and love, . S. Sae flaxen † She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,	To warp a wah o' plaiden; S. Robin shure in hairst. Wabster [a weaver].
S. She's fair and fause †	And can, like ony wabster's shuttle,
A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss Sir Politics to fetter, The Fête Champetre.	Jink there or here; Adam A—'s Prayer,
A faithless woman's broken vow The Lament.	What wives an' wabsters see an' feel; Anld comrade † An' no forgetting wabster Charlie,
And come to stop those reckless yows, Would soon been broken. The Vision. D. I. q.	An honest Wabster to his trade, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.
My vows and tears her scorn excite To Clarinda.	Came shaking hands wi' wabster-loons, The Election Ballads. VI.
And sae may the Heavens forget me, Wheo I forget my vow!	An' there, a batch o' Wabster lads,
Ye shades that echo'd to his vows, S. To thee, lov'd Nith t	K[ilmarnock] Wabsters, fidge an' claw, . The Ordination.
Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace, S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams †	Willie was a wabster gude, S. Willie Wastle†
ow, to.	Wad [to wager]. 'Niest time we meet. I'll wad a groat.
I swear and vow by moon and stars, And sun that shines so early, S. Come boat me o'er.	Niest time we meet, I'll wad a groat, 'He gets his fairin! Death and Dr. Hornbook. 30.
Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink, 'I vow l'Il close it; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 6.	Or faith! I'll wad my new pleugh-pettle, Ye'll see't or lang, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.
An' by my hea, an' by her tail,	I'll wad a boddle, The Brigs of Ayr. 5.
I vow an' swear! Ep. to J. R., 10. I vow and swear, I diona care,	Wad [wed]. And or I wad anither jad,
How lang ye look about ye. S. Here's to thy health,†	I'll wallop in a tow S. The weary Pund.

Wad [would].	What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
What wad ye wish for mair, man? A Bottle and Friend.	On Birth of Posth, Child.
Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang, A Dream. 2.	And ane wad rather fa'n than fled; On Grose's Peregrinations.
Wad been a dress compleater: 1b. 12.	Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets, Ib. But wad ye see him in his glee, Ib.
How thou wad prance, an' snore, an' scriegh, A Guid New-Year† 8.	I'd take the rascal by the nose,
But thy auld tail thou wad bae whisket, Ib. 12.	Wad say, Shame fa' thee Ib.
Till sprittie knowes wad rair't an' risket, Ib.	The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire,
The steyest brae thou wad hae fac't it; 1b. 14.	If that wad entice her awa', man. Ronalds of Bennals. The fault wad be mine, if they didna shine, Ib.
I thought We wad be beat! Ib. 16.	The fault wad be mine, if they didna shine, Ib. Wad shew the Tragic Muse in a' her glory. Scots Prologue.
I doubt na they wad bide nae better . Add. of Beelzebub.	Wad move the very hearts o' stanes! . Searching auld t
An' if thou be what I wad ha'e thee, Add. to Illegit. Child.	Which even to name wad he unlawfu'. Tam o' Shanter. 11.
ye wad whip Aff straught to H-ll. Add. to the Deil. 14. Wad ding a' Lallan tongue, or Erse,	I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies, Ib. 13.
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!	Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Wha wad mind the wind and rain, . S. As I came o'er†	Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches! Ib. 15.
I wad wear thee in my bosom, S. Bonie wee thing †	I put him to bed and he swore he wad wed, S. The auld man t
My heart wad burst wi' anguish S. Craigie-burn Wood.	There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10.
I wad he kittle To be mislear'd, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.	If he some scheme, like tea an' winnocks,
Fient haet o't wad hae pierc'd the heart Of a kail-runt	Wad kindly seek
And wha wad dare to spoil it? . S. Does haughty Gault	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Wad made a bodie's mouth to water; . S. Donald Brodie †	Oh wha wad leave this humble state S. The Contented Cottager.
His haly lips wad licket at her	That errand fain wad gae; The Election Ballads. 1.
For wi' the rock she wad him knock, S. Duncan Davison.	And he wad gae to London town,
at Friendship's sacred ca' Wad life itself resign, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.	And he wad do their errands weel, And meikle he wad say,
We freely wad exchang'd the wife,	And he wad gaog to London town, Ib.
Epig. on Henpecked Squire.	But he wad hecht an honest heart, Wad ne'er desert his friend
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 22.	Wad ne'er desert his friend
Ne'er thinkan they wad fash me for't; Ep. to J. R., 8.	And she wad send the sodger lad, [re.] Ib.
they wha wad hae stary'd thy life	That she wad vote the border knight, Ib.
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.	They wad be blest that saw that Ib. II.
I modestly fu' fain wad hint it, Friend of the Poet †	In the front rank he wad shine; Ib. V.
But your green graff, now, Lucky Laing, Wad airt me to my treasure S. Gat ye me †	O'er a' wad Scotland buy or sell,
What wife hut wad excus'd her? S. Had I the wyte t	Wad melt the hardest whun-stane! . The Holy Fair. 22. He, kneeling, wad ador'd me. The Petition of Br. Water.
As they wad never mair part, Halloween. 8.	He, kneeling, wad ador'd me. The Petition of Br. Water. But wad hae spent an hour caressan, . The Twa Dogs. 3.
Meg fain wad to the Barn gaen,	But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
Here's freedom to him that wad read, Here's freedom to him that wad write!	As I wad by a stinkan brock 1b. 12.
There's name ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,	It wad for ev'ry ane be better, Ib. 26.
But they wham the truth wad indite. S. Here's a health to them †	O, Sirs! whae'er wad ha'e expekit, Your duty ye wad sae neglekit, The Twa Herds. 4.
And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights,	We thought ay death wad bring relief, Ib. 13.
May they never eat of her bread!	And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.
For the dusty miller S. Hey, the dusty miller †	S. There's auld Rob † I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd ppop me! Ib.
Or else, thou kens, thy servant true	I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon me! 1b. Or olio that wad staw a sow,
Wad ne'er hae steer'd her Holy Willie's Prayer. 8.	Or fricassee wad mak her spew To a Haggis.
I wad been o'er the lugs in luve; S. I do confess t His haly lips wad licket at her S. I met a lass t	Wad dress your droddum! To a Louse.
If thou wad be my love,	O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
Jamie, come try me S. Jamie, come try me t	It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
That ne'er wad blink on mine! Lament of Mary of Scots.	I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee, . To a Mouse. your wee hit jauntie, Wad bring ye to: To Dr. Blacklock.
I wad sit and sing to you, If ye [cog] were ay fou S. Landlady, count †	An' wad hae done't aff han': To Gav. Hamilton.
But what wad ye think? . S. Last May a braw wooer	Nine Ferriers wad done better! To Miss Ferrier.
He begged for gude-sake I wad be his wife,	L-d man there's lasses there wad force
Or else I wad kill him with sorrow: Ib.	A hermit's fancy, To Mr. J. Kennedy. Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly, To W. Simpson.
Wishin the ten Egyptian plagues Wad seize you quick Letter to J. Goudie.	My senses wad be in a creel,
An' twa red peats wad send relief, Ib.	The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
I wad in vain essay the strain, S. Lovely Davies.	Wad stow'd his pantry!) 1b.
It's not the roar o' sea or shore, Wad make me langer wish to tarry; . S. My bonie Mary.	Till chiels gat up and wad confute it, Ib., P.S. Wad on thy worth be pressin'; Verses under Grief.
I wad turn my back on you and it a', S. My Collier Laddie.	Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
But wha wad keep the handless coof,	S. Wee Willie Gray †
S. O can ye labour lea†	And fain wad be thy lodger; . S. When wild War's t
I wad bestow my widowbood Upon a rantin Highlandman. S. O gin ye were dead †	A clapper tongue wad deave a miller; S. Willie Wastle †
My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy:	Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane! S. Will ye go and marry † If ye wad a man should get ye,
S. O meikle thinks my love t	Then I can that want supply:
Or aught that wad belang thee! . S. O saw ye bonis L.t	Wad a [would have; "wad a haen," would have
I wad never had nae care, S. O that I had ne'er † The brightest jewel in my crown,	had]. There's Meg wi' the mailin that fain wad a haen him;
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen, S. O wert thou in t	S. There's a youth †

Waddle. Nae mair the Council waddles down the street, In all the pomp of ignorant conceit; The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	Wae's me, Wae's my heart [woe's me, woe's my heart]. 'Waes me for Johnny Ged's-Hole now,
Waddl'd. But the pursy old landlord just waddl'd up stairs, S. No Churchman am I †	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23. Waes me! she's [Superstition's] in a sad condition,
Wadna [would not]. 1 ken'd my Maggie wad na sleep For that, or Simmer. A Guid New-Year † 13.	Ester to J. Goudie. But, waes my heart! he could na mend it! The Death of Mailie.
I wad na mind it, no that spittle Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10.	Waesucks! for him that gets nae lass,
Wi' eits nor lairds I wadna shift, In a' their pride! Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 13. Wha wadna be happy Wi' Eppie Adair? S. Eppie Adair.	Or lasses that hae naething! The Holy Fair. 25. Wae worth [woe befall]. Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf,
And when I wad na venture in, A coward loon she ca'd me; . S. Had I the wyte †	Wae worth that man wha first did shape, That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep! . Poor Mailié's El
And wad na Manhood been to blame,	Wae worth them for t! [v.A.25] Scotch Drink. 12. Wae worth the name, [v.A.25]
She wadna trow't, the broust she brew't, Wad taste sae hitterlie. S. Her Daddie forbad †	Wae worth that Brandy, hurnan trash!
Ae blink o' him I wadna gie For Buskie-glen and a' his gear. S. In simmer when † An ye had been whare I hae been,	Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; The Tree of Liberty. Waff [to waft].
Ye wad na been sae cantie O; S. Killiecrankie. Ye wad na found in Christendie S. O Willie brew'd	And [devils] waff them in the infernal wherry Straught through the lake, Adam A—'s Prayer.
Yet coin his pouches wad na hide in; On Scot. Eard gne to W. I.	Wa'-flower [the wall-flower]. Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air, A Vision.
He wad na wrang'd the vera Diel,	Waft. Or maybe, in a frolic daft, To Hague or Calais takes a waft, The Twa Dogs. 22.
I've seen the day, and sae hae ye, Ye wad na been sae donsie, O S. The deuks dang o'er.	Waft [the weft or woof in a web]. Syne weave, unseen, thy spider soare
He wadna hecht them courtly gifts, The Election Ballads. I. Wae worth the loon wha wadna eat	O' hell's damned waft Poem on Life.
Sic halesome dainty cheer, man; The Tree of Liberty. I wadna been surprized to spy	Make the gales you waft around her Soft and peaceful as her breast, . S. Highl. Mary.
You on an auld wife's flainen toy; To a Louse. I wad na gie a hutton for her S. Willie Wastle †	All-hail then, the gale then, Wafts me from thee, dear shore! The Farewell.
Wadset [a mortgage]. Here's a little wadset	And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my arms. S. Wandering Willie. Waft to Ita send the shuttle with the weft through
Buittles scrap o' truth, . The Election Ballads. IV. Wae [woful, sorrowful].	Waft, to [to send the shuttle with the weft through the warp; to "waft an" warp," to weave]. Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an' warp;
I'm wae to think upo' you den, Ev'n for your sake Add. to the Deil. 21.	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 8. Wafting.
Till we were wae and wearie: S. Amang the trees t Wha in his wae days were loyal to Charlie?	"The little swallow's wanton wing, "Tho' wafting o'er the flowery spring, S. O Phely, †
Ye're wae men, ye're nae men, That slight the lovely dears: S. Bannocks o' bear meal † The Ans. to the Guidwife.	But may the tapmast grain that wags Come to the sack. Third Ep. to J. Lap
My heart is wae, and unco wae, S. The bonie Lass of Alb.	Wage. Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. S. One fond kiss, †
Till piper lads were wae and weary,	No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage; The Whistle. 15.
Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e; S. Wae is my heart † 'How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,	With Amalek's ungracious progeny; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. Waged.
As ye were wae and weary! . When I think on t Wae [woe].	Honour's war we strongly waged, S. Thickest night † Wages. Your labour is hard and your wages are low. S. The Poor Thresher.
Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray, S. Duncan Gray. Wae on the bad girdin o't, Ib. O wae gae by his wanton sides,	S. The Poor Thresher. At night I do bring my full wages away: Ib. For hireling traitors' wages S. The Union.
S. Here's his health in water. He [love] oft has wrought me meikle wae; S. O lay thy loof †	Wag-wit. In Ayr, Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle To mouth 'A Citizen,' a term o' scandal: The Brigs of Ayr. 10.
O wae upon you, men o' state, That brethren rouse in deadly hate! S. O Logan! sweetly t	Waifs (stray sheep). Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks, About the dykes The Twa Herds.
M'[Gi]ll has wrought us meikle wae, The Twa Herds. 12.	Wail. Attentive still to Sorrow's wail. Add. to Edinburgh. 3.
Waest [most woful]. That year I was the waest man O' ony man alive. The Election Ballads. V.	Come [ye maukins] join my wail. El. cn Capt. M. H., 6. And much-wrong'd Mis'ry pours th' unpitied wail! On Death of R. Dundas.
Waefu' [woful, sorrowful]. And now thou kens our waefu' case. Adam A—'s Prayer.	Will generous G[raham] list to his Poet's wail? To R. G. of F Wail, to. Wail [houlets] thro' the dreary midnight hour El. on Capt. M. H., 10.
I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen, S. I gaed a waefu't A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower, . S. O mirk, mirk't	To gnash my gums, to weep and wail. In humin' lake, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.
Waefu' Want and Hunger fley me, S. O that I had ne'er t	Ye foam-crested billows, allow me to wail, Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
But O! I was a waefu' man Ere toofa' o' the night. But weary fa' the waefu' woodie! The Jolly Beggars, R. IV.	Since dark in Death's fish-creel we wail Tam Samson dead! Tam Samson's El
Their waefu' fate what need I tell, The Highl. Widow's Lament.	On lofty aiks the cushats wail, S. The Contented Cottager. What Whig hut wails the good Sir James The Election Ballads, VI.
A waefu' day it was to me; S. The lovely lass of l.t	The Election Ballads, VI.

Wall

Wakeful. wakeful caution still aware Of ill To Chloris. To wail her braw John Highlandman The Jolly Beggars, R. IV. Waken. Soon my weary eyes I'll close, never more to waken.

S. Thou hast left me Wail'd. He weeping wail'd his latter times; . A Vision. Waken'd. The waken'd lav'rock warhling springs
S. Now Spring has clad t Wailfu'. While thro' the braes the cushat croods Waking, -in. Ay waking, O!
Waking ay and wearie, S. Ay waking, O† . To W. Simpson. 12. With wailfu' cry! . Wailing. Or art thou wakin, I would wit, . S. O Lassie, art thou t Come join, ye [hills, cliffs] Nature's sturdiest bairns, My wailing numbers. El. on Capt. M. H., 3. Wak'st. Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature? S. Sleep'st thou. t Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14. Wale [choice; " pick and wale," the choicest]. The wailing minstrel of despairing woe; . The Vowels. The ace an' wale of honest men; . . Auld Comrade † Wailing, s. And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm. The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin! . . Ep. to J. R. On Death of Sir J. Blair. But by my gun, o' guns the wale, . 12 10 And Melville melt in wailing. The Election Ballads. VI. If I should detail the pick and the wale In souple scones, the wale o' food!

Fine [head] for the wale o' food!

Scotch Delivery of the content of the c Wair, Ware (to spend; bestow; "wair't," spend it]. And ken na how to wair't: . . . Ep. to Davie. 2. . Scotch Drink, 4. Had at the time some dainty fair one, Fine [head] for a sodger A' the wale o' lead. . To Dr. Blacklock. . The Election Ballads, IV. To ware his theologic care on, . Waired, War'd [spent, bestowed]. Foreby a Cowt, o' Cowts the wale, . . . The Inventory. An' runts o' grace the pick an' wale, . The Ordination. 6. Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee,
An' think't weel war'd. Add. to Illegit. Child. He's the King of gude fellows, and wale of auld men; And faith ye'll no be lost a whit, Tho' waired on Willie Chalmers. S. There's auld Rob M. + Say then, Katie. say ye'll take me, As the very wale o' men, . . S. Will ye go and marry † On W. Chalmers. Waist. Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist
S. A. Mastrin's bonie Anne. Wale, to [to choose]. I'll grasp thy waist, and foodly prest, Swear how I love thee dearly: . S. Now westlin winds They steek their een, an' grape an' wale, Halloween. Then wait a wee, and cannie wale S. In simmer when t He wales a portion with judicious care;

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean, S. O were I on Parnass. t To lowse his pack an' wale a sang.

The Jolly Beggars. R. VIII. O I hae tiot my rosy cheeks, Likewise my waist sae sma'; The Ruined Maid's Lament. He roos'd my waist sae genty sma'; . S. Young Jockey t Waled, -'d [chosen: "hand-waled," hand-picked, Wait. Evils lurk in felon wait: . Wr. in Friars-Carse H .. choicest]. Wait. to. My hand-waled curse keep hard in chase In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonic Anne. . S. A. Mastrin's bonic Anne. The harpy, hoodock, purse-proud race, Ep. to Mai. Logan, 7. He's wal'd us out a true ane, And sound The Ordination. 8. But by thy honest turf I'll wait, Wales. young Potentate o' W-, . . . A Dream. 10. Thou man of worth! El. on Capt. M. H., 16. If that daft buckie, Geordie W-s, Was threshin still at hizzies tails, Unless he come to wait upon Kind Sir, Ive read t The Lord their God, his Grace. Walie, Waly, Wawlie (large, ample; strapping; also an interjection expressive of distress; "waly fa," ill befall, also good fortune befall). Epig. on being neglected at In. Inn. To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile, Assiduous wait upon her; . . Ep. to Young Friend. 7. Clap in his walie nieve a blade, . . . To a Haggis.
Her walie nieves, like midden-creels, . S. Willie Wastle. Who make poor will do wait upon I should Et. to R. Graham. 5. She did na wait on talkin To spier that night. This waly hoy will he age coof, . S. There was a ladt Halloween, 12. There was ae winsome wench and wawlie, Tam o' Shanter. 15. Then wait a wee, and cannie wale And walv fa' the lev-crap A routhic butt, a routhic ben: . S. In simmer when t For I maun till'd again. . S. There's news, lasses t S. My Collier Laddie. And ane to wait on every hand, Walk. A Rose-bud by my early walk, S. A Rose-bud by t She [the moon] shines sae bright, to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee! S. O Willie brew'd † Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn, Add, to Edinburgh. 4. Down in a shady walk, Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait The sober eve, or hail the chearful dawn, . S. Phillis the Fair. Doves cooing were; . 'To veat thy bosom's swelling rise, In pensive walk. On seeing wounded Hare. The Vision. D. II. 15. Nae weel tochered aunts, to wait on their drants, Ronalds of Bennals, Walk, to. While caps an' bonnets aff are taen, As by he walks? Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 12. Yourself, you wait your bright reward. Sketch, New Yr's Day. We'll gently walk and sweetly talk, S. Now westlin winds t Some wait the aftergood. . The Holy Fair. 26. Who walks not in the wicked's way, The 1st Psalm. Waiting. But with humility and awe And horse and servants waiting ready, S. Montgom.'s Peggy. Still walks before his God. . Wake. And kindly she did me invite, To walk into a chamber fair, S. The Lass that made the bed. Her voice is the song of the morning That wakes through the green-spreading grove, Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar? S. Adown winding Nith † S. Tibbie Dunbar. Walked. I walked forth to view the corn, . S. Ay waking, Ot O! when I wake I'm eerie. . An' souff the callor air. The Holy Fair. 'Till grief my eyes should close, . S. Had I a eave t Walker. Poor slip-shod giddy Pegasus Ne er to wake more. . . Now laverocks wake the merry morn,

Lament of Mary of Scots. Was but a sorry walker; . To J. Taylor. Walking. . On Lineluden. As I was walking up the street, . S. O Mally's meek. And wake the soul to musings high. Walking-switch. 'Tis then-'tis then, I wake to life and joy! S. Sleep'st thou, t That, like th' old Hehrew walking-switch, eats up its neighbours: . . . Fragment, inser. to Fox. I could wake a winter night, S. Somebody. For the sake of Somebody. . For the sake of Somebody. . . Or wake the hosom-melting throe, The Vision. D. II. 19.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes, To Mary in Heaven.

Wake thy lover from all a difference Poesy might wake her heaven taught lyre,

Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

S. Why, why tell thy t

Why, why wouldst thou, cruel, ake thy lover from his dream? thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall, . A Winter Night. 9.

The pond'rous wall and massy har, Add. to Edinburgh. 5.

There's wooden walls upon our seas, S. Does haughty Gaul, t

Resist the crumbling touch of time; . On Lincluden.

Ye holy walls, that, still sublime,

That sunny walls from Boreas screen, S. On Cessnock banks t

Else why within so thick a wall

Enclose so poor a treasure?

The dearest siller that ever I wan.

And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
A lady fair: . . . To Dr. Blacklock.

. S. The Taylor fell +

On Com. Goldie's Brains.

Wanchancle [unchancy, unlucky],

That vile, wanchancie thing-a raep! . Poor Mailie's El.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, S. Blythe was she t

Halloween.

Poor hav'rel Will fell aff the drift, An' wander'd thro' the Bow-kail,

And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd Isle Peace, thy olive wand extend, S. How can my foor heart + The Cotter's Sat. Nieht. 20. Peel a willie wand, to be him hoots and jacket;
S. Wee Willie Gray † And hunted as was William Wallace, Adam A-'s Prayer. Wander, to. Beneath that hallowed turf where Wallace lies! Adown winding Nith I did wander, S. Adown winding Nith † Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death! . There [on thy hills] daily I wander as noon rises high.
S. Afton Water. 3. How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell? Scots Prologue. Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace usea.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide,
That stream'd thro' great, unhappy Wallace' heart;
The Cottler's Sat. Night, 21.

The Cottler's Sat. Night, 21. "To wander in my broken shade. . As on the banks † Ye wander thro' the blooming heather; S. Braw lads on Yar. bracs †
What the like Commoners of air. We wander out, we know not where, . Ep. to Davie, d. Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace! . . S. The Union. Where glorions Wallace Far, far from thee, I wander here; S. Forlorn, my Love, t Aft bure the gree, as story tells, Syne I began to wander: . . . S. Gat ye me, t Frae Suthron billies. To W. Simbson. May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist, At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood,
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode By Wallace' side,

Ib. And wander their way to the devil!

S. Here's a health to them † While in distant climes I wander, . . S. Highl, Mary. Wallace Tow'r. Let me wander, let me rove, And Wallace Tow'r had sworn the fact was true; Still my heart is with my love; S. How can my poor heart † The Brigs of Ayr. 3. She'll wander by the aiken tree, . . S. I'll ay ca' in † Wallet. "I wander in the ways of men, But now he's quat the spurtle-blade, And dog-skin wallet, 'Alike unknowing and unknown : Lament for Glencairn. No more by the banks of the streamlet we'll wander, On Grose's Percerinations. Lament, on leaving Nat. Land. I'm as happy with my wallet my bottle and my Callet, The Jolly Beggars, S. I. To wander forth, with me, to mourn Man was made to Mourn, Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor, Here's to budgets, bags and wallets ! . 1b. S. VIII. hns all observe, numbown, with F.O. Thro' life I'm doom'd to wander, O. S. My father was a farmer † Wee Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet; [re.] S. Wee Willie Gray t When a' the lave gae to their bed I wander dowie up the glen; S. My Harry was a gallant+ Wallop [a quick, agitated movement]. Wherever I wander, wherever I rove, The hills of the Highlands for ever I love. Think, when your castigated pulse Think, when your castigated pulse
Gies now and then a wallop,
Add. to Unco Guid. 4.
Wallop, to [to move In a quick, agitated way;
"wallop in a tow or tether," be hanged]. S. My heart's in the Highlands t And now come in my happy hours, To wander wi'my Davie. . . S. Now rosy May †
Some solitary wander: . . S. Now westlin winds † And or I wad anither jad, I'll wallop in a tow. . S. The weary Pund. May Envy wallop in a tether, She wanders by you spreading tree; S. O wat ye wha's in t Black fiend, infernal! . To W. Simpson, 17. One night as I did wander, . . . One night as I † Wallow. The I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,

S. O were I on Parnass, †

Resultation Floring Florin To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore: . S. Caledonia. What care I in riches to wallow, S. Tam Glen.
In gasping death to wallow, . . . The Petition of Br. Water, Or if he wanders up the howe, . . . Poor Mailie's El., And Sportsmen wander by you grave, Tam Samson's El., 13. A high ruling elder to wallow in wine! . The Whistle. 15. An' let them wander at their will : The Death of Mailie. Then like a swine to puke an' wallow, To Mr. J. Kennedy, While here I wander, prest with care, S. The gloomy night t Walth [wealth]. You've gi'en us walth for horn and knife, Delighted doubly then, my Lord, You'll wander on my banks, The Petition of Br. Water, V.s to Landlady of Inn. Waly v. Walie. With the ready trick and fable Round we wander all the day; The Jolly Beggars, S. VIII. Wame [the belly]. And wanders here to wail and weep! . . The Lament. For fient a wame it had ava, . Death and Dr. Hornbook. 7. ' Some ill-hrewn drink had hov'd her wame, 1b. 28. Life's weary vale I'll wander thro'; . Or purse-proud, big wi' cent per cent, Apart let me wander, apart let me muse, S. The lacy mist ! An' muckle wame, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 11. While his love's like the moon that wanders up and down,
S. The Winter it is past † But twa-three draps about the wame . Ep. to J. R., 12. Or hauding Sarah by the wame? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. † Far wanders nations over. . S. The yng Highl. Rover. A-listening the linnet, oft wanders my Jean.

S. Their groves of † Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin; Scotch Drink. 5. I gi'e their wames a random pouse, . What ails ve now t He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains, . Ib. Wamefou [a bellyful]. That he from our lasses should wander awa;
S. There's a youth † This may do-maun do, Sir, wi' them wha Maun please the Great-folk for a wamefou; I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist, S. There's and Rob M. A Ded. to G. H., 2. Wan. When he grew wan and pale; . John Barleycorn. I'll wander on with tentless heed, . . . To J. S., to. The moon was sinking in the west Wi visage pale and wan, . . . S. My heart was ance t . Ib. 16. We wander there, we wander here, 'Tho' I should wander Terra o'er, In all her climes, Ib. 21. The wan moon is setting behind the white wave, Till by himsel he learn'd to wander, S. Oh, open the door, † To W. Simpson. Adown some trottin burn's meander, Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam; . . The Lament. And for fair Scotia, hame again, Your rosy cheeks are turned sae wan, S. Ye hac lien wrang. . S. When wild War's t I cheery on did wander.

Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,
Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild;

Wr. in Kenmore Inn. I cheery on did wander. Wan [won]. But he wan my heart's consent, To be his ain at the neist meeting . S. As I came o'er t A false usurper wan the gree, . S. The bonie Lass of Alb. Wander'd. And wan his heart's desire; . . Or frae puir man a blessin wan, . If I have wander'd in those paths . The Dean of Fac.. Of life I ought to shun; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death. . S. The Laddies by t

Ib. 14.

. Winter.

El. on Peg Nicholson.

And wanting even the skin. .

As lang's 1 get employment.

Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Lns on Fergusson. One ev'ning as I wander'd forth Man was made to Mourn. Age and Want, Oh! ill-match'd pair! Man was made to Mourn. When Willy wander'd thro' the wood, S. On a bank of flowers t Want only of wisdom denied her respect, Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell, Want only of goodness denied her esteem. On Death of Sir 1. Blair. Monody, on a Lady. Epit. But we've wander'd mony a weary foot, S. O that I had neert Wnefu' Want and Hunger fley me, S. Should auld acquaintance t Sin' auld lang syne. May He, the friend of woe and want,

On Birth of Posth. Child. He wander'd out he knew not where nor why) The Brigs of Ayr. 3. Hark, injur'd Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale, On Death of R. Dundas. Wanderer, -'rer. Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way, Wi' eldritch croon. Add. to the Deil. 5. Nor want but—when he thristed:

The Jolly Beggars. R. VII. To what dark cave of frozen night, Alas! shall thy poor wand'rer hie;
S. Farewell, dear mistress t And do our endeavour to keep us from want. S. The Poor Thresher. The snellest blast, at mirkest hours Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst. . The Twa Dogs. 30. That round the pathless wanderer pours,
S. O Lassie, art thout Who long with wants and woes has striv'n, To a Mountain-Daisy. A waein' wanderer seeks thy tower, S. O mirk, mirk t As modest want the tale of woe reveals ; To Miss Graham. May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost, A Family in Heaven! If ye wad a man should get ye,
Then I can that want supply: S. Will ye go and marry † O Thou dread Pow'r t poor wanderer of the wood and field, On seeing wounded Hare. Want, to. A poor friendless wand'rer may well claim a sigh, . A Ded. to G. H .. 5. He downa see a poor man want; . Still more if that wand'rer were royal. Poet. Add. to Tytler. Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire, To rule this mighty nation; Wand'rest. Young stranger, whither wand'rest thon? . A Dream. 5. Man was made to Mourn. They're better just than want ay On onie day. . Wandering, - ring. The Solitary can despise [pleasures, Loves, Joys], Can want, and yet be hiest! Despondency, an Ode. 4. Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam ! Add. to Edinburgh. 6. I'll want 'im, ere I take such a d-ble load. Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step S. Again rejoic. Nature † Wi' wild, unequan, wanted the hill,

Von wand'ring rill, that marks the hill,

S. Damon and Sylvia. Epig. on Capl. Grose. I tent less, and want less Their roomy fire-side; . Ep. to Davie. As wand'ring, meand'ring, He views the solemn sky. . But gif ye want ae friend that's true, . Despondency, an Ode. 3. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 15. As I was a wand'ring ae morning in spring, S. Lns on a Ploughman, Ah, that "the friendly e'er should want a friend!"

Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Only known to wandering swains, . On scaring Water fowl. That one pound one, I sairly want it; Friend of the poet † O'er the Past too fondly wandering, . S. Raving winds † "There's just the man I want, in faith," Lns add, to I. Ranken. It wants to me the witching grace, S. O this is no my ain † Here's to all the wandering train! If he but want the miser's dirt, The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. Ye'll cast your head anither airt, . . S. O Tibbie! † The Lament. o. Observ'd us, fondly-wand'ring, stray! . Tam Samson's El., 14. Ae social, honest man want we: . Then roll to me, along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years! . To K. Graham. If honestly they canna come,
Far better want them. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 5. Only to number out a villain's years! Or wand'ring in the lonely wild : S. Twas even-the dewy t Wha wants troggin For there he is wand'ring, and musing on me S. Wae is my heart t Let him come to me. The Election Ballads, IV. Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
S. Wandering Willie. The Holy Fair. 17. But faith! the birkie wants a Manse, If e'er ye want, or meet with scant, The Jolly Beggars. S. VI. Where is the peace that awaited my wand ring, May I ne er weet my craigie! S. Where are the joys † . The Selkirk Grace. And some wad eat that want it, . Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell:

Wr. in Kenmore Inn. The wean wants a cradle, An' the cradle wants a cod, . S. There's news, lasses t Wanderings. Mny ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine, To clear your head. Third Ep. to J. Lap .. On Death of R. Dundas. Auld Scotland waats one skinking ware
That jaups in luggies; [v.A.7] To a Haggis. Waning. Is Fortune's fickle Luna waning? But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies,

Defens they want . To Dr. Blacklock. E'en let her gang! . To J. S., 20. Wanlockhead [a lead-mining village, near Lead-hills, on the high ridge separating Dumfries-shire and Lanarkshire]. Then all I want (Oh, do thou grant Wanted. He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown ; Ye Vnlcan's sons of Wanlockhead, S. Cock up your beaver. Pity my sad disaster; . . To J. Taylor. Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet, Ep. to R. Graham. 2. Wanrestfu' [unrestful, restless]. Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, An' may they never learn the gaets, When I did kiss and dawte her, . S. Had I the wyte t Of ither vile, wanrestfu' Pets! The Death of Mailie. Twas just the way he wanted To be that night. Want, That iron-hearted Carl, Want, A Ded. to G. H., 16. . Halloween. Q. O Thou, who kindly dost provide How guessed ye, Sir, what maist I wanted? . A Grace before Dinner. For every creature's want! . Kind Sir, I've read t In case that worth should wanted be,

The Election Ballads. V. 'Sending, like blood-hounds from the slip,
'Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land! A Winter Night. 7. ' Feel not a want but what yourselves create, . . 1b. o. My Donald's arm was wanted then S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. ' By loss o' blood, or want o' breath,

Death and Dr. Hornbook. 25. O wives be mindfu', ance yoursel, . . The Holy Fair, 25. How best o' chiels are whyles in want, . Ep. to Davie. 2. How bonie lads ye wanted, Heav'n sent me ane mae than I wanted. . The Inventory. And then their [the Snunts'] failings, flaws an' wants, Are a' seen thro'. Ep. to J. R., 2. Wanter. . In all the clam'rous cry of starving want, Mony words are needless, Katie, Ye're a wanter, sae am I; . Ep. to R. Graham, 5. S. Will ye go and marry t An' pow't, for want o' better shift, Wanting. A runt was like a sow-tail . . Halloween, 4. With nue proportion wanting, . S. As I gaed up by † I'll fear nae scant, I'll bode nae want,

. S. Here's to thy health,

Your hear; can ne'er be wanting! Ep. to Young Friend. 11.	What bloody wars, if Sprites had blood to shed,
Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give, Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	But cantious Queensberry left the war,
Wha, wanting thee might beg or steal; Friend of the poet t	The Election Ballads. VI. For your poor friend, the Bard afar,
When wanting thee, what tuneless cranks Are my poor Verses! . Scotch Drink, 18.	He only hears and sees the war,
Nor wanting ghosts of Tory fame; The Election Ballads. VI.	The folly Beggars. S. I.
What is life when wanting love? S. Thine am I t	The din o' war wad cease, man The Tree of Liberty. Unmatched at the bottle, unconquered in war, The Whistle. 4.
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, S. Afton Water.	The Whistle. 4.
The wanton coot the water skims, S. Again rejoicing Nature+	Till war's loud alarms Tore her laddie frae her arms, S. There was a bonie lass t
Or lightly flit on wanton wing S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go	Honour's war we strongly waged, S. Thickest night †
And pleasure is a wanton trout, S. Gane is the day † A wanton widow Leezie was,	When wild War's deadly blast was blawn,
A wanton widow Leezie was,	S. When wild War's t The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
Wha got my young Highland thief S. Hee balou, †	Or hunt a Parent's life Wi' bludie war S. Ye Jacobites t
O wae gae by his wanton sides, S. Here's his health in water.	Warble. While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw;
Where laughing love sae wanton swims. S. My Lord a-hunting †	S. My Nanie's Awa. Warbled. Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay, Delia. An Ode.
The birdies flit on wanton wing S. Now bank and bract	Warbler.
That wanton trout was I; . S. Now Spring has clad	Mixt with some warbler's dying fall, S. Here is the glen,
"The little swallow's wanton wing, S. O Phely, † But I would sing on wanton wing, S. O were my love †	No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more, Sonnet, on Death of R
Wild wanton kiss'd her rival breast; S. On a bank of flowers t	Ves, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe, [v.A.10] 1ô.
Busy feed, or wanton lave; On scaring Water-fowl.	Warbling. The waken'd lay'rock warbling springs
While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.	S. Now Spring has clad t
The Brigs of Ayr. in their random, wanton spouts, The Petition of Br. Water.	O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay, S. O stay, sweet warbling
And wanton nagies nine or ten S. There was a lass t	In wood and wild ye warbling throng, Vour heavy loss deplore; On Death of Lap-dog.
To Clarify Ja	Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise.
And riots wanton in forbidden fields:	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 13. The sober layerock, warbling wild, The Petition of Br. Water. Thou'll break my heart they warbling bird
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest, To Mary in Heaven.	The Petition of Br. Water.
I hae won their wanton favour S. Wantonness for ever +	
Wanton, to.	Ward. The noble ward he loves. V.s, below Picture.
To wanton in carnage and wallow in gore: . S. Caledonia. But I cam through the Tiseday's dew,	And ward o' mony a prayer, . On Birth of Posth. Child.
To wanton Willie's brandy S. Had I the wyte t	Ward [a small piece of pasture ground enclosed].
That wantons round its bleating dam; S. On Cessnock banks †	His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23.
Where lambkins wanton through the broom! S. The Banks of Nith.	Ward, to. Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,	The Rights of Woman.
That wantons thro' the flowery thorn: S. Ye banks and braes t	He wha could brawlie ward their bellum To W. Creech. Warden.
And little lambkins wanton wild, . S. Young Peggy t	May Heaven be his warden; . S. The yng Highl. Rover.
Wanton'd.	When by his mighty Warden My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey
And O! as she wanton'd gay on the wing. S. The heather was blooming †	My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
The zephyr wanton'd round the bean,	An' hae a swap o' rhymin-ware, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 18.
S. Twas even—the dewy†	I've sent you here, some rhymin ware, Ep. to J. R., 5.
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,	An' trowth my rhymin' ware's nae treasure; Ep. to Maj. Logan. 14.
Sae dauntingly gaed he; . S. Farewell, ye dungeons t	First shewing us the tempting ware, Poem on Life.
Wantonness. Wantonness for ever mair, Wantonness bas been my ruin;	An' for to sell his fiddle
Yet, for a my dool and care, It's wantonness for ever!	And buy some other ware; S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Wha will buy my troggin,
S. Wantonness for ever	Gude election ware; The Election Ballads. IV.
wha bide this brattle O' winter war, A Winter Night. 3.	Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware That jaups in luggies: [v.A.7] To a Haggis.
Have oft withstood assailing war, . Add. to Edinburgh. 5.	Ware (were),
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars; S. By you castle wa't	Tho' it ware ten thousand mile! S. A red, red Rose.
A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war S. Caledonia.	Ware [worn]. The marled plaid ye kindly spare,
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war. Ep. fr. Esopus.	By me should gratefully be ware; The Ans, to the Gulawije.
For other wars, where he a bero shines; Ib. And dare the war with all of woman born: Ib.	Ware v. Wair.
And bid wild war his ravage end, S. How can my poor heart	War'd 7. Waired. Warfare. Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage,
The soger frae the wars returns, . S. It was a' for t	With Amalek's ungracious progeny; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 14.
Is this the power in freedom's war	The Cotter's Sat. Aight. 14. No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage; The Whistle. 15.
That wont to hid the battle rage:	Warily.
Life-giving wars of Venus Lns on Windows, Gl. 1 av	But warily tent, when ye come to court me, S. O whistle, †
The shouts o' war are heard afar S. My conte mary.	Wark [work].
And other Poets sing of wars, The plagues of human life; Nature's Law.	Let wark and hunger mak them sober! Add. of Beelzebub.
Revers'd that spear, redoubtable in war, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	Tho' he was bred to kintra wark, El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.
For maning Learning high as great in war	Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele, Or Beattie's wark;' Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 4.
Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Or Beattle's wark, Ep. 103. E-X, Ep. 181, 4.
2 77	

At hame, a-fiel, at wark or leisure, Second Ep. to Davie.	Even silly woman has her warlike arts, To R. G. of F., 2.
And coost her duddies to the wark, . Tam o' Shanter. 12.	Did warlike laurels crown my brow, S. When first I saw †
To end the wark here's Whistlebirk, . S. The Laddies by t	Warlock is male witch or wizard: "warlock
They've nae sair-wark to craze their banes, The Twa Dogs. 29.	Warlock [a male witch or wizard; "warlock knowe," a knoll where warlocks most do con-
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst	gregate).
And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,	Warlocks grim, an' wither'd Hags, . Add. to the Deil. 9.
And ay she sang sae merrilie; . S. There was a lass t	I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, [re.]
And now she works her mammie's wark,	S. Last May a braw wooer t Meet me on the warlock knowe, S. Now rosy May t
And ay she sighs wi' care and pain;	Meet me on the warlock knowe, S. Now rosy May † And you, deep-read in hell's black grammar,
Sae my auld stumpie pen I gat it Wi' muckle wark, . Third Ep. to J. Lap	Warlocks and witches; On Grose's Peregrinations.
	Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk, . Tam o' Shanter. 3.
To paint an angel's kittle wark, To a Painter.	Warlocks and witches in a dance; Ib. II.
Wark-lume [a tool to work with].	0 1 1 7 1 1 1 1 1 1
the best wark-lume i' the house, . Add. to the Deil. 11.	Our warlock Rhymer instantly descry'd The Sprites that owre the Brigs of Ayr preside. The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
Warks [works, such as iron-works, &c.]. We cam' na here to view your warks, V.s, on Window, Carron.	The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
We cam na nere to view your warks,	Warlock-breef [a warlock writing or charm].
Warl, Warl', Warld [world; "warld's worm," a	Ye surely hae some warlock-breef Owre human hearts; To J. S.
miser).	Warly (worldly).
An' wi' the weary warl' fought! . A Guid New-Year 16.	Awa ye selfish, warly race, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 20.
Sin' thou came to the warl asklent, Add. to Illegit, Child.	The warly race may riches chase, S. Green grow the Rashes.
An' gied the infant warld a shog, . Add. to the Deil, 16.	An' warly cares, an' warly men,
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me, . S. Behind yon hills †	May a gae tapsalteerie, O!
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,	The warly race may drudge an' drive,
O that's the chiefest warld's treasure!	Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive, To IV. Simpson.
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes †	Warm. Each prudent cit a warm existence finds,
And I shall spurn as vilest dust, The warld's wealth and grandeur: S. Come let me take thee,	Ep. to R. Graham. 2.
Gin a body kiss a body	His heart was warm, benevolent, and good. Extem. on W. Smellie.
Need the warld ken! S. Comin thro' the rye.	
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay, El. on Capt. M. H., q.	Hearts leal, an' warm, an' kin': Halloween. Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion, S. Musing on the roaring † And while life's dearest blood is warm. S. O and we called a life.
To cheer you through the weary widdle	S. Musing on the roaring t
O' this wild warl', . Ep. to Maj. Logan, 3.	And while life's dearest blood is warm, S. O wat ye wha's in t
I' th' ither warl', if there's anither, An' that there is I've little swither About the matter; 16. 8.	Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,
Whae'er desires to ken [his religion], To some other warl	But when the heart is nobly warm, Once fondly lov'd †
Maun follow the carl, Epit. on Dove, Innkeeper.	The good excuse will find Rusticity's ungainly †
The wisest man the warl saw,	Nursing her wrath to keep it warm Tam o' Shanter.
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. [v.A.24]	And haps me fiel and warm at e'en!
S. Green grow the Rashes. As set the warld in a roar	S. The Contented Cottager.
O' laughin' at us; Holy Willie's Prayer, 12.	(What warm, poetic heart but inly bleeds, The Brigs of Ayr. 2.
[Death] Was driving to the tither warl',	And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
A mixie-maxie motely squad, Lns add. to J. Ranken.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.
And the warld before me to win my bread,	A grateful, warm adieu!
S. My Collier Laddie. The warld's wrack, we share o't,	Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
The wards wrack, we share ot, The warstle and the care o't; S. My Wife's a winsome.	The Farewell. To St. J.'s L.
The warstle and the care o't: S. My Wife's a winsome. The man wha boasts o' warld's wealth, Is aften laird o' meikle care; S. Now bank and brace?	Wi' usquebae an' blankets warm, . The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
Is aften laird o' meikle care; S. Now bank and brae t	And kneel, 'Ye Pow'rs, and warm implore, . To J. S., 21.
And I the warld not wish not scorn, 3. O bonte was you rosy	to gude, warm kail,
This warld's wealth when I think on,	As thy day grows warm and high, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
Its pride and a' the lave o't; . S. O poortith cauld t	Warm-blushing.
O what a canty warld were it, Would pain, and care, and sickness spare it; Poem on Life.	youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong, The Vision. D. 11. 16.
It's no the loss o' warl's gear, Poor Mailie's El.	Warm-cherish'd.
The warld would think I was mad,	Or when the deep-green-mantl'd Earth, 'Warm-cherish'd ev'ry floweret's birth, The Vision. D. II. 14.
S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.	Warm-reekin [warm-smoking].
The warl' may play you monie a shavie; Second Ep. to Davie.	And then, O what a glorious sight,
But woman is but warld's gear, . S. She's fair and fause t	Warm-reekin, rich! To a Haggis.
And mony bade the warld gudenight;	Warm-urged.
The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	Nor his warm-urged wishes On W. Chalmers.
To liken them to your auld-warld squad, The Brigs of Ayr. 10.	Warm, to. It warms me, it charms me, To mention but her name: Ep. to Davie. 8.
Nae woman in the warld wide, Sae wretched now as me. S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.	To mention but her name: Ep. to Davie. 8. Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
That man to man, the warld o'er,	Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 21.
Shall brothers be, for a that S. The Honest Man.	(What breast of northern ice but warms?) . Frag. of Ode.
Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,	And whilst that honour warms my heart, S. Handsome Nell.
The warld would live in peace, man; The Tree of Liberty.	No more shall the soft thrill of love warm my breast,
Lord help me through this warld o' care! To Dr. Blacklock. To meet the Warld's worm; To Gav. Hamilton.	Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
To meet the Warld's worm; To Gav. Hamilton. Now if ye're ane o' warl's folk.	To warm me in thy bosom, . S. Lass, when yr mither †
Wha rate the wearer by the cloak, To Mr. J. Kennedy.	The frost of hermit age might warm; . S. My Mary's face †
Though 'twere a trip to you blue warl', To Mr. Renton,	What tho' their Phochus kinder warms, The Author's Cry and Prayer, P,
Warldly [worldly; v. also, Warly].	Whether the Summer kindly warms,
An' sometimes too, wi' warldly trust,	Wi' life an' light, . To W. Simpson.
	Warm'd.
Warlike.	Few hearts like his, with virtue warm'd, Epit. on a Friend.
What force or guile could not subdue, Thro' many warlike ages	Warmer.
Thro' many warlike ages, S. The Union.	A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold. Epit. for R. A.

half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies,	Washin.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. P. For whom [Scotia] my warmest wish to heaven is sent!	And wi'her loof her face a washin; . S. Willie Wastlet Washington.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.	Some Washington again may head them, Add. of Beelzebub.
Warming. Ere while thy breast sae warming, S. O wat ye wha that loes t	Wasna [was not]. And wasna Cockpen right saucy witha',
Sae warming, sae charming, Her fautless form and gracefu' air; S. Sae flaxen†	S. O when she cam ben t It wasna sae in the Highland hills,
Warmly. A heart that warmly seems to feel; O leave novels†	The Highl. Widow's Lament. Wasp. Th' envenomed wasp, victorious, guards his cell.
An' no get warmly to your feet, An' gar them hear it, The Author's Cry and Prayer.	Wast [west],
Warn. The shepherd to warn of the grey-breaking dawn.	The twa hest herds in a' the wast, . The Twa Herds.
An' warn him ay at ridin time. To stay content wi' yowes at hame; [v.A.3] The Death of Mailie.	Wast, Waste. Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains, On Death of R. Dundas.
The Death of Mailie. The morn that warns th' approaching day, The Lament.	Thou saw the fields laid bare an' wast, To a Mouse.
I hold it, Sir, my bounden duty To warn you To Gaz. Hamilton,	Waste, s. Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows. Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Warned. The youngkers a' are warned to obey; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 6.	Add. to Shade of Thomson. Ye heathy wastes immix'd with reedy fens, El. on Miss Burnet.
Warning. Like school-boys, at th' expected warning, To juy and play. To J. S., 15.	Waste, to.
Warp [to prepare the warp for the loom].	And waste my soul with care; S. Anna, thy charms † But what avails the pride of art,
Ne'er mind how Fortune waft an' warp; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 8.	When wastes the soul with anguish? S. Could aught of songt
To warp a plaiden wab; S. My heart was ance† To warp a wab o' plaiden; . S. Robin shure in hairst.	Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d new Brigs and Harbours!
Warpin.	Dry-withering. waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water.
But the weary, weary warpin o't . S. My heart was ance † The warpin o't, the winnin o't; . S. The cardin o't.	Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate,
Warpin-wheel,	And tired o' sauls to waste his lear on,
I sat heside my warpin-wheel, And ay I ca'd it roun'; S. My heart was ance †	E'en tried the hody To Dr. Blacklock. The tythe o' what we waste at carries
Warran [to warrant]. Demoster, a true-blue Scot I'se warran;	E'en tried the hody. To Dr. Blacklock. The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes Wad stow'd his [Ferguson's] pantry!) To W. Simpson.
The Author's Cry and Prayer. 13.	Wasted. They wasted, o'er a scorching flame, The marrow of his bones; John Barleycorn.
I'll warrant then, ye're nae Deceiver, . A Ded. to G. H., 9.	I backward mus'd on wasted time, The Vision. D. I. 4.
And pledg'd her their godheads to warrant it good. S. Caledonia.	Wastrie [wastefulness, riot]. That's little short o' downright wastrie. The Twa Dogs. 9.
There's ane they ca' Jean, I'll warrant ye've seen As bonie a lass or as hraw, man, Ronalds of Bennals.	Wat. Sic a reptile was Wat, Epit. on Walter S
Warren Hastings. If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin; Kind Sir, Ive read†	Wat [wet]. The opining gowan, wat wi'dew, . S. Behind you hills t
Warring.	The Simmer had been cauld an' wat, Halloween. 15.
Trees with aged arms were warring, . S. I dream'd I lay † Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee. [re.]	When it is cauld an' wat. S. Lass, when yr mither † He's aften wat and weary:
S. One fond kiss,† Warrior. With these what Tory warriors clos'd,	Cast off the wat, put on the dry, . S. The Ploughman †
The Election Ballads. VI. Warse [worse].	Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod, To W. Simpson. 11. Wat, to [to wet].
I trow we swapped for the warse, S. Carl, an the king come.	But hitter, daudin showers hae wat it. Third Ep. to J. Lap
Warsle, to [to wrestle]. May warsle for your favour; On IV. Chalmers.	An' when wi' Usquehae we've wat it It winna break
And warsle Time, and lay him on his back. Scots Prologue.	Wat [wot, know].
Warsl'd, Warstl'd [wrestled]. He seem'd as he wi' Time had warstl'd lang, The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	I wat he was na slaw, man; A Fragment. 2. I wat she is a dainty Chuckie!
The Brigs of Ayr. 4. An' owre she warsl'd in the ditch: The Death of Mailie.	S. A' the lads o' Thornie-bank t Weel I wat she was a quean
Warst [worst].	Wad made a bodie's mouth to water; S. Donald Brodie t
They drew me thretteen pund an' twa, The vera warst. A Guid New-Year † 15.	Was e'en like succar-candie S. Had I the wyte T
An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl Was warst ava? Add. to the Deil. 18.	At gloamin-shote it was, I wat,
My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again!" S. Contented we little	I wat they did na weary;
The last o't, the warst o't, Is only but to beg Ef. to Davie. 2.	O wat ye wha that lo'es me. S. O wat ye wha that lo'es t O wat ye wha's in you town, S. O wat ye wha's in t
An' sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash	An' wat ye what the parson did, . S. O wat ye what my t
To her warst faes Scotch Drink. 15. But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst.	I wat the kirk was in the wyte,
Wi' ev'n down want o' wark are curst The Twa Dogs. 30.	Un Scot. Bara gne to W.I.
But, Sir, this pleas'd them warst of ava. What ails ye now † Warstle [Wrestle, struggle].	I wat they glane'd for twenty miles.
The warld's wrack, we share o't,	S. The Battle by Sherra-bloor.
The warstle and the care o't; S. My wife's a winsome. Wash.	And I, I wat, Wi' fainness grat, S. The tither morn? I wat she is a dainty chuckie, To Dr. Blacklock.
I will wash my Ploughman's hose, S. The Ploughman †	Watch. On that, a set o' chaps, at watch.
With fleeces newly washen clean, S. On Cessnock banks †	Thrang winkan on the lasses To chairs The Holy Fair, 10,
	1

Watch, to. To watch and premier owre the pack vile! Add. of Beelzebub. 2.	Water-Illies. His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.
To watch, while for the Barn she sets,	Water-side [river-side]. As I gaed down the water-side, S. Ca' the Ewes,
Then that curst carmagnole auld Satan, Watches, like bawd'rons by a rattan, Poem on Life.	Will ye gang down the water-side And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch, Just like a winkin bandrons: The Ordination. 10.	Watna [wot not].
But Misery and I must watch	I watna what's the name o't; The Tree of Liberty. I watna what they ca'd him; There came a pipert
The snrly tempest blow: . S. The sun he is sunk † Watch'd.	Wat'ry.
That watch'd thy early morning S. A Rosebud by my	For me your wat'ry haunt forsake? On scaring Water fowl.
She watch'd me hy the hie-gate-side, S. Had I the wyte †	They footed o'er the wat'ry glass so neat, The Brigs of Ayr. 11.
I watch'd the symptoms o' the Great, On dining with Daer. The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld, S. What will I do gin t	And view, deep-bending in the pool, Their shadows' wat'ry hed: The Petition of Br. Water.
S. What will I do gin t	Wattle. Teugh Johnie, staunch Geordie and Wattle, That griens for the fishes and loaves.
There, watching high the least nlarms, Add. to Edinburgh. 5.	The Election Ballads, III.
Ye fisher herons, watching eels; . El. on Capt. M. H., 8. But weel the watching lover marks	Wattle [a wand, a twig]. Nne whip nor spur, but just n wattle
The kind love that's in her e'e. S. O this is no my ain t	O' saugh or hazle A Guid New-Year 10.
Watchings. Keep watchings with the nightly thief: . The Lament.	Wauble [to swing, to reel]. An' ran them till they a' did wauble,
Watchman. For this the watchman cracked his crown, The Tree of Liberty.	Far, far behin'! . A Guid New-Year † 7. Wauk [to awake].
Water, Waters.	When I wank I'm eerie; S. Ay wankin, O.
I doubt no they wad bide one better Than let them once out owre the water; Add. of Beelzebub.	But life to me's n weary dream, A dream of ane that never wanks. S. Again rejoic. Nature †
Whase life is like a weel-gann mill, Supply'd wi' store o' water, . Add. to Unco Guid.	Wauken [waken].
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave, S. Afton Water.	And when the lark, 'tween light and dark, Blythe wankens by the daisy's side, S. Again rejoic. Nature †
The wanton coot the water skims, S. Again rejoicing Nature † The water rins o'er the heugh, S. Ay waukin, O	But we may see him [vengennce] wauken:
The honnie lad o' Galla water [re.]	S. Awa, whigs, awa. Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd,
S. Braw lads on Yar. braes† I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,	Sic notes of woe could wanken! S. O stay sweet warbling t It [Drink] kindles Wit, it wankens Lear, The Holy Fair. 19.
And follow my love through the water. S. Braw lads of G. Water.	Wauken ye breezes! row gently, ye billows! S. Wandering Willie.
Now chrystal clear are the falling waters, S. Bonie Bell. While waters wimple to the sea; S. Ca' the Ewes.	Wauken'd.
We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,	Half-wanken'd wi' the din, Extem. in Court of Session. Waukening [awakening].
We'll o'er the water to Charlie, S. Come, boat me o'er† The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clutter.	Sweetly blythe his wankening be.
The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter, An' kirs'n him wi' reekin water; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 19.	S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t Wauket [made hard and thick by toil, callous].
"Is o'er ayont the water:" S. Had I the wyte t They filled up a darksome pit	And heav'd on high my wanket loof, The Vision. D. I. 6.
With water to the hrim, John Barleycorn. The chrystal waters round us fa', S. Now rosy May †	Waukin [waking; watching]. Ay waukin, O,
to the whistling blast and waters' roar,	Waukin still and weary; S. Ay waukin, O. The last Halloween I was waukin
On Death of R. Dundas. Where waters flow and wild woods wave, S. Streams that glide†	My dronkit sark sleeve, as ye ken; . S. Tam Glen.
The mosses, waters, smps, and styres,	Waukrife (wakeful)
That lie between is and our hame,	Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour Till wankrife morn. El. on Capt. M. H., 10.
An acre-hraid! . Tam Samson's El., 9.	And gart me weet my wankrife winkers,
He, down the water, gies him this guid-een The Brigs of Ayr. 4.	Wi' girnan spite Ep. to Maj. Legan. 10. Waur [worse].
She summon'd every social sprite, That sports by wood or water, . The Fête Champetre.	There's monie waur been o' the Race [of Kings], A Dream. 3.
That spots by wood, or wheel, The Petition of Br. Water. That thro my waters pluy, The Petition of Br. Water.	But a' the lads they loe me, and what the waur am 1. S. Comin thro' the ryc.
Then bowses drumine German-water, . The Twa Dogs. 23.	Be sure ye follow out the plan Nae waur than he did, honest man? El. on Year 1788.
The rose upon the brief by the waters running clear. S. The Winter it is past t	Thou know'st, the virtues cannot hate thee worse, Ep. fr. Esopus.
Your waters never drumlie! S. Ye banks, and braes, and streams	But thought I might hae want offers, S. Last May a braw wooer t
Water, to. Wad made a bodie's mouth to water; . S. Donald Brodie;	'Na, waur than a'!' cries ilka chiel, 'Tam Samson's dead!'. Tam Samson's El.
Numbering ev'ry bud which nature Waters wi' the tears of joy. S. Sleef'st thou, or wak'st †	
Water-brose [brose made of meal and water simply].	When, gin the truth were a' but kent, Her life's been waur than mine. The Ruined Maid's Lament. She [your muse] could cal us not want than we are.
Be't water-brose, or muslin-kail, To J. S., 24. Water'd.	She [your muse] cou'd ca' us nae waur than we are. The Kirk's Alarm,
Fair Virtne water'd it wi' care, . The Tree of Liberty.	"But if ye can match her ye're waur than ye're ca'd,
Water-fit [water-foot, i.e. mouth of the river]. For [Peebles], frae the water-fit,	S. There liv'd ance a carle † But twenty fauts ye may hae waur, S. There was a lad †
Ascends the holy rostrum: The Holy Fair. 16.	But say thou wilt hae me for better for wanr, S. Tibbie Dunbar.
Water-kelples [mischievous spirits supposed to haunt the fords of rivers].	Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces Waur nor their nonsense. To Rev. J. M'Math.
Then, water-kelpies haunt the foord, By your direction, Add. to the Deil. 12.	Waur nor their nonsense. To Kev. J. M. Math. There's Gaun, misca't waur than a beast,

Wang, to Ita overcome, to worstl. 'Up, Willie, waur them a', man !'.

'Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,
And faith, he'll waur me. Death and Dr. Hornbook, 13.

A Fragment. 7.

S. There was a lass +

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
S. On a bank of flowers †

And tent the waving corn wi' me. .

Waw v. Wa'.

Up and waur them a', Jamie, . . . The Laddies by t Wawlie v. Walle. Waur't [worsted]. Might nihlins waur't thee for a brattle; Waxen. Seal'd up with frugal care in massive, waxen piles,

The Brigs of Ayr. A Guid New-Year 1 10. Wave. life's mad career, Wild as the wave, . A Bard's Epit. Waxing. The day was waxing weary, S. As I gaed up by t Way. Then lost his way, ne misty day, . As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave. A Fragment. s. S. Afton Water. Ye fright the nightly wand rer's way, Wi' eldritch croon. And [browl carled as the wintry wave, . As on the banket . Add. to the Deil. s. Will ye gang down the water-side As down the burn they took their way, S. As down the burn t And see the waves sae sweetly glide S. Ca' the Ewes. Wha did I meet, upon the way, Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar: But pretty Peg, my dearie. S. As I gaed up by t S. Had I a care t Blind chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way, S. Contented we littlet Through the hazels spreading wide 'That's just a swatch o' Hornhook's way, Death and Dr. Hornbook, 29. O'er the waves, that sweetly glide . S. Hark! the mavis't Trees with aged arms were warring, O'er the swelling, drumlie wave. S. I dream'd I lay t I took the way that pleas'd mysel, The storm's gloomy path on the breast of the wave, And sae the second.

The ways of men are distant brought,

Despondency, an Ode. 3. And sae did Death. Lament, on leaving Nat. Land. And smile at the mood's rimpled face in the wave: 16. When winter-bound the wave is; . S. Lovely Davies. And when ye [craiks] wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore, El. on Capt. M. H., 9. The wan moon is setting behind the white wave, If thou on men, their works and ways, S. Oh, ofen the door, t Canst throw nacommon light, . . Ib. Ebit. O'er Clouden's wave, with fond delay; . . On Lincluden. That veni, vidi, vici, is his way ; . Ep. fr. Esopus. Peaceful keep your dimpling wave, On scaring Water-fowl. Wha scarcely tent us in their way, Ep. to Davie. 6. Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves! Long since, this world's thorny ways On Death of R. Dundas. Had number'd out my weary days, 16 10 Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave; His saul has ta'en some other way, On Death of Sir J. Blair. His saul has ta en some can.
Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,
Epit. on Tam the Chapman. Epit. on Holy Willie. These, their richly-gleaming waves, I leave to tyrants and their slaves: S. Streams that glide t O come thy ways to me, my Eppie M'Nab! [re.] S. Eppie M'Nab. I think upon the stormy wave, S. The gloomy night t And staw'd a branch, spite o' the deil, My hale and weel I'll take a care o't
A tentier way: . Friend of the poet † P.S. Frae yout the western waves, man. The Tree of Liberty. And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave ; S. Their groves of t Twas just the way he wanted To he that night. Wave, to. . Halloween o. Her leafy locks wave in the breeze S. Again rejoic. Nature † May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist, And wander their way to the devil!

S. Here's a health to them t The balmy gales awake the flowers, And wave thy flaxen hair. . . S. Behold, my love t This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
Inscrip. on Tomb of Fergusson. I see her wave thy towering plumes afar, Ep. fr. Esopus. Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!

Lament of Mary of Scots. For weel ye ken the way to woo. . S. John, come kiss. But see you the Crown how it waves in the air, S. No Churchman am I † "I wander in the ways of men, An' Robin's honnet wave wi' crape . Poor Mailie's El. "Alike unknowing and unknown: Lament for Glencairn. The way to me lies through the way,

The weary shearer's hameward way,

S. Lassie wi the lintwhite to former to former. The way to me lies through the kirk: S. Lass when yr mither t Ye lavish woods that wave around, S. Slow spreads the gloom t I wave the quantum o' the sin; . Ep. to Young Friend. 6. Woods that ever verdant wave, . S. Streams that glide t In many a way, and vain essay, S. My father was a farmer t Come let us stray our gladsome way, S. Now westlin winds t When August winds the heather wave, Tam Samson's El., 13. When August winds the heatner wave, 2 mm summer.

While thick the gossamour waves wanton in the rays.

The Erigs of Ayr. Mally's ev'ry way compleat. . . S. O Mally's meck. So ran the far-fam'd Roman way, On same Lord G. Far from human haunts and ways; On scaring Water-fowl. 'When yellow waves the heavy grain, The Vision. D. II. S. As guileful Fraud points out the erring way : Wav'd. On Death of R. Dundas. And corn way'd green in ilka field. S. In simmer whent In his sly, dry, sententious, proverh way! Prologue, at Th., D. That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream : Unknowing what my way may thwart, S. Sae far awa. Lament for Glencairn. Gie hody strength, then I'll ne'er start High-wav'd his magnum-bonum round With Cyclopean fury. . The Election Ballads. VI. At this my way sae far awa. wild from wisdom's way, . . Sent to a Gent. offended. Wavering. Or the ruthless native's way, Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil: S. Streams that glide † If Self the wavering balance shake, . Ep. to Young Friend. 3. It's rarely right adjusted! . As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure, Ay wavering like the willow wicker, Tween good and ill. The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure ; Tam o' Shanter. O. . Poem on Life. The native feelings strong, the guileless ways, When lyart leaves hestrow the yird, Or wavering like the Bauckie-bird, The Jolly Beggars, R. I. The Cotter's Sat. Night. Then homeward all take aff their sev'ral way; . Ib. 18. Waving. in the way His Wisdom sees the best, 15 Waving on high the desolating brand, Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Who walks not in the wicked's way, . The 1st Psalm. Ye, like a rash-buss, stood in sight, Wi' waving sugh. Three hizzies, early at the road, . Add. to the Deil. 7. . The Holy Fair. 2. Cam skelpan up the way. . The yellow corn was waving ready: S. By Allan stream † Her [Life's] way may lie thro' rough distress! The Lament. As to the north I bent my way,

S. The Lass that made the bed. Through yellow, waving fields we'll stray, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite t The furrow'd waving corn is seen No gi'en by way o' dainty . . The Ordination. 6. Rejoice in fostering showers. S. Now Spring has clad † A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways;
The Rights of Woman. Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain, S. Now westlin winds t

	1
For weel he kend the way, O, S. The Taylor †	Can all the wealth of India's coast.
And weel he kend the way to woo,	Atone for years in absence lost? S. Slow spreads the gloom
	What wealth could never give nor take away!
	Sonnet, writ, on Birthday,
Are hred in sic a way as this is	Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save; The Election Ballads. VI.
And hunger'd Mankin taen her way	
To kail-yards green, The Vision. D. I.	That Indian wealth may lustre throw Around my Highland lassie, O S. The Highl. Lassie.
'With future hope, I oft would gaze,	Despising worlds with all their wealth
'Fond, on thy little, early ways, Ib. D. II. 12.	The Petition of Br. Water.
'Wild-send thee Pleasure's devious way, Ib. 17.	This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth, The Tree of Liberty.
The loves, the ways of simple swains, 1b. 18.	Of mistress, friends, and wealth hereav'd me.
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did,	S. Tho. fickle Fortune †
The Whistle. 14.	Still nobler wealth hast thou in store,
I' the way of our profession To a Medical Gent.	The comforts of the mind :
But still the mair I'm that way bent, Something cries "Hoolie! . To J. S., 7.	O, could I give thee India's wealth, . To John M'Murdo.
On foot [Apollo] the way was plying To J. Taylor.	'Gie Wealth to some he-ledger'd Cit,
An' may a hard no crack his jest	Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in; S. When first I saw
What way they've use't him? . To Rev. J. M'Math,	My humble knapsack a' my wealth, S. When wild War's
Again I might desert fair Virtue's way; Why am I loth †	The sodger's wealth is honor;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,	Wealthy.
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base. Wr. in Friars-Carse H	They'll ha'e me wed a wealthy coof, S. And O for ane and iwenty t
Wayward.	And to the wealthy booby
Must wayward fortune's adverse hand	Poor woman sacrifice; S. How cruelt
For ever, ever keep me here? . S. The Banks of Nith.	The Great, the Wealthy fear thy blow,
He left his hed and took his wayward rout, The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	Man was made to Mourn.
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention	Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion, Round the wealthy, titled bride S. Mark yonder Pomp †
Within this dear mansion may wayward contention Or withered envy ne'er enter; S. The Sons of Old Killie.	
Weak.	
But Och, mankind are unco weak, Ep. to Young Friend. 3.	And there will be wealthy young Richard, The Election Ballads. III.
Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main!	Wean [a child].
Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	Thou's welcome wean, Add. to Illegit. Child.
For our sincere, tho' haply weak endeavours, Prologue, at Th., D.,	'The wenns hand out their fingers laughin,
Are doomed by Man, that tyrant o'er the weak,	And pouk my hips. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 14.
The Brigs of Ayr.	'His Sin gat Eppie Sim wi' wean, Halloween. 16.
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!	Gie him the schulin of your [Satun's] wenns; On a Schoolmaster.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20.	
A weak arm and a strang S. Ye Jacobites †	These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans Searching auld† An' cleed her hairns, man, wife, an' wean, In mourning weed; The Manual Contents of The Laurenteen
Weaken'd. And downward, how weakeo'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!	In mourning weed: . Tam Samson's El.
S. The lazy mist t	Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented, . The Inventory.
Weakness. Where human weakness has come short.	A smytrie o' wee, duddie weans, The Twa Dogs. 10.
A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives ; 1b. 17.
Weal. Gie a' the fues o' Scotland's weal A towmond's Tooth-Ache! Add. to Toothache.	The wean wants a cradle, S. There's news, lasses t
All I can—I weep and pray	To make a happy fire-side clime
For his weal that's far away. S. How can my poor heart †	To weans and wife, . To Dr. Blacklock.
Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion,	Weanie [dim. of Wean].
For his weal where'er he be. S. Musing on the roaring t	When skirlin weanies see the light, . Scotch Drink. 12.
deep I feel Your interest in the poet's weal; Poem on Life.	Weapon. 'Forhye some new, uncommon weapons, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 22.
Wealth.	They've taen a weapon, long and sharp, John Barleycorn.
Here Wealth still swells the golden tide, Add. to Edinburgh.	Her closed eyes, like wenpons sheath'd,
It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,	S. On a bank of flowers t
That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure; S. Braw lads on Yar, braes †	Wear ["wear the plaid," be a shepherd, or pastor].
And I shall sourn as vilest dust.	"That Reptile wears a Ducal crown!" As on the banks !
The warld's wealth and grandeur:	I wad wear thee in my bosom, . S. Bonie wee thing t
S. Come, let me take thee, †	Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it, . Ep. to J. R., 3.
It's no in wealth like Lon'on Bank, To purchase peace and rest; Ep. to Davie. 5.	And wear it there! and call aloud
Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon,	This axiom undoubted Extem. on Commem.'s of Thomson.
Heaven send your heart-strings ay in tune,	[Thieves] From him that wears the star and garter
Ep. to Maj. Logan. 4.	To him that wintles in a halter: . Lns add, to J. Ranken,
There's wealth and ease for gentlemen, S. Gane is the day †	And next my heart I'll wear her, S. My Love's a winsome t
I'll count my health my greatest wealth,	Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
S. Here's to thy health, †	dowie, wear The mourning weed: Poor Mailie's El.
Ve men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering Lns on Window, K.'s Arms.	There, welcome, win and wear the prize, S. Talk not of Love †
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,	The like has been that you may wear
Man was made to Mourn.	A noble head of horns
All you who follow wealth and power	An' no to rin an' wear his cloots, . The Death of Mailie.
S. My father was a farmer t	And you, farewell! whose merits claim,
Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,	Justly that highest hadge to wear! The Farewell. To St. J.'s L
The man wha boasts o' warld's wealth,	I wear away My life, and in my office holy
Is aften laird o' meikle care; . S. Now bank and bract	
"I care na wealth a single flie; S. O Phely, † This warld's wealth when I think on,	What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Its pride and a' the lave o't; . S. O poortith cauld, †	Wear hodden-grey, and a' that; S. The Honest Man.
The silly hogles, Wealth and State,	The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear, S. The Posic.
/	3. The Poste.

Or leaves the faithfu' lass he lo'ed, To wear a ragged coat. The Ruined Mald's Lament. We wha were ne'er by lairds respekit, To wear the plaid, The Twa Herds. 4. 'And wear thou this'—She solemn said, And bound the Holly round my head The Vision. D. 11. 23. Time but the impression stronger makes, As streams their channels deeper wear. To Mary in Hearen. And may be wear an auld man's beard, To Mr. M'Adam. By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear? To R. G. of F., 5. Wearer. Wha rate the wearer by the cloak. To Mr. J. Kennedy. Wearied. And I a bird to shelter there, When wearied on my little wing. S. O were my love t Wearing. For me, thank God, my life's a lease, Nae bargain wearing faster. A Dream. 6.	Wi' monie a wearie body, She made me weary of my life, By one unruly member. Life's weary vale I'll wander thro': The Lament. to. The weary night o' care and grief May have a joyful morrow; Ile's aften wat and weary: S. The Plonghman't Tho' I am as weary as weary can be, And, alas! I am weary as weary can be, Ither's somebody weary wi lying ber lane. There's somebody weary wi lying ber lane. S. The Taylor fell't Until wi' daffin weary grown, Upon a knowe they sat them down. [v.A.1] The Twa Dogs. 6. But soon grew weary o' the trade, The Tree of Liberty. The Thresher's weary toil, For humble gains, Ib. J. J. Q. The weary pund,
As market-days are wearing late, Tam o' Shanter. With clavers and baivers	The weary pund o' tow; S. The weary pund. Till piper lads were wae and weary, S. Th. Menzie's bonie Mary. Soon my weary eyes I'll close, never more to waken.
Wearing the time awa': . The Ans. to the Guidwife. His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	S. Thou hast left me t
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. When wearing thro' the afternoon, The Twa Dogs.	An' weary Winter comin fast, To a Mouse. Has cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Weary, -ie.	I'm weary sick o't late and air? To Dr. Blacklock.
An' wi' the weary warl' fought! . A Guid New-Year † 16.	crazy, weary, joyless Eild, To J. S., 13.
O, free my weary eyes from tears, A Prayer under Anguish.	Apollo weary flying,
But life to me's a weary dream, S. Again rejoicing Nature	My weary heart its throbbings cease, To Ruin. Thro' weary winter's wind and rain S. 'Twas even—the decay t
The hungry bike did scrape and pike Till we were wae and wearie: O S. Amang the trees	He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang:
The day was waxing weary, S. As I gaed up by t	S. What can a yng lassie †
Waking ay and wearie, S. Ay waking, Ot	How slow ye move, ye beavy hours, As ye were wae and weary! . When I think on t
Ay waukin, O, Waukin still and weary; S. Ay waukin, O.	Return sae dowf and weary O: . S. When o'er the hill t
Oh! age has weary days! S. But lately scen,†	And I were ne'er sae weary O,
O Life! Thou art a galling load, Along a rough, a weary road, . Despondency, an Ode.	These northern scenes with weary feet I trace; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
Long since, this world's thorny ways	And I sae weary fu' of care! S. Ye banks and braes t
Had number'd out my weary days, . Ep. to Davie. 10. Forjesket sair, with weary legs, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 2.	Weary, to.
To cheer you through the weary widdle	Wi' merry sangs, an' friendly cracks.
O' this wild warl', Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.	I wat they did na weary;
For the man that loves his mistress weel Nae travel makes him weary. S. Here's to thy health, †	Weary fa' [an imprecation, a curse befall]. Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray, S. Duncan Gray.
I restless lie frae e'en to morn,	But weary fa' the waefu' woodie! The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary. S. How lang and dreary	Wearving, Wearving Heav'n in warm devotion.
She [my mammy] never lets me weary, Sir, S. I'm o'er young t	S. Musing on the roaring t
"In weary being now I pine, . Lament for Glencairn. But nought can glad the weary wight	But oh! [death] a blest relief for those
That fast in durance lies Lament of Mary of Scots.	That weary-laden mourn! . Man was made to Mourn.
The weary shearer's hameward way, S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	Weason [the weasand].
Seem'd weary, worn with care; Man was made to mourn.	But monie daily weet their weason Wi' liquors nice, Scotch Drink. 14.
I've seen von weary winter-sun	Weather. On guid March-weather, A Guid New-Year † 11.
Twice forty times return;	Kindly stood the milking-shiel.
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,	To shelter trae the stormy weather S. As I came oer ;
In everlasting slumber; O. S. My father was a farmer t	Autumn's pleasant weather; . S. Now westlin winds † The happy hour may soon he near,
But the weary, weary warpin o't S. My heart was ance t	That brings us pleasant weather: S. The noble Maxwells t
The weary steps o' woe. S. Now Spring has clad	The weather was cauld, and the lassie lay still, S. The Taylor fell †
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain, Delights the weary Farmer: S. Now westlin winds †	Guid health, hale han's, an' weather bonie;
Take pity on my weary feet, . S. O Lassie, art thou t	Inira Ep. to J. Lap
A weary slave from sun to sun, S. O Mary, at thy window	There will surely be some pleasant weather When a' their storms are past and gone.
'Till my last weary sand was run, S. O were I on Parnass. †	When clouds in skies t
The weary winter soon will pass, S. Oh, how can I be blythe† Thou strings the nerves o' Labor-sair.	Weather, to.
At's weary toil; Scotch Drink, O.	A wight, that will weather damnation, The devil the prey will despise. The Election Ballads. III.
Tae cheer you thro' the weary widdle	Weave ["weave our stockin," knit our stocking].
O' war'ly cares, . Second Ep. to Davic. But we've wander'd many a weary foot.	On Fasteneen we had a rockin,
But we've wander'd many a weary foot, Sin' auld lang syne. S. Should auld acquaintance †	To ca' the crack and weave our stockin; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 2.
But what a weary wight can please, And care his bosom wringing. S. Sweet fa's the eve t	Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare O' hell's damned waft Poem on Life.
Owre mony a weary hag he limpit, Tam Samson's El., 10.	Hora chall the chepherd make his seat.
And weary o'er the moor, his course does bameward bend.	To weave his crown of flowers: The Petition of Br. Water.
The conter o dan angum	Weav'd. Bonie Doon, whare early roaming, First I weav'd the rustic sang. S. Scenes of weet
Does a' his weary kiangh and care beguile, [v.A.5] Does a' his weary carking cares beguile; [v.A.5]. Ib.	Weaver.
I've paced much this weary, mortal round, 1b. 9.	A honie, westlin weaver lad [re.] . S. My heart was ance t
, p	

To the weaver's gin ye go, fair maids, S. My heart was ance t	Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r, To a Mountain-Daisy.
And turn a Carpet-weaver Aff-hand . The Ordination, o.	
Wecht [a vessel resembling a slave but without	
notes, mostly used for winnowing grain.	To Dr. Blacklock.
Meg fain wad to the Barn gaen.	Wee Willie Gray, an' his lenther wallet; [re.]
To winn three wechts o' naething; Halloween, 21,	Wee-bit. I gied thy cog n wee-bit heap
Wed. They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,	Aboon the timmer; A Guid New-Year 13.
S. And O for ane and twenty †	His wee-bit ingle, blinkan bonilie, The Cotter's Sat. Night.
"I'll wed another like my dear . S. Husband, husband †	Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie, The Twa Dogs. 33.
I'll be wed come o't what will, . S. In simmer when t	
I think I maun wed him-to-morrow, [re.]	
S. Last May a brazu wooer t	
before ye wed Sic clumsy-witted hammers, On W. Chalmers.	your wee bit jauntie, Wad bring ye to; To Dr. Blacklock. Wee-things [little children].
I put bim to bed, and he swore he wad wed,	The ware was things and it
Wedded, S. The auld man t	The vera wee-things, toddlan, rin, Wi' stocks out owre their shouther:
Tho' I am your wedded wife.	The expectant wee-things, toddlan, stacher through
Yet I am not your slave, Sir. S. Husband, husband t	To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise and glee.
Wedding, -in.	The Cotter's Sat Ni-LA
But be has na tell'd the lass bersel	Weed. Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside, Like ony common weed and vile. S. I do confess †
Till on her wedding day, O Katharine Jaffray.	Like ony common weed and vile. S. I do confess t
Till on her wedding day, O	we il roam through the forest for each idle weed;
The folly Beggars, S. V.	Monody, on a Lady. The sweetest flower that deck'd the mend,
	Now trodden like the vilest weed, S. O Lassie, art thou
Sin' Mar's-year did desire, . Halloween. 27. I ken thy friends try ilka menns	That stipend is a carnal weed
Frae wedlock to delay thee; . S. Here's to thy health,	He takes but for the fashion ; The Ordination s
Wee [little].	Weed [dress, apparel].
his wee, curlie John's ier-oe, A Ded. to G. H., 14.	dowie, wear The mourning weed : Poor Mailie's El
But just thy step a wee thing hastet. A Guid New Vennt	Aft, clad in massy, siller weed, Scotch Drink. 7.
Ilk bapping bird, wee, helpless thing! . A Winter Night. 4.	An' cleed ber bairns, man, wife, an' wean,
My sweet wee lady, Add. to Illegit. Child.	In mourning weed; . Tam Samson's El
Wee image of my bonny Betty,	Her ancient weed was russet gray, The Election Ballads. I.
I throw the wee stools o'er the mickle, . Add. to Toothache.	Be thou clad in russet weed, . Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
"Yon wee white Cot aboon the Mill, . As on the banks †	Weeds. Autumn in her weeds o' yellow. S. By Allan stream †
Bonie wee thing, canie wee thing.	Who in widow weeds appears, . Ode, to Mem, of Mrs
Lovely wee thing was thou mine; S. Bonie wee thing †	In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast,
Lest my wee thing be na mine	Weeding. On Death of Sir J. Blair.
Some wee, short hour nyont the twal,	I turn'd my weeding hook aside
We will big a wee, wee house,	An' spar'd the symbol dear. The Ans. to the Guidwife.
And we will like king and queen, S. Duncan Davison.	Week. On eighteen pence a week I've liv'd before.
Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood; El. on Capt. M. H., 7.	Ep. to R. Graham, 5.
	For had ye staid whole weeks awa',
An our gudewife's wee birdy cocks; El. on Year 1788. There's ae wee faut they whiles lay to me, Ep. to f. L-k, Ap. 1st, 17. The poor, wee thing was little hurt: Ep. to f. L-R, Qp. 184, 185, 17.	Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye Epit. on a Wag. But n' the niest week as I petted wi' care,
Ep. to J. L-k. At. 1st. 17.	S. Last May a brazu zvooer †
	They had been fou for weeks the gither. Tam o' Shanter. 5.
An the wee powts begun to cry,	Weekly. This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Wee Jenny to her Graunie says. Hallowers 12	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.
Hee balou, my sweet wee Donald.	weei [weii; "weei's," well asl.
Loove for loove is the bargain for me	He may do weel for a' be's done yet, A Ded. to G. H., 3.
Ino the wee Cot-house should hand me:	Wi' weel spread looves, an' lang, wry faces:
My Love's n winsome wee thing, S. My Collier Laddic.	To serve their King an' Country weel,
She is a handsome wee thing	My skill may weel be doubted;
She is a bonie wee thing, . S. My Love's a winsome t	Weel rigg d for Venus barter:
O plessings on my wee thing.	An set weel down a shapely shape
My kindly hlythesome wee thing, With the hand and heart of my wee thing,	A seat, I'm sure ye're weel deservin't: Add, of Beelzehuh e
No more at my late I li repige.	Ad think t weel ward Add to Illegit Child
This sweet wee wife o' mine S. My Wife's a minsome	Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie. S. As I came der the
My blessins upon thy sweet, wee lippie!	Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him.
S. O whare did ye get †	S. As I was a-wand ring t
	We darena weel say't, though we ken wha's to blame,
rus wee drap parritch, or his bread	'I red ye weel, tak care o' skaith, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 9. 'Weel, weel!' says 1, 'a bargain bet:
An' inst a wee drap en'rituel hours in A. Scotch Drink, 7.	Death and Dr. Hornhook o.
An' just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in, An' gusty sucker! Ib. q.	'Weel, weel!' snys I, 'a bargain be't: Ib. 11.
An just a wee drap sp'ritual burn in, An' gusty sucker! 1b. 9. Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns; Tam o' Shanter. 11. That sark she coft for her wee Names.	'He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Puchan
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,	'I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
Wee Davock hands the nowt in fother. The Incompany	'I might as weel hae try'd a quarry 'O' bard wbin-rock
Till faith, wee Davock's turn'd sae gleg,	An's weel pay'd for't; Ib. 20.
my bonny sweet wee lady.	Here lies who weel had won thy praise.
Wec [Miller] neist, the Gunrd relieves, . The Holy Fair. 17.	El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.
The wee Apollo The folly Beggars. R. V.	For Eighty-eight he wish'd you weel, . El. on Year 1788.
Our Whipper-in, wee, blastet wonner, . The Twa Dogs. q.	An' a' been weel content Epig. on Henpecked Squire.
	Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can Frae critical dissection; Ep. to Young Friend. 5.
a wee touch langer, An they mann starve	Frae critical dissection; Ep. to Young Friend. 5. I've scarce heard ought describ'd sae weel,
A reekit wee deevil looks over the we'	FA to I I - h AA to A
S. There liv'd ance a carle †	
	Does weel eneugh

Maybe some ither thing they gie me They weel can spare. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 17.	But no sae weel a stranger To a Painter.
Roose you sae weel for your deserts, Ib., Ap. 21st, 5.	Lord send you ay as weel's I want ye, . To Dr. Blacklock.
He'll haud it weel thegither Epit. on a Ruling Elder.	An' shore him weel wi' hell; To Gav. Hamilton. I ken he weel a Snick can draw
I gat some gear wi' meikle care,	I ken he weel a Snick can draw,
I held it weel thegither; Extem., Ap. 1782.	As weel's 1 may; To J. S., 25.
Lads like lasses weel, . S. Gudeen to you Kimmer two wooer-babs, Weel knotted on their garten, . Halloween. 3.	as I'm informed weel To Mr. J. Kennedy.
I mind't as weel's yestreen,	I wiss you weel, and gude be wi' you
He gat hemp-seed, I mind it weel,	We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd,
Gars ony dress look weel S. Handsome Nell.	oh, I pay weel For a' the joy I borrow, I'erses under Grief.
Weel, my babie, may thou furder: S. Hee balou †	Weel [prosperity, welfare].
For the man that loves his mistress weel Nae travel makes him weary S. Here's to thy health †	Come weel, come woe, I care na by, S. Behind you hills t
He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,	Come weel, come woe, we'll gather and go,
He has nae love to spare for me: S. In simmer when t	My naie and weel I ii take a care o t
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace Might weel awank desire S. It is na, Jean †	A tentier way: Friend of the Poet † P.S. And laws for Scotland's weel ordained;
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears, John Barleycorn.	On Window at Stirling.
For weel ye ken the way to woo S. John, come kiss.	Weel-aim'd. But yet he drew the mortal trigger
Weel known to many men, O Katharine Jaffray.	Wi' weel-aim'd heed; Tant Samson's El., II. Weel-booted. Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride,
Weel may we a' be! S. Landlady, count †	Ronalds of Bennals.
Weel baskit up sae gaudy; S. My Collier Laddie. But cheerful still, I am as well,	Weel-bred. Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred.
As a monarch in a palace, O, S. My father was a farmer t	Weel-burnish't.
Will ken as weel's mysel! . S. My heart was ance †	Down droops her ance weel-burnish't crest, To IV. Creech.
They drew a' weel enough; S. O gude ale comes t	Weel-clad.
Weel shod wi' brass On Grose's Peregrinations. Were weel lac'd up in silken shoon, . S. O Mally's meek.	"When a' my weel-clad banks could see, "Their woody picture in my tide: . As on the banks t
And here's to them that wish us weel, S. O May thy morn t	Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black; . The Twa Dogs. 5.
O weel ken I my ain lassie, S. O this is no my ain t	Weel-far'd [weel-favoured].
I see a form, I see a face,	My winsome, weel-far'd Highland laddie; S. As I came o'er
Ye weel may wi' the fairest place:	The graces of her weelfar'd face, . S. On Cessnock banks Weelfare [welfare].
But weel the watching lover marks The kind love that's in her e'e	And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The honie lasses weel may wiss him,	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.
On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Jamaica bodies, use him weel,	For he's honie and braw, weel-favour'd with a',
Their father's a laird, and weel he can spare't,	S. There's a youth
Ronalds of Bennals.	Weel-featur'd. Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and hraw;
I lo'e her mysel, hut darena weel tell,	S. There's a youth
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum, Tam o' Shanter. 3. Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg	Weel-fill'd. An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket, A Guid New-Year 12.
Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,	Weel-gaun [well-going].
Or R[ohinson] again grown weel, Tam Samson's El	Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill, Add. to Unco Guid.
Abuse o' Magistrates might weel be spar'd;	My Lan' abin's a weel gaun fillie, The Inventory.
The Brigs of Ayr. 10. Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;	Weel-hain'd [well-saved, frugally spent, or used].
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear on d—d new Brigs and Harbours!
But blate and laithfu, scarce can weel behave; Ib. 8.	To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebback, fell, The Cotter's Sat. Night, 11.
And he wad do their errands weel, The Election Ballads. I.	Weel-hoordet [well-hoarded].
Ye weel ken, kimmers a',	The auld Guidwife's weel-hoordet nits Halloween. 7.
May look weel to themsel	Weel-kenned, -kend, -kent [well-known].
And weel does Selkirk fa' that Ib. II.	I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenned name May cost a pair o' blushes; On W. Chalmers.
For weel he's worthy a' that	And eels weel kend for souple tail, Tam Samson's El., 6.
Weel heaped up wi' ha'pence, The Holy Fair. 8. Tho' in his heart he weel believes,	Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood, . The Twa Herds. 6.
An' thinks it auld wives' fables:	You'll easy draw a weel-kent face, To a Painter.
Sit round the table, weel content,	Weel-plac'd. The sacred lowe o' weel plac'd love, Ep. to Young Friend. b.
Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented, The Inventory.	Weel-pleased, -'d.
weel brac'd wi' mealy bags, The Jolly Beggars. R. I. Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the Sterlin; Ib. R. IV.	Wool planted he [Death] greets a wight sae famous.
As weel as poor Gutscraper;	Epit, on Tam the Chapman.
O love will venture in, where it dare na weel be seen :	Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless Rake. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
The Posic. The violet for modesty, which weel she fa's to wear, Ib.	Weel-pleas'd to think her hairn's respected like the lave. Ib. 3.
Her dizzen's done, she's unco weel; , The Twa Dogs. 30.	Weel I wat [well I wot or know].
For weel he kend the way, O, S. The Taylor t	Weel I wat she was a quean Wad made a bodie's mouth to water; S. Donald Brodie's
And weel he kend the way to woo,	And weel I wat her willin mou
And weel he lik'd to shed their bluid, The Twa Herds. 6.	Was e'en like succar-candie S. Had I the wyte t
Or what wad mak her weel again. S. There was a lass t	And weel I wat he lo'es me dear; . S. In simmer when t
Weel Europe kens the fame o't The Tree of Liberty. And now she [Virtue] sees wi pride, man,	For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
How weel it bads and blossoms there,	Weel-sung.
And hanged the despot weel, man Ib.	Till echoes a' resound again
Weel are ye wordy of a grace To a Haggis.	Her weel-sung praise To IV, Simpson. 6.

Weel-tochered, -'d [well-dowered]. Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and hraw; S. There's a youth t
Nae weel-tochered aunts, to wait on their drants, Ronalds of Bennals.
Weel-turn'd. Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd an' ready, A Dream. 2.
Weel-won [honestly-earned]. Tho' it [the tocher] was sma', 'twas weel-won gear, A Guid New-Year † 4. Weel-worn
Weel-worn. Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies, Tam Samson's El., Epit.
Weel-stocked, -stockit [well-replenished]. O gi'e me the lass wi' the weel-stockit farms. S. Awa' voi' your witchcraft †
A weel-stocked mailin, himsel' for the laird, S. Last May a braw wooer †
I never had frien's, weel-stockit in means. *Ronalds of Bennals.
Weel-swall'd [well-swelled]. Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve
Are hent like drums;
The Cotter's Sat. Night.
And there was Balmaghie I ween, The Election Ballads. V. A panegyric rhyme, I ween, Even as I was he shor'd me; The Petition of Br. Water.
And such a leg! my Bess, I ween, Could only peer it; [v.A.14] The Vision, D. I. 11.
Weep. There oft as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea, S. Afton Water.
And weep the ae best fellow's fate E'er lay in earth. El. on Capt. M. H., 16.
The poor man weeps—here G—N sleeps, Epit. for G. H. There would I weep my woes, S. Had I a cave †
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail, In burnin' lake, . Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.
All I can—I weep and pray For his weal that's far away. S. How can my poor heart †
I think on him that's far awa', The lee-lang night, and weep, S. It was a' for †
And wanders here to wail and weep! The Lament. Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep, The Ordination. 7. Weepers.
Weepers. Auld, cantie Kyle may weepers wear, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. Weeping He weeping wail'd his latter times: 4 Vicious
Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale, A Winter Night. 7. The weeping blood in woman's breast
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife, And helpless offspring mourn. **Lament of Mary of Scots.** **Lament of Mary of Mary of Scots.** **Lament of Mary of
As dews o' summer weeping, S. O wat ye wha that loes † "A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
On Death of Sir J. Blair,
And soothe the Yirtues weeping on this hier: [v.A.10] Sonnet, on Death of R. Weet, adj. [wet].
Oh Jenny's a weet poor body . S. Comin thro' the rye †
And violets bathe in the weet of the morn;
S. O Lassie, art thou
"The woodbine in the dewy weet! S. O Phely, † Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet! To a Mountain-Daisy. Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw; S. Young Jockey†
Weet, to [to wet]. And rising, weets wi' misty showers The hirks of Aberfeldy. S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go †
The hirks of Aherfeldy. S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go t till we meet and weet our whistle, Ep. to H. Parker. And gart me weet my waukrife winkers, Wi' girnan spite. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.
But monie daily weet their weason
Wi Inquors nice,

I .- d weigh it down, and dinna spare. Holy Willie's Prayer, 13. Welght.

That on this frail, uncertain state, Hang matters of eternal weight: . Sketch. New-Yr's Day. Had felt our weight before. . The Election Ballads, V. But Douglasses o' weight had we, Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom! To a Mountain-Daisy.

Weighty.

Neighty.

So how this weighty plea may end,

The Election Ballads. I. Welcome. In Heaven itself I'll ask no more

Than just a Highland welcome.
A V. on being Hosp. Entertained. Thou's welcome wean, . . . Add, to Illegit. Child. You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier; Add. to Dumourier. My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again!" S. Contented wi' little !

A man may kiss a bonie lass. And my he welcome back again. S. Duncan Davison. Whate'er thou hast done, be it late be it soon, Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rah.

S. Eppie M'Nab. . S. Here is the glent O welcome dear to love and me! . But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber, S. Here's a health to ane t

Then may heaven with prosperous gales, Fill my sailor's welcome sails, S. How can my poor heart t the welcome summer show'r S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite t

While birds warble welcomes in ilka green shaw ; S. My Nanie's Awa. 'Were ne'er sae welcome to my eye, ' As is a sight o' Phely. . S. O Phelv.t

And doubly welcome he the spring, S. O wat ye wha's in t But gi'e me Lucy in my arms, And welcome Lapland's dreary sky.

You're welcome, Willie Stewart. There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May, That's half sae welcome's thou art. On W. Stewart.

Ye're welcome hame to me! . S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. Welcome to your gory bed, Or to glorious victory. . S. Scots, wha ha'et

More welcome were to me grim winter's wildest roar, Sonnet, on Death of R .. There, welcome, win and wear the prize, S. Talk not of Love †

Wi' bluidy ban' a welcome gies him; The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

With kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8. My dearest bluid to do them guid, They're welcome till't for a that. The Jolly Beggars. S. VII.

How welcome to me were the grave! S. The sun he is sunk t But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,

"O welcome most kindly, the blythe carle said,
S. There livid ance a carle †

Wi' welcome canna bear me;. . . To Mr. M'Adam. A sullen welcome, all! . . . To Ruin. Welcome now Simmer, and welcome my Willie;
S. Wandering Willie.

Ye're welcome for the sake o't. S. When wild War's t Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

Welcome, to. Welcome the hour, my aged limbs
Are laid with thee [Death i] at rest!

Man was made to Mourn.

And welcome in the blooming year! S. O wat re wha's in t The tappit-hen gae bring her ben, To welcome Willie Stewart, On W Stennart

Welcomes the rapid moments, bids them part, Sonnet, wr. on Birthday.

We'll welcome hame fair Albany. S. The bonie Lass of Alb. But thy utmost duly done,

Welcome what thou canst not shun : Wr. in Hermitage at F.C. Welcoming. When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.

The Jolly Beggars. S. I. Well. My passion I will ne'er declare, I'll say I wish thee well. S. Ah, Chlorist

His only son for Hornbook sets,
And pays him well,
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 27. When deprived of her bushand she loved so well, Epig. on Henpecked Squire.

But friends an' folk that wish me well,	West.
They sometimes roose me; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 16. Full well thou koow'st I love thee dear; S. Fairest maid †	The moon was sinking in the west
To think life's sun did set ere well begun Lns on Fergusson.	Wi' visage pale and wan, S. My heart was ance t The flower and fancy o' the west; S. My Lord a-hunting t
I live to-day as well's I may, Regardless of to-morrow, O. S. My father was a farmer t	When day, expiring in the west,
Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well, Scotch Drink. 16.	The curtain draws of Nature's rest, S. Now rosy May † I dearly like the west, S. Of a' the airts †
But distress, with horrors arming,	But I look to the West when I gae to rest,
Thou hast also known too well! S. Sensibility †	S. Out over the Forth
An' tye some hose well. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 10. His Country's Saviour, mark him well! [v.A.4] The Vision. D. I.	For far in the west lives he I lo'e hest,
Brydon's brave Ward I well could spy, [v.A.4] Ib.	Frae Indus to Savannah! . S. The gowd. Locks of A. I hae been east, I hae been west, . S. The Ploughman †
Her body is bestowed well, . S. The Joyful Widower.	And when the Day had clos'd his e'e,
That you do maintain them so well as you do. The Poor Thresher.	Far i' the West, The Vision. D. I. 2. An' now the sinn keeks in the west, . Third Ep. to J. Lap
Well thon may'st discover; S. Thine am I t	'Till too, too soon the glowing west
Well, s. Gin a hody meet a body, comin frac the well, S. Comin thro' the rye.	Proclaim'd the speed of winged day. To Mary in Heaven.
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits, Beside his crystal well! Despondency, an Ode. 3.	But gang she east, or gang she west S. When first I saw † The Wintry West extends his blast,
Beside his crystal well! Despondency, an Ode. 3.	Westerha' [Sir James Johnstone of Westerhall].
Embro' wells are grutten dry El. on Year 1783. But Nith maun he my Muse's well, S. O were I on Parnass. †	And Westerha' and Hopeton hurled To every Whig, defiance. The Election Ballads, VI.
And near the thorn, aboon the well, Whare Mnngo's mither hang'd hersel. Tam o' Shanter. 10.	There's no a callant tents the kye, But kens o' Westerha', Jamie S. The Laddies by t
Enjoying large each spring and well	Western. Dim, cloudy, sunk beneath the western wave;
As Nature gave them me, . The Petition of Br. Water. An had in mony a well been douked:	On Death of Sir I. Blair.
The Jolly Beggars. R. IV.	The western breeze steals thro' the trees, To view this Fête Champetre. S. The Fête Champetre.
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear they drank, O' sic a feast! The Twa Herds. 5.	Must wring my soul, ere Phochus, low, Shall kiss the distant, western main. The Lament, 7.
Well, to. Or mus'd where limpid streams once hallow'd, well,	Frae yont the western waves, man. The Tree of Liberty.
On Death of Sir J. Blair. Well-bred. Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred	Western breezes softly blowing,
The Rights of Woman.	Suit not my distracted mind S. Thickest night † Westlin [western, westward].
And all his well-earn'd praise disclaim. S. The capt. Ribband.	The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill; S. Behind you hills t
Well-fed.	In hamely, westlin jingle
There, well-fed Irwine stately thuds: The Vision. D. I. 14.	And ay a westlin leuk she throws, Ep. to H. Parker. A bonie, westlin weaver lad [re.] . S. My heart was ance †
Well-form'd. well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit Prologue, sp. by Woods.	Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns
Well-known.	Bring Autumn's pleasant weather; S. Now westlin winds †
And seem'd, to my astonish'd view, A well-known Land. The Vision, D. I. 12.	Westward. I'll westward turn my wistful eye: S. Behold the hour †
Well-pleas'd.	Wet.
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the Soul; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 17.	Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry, Ep. to Davie. 6.
Well-won. His well-woo bays, than life itself more dear,	Her lips are roses wet wi' dew! . S. Her flowing locks t Her lips like roses wet wi' dew, . S. I gaed a waefu' t
Well-worn.	His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears; Lament for Glencairn.
That name, that well-worn name, and all his owo, The Vowels.	Wet, to.
Welsh. Welsh, who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground, The Election Ballads. VI.	And the hands grew the tighter the more they were wet. The Whistle, 12.
Wench. There was ae winsome wench and wawlie. * Tam o' Shanter. 15.	A tear may wet thy laughin' e'e, For Scotia's son—ance gay like thee Verses under Grief.
This here was for n wench, and that other in a trench, The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	Wether. And send us from thy hounteous store
Went.	A tup or wether head! At Globe Tav., D.
When —, deceased, to the Devil went down, Epig. on —. No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong;	And eaten like a wether hnggis? S. Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. t Wha (who).
Fragment, inser. to Fox.	Wha kens, before his life may end, A Bottle and Friend.
No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right, . Ib.	Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy A Ded. to G. H., 6.
And frae my chamber went wi' speed; S. The lass that made the bed.	O ye wha leave the springs o' C-lv-n,
The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom, The last braw bridal†	And S-ckv-lle doure, wha stood the stoure, A Fragment. 5.
Went home to his wife who scarce could believe, The Poor Thresher.	wha bide this brattle O' winter war, A Winter Night. 3. Wha in you cavern grim an sootie, Add. to the Deil.
They all went to dine at the Nobleman's hall Ib.	O ye wha are sae guid yoursel, . Add. to Unco Guid.
My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat, S. When first I saw t	a royal ghaist wha ance was cas d . S. Amang the trees t
Werna [were not]. Five wighter carlines werna found The Election Ballads. I.	Wha wad mind the wind and rain, S. As I came o'er † Wha did I meet, upon the way, S. As I gaed up by †
We'se [we shall, or will].	Wha gae the whigs the power o't! S. Awa, whigs, awa.
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 18.	Wha in a brulzie, will first cry a parley? S. Bannocks o' bear meal †
The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter, 1b. 19.	Wha in his wae days were loyal to Charlie?
An' faith, we'se be acquainted better	Wha in his wae days were loyal to Charlie? Wha but the lads wi the hannocks o' barley. Ib.
Faith, we'se hae fine remarkin! The Holy Fair. 6. At Kirns an' wedding we'se he there.	We darena weel say't, though we ken wha's to hlame, S. By yon castle wa' †
At Kirns an' weddins we'se be there, The Jolly Beggars. S. V.	Wha the de'il ever thinks o' the road he has past. S. Contented wi' little †
And mair, we'se ne'er be parted S. When wild War's t	
	I .

And wha wad dare to spoil it? . S. Does haughty Gaul †	Wha mak the Whisky stells their prize! Scotch Drink. 20.
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay, El. on Capt. M. H., 9.	Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled; . S. Scots, wha ha'e t
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise Ib., Epit.	Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha hae nae check but human law, Ep. to Young Friend. 3.	Wha can fill a coward's grave?
they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,	Wha sae base as he a slave?
Wha drudge and drive thro' wet and dry, Ep. to Davic. 6.	Wha for Scotland's King and law, Freedom's sword will strongly draw?
Wha scarcely tent us in their way,	Be hain't wha like Second Ep. to Davie.
I, here wha sit, hae met wi' some [Misfortunes], 16. 7.	But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen? S. Tam Glen.
You wha ken hardly verse frae prose,	0 1 1117 1 1117
Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 10.	
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane, Ib., Ap. 21st, 12.	****
O Thou wha gies us each guid gift!	Wha will they station at the cock, . Tam Samson's El. Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Spare't for their sakes wha aften wear it, . Ep. to J. R., 3.	Wha represent our Brughs an' Shires,
Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing: Ib. 4.	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
Wha dearly like a jig or sang, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.	Tell them wha hae the chief direction, 1b. 3.
Wha count on poortith as disgrace	Let posts an' pensions sink or swoom
An' by her een wha was a dear ane! Ib. 11.	Wi them who grant them: 16 c
Nae wonder he's as black's the grun,	Wha glaum'd at Kingdoms three, man. S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Observe wha's standing wi' him. Epit. on Holy Willie.	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Wha cheerfully lays down the pack, Epit. on Tam the Chapman.	Or Culls of later times, who held the notion
Wha wadna be happy Wi' Eppie Adair? S. Eppie Adair.	That sullen gloom was sterling, true devotion:
they wha wad hae starv'd thy life	The Brigs of Ayr. 8. Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil ay; 1b. 9.
Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson,	
Wha I wish were maggots' meat, . S. First when Maggy †	
Wha, wanting thee might beg or steal; Friend of the Poet	
Wha 'twas, she wadna tell;	Wha waste your weel-hain'd gear
An' wha was it but Grumphie Asteer that night? . 16. 20.	Men wha grew wise priggin owre hops an' raisins, Ib. 10. Oh wha wad leave this humble state
wha wedlock's joys, Sin' Mar's-year did desire, . 16. 27.	For a' the pride of a' the great? S. The Contented Cottager.
Wha got my young Highland thief S. Hee balou	Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause.	The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
And wha winua wish guid luck to our cause, May never guid luck be their fa'!	Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett?
3. Here's a health to them \	And what is t never saw that? . The Election Ballads. I.
And wha wad betray Old Albion's rights,	Our land wha wi' chapels has stored; Ib. III.
May they never eat of her bread!	Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys,
O Thou, wha in the heavens dost dwell, Wha, as it pleases hest thysel', . Holy Willie's Prayer.	Wha will buy my troggin, [re.] 1b. IV.
I wha deserve sic just damuation,	For wha can dye the black? 1b. V.
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace,	O wha will to Saint Stephen's house, S. The Fête Champetre.
To divide above order 313 cm 1 m 1 m	Or him wha led o'er Scotland a'
	The meikle Ursa Major?
But wha can avoid the fell snare? Inscrip. on Goblet. If thou should kiss me, love,	Anbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste, 1b.
Wha could espy thee? . S. Jamie, come try me†	Wha struts and stares, and a' that; S. The Honest Man.
Or Poland, wha had now the tack o't; Kind Sir, I've read t	They mind't na wha the chorus tenk,
Hey tutti taiti, Wha's fon now? . S. Landlady, count	The Jolly Beggars. R. III. Wha ken't fu' weel to cleek the Sterlin; . Ib. R. IV.
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,	
S. Last May a braw wooer t	Wha us'd to trystes an' fairs to driddle,
Wha are to blame for this mischief; . Letter to J. Goudie.	The Kirk's Alarm.
Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd, S. My love she's but t	But wha is he, his Country's boast? . S. The Laddies by t
Wha multiplies our number Nature's Law.	Wha canna win her in a night,
The man who boasts o' warld's wealth,	Has little art in courting The Tarbolton Lasses.
Is aften laird o' meikle care; . S. Now bank and brae †	Wha for his friend an' comrade had him, The Twa Dogs. 4.
But wha wad keep the handless coof, S. O can ye labour leat	Wha now will keep you frae the fox, . The Twa Herds.
O wha can prudence think upon, And sic a lassie by him; [re.] . S. O poortith cauld +	Or wha will tent the waifs and crocks,
Wha kills me wi' disdaining S. O stay, sweet warbling t	A' ye wha tent the gospel fauld, 1b. 10.
Wha follows ony saucy quean S. O Tibbie!	A chield wha'll soundly buff our beef; Ib. 13.
O wat ye wha that lo'es me, S. O wat ye what	Quo' scho wha lives will see the proof, S. There was a ladt
O wat ye wha's in yon town, S. O wat ye wha's in t	As them wha like to taste the drappie There's naethin like t
O wha my habie-clouts will buy?	Wha does the utmost that he cau,
O wha will tent me when I cry? [re.]	Will whyles do mair To Dr. Blacklock.
S O culta ave habie cloude h	Wha rate the wearer by the cloak, To Mr. J. Kennedy.
A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink,	See wha taks notice o' the hard! To Mr. M'Adam.
A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink, A' ye wha live by crambo-clink, A' ye wha live and never think, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	He wha could brush them down to mools, . To W. Creech.
Wha dearly like a random-splore;	Wha wou'd soon dry the tear frae his Phillis's e'e.
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,	S. Wae is my heart †
f 1 11 6	Wha is that at my bower door? O wha is it but Findlay: S. Wha is that at my t
But thee, Theapocritus, wha matches?	Wha spied I but my ain dear maid, S. When wild War's
Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	And wha a crime dare ca' that? S. Women's Minds,
Wae worth that man wha first did shape,	
That vile wanchancie thing-a raep! . Poor Mailie's El	Whae'er [whoe'er]. S. Young Jamie †
An' wha on Aire your chanters tune! 16.	What'er desires to ken Epit. on J. Dove, Innkeeper.
Wha met me but Robin S. Robin shure in hairst.	Whae'er shall say I wanted grace, S. Had I the wyte †
wha, tight, Gies famous sport Scotch Drink. 12.	What'er o' thee shall ill suppose
Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well, 16. 16.	Whac'er o' thee shall ill suppose, They sair misca' thee; On Grose's Peregrinations.
Wha twists his gruntle wi' a glunch	Whae'er ye be that woman love,
O' sour disdain, 1b. 17.	To this he never blind; . S. She's fair and fause t

O, Sirs! whae'er wad ha'e expekit, . The Twa Herds. 4.	Whare'er [where'er].
Whae'er she gat hands on, cam' near her nae mair, S. There liv'd ance a carle t	thou pay't them hollow, Whare'er thou gaed. A Guid New-Year † 9.
Vhaever [whoever].	For whare er he distant roves,
Whaever has met wi' my Phillis, Has met wi' the queen o' the fair.	Jockey's heart is still at hame. S. Jockey's ta'en the † Heav'n rest his saul, whare'er he be! Tam Samson's El
S. Adown winding Nith T	Content with You to mak a pair,
Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree's met, And has a doubt of a' that? The Election Ballads. I.	Whare'er I gang To J. S., 29.
Whaizle [to wheeze].	Wharefore (wherefore).
But say Scotch mile, thou try't their mettle,	Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane! S. Will ye go and marry t
An' gart them whaizle: A Guid New-Year † 10.	Wha's [whose; who is].
Whalpet [whelped].	Wha's lownose; Who is j. Wha's honour is proof to the storm; The Election Ballads. III.
But whalpet some place far abroad, . The Twa Dogs.	Muirdead, whas as gude as he strue;
Vham [whom]. Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay, Wham we deplore. El. on Capt. M. H., q.	Wha's mair o' the black than the blue
There's name ever fear'd that the truth should be heard,	Wha's bonour was ever his law;
But they wham the truth wad indite. S. Here's a health to them t	Whase distant roaring swells and fa's A Vision.
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led; . S. Scots wha ha'e t	Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill, . Add. to Unco Guid.
Now, wham to chose and wham refuse, At strife thir carlines fell: The Election Eallads. I.	Whase wife's two nieves were scarce weel-bred,
At strife thir carlines fell: The Election Ballads. I. Vhan [when].	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.
Whan thousands thou hast left in night,	The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair," What tongue his woes can tell; S. Now Spring has clad?
Holy Willie's Prayer. 2.	Within whase bosom save Despair
An' whan we chasten'd him therefore,	Nae kinder spirits dwell
ance whan in my wooing pride The Inventory.	"Whase aught thae Chiels maks a' this bustle here?" Scots Prologue.
whan we tirl'd at your door, . V.s on Window, Carron. Vhang [a large slice].	"O thou, whase lamentable face
Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in monie a whang, The Holy Fair. 7.	Appears to mourn my woefu' case! The Death of Mailie.
Whang, to [to flog with a thong; to beat in argu-	Whase ain dear lass, that he likes best, Comes clinkan down beside bim! The Holy Fair. 11.
ment].	Whase raging flame, an' scorching heat.
And gloriously she'll whang her [Heresy] Wi' pith this day	
Vhar, Whare, Whaur [where].	And Susie whase daddy was laird o' the Ha'; S. There's a youth
Whar damned devils roar and yell, Holy Willie's Prayer.	Whase greed, revenge, an' pride disgraces
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather, A Guid New-Year † 18.	Waur nor their nonsense. To Rev. J. M'Math.
Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing, A Winter Night. 4.	Impute it not, good Sir, in ane Whase beart ne'er wrang'd ye,
And where will ye get Howes and Clintons Add. of Beelzebub. Ca' them where the heather grows,	Whate'er.
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes, . S. Ca' the ewes.	Whate'er thou hast done, be it late be it soon,
'Friend, whare ye gaun, Will ye go back?' Death and Dr. Hornbook. 8.	Thou's welcome again to thy ain Jock Rab. S. Eppie M'Nab
His braw calf-ward whare gowans grew, 1b. 23.	The social, friendly, honest man, Whate'er he be, 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 15
Whare I kill'd ane, a fair strae-death,	No view nor care, but shun whate'er
I'll seek my pursie whare I tint it, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12.	Might breed me pain or sorrow, O; S. My father was a farmer
Whare three Lairds' lan's met at a burn, . Halloween. 24.	Whatever.
Whare has ye been sae brankie O? . S. Killiecrankie.	And she wad send the sodger lad, Whatever might betide The Election Ballads. I
	Whatfore no [wherefore not].
An ye had been whare I hae been, Ye wad na been sae cantie O;	"Geld you!" quo' he, "and whatfore no, What ails ye now
Whare I am laid my lane, . S. Lass, when yr mither t	"You shou'd remember To cut it aff, an' whatfore no, Ib
Whare live ye my bonie lass, . S. My Collier Laddie.	Whatna (what sort of a, what particular). But whatna day o' whatna style
Whare gor-cocks thro' the heather pass, S. My Lord a-hunting †	I doubt it's bardly worth the while, S. There was a lad
Gae seek for pleasure whare ye will,	Whatreck (notwithstanding ; v. Reck).
But here I never miss't it yet S. My tove she's out 1	Eut yet, whatreck, he, at Quebec, Montgomery-like did fa', man A Fragment. 2
O whare did ye get that hauver-meal bannock? S. O whare did ye get t	When I, what reck, Did least expect,
Whare Tay rins wimplin by sae clear;	To see my lad sae near me S. The tither morn
Bonie Doon, whare early roaming,	Whatt [did whet or cut].
First I weav'd the rustic sang. S. Scenes of woet Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry. [re.] Tam o Shanter.	An' took my jocteleg an' whatt it, Like ony clark. Third Ep. to J. Lap.
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,	Whaup [the curlew].
Tam Samson's dead! . Tam Samson's Et	A whaup's i' the nest V.s to J. Ranken
Till, whare ye sit, on craps o' heather, Ye tine your dam; [v.A.2] The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Whaur v. Whar.
He wist na whare he was gaun, O. S. The Cooper o' cuddy t	Wheat. Let husby Wheat the haughs adorn. Scotch Drink. 3
His talk o' H-ll, whare devil's dwell, . The Holy Fair. 21.	Wheedle
whare thro' the steeks, The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks. The Twa Dogs. 8.	For monie a Plack they [the lasses] wheedle frae me, At dance or fair: Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 17
While Calables onoug ills step between	Art dimes at the control of
While landless shaws lik step bettay	Wheel.
While faithless snaws ilk step betray Whare she bas been The Vision. D. I.	And ay she set the wheel between: S. Duncan Davison
Whare the trees and the branches will be our sale guard. S. There grows a bonie brier †	And ay she set the wheel between: S. Duncan Davison See blythe and merry's we will be,
Whare the trees and the branches will be our safe guard. S. There grows a bonic brier † Whaur'll ye e'er see men sae bappy, There's naethin like †	And ay she set the wheel between: S. Duncan Davison Sae blythe and merry's we will be, When ye set by the wheel at e en. 1b
Whare the trees and the branches will be our sate guard. S. There grows a bonic brier t Whau'll ye e'er see men sae happy, Ha! whare ye gann, ye crowlan ferlie! To a Louse.	And ay she set the wheel between: S. Duncan Davison Sae blythe and merry's we will be. When ye set by the wheel at e co. I hear a wheel thrum i' the neuk, L sat beside my warnin wheel,
Whare the trees and the branches will be our safe guard. S. There grows a bonic brier † Whaur'll ye e'er see men sae bappy, There's naethin like †	And ay she set the wheel between: S. Duncan Davison Sae blythe and merry's we will be, When ye set by the wheel at e en. 1b

The wheels o' life gae down-hill, scrievin, Wi' rattlin glee Scotch Drink. 5.	Whig.
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,	But whigs cam like a frost in June, S. Awa, whigs, awa.
The strong forehammer, Ib. 11.	And [Deil] write their names in his black beuk Wha gae the whigs the power o't!
Wheel carriages I ha'e but few, The Inventory. A country girl at her wheel,	The whigs cam o'er us for a curse,
Her dizzen's done, She's unco weel; . The Twa Dogs. 30.	O Gondie! terror of the Whigs, Letter to J. Goudie. There's no a heart that fears a Whig,
Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us, S. Thickest night †	That rides by Keamure's hand,
Again the silent wheels of time Their annual round have driv'n,	S. O Kenmure's on and awa t
Wheel, to. To Miss L., with "Beattic."	When in the teeth they dar'd our Whigs, And covenant True blnes, man: S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
But three short years will soon wheel roun',	S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. How Tories fell and Whigs to h-ll Flew off 1b.
S. And O for ane and twenty \tau To wheel the equal, dull routine. Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	To every Whig, defiance. The Election Ballads. VI.
My heart did glowing transport feel.	To muster o'er each ardent Whig 18.
To see a Race heroic wheel, [v.A.4] . The Vision. D. I.	The Whigs came on like ocean's roar 16.
Wheel-barrows. Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,	Departed Whigs enjoy the fight,
The Brigs of Ayr. 6.	And furious Whigs pursuing!
Ae auld wheelbarrow, mair for token, . , The Inventory.	What Whig but wails the good Sir James Ib.
Wheel'd. And down by Simpson's wheel'd the left about: The Brigs of Ayr. 3.	Ye turncoat Whigs awa! S. The Laddies by † Whiggish.
	If ony whiggish whingin sot,
aghast, The wheeling torrent viewing, S. Farewell, thou stream †	To blame poor Matthew dare, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.
	Whigmeleeries [crotchets, whims, fancies]. There'll be, if that day come, I'll wad a boddle,
Wheep [small beer].	Some fewer whigmeleeries in your noddle. The Brigs of Avr. 5.
Be't whisky-gill or penny-wheep, The Holy Fair. 19.	While. This while ye hae been mony a gate, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 11.
Wheep [fly nimbly, jerk]. Oh. rare! to see our elbucks wheep, . The Ordination. 7.	Ye've heard this while how I've been licket,
Oh. rare! to see our elbucks wheep, . The Ordination. 7. Whelm, 'Till deep it crashing whelms the cottage in the vale;	Friend of the poet † This while she's been in crankous mood,
Fragment of Ode.	The Author's Cry and Prayer, 16.
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard, And whelm him o'er! To a Mountain-Daisy. Whene'en That we can please the act of with	Hersel' in beauty's bloom the while, S. The Catrine woods † A virtuous Populace may rise the while,
Whene'er. That ye can please me at a wink, Whene'er ye like to try. S. O Tibbie!	The Cotter's Sat. Night, 20.
Whene'er my father thinks on me.	Wha scarcely tent us in their way, As hardly worth their while? Ep. to Davie, 6.
He stares into the wa'; . The Ruined Maid's Lament. Whene'er I hear my father's foot,	Nae Poet thought her worth his while, To W. Simpson. 7.
My heart wad burst wi' pain; Whene'er I meet my mither's e'e,	Whiles v. Whyles. Whim. (Nature may have her whim as well as we,
My tears rin down like rain	Ep. to R. Graham. 3.
Where. He wander'd out he knew not where nor why)	By whim inspir'd, or haply prest wi' care, The Brigs of Ayr. 3. The craz'd creations of misgnided whim; 1b. 8.
If we lead a life of pleasure,	Whim-inspir'd. a whim-inspir'd fool, A Bard's Epit.
'Tis no matter how or where. The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII. Where'er, But with such as he, where'er he he.	Whingin [whining, complaining, fretting].
Where'er. But with such as he, where'er he he, May I be say'd or d—'d! . Epit. for G. H.	If ony whiggish whingin sot, . El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Whin-rock [greenstone or trap rock].
Where'er he be, the Lord he near him; Ken ye ought o' Capt. G. †	'I might as weel hae try'd a quarry
Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion, For his weal where'er he be. S. Musing on the roaring t	O' hard whin-rock. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18. Whins [furze bushes].
Where'er he go, where'er he stray, May Heaven be his warden; S. The young Highl. Rover.	She thro' the whins, an' by the cairn,
May Heaven be his warden; S. The young Highl. Rover.	An' owre the hill gaed scrievin,
Whereon. Had not on Earth whereon to lay his head: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15.	And thro' the whins, and by the cairn, Whare hunters fand the murder'd hairn; Tam o' Shanter. 10.
Wherever, My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go. S. My heart's in t	Whip, B-rg-ne gaed up, like spur an' whip, A Fragment. 4.
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove	Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle O' saugh or hazle. A Guid New-Year to.
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love Ib. And show my cuts and scars wherever I come;	So whip! at the summons, old Satan came flying;
The Jolly Bergars, S. 1.	Epig. on Capt. Grose. The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip, Ep. to Young Friend. 8.
Wherewithal. Prone to enjoy each pleasure riches give,	Syne, whip! his tail ye'll ne'er cast saut on, . Poem on Life.
Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live; Ep. to R. Graham. 3.	Ilk smack still did crack still, Just like a cadger's whip; The Jolly Beggars. R. I.
Wherry. And waff them in the infernal wherry	Whip, to.
Stranght through the lake, Adam A-'s Prayer.	The youngest Brother ye wad whip Aff straught to H-ll. Add. to the Deil. 14.
Whet. Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword Lament of Mary of Scots.	Whip-lash.
What makes heroic strife?	His spindle shank a guid whip-lash, To a Haggis, Whipper-in.
To whet th' assassin's knife, S. Ye Jacobites † Whid [a lie]. A rousing whid at times to vend,	Our Whipper-in, wee, hlastet wonner, . The Twa Dogs. 9.
And uail twi Scripture. [v.A.6] And uail twi Scripture. [v.A.6] Death and Dr. Hornbook.	Whirl, To make a tonr an' tak a whirl, The Twa Dogs. 22.
Whid [a quick motion like that of a small animal].	Whirling. the flaky show'r, Or whirling drift A Winter Night.
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids.	Whirlwind,
Their loves enjoy, To W. Simpson. 12. Whiddin, -an [moving nimbly].	Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave; . S. 1 drean'd 1 lay † Nor hears how the whirlwinds sweep; S. The sun he is sunk †
Ye maukins whiddia thro' the glade, El. on Capt. M. H., 6.	Whirlygigums.
And morning Poosie whiddan seen, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st.	Wi' viris an' whirly gigums at the head. The Brigs of Ayr. 4.

527

Whire. Then, whire! she was over, a mile at a flight. S. The heather was blooming t	
Whirring, -in'.	
ve whirring paitrick broad: El. on Capt. M. H., 7.	
And the moorcock springs, on whirring wings, S. Now westlin winds †	
The pairrick whirrin' o'er the ley, S. The Contented Cottager, Whisht [hush! "held my whisht," kept silence].	
Ye need na doubt. I held my whisht: The Vision, D. I. S.	
Whiskers. And there will be Collieston's whiskers, The Election Ballads. III.	
Whisket [whisked]. But thy auld tail thou wad hae whisket, A Guid New-Year † 12. Whiskin [great, swinging].	
Whiskin [great, swinging].	
A whiskin beard about her mou', . S. Willie Wastle †	
Whisky, -ie. O Whisky! soul o' plays an' pranks! . Scotch Drink. 18.	
Wha mak the Whisky stells their prize! Ib. 20.	
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whisky gill, An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will, 1b. 21.	
An' now she's like to rin red-wud About her Whisky. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 16.	v
She eyes her freeborn, martial hoys, Tak aff their Whisky	Ì
But tell me whisky's name in Greek,	v
I'll tell the reason,	
Freedom and Whisky gang thegither, Tak aff your dram! [v.A.2] 1b. But browster wives an' whiskie stills, They are the muses. Third Ep. to J. Lap.	
They are the muses. Third Ep. to J. Lap	
And yill an whisky gie to Cairds, Until they sconner To J. S., 22.	V
Whisky-gill. Be't whisky-gill or penny-wheep, The Holy Fair. 19.	
Whisky-punch,	
Out owre a glass o' Whisky-punch . Scotch Drink. 17. Whisper.	
But let me whisper i' your lug, Ye're aiblins nae temptation Add. to Unco Guid. 6.	
The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,	
That whisper inspiration; S. Lovely Davies. Whisper'd. She whisper'd Rob to lenk for t: Halloween. 10.	
And whisper'd thus his tale o' love. S. There was a tass? Perfection whisper'd, passing by, Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle! [v.A.31] S. 'Twas even—the dewy! Whispering'ring.	
Whispering, -'ring.	
The winds were whispering thro' the grove, S. Ey Allan stream	V
'Tis not Maria's whispering call; . S. Here is the glen, † Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow S. Musing on the roaring †	
A whisp'ring throb did witness hear	ľ
Of kindred sweet, The Vision. D. II. Whissle [whistle: "gat the whissle o' my groat,"	
lost my money].	
Her mutchkin stowp as toom's a whissle; The Author's Cry and Prayer.	
whissie, to tu whistiej.	
While I can either sing, or whissle, Your friend and servant. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 22.	
Clup in his walie nieve a blade, He'll mak it whissle; To a Haggis.	
Whistle.	
I tint my whistle and my sang, S. Gat ye me t	
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair Elaw sweetly in its native air . Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle Tam o' Shanter. 5.	
Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie; . S. The Laddies by † 1 sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,	
I sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth, I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North, And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring. Ib.	
"This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er, . 16.	
And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill 1b. 3. Said, toss down the Whistle the prize of the field 1b. 9.	
Whistle, to. And owre the moorlands whistles shill, S. Again rejoicing Nature	
In days when Daisies deck the ground,	
And Blackbirds whistle clear, Ep. to Davie. 4.	1

But whistle o'er the lave o't. . S. First when Magey t I care not, not I, let the critics go whistle. Frag., inser. to Fox. And wi' the merry Ploughman she'll whistle and sing. An' a' the lang day I whistle and sing;
S. O merry hae I been O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad, [re.] S. O whistle t It [the gale] rustles, and whistles . . The Farewell. An' then your every care an' fear May whistle owre the lave o't. . The Jolly Beggars. S. V. The sweetest still to wife or maid, Was whistle owre the lave o't. We'll bowse about, till Dadie Care Sings whistle owre the lave o't. . 16. An' at our leisure when ye like We'll whistle owre the lave o't. Hunger, Cauld, an' a' sic harms May whistle owre the lave o't. So blythe and so merry he'd whistle and sing

S. The Poor Thresher. Ye'll see how new-light herds will whistle. The Twa Herds, 3. Whictlahink To end the wark here's Whistlebirk, Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie; . S. The Laddies by t Whistled, -'d. He whistl'd up lord Lenox' march, To keep his courage cheary; . Halloween. 19. And hollow whistled in the rocky cave, On Death of Sir J. Blair. Fu' blythe he whistled at the gaud, . S. Young Jockey t Whistling. Awa ye squatter'd like a drake, On whistling wings, . Add. to the Deil. 8. Ye wild whistling blackhirds in you thorny den, S. Afton Water. Ye whistling plover: . . . El. on Capt. M. H., 7. The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head, On seeing wounded Hare. to the whistling blast and waters' roar, On Death of R. Dundas. Or deep-ton'd plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill; The Brigs of Ayr. the Robin's whistling glee. . Ib. 2. The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard; . Ib. 1. Whistling his [Combustion's] roaring pack abroad, The Election Ballads, VI. where husy ploughs Are whistling thrang. . To 1. S. o. Whit. And faith ye'll no be lost n whit, Tho' waired on Willie Chalmers. On Willie Chalmers. White. An' thy auld hide as white's a daisie, A Guid New-Year t 2. "You wee white Cot aboon the Mill, . As on the banks t Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' honie white yewes.

S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft † White o'er the linns the burnie pours. ours. S. Bonie Lassie, will ye go t Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou', S. Brazo lads of G. Water. But my white pow, nae kindly thowe Shall melt the snaws of age: . S. But lately seen t whare gowans grew, Sae white an' honie, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 23. How virtue and vice blend their black and their white ! Frag., inscr. to Fox. In loving bleeze they sweetly join, Till white in ase they're sobbin:. . Halloween. 10. . S. I gaed a waefu't Her heaving bosom, lily white, . While clover blooms white o'er the lea, S. In simmer when t

I'll ne'er prig for red or white;

Out o'er the grassy lea:

His locks were bleached white with time,

My Lady's white, my Lady's red, . S. My Lord a hunting t And swear on thy white hand, lass, . S. O lay thy loof t The wan moon is setting behind the white wave, S. Oh, open the door t With flow'rs so white and leaves so green, S. On Cessnock banks t

And spreads her sheets o' daisies white

. S. Jockey fou,

Lament for Glencairn.

Lament of Mary of Scots.

From the white blossom'd sloe Spoke Extem. to yng Lady. Twal' hundred, as white as the snaw, man, Ronalds of Bennals. A moment white—then melts for ever; Tam o' Shanter. 7.	Why. One point must still be greatly dark, The moving Why they do it; Add. to Unco Guid. 7. He wander'd out he knew not where nor why)
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evining gale.	Whyles, Whiles [sometimes].
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 9. The scented birk and hawthorn white, S. The Contented Cottager.	And rascals whyles that do him wrang, A Ded. to G. H., 5. Whyles, ranging like a roaran lion, Add. to the Deil. 4.
Nor for my ten white shillings luke The Inventory. Wi' her twa white hands she spread it down; S. The lass that made the bed.	Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin, 1b. Whyles, in the human hosom pryin, 1b. I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought,
Snaw-white stockins on his legs, S. The Ploughman † His breast was white, The Twa Dogs. 5.	S. Contented wi' little I stacher'd whyles, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.
Her een sae hright, her hrow sae white,	Tho' leeward whyles, against my will, I took a bicker
S. Th. Mens.'s bonie Mary. His fecket is white as the new driven snaw; S. There's a youth †	How best o' chiels are whyles in want, Ep. to Davie. 2. When idly goavan whyles we saunter, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2
For a' his gold and white monie, S. To daunton me. White-rob'd.	Gar lasses hearts gang startin Whyles fast at night Halloween. 3.
Last, white-rob'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath, The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	Whyles owre a linn the hurnie plays, [re.] Ib. 25. And whyles ye may lightly my heanty a wee; S. O whistle †
Whitening. They're left, the whitening stanes amang,	Whyles daez't wi' love, whyles daez't wi' drink, Second Ep. to Davie,
In gasping death to wallow. The Petition of Br. Water. Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends.	An' whyles, but ay owre late, I think Braw soher lessons 1b.
Wr. by Fall of Fyers.	Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd an' snowket; Whyles mice and modewurks they howket;
And gone I know not whither: . S. The Joyful Widower. But then my wife and children dear,	Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion, The Twa Dogs. 6. Trowth, Cæsar, whyles their fash't enough; Ib. 10.
O whither would they go? S. The sun he is sunk to whither, O whither shall I turn! 1b.	An' whyles twalpennie-worth o' nappy Can mak the bodies unco happy;
Whitter [a hearty draught of liquor]. Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,	L—d man, were ye but whyles where I am, 1b. 28. Whyles, owre the wee bit cup an' platie,
To chear our heart; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 19. Freedom and Whisky gang thegither	They sip the scandal-potion pretty;
Tak' aff your whitter. [v.A 2] The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Wha does the utmost that he can, Will whyles do mair To Dr. Blacklock.
Whittle.	There's as wee faut they whiles lay to me
An' [Caledon] did her whittle draw, man; A Fragment. 9.	There's ae wee fant they whiles lay to me, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 17.
scarce as lang's a guid kail whittle, Adam A-'s Prayer. 'Gudeman,' quo' he, 'put up your whittle,	Whiles owre a hush wi' downward crush, The doited beastie stammers; On W. Chalmers.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 10. And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,	Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet; Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Fient haet he had but three	Whiles glowing round wi prudent cares, Tam o' Shanter. 9. As whiles they're like to be my dead, . To W. Simpson. 5.
Goos feathers and a whittle. S. Robin shure in hairst. She'll teach you, wi' a reckan whittle, Anither sang. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 15.	Farewell! within thy bosom free
An' rin her whittle to the hilt,	A sigh may whiles awaken; Verses under Grief. Wi' [with; "wi's," with his; "wi't," with it].
I' th' first she meets! 1b. 17. Then back I rattle on the rhyme	Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't, S. Awa, whigs, awa. And we hae done wi' thriving
As gleg's a whittle! . There's naethin like †	The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers, S. Bonie lassie will ye go t
Whole er thou art, these lines now reading The Hermit. Whole. For a big-helly'd bottle's the whole of my care.	Supremely hlest wi' love and thee
S. No Churchman am I† Nature reigns and rules the whole; S. Streams that glide †	S. Contented wi' little †
And pledge me in the generous toast "The whole of human kind!" To a Lady.	I nearhand cowpit wi' my hurry, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18. An' hae a swap o' rhymin ware,
Wholsome. on my dry and wholsome hanks, As on the banks †	Wi' ane anither. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 18. Observe wha's standing wi' him. Epit. on Holy Willie.
Wh-re.	But I'll be wi' ye by an' bye; . Extem. to an Intimate.
Who left the all-important cares Of fiddles, wh-res, and hunters; The Election Ballads. VI.	O gat ye me wi' naething? S. Gat ye me t How's a' wi' you, Kimmer, . S. Gudeen to you Kimmer t
There, racer Jess, an' twathree wh-res, Are blinkan at the entry The Holy Fair. 9.	He claw'd her wi' the riplin-kame, S. Had I the wyte t
Steal thro' the winnock frae a wh-re, . A Ded. to G. H., &.	An' tumbl'd wi' a wintle Out owre 1b. 19.
Whore, to. Ent may she wintle in a woodie,	Gude night and joy be wi' thee: . S. Here's to thy health † Then set him down, and twa or three
If she whore mair Adam A—s Prayer.	Gude fellows wi' him; On Grose's Peregrinations.
Wh-re-abhorring. Or Phineas drove the murdering blade, Wi' wh-re-abhorring rigour; The Ordination. 4.	Then up wi't a', my Ploughman lad, S. The Ploughman † An' cut you up wi' ready slight, To a Hoggis.
Wh-re-hunting.	wad mak her spew Wi' perfect sconner, 1b.
Wh-re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles: The Twa Dogs. 23.	Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet! Wi's spreckl'd breast, To a Mountain-Daisy.
Wh-ring. Ae night, they're mad wi' drink an' wh-ring, The Twa Dogs. 32.	Wi' bickering brattle! To a Mouse.
Whunstane [whinstone, trap, or any hard rock]. Be to the Poor like onie whunstane, A Ded. to G. H., &	Wi' murd'ring pattle!
Whase raging flame, an' scorching heat,	Mair taen I'm wi' you
Wad melt the hardest whnn-stane! . The Holy Fair. 22.	I wiss you weel, And gnde he wi' you. To Mr. J. Kennedy. My musie, tir'd wi' mony a sonnet To Rev. J. M'Math.
My curse upon your whunstane hearts, Ye Enbrugh Gentry! . To W. Simpson. 4.	wi' a single wordie, Lowse h-ll upon me

mourn their loss wi' doolfu' clamour ; To W. Creech.	Nae woman in the warld wide, Sae wretched now as me. The Highl. Widow's Lament. Its branches spreading wide, man. The Tree of Liberty.
Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield, To W. Simpson. 3.	Sae wretched now as me. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
shine Up wi' the best	Its branches spreading wide, man. The Tree of Liberty. Till now, o'er all my wide domains,
Her moors, red-brown, wi' heather bells,	Thy fame extends; The Vision. D. 11, 18.
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw, S. Up in the morning.	The wide world is all before us, S. Thickest night t
Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch, What ails ye now +	Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main.
Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,	S. Wandering Willie.
What can a young lassie do wi' an anld man?	You wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide, S. You wild mossy mountains t
S. What can a yng lassie †	Wide-spread.
Wick [to strike a stone, in the game of curling, in an oblique direction; "wick a bore," get a curling stone through an opening, by wicking].	Mild. calm, serene, wide-spreads the noontide blaze, The Brigs of Ayr. Wide-surrounding.
To guard, or draw, or wick a hore, Tam Samson's El., 5.	The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers,
Wicked.	Wr. by Fall of Fyers.
They skim the muirs an' dizzy crags,	Widow. A wanton widow Leezie was, Halloween. 24.
Wi' wicked speed; Add. to the Deil. q. An' lows'd his ill-tongu'd, wicked Scawl	'Twill make the widow's heart to sing, . John Barleycorn.
	The widow's tears, the orphan's cry! S. O Logan! sweetly t
1 grant thou'rt as wicked, but not quite so clever. Epig. on —. The real, harden'd wicked,	mark! Who in widow weeds appears, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs
Wha hae nae check but human law, Ep. to Young Friend. 3.	The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.
And in your wicked, druken rants,	"A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts, Et. to J. R., 2.	On Death of Sir I. Blair.
Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing: Ibt.	And now a widow I must mourn The Pleasures that will ne'er return;
To quell the Wicked's pride; . New Psalmody. As able—and as wicked as the devil! . Scots Prologue.	The Jolly Beggars S. IV.
Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair! The Death of Mailie.	Widow'd
Who walks not in the wicked's way, The 1st Psaim.	And oh, her widow'd heart is sair, S How lang and dreary
But hath decreed that wicked men	Pass widow'd nights, and joyless days, S. O Logan! sweetly† Widowhood.
Shall ne'er be truly blest	I wad bestow my widowhood
In hunting the wicked Lieutenant; The Kirk's Alarm. 10.	Upon a rantin Highlandman. S. O gin ye were dead.
Or try the wicked town of A[yr], The Ordination. 9.	Wiel [a small whirlpool].
A wicked crew syne, on a time, Did tak a solemn aith, man, . The Tree of Liberty.	Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't:
May never wicked fortune touzle him !	Wield.
May never wicked men hamboozle him! . To IV. Creech.	High wields her balance and her rod; Add. to Edinburgh. 2. The magic wand then let us wield;
My wicked rhymes, an' drucken rants, What ails ye now t	Wielded, wielded right, Maks Hours like Minutes, To J. S. 12.
Wickedness. Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 19.	Wierd [fate, destiny].
	The wierd may be her ain, jo. S. O Lassie, art thou t
Wicker. Ay wavering like the willow wicker, 'Tween good and ill. Poem on Life.	Wife. Then swith! an' get a wife to hug, A Dream. 12.
Wicket. But by gude luck I lap a wicket.	And if the wives and dirty brats
And turn'd a neuk. Friend of the poet † P.S.	Come thiggan at your doors and yetts, Add. of Beelzebub.
Widdle [a struggle].	An auld wife's tongue's a feckless matter To gie ane fash. Add, to Illegit. Child.
To cheer you through the weary widdle	Thence, countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
O' this wild warl, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3. Tae cheer you thro' the weary widdle	May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain; Add. to the Deil. 10.
O' war'ly cares, . Second Ep. to Davie.	What wives an' wabsters see an' feel; . Auld comrade †
Wide. Kyle-Stewart I could bragged wide.	'Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 26.
For sic a pair. A Guid New-Year to.	'The wife slade cannie to her hed,
God of nature wide, A Grace before Dinner.	
To the Common to Dominate and add to the	'But ne'er spak mair 16.
Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide; A Winter Night. 7.	But ne'er spak mair
Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide; A Winter Night. 7. The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, S. Blythe was she?	We freely wad exchang'd the wife, Epig. on Henfecked Squire. That some kind husband had addrest,
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, S. Blythe was she† Beneath the hazels spreading wide, S. Ca' the eves.	We freely wad exchang d the wife, Epig. on Henfecked Squire. That some kind husband had addrest, To some sweet wife: Ef. to J. L.—k, Af. 1st. 3.
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, Beneath the hazels spreading wide, Wide o'er the naked world declare A Winter Night, 7. S. Elythe was she't S. Ca' the exces.	We freely wad exchang d the wife Epig. on Henfecked Squire. That some kind husband had addrest. To some sweet wife: Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 121, 3. For had ye staid whole weeks awa'.
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, S. Blythe was she't Beneath the hazels spreading wide, S. Ca' the eves. Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Caft. M. H., 13.	We freely wad exchang d the wife Epig. on Henfecked Squire. That some kind busband had addrest. To some sweet wife: Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 124, 3. For had ye staid whole weeks awa', Vour wires they ne'er had miss'd ye. Epil. on a Wag. When sie a bushand was frae bame.
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, S. Elythe was she't Beneath the hazels spreading wide, S. Ca' the sweer. Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. Then turm ue, if Thou please, adiff.	We freely wad exchang'd the wife Epig, on Henfecked Squire. That some kind husband had addren, To some sweet wife: Ept to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 3. For had ye staid whole weeks awa', Vour wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. Epit, on a Wag. When sic a husband was frae hame, What wife hut wad excus'd her? S. Had I the wyte!
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, S. Elythe was she't Beneath the hazels spreading wide, S. Ca' the eves. Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Caft. M. H., 13. Then turn me, if Thou please, adifft, Thro' Scotland wide; El. to J. L—k, Af. 21st. 13. boundless oceans, roaring wide, S. From thee, Eliza, †	We freely wad exchang d the wife. That some kind husband had addrest. To some sweet wife: Ep, to J. L.—k, Ap, 1st, 3. For had ye staid whole weeks awa, Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. When sic a husband was frae bame, What wife hut wad excus'd her? To shun a tyrant father's hate.
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, S. Elythe was she't Beneath the hazels spreading wide, S. Elythe was she't Beneath the hazels spreading wide, S. Ca' the ewer. Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Caft. M. H., 13. Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift, Thro' Scotland wide; El. of J. L—k, Af. 21st, 13. boundless oceans, roaring wide, S. From thee, Eliza, †	We freely wad exchang d the wife Epig. on Henfecked Squire. That some kind husband had addrest. To some sweet wife: Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 121, 3. For had ye staid whole weeks awd, Vour wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. When sic a husband was frae hame, What wife hut wad excus'd her? To shun a tyrant father's hate. Become a wretched wife! S. How crue!
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, S. Elythe was she't Beneath the hazels spreading wide, S. Ca' the ewer. Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've loss. El, on Caft. M. H., 13. Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift, Thro' Sociland wide; El, to J. L—k, Af. 21st, 13. boundless oceans, roaring wide, S. From thee, Eliza, †	We freely wad exchang'd the wife Epig, on Henfecked Squire. That some kind husband had addrest. To some sweet wife: Ep. to J. L—k, Af. 1st, 3. For had ye staid whole weeks awa'. Your wires they ne'er had miss'd ye. When sic a husband was frae hame. What wife but wad excus'd her? S. Had I the swyte! To shun a tyrant father's hate. Become a wretched wife! S. How cruel! Tho' I am your wedded wife. Yet I am not your slave, Sir. S. Husband, husband!
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, S. Elythe was she't Beneath the hazels spreading wide, S. Elythe was she't Beneath the hazels spreading wide, S. Ca' the ewer. Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've loss. El. on Caft. M. H., 13. Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift, Thro' Socialand wide; El. of J. L—k, Af. 21st, 13. boundless oceans, roaring wide, S. From thee, Eliza,† Through the hazel's spreading wide S. Hark! the maris' Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain, S. Now westlin winds† She has append the door, she has opened it wide.	We freely wad exchang'd the wife. That some kind husband had addrest. To some sweet wife: Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st, 3. For had ye staid whole weeks awa, Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. When sie a husband was frae hame, What wife hut wad excus'd her? To shun a tyrant father's hate, Become a wretched wife! Tho' I am your wedded wife, Yet I am not your slave, Sir. Was made bis wedded wife yestreen; Lament for Gleneairn.
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, Beneath the hazels spreading wide, Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. Then Scotland wide; Ef. to J. L.—k., 2f., 2tt., 12. boundless oceans, roaring wide, Through the hazel's spreading wide S. Hark! the maris' Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain, S. Now westlin woinds She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide, S. Oh, ofen the door, the	We freely wad exchang d the wife Epig. on Henfecked Squire. That some kind husband had addrest. To some sweet wife: Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 124, 3. For had ye staid whole weeks awa'. Vour wires they ne'er had miss'd ye. When sie a husband was frae hame, What wife but wad excus'd her? To shun a tyrant father's hate, Become a wretched wife! Tho' I am your wedded wife. Yet I am not your slave, Sir. "Was made bis wedded wife yestreen; Lament for Glencairn. He hereof for gude-sale: I wad he his wife.
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, Beneath the hazels spreading wide, Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift, Thou Fro' Scotland wide; E. to J. L.—k. Af. 21st. 13. boundless oceans, roaring wide, Through the hazel's spreading wide S. Hark! the mavis'† Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain, S. Now westlin winds! She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide, S. Oh, ofen the door, tifts high its roof and arches wide, On Linchuden.	We freely wad exchang d the wife. That some kind husband had addresh. To some sweet wife: Ep. to J. L.—k, Af. 1st., 3. For had ye staid whole weeks awa, Your wires they ne'er had miss'd ye. When sie a husband was frae hame, What wife hut wad excus'd her? To shun a tyrant father's hate, Become a wretched wife! Tho I am your wedded wife, Yet I am not your slave, Sir. Was made his wedded wife yestreen; Lament for Glenairn. He begged for gude-sake! I wad he his wife, S. Latt May a braw wooer t
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, Beneath the hazels spreading wide, Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. Then turn me, if Thou pleases, adrift, Thro' Scotland wide; Ep. to J. L.—k., dp. 21st., 13. boundless oceans, roaring wide, Through the hazel's spreading wide S. Hawk! the marcit' Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain, S. Now westlin winds She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide, Solo, copen the door, the Lifts high its roof and arches wide, On Lincluden. The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea.	We freely wad exchang d the wife. That some kind husband had addresh. To some sweet wife: Ept of J. L.—k, Ap. 1st, 3. For had ye staid whole weeks awa, Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. When sie a husband was frae hame, What wife hut wad excus'd her? To shun a tyrant father's hate, Become a wretched wife! Tho' I am your wedded wife, Yet I am not your slave, Sir. Was made his wedded wife yestreen; Lament for Glencairn. He begged for gude-sake! I wad he his wife, S. Lat May a braw veocer! Ummindful, tho' a weeping wife, And helpless offspring mourn. Man was made to Mourne.
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, Beneath the hazels spreading wide, Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift, Thro'S cotland wide; Ep. to J. L.—k., dp. 21st., 12. boundless oceans, roaring wide, Through the hazel's spreading wide Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain, S. Now westlin woinds She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide, Lifts high its roof and arches wide, On Linctuden. The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea. S. Out over the Forth't	We freely wad exchang d the wife. That some kind husband had addrest. To some sweet wife: Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st, 3. For had ye staid whole weeks swa', Vour wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. When sie a husband was frae hame, What wife hut wad excus'd her? To shun a tyrant father's hate, Become a wretched wife! S. How cruel! Tho! I am your wedded wife, Yet I am not your slave, Sir. Was made his wedded wife yestreen; Lament for Glencairn. He begged for gude-sake! I wad he his wife, And helpless offspring mourn. Man was made to Mourn. The minister kiss't the faddler's wife. S. My love shie's but!
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, Beneath the hazels spreading wide, Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift, Thou Thro' Scotland wide; E.F. to J. L.—k, Af. 21st, 13. boundless oceans, roaring wide, Through the hazel's spreading wide S. Hark! the mavis' the Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain, S. Now westlin winds the has open'd it wide, S. Oh, open the door, the has open'd it high its roof and arches wide, The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea. The rough turn-thistle spreading wide Amang the bearded bear. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	We freely wad exchang'd the wife. That some kind hushand had addres. That some kind hushand had addres. To some sweet wife: Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st, 3. For had ye staid whole weeks awa, Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. When sic a hushand was frae hame, What wife hut wad excus'd her? To shun a tyrant father's hate. Become a wretched wife! Tho'l am your wedded wife. Yet I am not your slave, Sir. S. Hushand, hushand't 'Was made his wedded wife yestreen; Lament for Glencairn. He begged for gude-sake! I wad he his wife, And helpless offspring mourn. Ana was made to Mourn. The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife. S. My love she's but? She is a honie wee thing.
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, Beneath the hazels spreading wide, Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift, Thro'S cotland wide; El. to, I. L.—k., Al. 21st. 13. boundless oceans, roaring wide, Through the hazel's spreading wide Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain, S. Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain, S. Now waving the hazel's spreading wide S. Now twestlin winds She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide, So, Oh, ofen the door, the far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea. The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea. The rough burr-thistle spreading wide Amang the bearded bear. The Ans. to the Guidwife.	We freely wad exchang d the wife That some kind husband had addrest. To some sweet wife: Ept to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st., 3. For had ye staid whole weeks awa, Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. When sie a husband was frae hame, What wife hut wad excus'd her? To shun a tyrant father's hate, Become a wretched wife! S. Had I the wytet Tho'l am your wedded wife, Yet I am not your slave, Sir. S. Husband, husband t "Was made his wedded wife yestren; Lament for Glencairn. He begged for gude-sake! I wad be his wife, And helpless offspring mourn. Man was made to Mourn. The minister kiss't the faddler's wife, S. J. Jy love she's but 5 he is a bonie wee thing. This sweet wee wife o'mine. S. My Wife's a winsome.
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, Beneath the hazels spreading wide, Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. Then turn me, if Thou please, adiffe, Through the hazel's spreading wide, Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain, S. Now westlin winds She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide, Lifts high its roof and arches wide, On Linctuden. The rough burr-thistle spreading wide Amag the westlin winds The rough burr-thistle spreading wide Amag the bearded bear. The Ans. to the Guidruft. The Pairs of Ayr. 2. They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;	We freely wad exchang d the wife. That some kind husband had addrest. To some sweet wife: Ep. to J. L.—k, Ap. 1st., 3. For had ye staid whole weeks swa', Vour wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. When sic a husband was frae hame, What wife hut wad excus'd her? To shun a tyrant father's hate, Become a wretched wife! S. How cruel' Tho! I am your wedded wife, Yet I am not your slave, Sir. S. Husband, husband t "Was made his wedded wife yestreen; Lament for Glencairn. He begged for gude-sake! I wad he his wife, And helpless offspring mourn. Man was made to Mourn. The minister kiss't the faddler's wife, S. My love she's but! She is a bonie wee thing. This sweet wee wife o' mine. S. My Wife's a winsome. I hae a wife o' my ain. S. Nacbody.
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, Beneath the hazels spreading wide, Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift, Through the hazel's spreading wide, Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain, S. Now westlin woinds She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide, Lifts high its roof and arches wide, The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea. The rough burr-thistle spreading wide Amang the heardes breading wide Amang the hearded bear. The Ans. to the Guidwife. They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; The Cuttr's Sat. Night. 12.	We freely wad exchang'd the wife, Efg. on Henfecked Squire. That some kind husband had addrent. That some kind husband had addrent. To some sweet wife: Ef. to J. L.—k, Af. 111, 3. For had ye staid whole weeks away. Your wives they neer had miss'd ye. Efit, on a Wag. When sie a husband was frac hame. What wife husband was frac hame. The word of the staid her? To shun a tyrant father's hate. We I am not your shave. Sir. Ye I am hot your shave. Sir. He begged for gude-sake! I wad he his wife, And helpless offspring mourn. The minister kiss' the fiddler's wife. S. My love ske's but the she is well of mine. S. My Wife's a winsome. The a wife o' my nin. The wife of my hosom, alas! she did die; S. No Churchman am It
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, Beneath the hazels spreading wide, Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. Throis Scotland wide; Ep. to J. L.—k., 4J., 21t., 12. boundless oceans, roaring wide, Through the hazel's spreading wide Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain, S. Now westlin woinds She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide, Lifts high its roof and arches wide, On Linctuden. The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea. On Linctuden. The rough burn-thistle spreading wide Amang the bearded bear. The Ans. to the Guidruift. The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide; The Sprigs of Ayr. 2. They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12. When men display to concregations wide;	We freely wad exchang d the wife. That some kind husband had addrest. To some sweet wife: Ep, to J. L.—k, Af, 1st, 3. For had ye staid whole weeks awa, Your wires they neer had miss'd ye. When sie a husband was frae hame, What wife hut wad excus'd her? To shun a tyrant father's hate. Become a wretched wife! Yet I am not your sdave, Sir. Was made his wedded wife, Yet I am not your slave, Sir. S. Husband, husband to "Was made his wedded wife yestreen; Lament for Glenairn. He begged for gude-sake! I wad he his wife, And helpless offspring mourn. Man was made to Mourn. The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife, S. My Wife's a winsome. This sweet wee wife o' mine. S. My Wife's a winsome. The a wife o' my ain. S. Nachody. The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die; S. My husband man It O ay my wife she dang me, An' aften wy wife she dang me, An' aften wy fire she had me me, An' aften wy fire she dang me, An' aften wy fire she bang d me, S. O ay my wife she dang me, An' aften wy fire she bang d me, S. O ay my wife she dang me, An' aften wife she bang d me, S. O ay my wife she dang me, An' aften wife she bang d me, S. O ay my wife she dang me, An' aften wife she bang d me, S. O ay my wife she dang me.
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, Beneath the hazels spreading wide, Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift, Through the hazels spreading wide, Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain, S. Now westlin woinds She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide, Lifts high its roof and arches wide, The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea. The rough burr-thistle spreading wide Amang the bearded bear. The Ans. to the Guidwife. The yound the ingle, form a circle wide; They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; The Cuttr's Sat. Night. 12. When men display to congregations wide, Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart! 10. 17.	We freely wad exchang d the wife. That some kind husband had addrest. To some sweet wife: Ept to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 3. For had ye staid whole weeks awa, Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. When sic a husband was frae hame, What wife hut wad excus'd her? To shun a tyrant father's hate, Become a wretched wife! S. How cruelt Tho'l am your wedded wife, Yet I am not your slave, Sir. S. How cruelt Tho'l am pour wedded wife, Yet I am not your slave, Sir. Was made his wedded wife, Yet I am not your slave, Sir. S. Last May a braw wooer! Unmindful, tho'a weeping wife, And helpless offspring mourn. Man was made to Mourn. The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife. S. My love she's but t She is a bonie wee thing. This weet wee wife o' mine. S. Ny Wife's a winsome. I hae a wife o' my hosom, alast she did die; S. No Churchman am It O ay my wife she dang me, An' aft my wife she bang d me, S. O ay my wife she dang me. Now I've gotten wife and bairns, S. O that I had ne'er!
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, Beneath the hazels spreading wide, Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift, Thro's Scotland wide; El. to J. L.—k. Af. 21st. 13. boundless oceans, roaring wide, Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain, S. Now westlin winds! She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide, Lifts high its roof and arches wide, The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea. The rough burr-thistle spreading wide Amang the bearded beat. The Ans. to the Guidwife. The yound the ingle, form a circle wide; They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; They, round the ingle, form a circle wide. When men display to congregations wide, Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart! I be 71. In Galloway sae wide. The Election Ballads. I. Nae woman in the Country wide	We freely wad exchang d the wife. That some kind husband had addrest. To some sweet wife: Ep, to J. L.—k, Af, 1st, 3. For had ye staid whole weeks awa, Your wives they neer had miss'd ye. When sie a husband was frae hame, What wife hut wad excus'd her? To shun a tyrant father's hate. Become a wretched wife! Yet I am not your sdave, Sir. Was made his wedded wife, Yet I am not your slave, Sir. S. Husband, husband to "Was made his wedded wife yestreen; Lament for Glencairn. He begged for gude-sake! I wad he his wife, And helpless offspring mourn. Man was made to Mourn. The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife, S. My Wife's a winsome. The savet wee wife o' mine. S. My Wife's a winsome. The a wife o' my ain. S. Nachody. The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die; S. My Churchman am It O ay my wife she dang me, An' aft my wife she bang d me, S. O ay my wife she dang me. Now I've gotten wife and bairns, S. O that I had ne'er'
The Highland hills I've wander'd wide, Beneath the hazels spreading wide, Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13. Then turn me, if Thou please, adrift, Thro's Scotland wide; Ep. to J. L.—k. Ap. 21st, 13. boundless oceans, roaring wide, Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain, S. Now westlin winds! She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide, Lifts high its roof and arches wide, The far foreign land, or the wide rolling sea. The rough burr-thistle spreading wide Amang the hearded bear. The Ans. to the Guidwife. The y, round the ingle, form a circle wide; They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; They, round the ingle, form a circle wide; The Cuttr's Sat. Night. 12. When men display to congregations wide, Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart! 10. 17.	We freely wad exchang d the wife. That some kind husband had addrest. To some sweet wife: Ept to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 3. For had ye staid whole weeks awa, Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye. When sic a husband was frae hame, What wife hut wad excus'd her? To shun a tyrant father's hate, Become a wretched wife! S. How cruelt Tho'l am your wedded wife, Yet I am not your slave, Sir. S. How cruelt Tho'l am pour wedded wife, Yet I am not your slave, Sir. Was made his wedded wife, Yet I am not your slave, Sir. S. Last May a braw wooer! Unmindful, tho'a weeping wife, And helpless offspring mourn. Man was made to Mourn. The minister kiss't the fiddler's wife. S. My love she's but t She is a bonie wee thing. This weet wee wife o' mine. S. Ny Wife's a winsome. I hae a wife o' my hosom, alast she did die; S. No Churchman am It O ay my wife she dang me, An' aft my wife she bang d me, S. O ay my wife she dang me. Now I've gotten wife and bairns, S. O that I had ne'er!

There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen, Scroggam;	Wight,
S. Scroggam.	Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is: Add. to the Deil. 13.
Och, ho! the day! Searching auld†	a hope-abandon'd wight, Despondency, an Ode. 2.
These muvin' things ca'd wives and weans Ib. We auld wives' minions gie our opinions,	Weel pleased, he [Death] greets a wight sae famous, Epit. on Tam the Chapman.
We auld wives' minions gie our opinions, . Symon Gray † As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice! . Tam o' Shanter. 3.	But nought can glad the weary wight
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,	That fast in durance lies. Lament of Mary of Scots. See, yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
The husband frae the wife despises!	So abject, mean and vile, . Man was made to Mourn.
An' cleed her bairns, man, wife, an' wean, In mourning weed; Tam Samson's El.	a fine, fat, fodgel wight, On Grose's Peregrinations.
Now ev'ry auld wife, greetin, clatters.	A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight, Sketch.
'Tam Samson's dead!'	But what a weary wight can please, And care his bosom wringing. S. Sweet fa's the eve t
So wives will gie them bits o' bread, The Death of Mailie. And ilka wife cries "Auld Mahoun,	Alas! I'm but a nameless wight,
"I wish you luck o' the prize, man. S. The deil cam fiddlin t	The Author's Cry and Prayer.
The fient-ma-care, quo' the feirrie auld wife, S. The deuks dang o'er.	And mony a friend that kiss't his caup. Is now a frient wight: The Election Ballads. I.
O haud your tongue, my feirrie auld wife, Ib.	So now this weighty plea may end,
While he, sub rosa, play'd his part	Nae mortal wight can tell:
Among their wives and lasses. The Election Ballads. VI.	
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife, The Hentecked Husband.	The devil the prey will despise
Were such the wife bad fallen to my part, I'd break ber spirit, or I'd break her heart; Ib.	First enter'd A, n grave, broad, solemn wight, The Vowels.
An' thinks it nuld wives' fables: The Holy Fair. 17.	Poor wights! nae rules nor ronds observin; . To J. S., 19.
O Wives be mindfu', ance yoursel,	For what ?- to gie their malice skouth
How bonic lads ye wanted,	On some puir wight, To Rev. J. M'Math. O Willie was a witty wight, To IV. Creech.
The sweetest still to wife or maid,	Wighter [stronger].
Was whistle owre the lave o't The Jolly Beggars, S. V.	Five wighter carlines werna found The Election Ballads, I.
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin', I've wife eneugh for a' that	Wigton [a quiet County Town in South-west Scotland, famous for its martyrs].
I married with a scolding wife . S. The Joyful Widower.	And there will be Wigton's new Sheriff.
We lived full one-and-twenty years	Dame Justice fu' brawly has sped:
A man and wife together;	The Election Ballads. III. Wild. life's mad career, Wild as the wave, A Bard's Epit.
S. The Poor Thresher.	Or Hunters wild on Ponotaxi, A Ded. to G. H. 6
To my wife and children in whom I delight, 16.	With Passions wild and strong; A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.
His wife and his children he charg'd him to bring, Went home to his wife who scarce could believe, 16.	pityless the tempest wild Sore on you heats. A Winter Night. 5.
There was he, and his wife, and his seven children small, Ib.	Wild-heats my heart, to trace your steps.
Because thou art loving and kind to thy wife 1b.	Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows. Add. to Edinburgh. 7.
But then my wife and children dear, O whither would they go? S. The sun he is sunk †	Add. to Shade of Thomson.
Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains, The Twa Dogs. 10.	So artless, so simple, so wild; S. Adown winding Nith †
Their grusbie weans an' faithfu' wives; Ib. 17.	Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den, S. Afton Water.
I think my wife will end her life, Before she spin her tow. S. The weary Pund,	Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow:
I bought my wife a stane o' lint,	Wi' wild, unequal, wand ring step S. Again rejoicing Nature †
And he had a wife was the plague of his days,	And ay the wild wood echoes rang, S. By Allan stream † The wild Scandinavian boar issu'd forth S. Caledonia.
S. There liv'd ance a carle t	Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay. Delia de Od-
"But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have, . 1b.	The cavera wild with tangling roots. Destandence an Od-
So Nickie then got the auld wife on his back, 16.	To cheer you through the weary widdle O' this wild war!, Ep. to Maj. Logan. 3.
He pitied the man that was ty'd to a wife,	His uncombed grizzly locks wild staring, thatch'd,
But ne'er was in h-ll till 1 met wi' a wife,	Extem. on W. Smellie.
They are the muses. Third Ep. to J. Lap.	Wild as the winter now tearing the forest, S. Gloomy December.
You on an auld wife's flainen toy; To a Louse.	Had I a cave on some wild distant shore, S. Had I a care t
I hae a wife and twa wee laddies, To Dr. Blacklock, To make a happy fire-side clime To weans and wife, 1b.	List ning to the wild birds singing, . S. I dream'd I lay t
My blessings on you, sonsie wife; V.s to a Landlady.	And bid wild war his ravage end, S. How can my poor heart †
He had a wife was dour and din, S. Willie Wastlet	The voice of woe and wild despair! Lament for Glencairn. Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,
Sic a wife as Willie had,	Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.
I wad na gie a button for her. [re]	Thee, Caledonia, thy wild beaths among Liberty
Wifle [dim. of wife],	Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe, S. My heart's in the High!,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty Wifie's smile,	The pathless wild, and wimpling burn,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. The frugal Wifie, garrulous, will tell,	S. O bonie was you rosy t By autumn wild, and winter rude! . S. O were my love t
Wig.	Wild wanton kiss'd her rival hreast; S. On a bank of flowers †
	Wild to my beart the filial pulses glow,
Dread of black coats and rev'rend wigs, Letter to J. Goudie. Ye are rich, and look big, but lay by hat and wig, And ye'll ha'e a calf's head o' sma' value. The Kirk's Alarm. Wight [strong, noweeful]	On Death of Sir I. Blair
The Kirk's Alarm.	With accents wild and lifted arms she cried; 1b. Blest be the wild sequester'd shade, . S. Peggy Chalmers.
tright (berong, power tury	While you wild flowers among,
And counted was baith wight and stark, El. on Death of R. Ruisseaux.	Chance led me there; S. Phillis the Fair
An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days been The Inventory.	Here Douglas forms wild Shakespeare into plan, Prologue, sp. by Woods.
	5 ., 4 5 11 0002.

wild from wisdom's way, . Sent to a Gent. offended. wild from wisdom's way,

Where waters flow and wild woods wave,

S. Streams that glide † I hear the wild birds singing; S. Sweet fa's the exe t The Ans. to the Guidwife. Wild floated in my brain; . Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless Rake.

The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7. Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild ! Ib. 10. 16. 13. Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise, . Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire; . . Ib. 14. Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd, S. The day returns t And also the wild Scot o' Galloway, The Election Ballads, III. Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast, S. The gloomy night t Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath, The Holy Fair. 13. The sober laverock, warbling wild.

The Petition of Br. Water.

Fancy, chief, Reigns, hagard-wild, in sore affright:

And wild scatter'd cowslips hedeck the green dale.

S. The small birds rejoice † Where wild beasts find shelter, tho' I can find none! . Ib. I glowr'd as eerie's I'd been dusht. In some wild glen; . The Vision, D. I. S.

Thro' many a wild, romantic grove, [v.A.4] . . . Ib. D. I. They bind the wild, Poetic rage In energy, [v.A.4.] . 1b. D. 11.

Wild-send thee Pleasure's devious way, . Ib. 17. lightly tripping amang the wild flowers. S. Their groves of t Simple, wild, enchanting elf, . . . To Miss Fontenelle. Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,

S. Wandering Willie. Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild, S. When o'er the hill t Altho' the night were neer sac kan-When wild War's deadly blast was blawn, S. When wild War's †

Misfortune's lightened steps might wander wild; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

You wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide, S. You wild mossy mountains t the charms o' you wild, mossy moors; . . .

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path, Ib. And little lambkins wanton wild, . , S. Young Peggy t Wild, s. In wood and wild ye warhling throng, Your heavy loss deplore; On Death of Lap-dog.

Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine, On Death of R. Dundas.

Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn By wood and wild, . El. on Capt. M. H., 2. Or wand'ring in the lonely wild : S. Twas even-the dewy ! Wild-birds.

The wild-birds sang, the echoes rang, S. Damon and Sylvia. List'ning to the wild birds singing, . S. I dream'd I lay † I hear the wild birds singing; S. Sweet fa's the eve t Wild-driving.

The dark, dreary winter, and wild-driving snaw, S. My Nanie's Awa.

Wild-eddying.

While hurns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked, Wild-eddying swirl, A Winter Night. 2. Wilderness. A lily in a wilderness. S. My Lord a-hunting t The hungry Jew in wilderness

S. The gowd. Locks of A., Rejoicing o'er his manna, . Wildest. Or were I in the wildest waste, S. O wert thou in t More welcome were to me grim winter's wildest roar.

Sonnet, on Death of R.. Redouhted Staig who set at nought

The Election Ballads. VI.

In wildest fury hae made bare My peace, my hope, for ever! . . Verses under Grief. Admiring Nature in her wildest grace, Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Wild-furious.

Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee, . To W. Simpson. 13. Wild-hanging.

Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods S. My heart's in the Highlands t Wildly.

Wildly here without control, Nature reigns and rules the whole ; S. Streams that glide !

Wildly-scatt'red. From marking wildly-scatt'red flow'rs, Add. to Edinburgh. Wildly-wanton.

The hart, hind, and roe, freely, wildly-wanton stray: S. Sleep'st thou or wak'st †

Wildly-witty. A wildly-witty, rustic grace Shone full upon her; The Vision. D. I. 10.

Wild-meeting. Or whare wild-meeting oceans hoil Besouth Magellan. To W. Simpson, 7. Wild-roaring.

There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn: . The Petition of Br. Water.

Wild-scattered.

The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides;
Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Wild-wand'ring. Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam! Add. to Edinburgh. 6.

Wild-warbled. Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay, . Delia, an Ode. Wild-whistling.

Or deep-toned plovers, grey, wild-whistling o'er the hill; The Brigs of Ayr.

Wild-wood.

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd to deck
That spotless breast o' thine; S. Behold, my love t And ay the wild-wood echoes rang, S, By Allan stream † There wild-woods grow and rivers row, S. Of a' the airts t

Where waters flow and wild-woods wave, S. Streams that glide ! And ay the wild-wood echoes rang, S. The Catrine woods !

O'erhung with wild woods thickening green, S. To Mary in Heaven. At evening the wild-woods among? S. Where are the joys +

Wild-woody. From where the Feal wild-woody coverts hide ; The Brigs of Ayr. 13. Wile. Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, . . S. Behind you hills ?

And gather gear by ev'ry wile, That's justify'd by Honor; . Ep. to Young Friend. 7.

That's justify a by House.,
The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles,
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8. 'Some hint the Lover's harmless wile; The Vision. D. II. 9. Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure; To R. G. of F..

Wilfire [wildfire]. 'Or was't the wilfire chok'd your houghs? As on the banks t

Wilfu' [wilful; willing]. And wilfu' folk maun ha'e their will; S. In simmer when the An' wight an' wilfu' a' his days heen. The Inventory.

The wilfu' creature sae I pat to, . Wilily.

But willy he [Satan] changed his plan, Epig. on A. Turner. Will [dim. of William].

If sleekit Chatham Will was livin, . Kind Sir, Fre read t Honest Will's to Heaven gane. . On W. Cruickshanks. Holy Will, Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull.

When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor;

The Kirk's Alarm. 16.

Will. Tho' leeward whyles, against my will,

I took a bicker. Death and Dr. Hornbook. Or why has Man the will and pow'r

Man was made to Mourn. To make his fellow mourn? If ye gie a woman a' her will, ye gie a woman a' her win, Gude faith she'll soon o'er-gang ye. S. O ay my wife she dang.

E'en let ber tak her will, jo. . . S. O steer her up t . Scotch Drink. 21. An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will, Say, such is royal George's will, An' there's the foe, The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.

An' let them wander at their will : The Death of Mailie.

Who has no will but by her high permission; The Henpecked Husband. But lordly will, I hold it still

The Jolly Beggars. S. VII. A mortal sin to thraw that. She had na will to say him na: . S. There was a lass t they must be best, Because they are Thy Will! . Winter.

Willcat [the wild cat]. The thummart, willcat, brock and tod, The Twa Herds. 6. Will'd.

But fate has will'd, and we must part! S. Behold the hour ! Will do. Who make poor will do wait upon I should Ep. to R. Graham. 5.

William. And hunted as was William Wallace, Adam A—'s Prayer.	Wimpling, -in [meandering, waving]. Ye hurnes, wimplin down your gleas, El. on Capt. M. H., 4.
Let William Hislop give the spirit A Grace. Willie, Willy. 1'm no mistrusting Willie Pit, A Dream. 7. Till Willie H—e took o'er the knowe	Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear,
For Philadelphia, man: A Fragment. 3. An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew.	S. O bonie was you rosy t Whare Tay rias wimplin by sae clear; S. O whare did ye get t
'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!' 1b. 7. Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, 'Willie, rise! 1b. 8. N-rth, F-x, & Co. Gowff'd Willie like a ba', 1b. 9.	By wimpling hurn and leafy shaw,
My auld school-fellow, Preacher Willie, Auld comrade † And todlin down on Willie's mill,	Ilk wimpling hurn, ilk chrystal spring, The Féte Champetre. by Castalia's wimplin streamies, To Dr. Blacklock.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 5. Hail, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie! Ep. to Maj. Logan. Stop Thief! dame Nature cried to Death,	Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped, To W. Creech. Wimpl't [meandered]. As they the plant it wimpl't:
As Willie drew his latest breath; Epit. on W To wanton Willie's brandy, S. Had I the wyte †	As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Poor Willie, wi' his how-kail runt, [re.]	How do ye this blae eastlin win', Auld comrade † They bar the door on frosty win's; The Twa Dogs. 20. 'Twas then a blast o' Janwar win'
O Logan! sweetly didst thou glide, The day I was my Willie's bride; S. O Logan! sweetly † While Willie's far frae Logan braes. [re.] Ib.	Blew hansel in on Rohin S. There was a lad † It's silly wa's the win's are strewin! To a Mouse.
O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut, O Willie brew'd † Here lie Willie M—hie's banes, On a Schoolmaster.	Win, to. 1 dinna envy him the gains he can win; S. As I was a-wand ring † Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O: S. Behind you hills †
For sake o' Willie Chalmers. [re.] . On W. Chalmers. You're welcome, Willie Stewart, . On W. Stewart.	Her favour Duncan couldna win; . S. Duncan Davison. We're fit to win our daily bread, Ep. to Davie. 2.
O rattlin, roarin Willie, [re.] S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie. An' Livistone, the hauld Sir Willie; The Author's Cry and Prayer. 14.	And ilk loyal, honie lad Cross the seas and win his ain S. Frae the friends † He will win a shilling, Or he spend a groat.
Poet Willie, Poet Willie, gi' the Doctor a volly, The Kirk's Alarm. II. Her darling bird that she lo'es hest	S. Hey, the dusty miller † And spend the gear they win S. Hey ca' thro'.
Willie's awa! [re.] To W. Creech. 1 gat your letter, winsome Willie; [re.] To IV. Simpson.	If then would win my love, Jamie, come try me. S. Jamie, come try me † 1 can win my five pennies in a day, S. My Collier Laddie.
Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie, [sr.] S. Wandering Willie. Wee Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet; [rr.]	And the warld before me to win my bread,
S. Wee Willie Gray † Art thou my ain dear Willie? . S. When wild War's † Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed, [re.] . S. Willie Wastle†	May he who wins thy matchless charms Possess a leal and true heart;
Ye sons of old Killie, assembled by Willie, S. 1e sons of old Killie † O.Willy, ay I bless the grove	Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg, And win the key-stane of the hrig: If Honest Worth in heaven rise,
Where first I own'd my maiden love, S. O Phely † When Willy, wander'd thro' the wood, [re.] S. On a bank of flowers †	Ye'll mend or ye win near him. Tam Samson's El., Epit. All in the field of politics, To win immortal honors. The Election Ballads, VI.
She winna come hame to her Willy. S. Saw ye my Phely. And for ever disowns thee, her Willy Ib.	Wha canna win her in a night, Has little art in courting The Tarbolton Lasses.
Thou'st broken the heart o' thy Willy	For weel he kend the way, O, The lassie's heart to win, O! S. The Taylor he cam† I will awa to Edinburgh and win a pennie fee, S. There grows a bonie†
Willie-waught [a hearty draught]. And we'll tak' a right gude willie waught,	Win [won]. Like fortune's favors, tint as win. A Vision. Wind. The winds were laid, A Vision. 'Blow, blow, ye Winds, with heavier gust!
S. Should auld acquaintance † Willing, -in. And weel I wat her willin mon	Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail, Right on ye scud your sea-way; Add. to Unco Guid. 4.
Was e'en like succar-candie. S. Had I the wyte † The man in arms, 'gainst female charms, Even he her willing slave is: S. Lovely Davies.	Wha wad mind the wind and rain, Sae weel row'd in his tartan plaidie S. As I came o'er †
In love's delightful fetters, she chains the willing soul! S. Mark youder Pomp† Ye mustering thunders from above	And deep as soughs the boding wind, Amang his caves, the sigh he gave. As on the banks † The westlin wind blaws loud aa' shill; S. Behind yon hills †
Ye mastering thunders from above Your willing victim see!	The winds were whispering thro' the grove, S. By Allan stream †
My wife she is willing to draw in the yoke, S. The Poor Thresher. Save Love's willing fetters, the chains of his Jean. S. Their groves of the chain of the same	While frosty winds blaw in the drift, Ib. Pity the best of words should be but wind!
Then, Sir, God willing, I'll attend ve To Mr. Renton.	Ep. to R. Graham. 5. Have you found this or t'other? there's more in the wind, Fragment, inser. to Fox.
Willow. Ay wavering like the willow wicker, "Tween good and ill. Foem on Life. Willyart [wild, timid, awkward and confused].	Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar: S. Had I a cave † Thy favors are the silly wind
To show Sir Bardy's willyart glowr, On dining with Daer. Willy. Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce, Add. to the Deil. 19. The wily Mother sees the conscious flame	That kisses like thing it meets S. I do confess t Ful loud and shrill the frosty wind Blaws through the leafless timmer, S. I mo'er young to marry. Share my love we wind, that blaw
Wimple [to meander]. While waters wimple to the sea; S. Ca' the Ewes.	S. I'm o'er young to marry. Spare my love ye winds that blaw, S. Jockey's ta'en the parting t

The wind blew hollow frae the hills, Lament for Glencairn.	Oft as by winding Nith 1, musing, wait
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,	On seeing wounded Have.
Ye woods that shed on a' the winds	That winding stream I love so dear! S. The Banks of Nith.
The honours of the aged year,	The echoing wood, the winding flood,
That long has stood the wind and rain;	Like Paradise did glitter, S. The Fête Champetre. Her [Coila's] heathy moors and winding vales;
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds Wave o'er the yellow corn! Lament of Mary of Scots.	S. The gloomy night †
Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,	Concealing the course of the dark winding rill; S. The lazy mist t
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land	
Mark the winds, and mark the skies; . S. Let not woman t	Where by the winding Ayr we met S. To Mary in Heaven.
Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep; Liberty.	by the sweet side of the Nith's winding river, S. True hearted was he
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry, S. My bonie Mary.	O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Now westlin winds, and slaught ring guns Bring Autumn's pleasant weather; S. New westlin winds t	Wr in Kenmove Inn
Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet, S. O Lassie, art thou t	Windings.
O tell na me of wind and rain,	Ye maggots make your windings; The Book-Worms, Winding-sheet.
And heard thee as the careless wind?	Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
S. O stay, sweet warbling t	Dish'd up in her winding-sheet; S. First when Maggy t
I dearly like the west, S. Of a' the airts †	Their winding-sheet the bloody clay, S. The lovely lass †
It's no the frosty winter wind, S. Oh, how can I be blythe t	Window.
Ye howling winds, and wintry swelling waves!	May I but be sae bauld As come to your bower-window, [re.]
On Death of R. Dundas.	S. Lass, when yr mither †
As cauld a wind as ever blew; On Kirk of Lamington, As daugling in the wind he hangs	The high-arched windows, painted fair,
A gibbet's tassel Poem on Life,	Show many a saint and martyr there, On Lincluden.
Raving winds around her blowing S. Raving winds +	In window fair, the painted pane
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last; . Tam o' Shanter, 7.	Windows and doors in nameless sculptures drest, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;	Windy.
When August winds the heather wave, Tam Samson's El., 13.	Ae dreary, windy, winter night, Add. to the Deil. 7.
Arous'd by blustering winds an' spotting thowes,	Conceited gowk! puff'd up wi' windy pride! The Brigs of Ayr. 7.
When January winds were blawing cauld, S. The lass that made the bed.	Wine.
S. The lass that made the bed.	And ne'er gude wine did fear, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.
The sky was blue, the wind was still, S. The Rigs o' Barley.	And blude red wine's the rysin Sun, S. Gane is the day t
Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide, S. The Sons of old Killie.	The man and his wine's sae hewitching! Inscrip. on Goblet.
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,	Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine, S. My bonic Mary.
S. Their groups of t	Here's Kenmure's health in wine; S. O Kenmure's on and awa t
An' bleak December's winds ensuin, Baith snell an' keen! To a Mouse.	For sparkling was the rosy wine, . S. O May thy morn t
Free as the wind, or feather'd race To Clarinda.	Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare
"By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne!" . Ib.	To put us daft; Poem on Life.
When winds rave thro' the naked tree; To W. Simpson.	And huy a pint o' wine; . S. Rattlin, Rourin Willie. 'Bout vines, an' wines, an' druken Bacchus, Scotch Drink.
Thio' weary winter's wind and rain S. Twas even-the dewy	Yet humbly kind, in time o' need,
Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west, S. Up in the morning.	The poor man's wine; 10.7.
Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our parting, S. Wandering Willie.	It sets you ill, Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell, 16. 16.
The women's minds like winter winds	See future wines, rich-clust'ring, rise; The Author's Cry and France. P.
May shift and turn, and a' that, S. Women's Minds. Thro' wind and weet, thro' frost and snaw; S. Young Jockey t	But Balmaghie had better been
Wind, to.	Drinking Madeira wine The Election Ballads, V.
I will not wind a lang conclusion.	Ane gies them coin, ane gies them wine, The Fête Champetre.
With complimentary effusion: . A Ded. to G. H., 15.	Yestreen I had a pint o' wine S. The gowd. Locks of A
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides; S. Afton Water.	Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine, S. The Honest Man.
This day, Time winds th' exhausted chain.	Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine, S. The lass that made the bed.
Sketch. New-Yr's Day. Which sweetly winds so far below; S. Slow spreads the gloom † How sweetly wind the slowing dates. S. The Earlie of Nith	
S. Slow spreads the gloom t	And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines, The Whistle. 6.
Tron sweetly wild thy sloping dates, B. The Dunis by Trith.	
Where the Greenock winds his moorland course, The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame, 1b. 10. A high ruling elder to wallow in wine! 1b. 15.
The murmuring streamlet winds clear thro' the vale,	Tright tuning state to be beneath Your wing A Decam t
S. The small birds †	Whare wilt thou cow'r thy chittering wing, A Winter Night. 4.
Wind-driv'n.	A Winter Night. 4.
Like wind-driv'n hail it did assail, Extent. in Court of Session. Winding.	Awa ye squatter'd like a drake, On whistling wings Add. to the Deil. 8.
Adown winding Nith I did wander, S. Adown winding Nith t	And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
Far marked with the courses of clear, winding rills;	S. Aguin rejoic. Huine
S. Afton Water.	Or lightly flit on wanton wing S. Bonie Lassie, will ye got
Down by you winding river; . S. As I gaed up by	My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing: . Ep. to J. R., 6.
the hanks of winding Nith, As on the banks †	1 was neither moken wing of injur'd merit!
Crystal Devon, winding Devon, S. Fairest Maid† Farewell, thou stream that winding flows	
Around Eliza's dwelling; . S. Farewell, thou stream †	My muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight 16.5.
Amang the honie, winding banks,	Her flowing locks, the rayen's wing, S. Her flowing tocks I
Where Doon rins, wimplin, clear,	With chill heary wing as ye [breezes] usher the dawn: S. How pleasant the banks t
the clear winding Devon, . S. How pleasant the banks † That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream;	About the world on wings of love I rise.
Lament for Gleneairn.	In vain wild Prudence †
	· ·

On forward wing [Hope] for ever fled. Lament for Glencairn.	I winna blaw about mysel, . Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 16.
Aloft on dewy wing; Lament of Mary of Scots.	An' if ye winna mak it clink,
The birdies flit on wanton wing. , S Now bank and brae †	By Jove I'll prose it! . Ib., Ap. 21st, 6.
Winnowing blythe her dewy wings S. Now Spring has cladt	She winna come hame to her ain Jock Rab. S. Eppie M'Nab.
And the moorcock springs, on whirring wings,	And whn winna wish guid luck to our cause.
And the moorcock springs, on whirring wings, S. Now westlin winds †	May never guid luck be their fa'!
To thee my fancy took its wing, S. O Mary, at thy window !	S. Here's a health to them t
The little swallow's wanton wing, S. O Phely,	I winna let you in, jo. [re.] . S. O Lassie, art thou t
When wearied on my little wing S. O were my love t	An' gin she winna tak a man,
But I would sing on wanton wing,	Een let her tak her will, jo S. O steer her up †
On fear inspired wings; S. On a bank of flowers †	That gin the lassie winna do't, Ve'll fin' anither will, jo
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,	She winna come hame to her Willy. S. Saw ye my Phely.
Other lakes and other springs; . On scaring Water-fowl.	when they winna stand the test, Scots Prologue.
While larks with little wing,	Ye winna bear it? The Author's Cry and Prayer. 11.
Fann'd the pure air, S. Phillis the Fair.	But we winna mention Redcastle, The Election Ballads. III.
But here my Muse her wing maun cour; Tam o' Shanter. 16.	An' warn him-what I winna name,
The clanging sugh of whistling wings is heard:	To stay content wi' yowes at hame: [v.A.2]
In either wing two champions fought,	
The Brigs of Ayr. 4. In either wing two champions fought, The Election Ballads, VI.	Yet that winna save ye, auld Satan must have ye, The Kirk's Alarm. 4.
Then mounted Mirth on gleesome wing, I he rete Champetre.	The Kirk's Alarm. 4.
Tak some on the wing, and some as they spring,	But the songster's nest within the bush I winna take away,
S. The heather was blooming t	S. The Posie.
And O! as she wanton'd gay on the wing Ib.	that cursed set, I winna name, . The Twa Herds. 11.
She took the wing like fire! To Miss Ferrier.	I winna gang to the dance in Carlyle ha'. S. There grows a bonie brier †
Pleasures, insects on the wing Wr. in Hermitage at F. C.	Vour friendship sir, I winna quat it, Third Ep. to J. Lap.
The golden hours, on angel wings,	An' when wi' Usquebae we've wat it
S. Ye banks, and bracs, and streams †	It winna hreak ,
Wing, to. And when ye [craiks] wing your annual way Frae our cauld shore, El. on Capt. M. H., 9.	Chiels wha their chanters winna hain, . To W. Simpson. 6.
And wings the blast to blaw, . On Birth of Posth, Child.	And winna say owre far for thrice, . V.s to J. Ranken.
Then to the blessed, New Jerusalem,	If it winna, canna be, S. Wilt thou be my t
Fleet wing awa! To IV. Creech.	Winnin [winding].
Winged, -'d. Whyles, on the strong-wing'd Tempest flyin,	The warpin o't, the winnin o't; . S. The cardin o't.
Add. to the Deil. 4. As bees flew hame wi' lades o' treasure.	Winning. And bent on winning borough towns.
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure: Tam o' Shanter. 6.	The Election Ballads. VI. Even Sir, by them your heart's esteem'd, An' winning manner. To Rev. J. M'Math.
And straught to Stirling wing d their flight, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.	An' winning manner. To Rev. J. M'Math. Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	Her winning powers to lessen; . S. Young Peggy †
	Winnins [winnings].
Wi' winged spurs did ride, The Election Ballads. V.	Bitter in dool I lickit my winnins
Ye winged Hours that o'er us past, . The Lament. 6.	O' marrying Bess, to gie her a slave : S. O merry hae I been †
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day. S. To Mary in Heaven.	Winnock [a window].
Wink. And [Death] tips nuld drunken Nanse the wink,	Steal thro' the winnock frae a wh-re, . A Ded. to G. H., 8.
For ay she tipp'd the sidelin's wink, Adam A—'s Prayer.	List'ning, the doors an' winnocks rattle, A Winter Night. 3.
Come kiss me at your leisure. S. As I gard up by t	some scheme, like tea an' winnocks.
Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink, 'I vow I'il close it; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 6.	The Author's Cry and Prayer. 20.
'I vow I'il close it; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 6.	Winnock-bunker (a seat in a window, or formed by
i nat ye can piease me at a wink, S. O Tibbie!	the window sill].
with a would-he roguish leer and wink, Prologue, at Th., D	A winnock-bunker in the east, There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast; Tam o' Shanter. 11.
Thae winks and finger-ends, I drend, Are notice takin! To a Louse.	Winnowing.
Wink, to. Are notice takin! To a Louse.	Winnowing blythe her dewy wings S. Now Spring has clad †
Gie him strong Drink until he wink, Scotch Drink. Mott.	Wincome formaly planeant attractive and ging
Inspire me, till I lisp an' wink, To sing thy name! . Ib. 2,	Winsome [comely, pleasant, attractive, engaging; gay, cheerful, merry].
Wink hard, and say, "The folks hae done their best."	My winsome, weel-far'd Highland laddie; S. As I came o'ert
Scots Prologue,	My Love's a winsome wee thing, S. My Love's a winsome †
I scarce could wink or see a styme; There's naethin like t	She is a winsome wee thing, S. My wife's a winsome.
Winkers [the eye-lashes].	There was ne winsome wench and wawlie, Tam o' Shanter. 15.
And gart me weet my wankrife winkers,	I gat your letter, winsome Willie; . To IV. Simpson.
Wi girnan spite. , Ep. to Mai, Logan, 10.	Win't [did wind].
winkin, -an.	An' ay she win't, an' ay she swat,
Thrang winkan on the lasses To chairs . The Holy Fair. 10.	Winter.
Just like a winkin haudrons : The Ordination. 10.	wha bide this brattle O' winter war, . A Winter Night. 3.
Winn [to winnow].	Ae dreary, windy, winter night, . Add. to the Deil. 7.
To winn three wechts o' naething; Halloween, 21,	While manine Winter rages o'er
Winna [will not].	The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
I winna lie, come what will o' me) A Ded. to G. H., 4.	Add. to Shade of Thomson.
What's no his ain, he winns tak it;	Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
What ance he says, he winns break it;	Again rejoicing Nature †
Ev'n there I winna flatter;	And surely winter grimly flies; S. Bonie Bell.
But Facts are chiels that winna ding,	Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
I winna ventur't in my rhymes	But now our joys are fled
An' it winna let a body be! . S. Again rejoic. Nature †	On winter blasts awa! S. But lately seen, †
I may be distress'd, but I winna complain: S. As I was a wand ring	Winter, burling thro' the air The roaring blast, . El. on Capt. M. H., 13.
If she winna ease the throes,	The roaring blast, . El. on Capt. M. H., 13. Wild as the winter now tearing the forest, S. Gloomy December.
In my bosom swelling; S. Blythe ha'e I been t	S. Gloomy December.
,	

535

When winter rules with boundless power,	The short'ning winter day is near a close;
	The Cotter's Sat. Night. The sun had clos'd the winter-day. The Vision, D, I
And nights are lang in winter, Sir. I'm o'er young to marry. Old winter with his frosty beard,	The joyless winter-day, Let others fear, Winter.
Improm., on Mrs. —'s Birthday.	Winter-bound. When winter-bound the wave is; S. Levely Davies.
And winter once rejoic'd in glory	Winter-hap [winter-clothing]. 'Twas when the stacks get on their winter-hap,
Let winter round me rave; Lament of Mary of Scots. Where the wild winds of winter incessantly rave,	Wintle [a staggering motion],
Lament, on leaving Nat. Land. I've seen you weary winter-sun	Au' tumbl'd wi' a wintle Out owre that night. Halloween. 19
Twice forty times return; Man was made to Mourn. 3. And winter nights were dark and rainy; S. Montgom.'s Peggy.	Wintle, to [to stagger, reel; wriggle, writhe]. An' wintle like a saumont-coble, A Gude New-Year † 7.
S. Montgom.'s Peggy.	But may she wintle in a woodie, . Adam A—'s Prayer, To him that wintles in a halter: . Lns a.dd. to J. Ranken.
The dark, dreary winter, and wild driving snaw, S. My Nanie's Awa. Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet, S. O Lassie, art thou;	Wintry. And curled as the wintry wave, As on the banks t
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear, S. O Logan! sweetly† Tho' raging winter rent the air; S. O wat ye wha's in †	The wintry sun the day has clos'd. My trunk of cild, but buss or beild, Sinks in time's wintry rage. S. But lately seen t
By autumn wild, and winter rude! . S. O were my love t	Around me scowls a wintry sky S. Forlorn, my Love t
It's no the frosty winter wind, S. Oh, how can I be blythe t The weary winter soon will pass, Ib.	the howling wintry blast . S. Lassie vei' the lintwhite † Ve howling winds, and wintry swelling waves!
When thou shrunk frae the scowl of the loud winter storm, On Death of face Child.	On Death of R. Dundas. Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
braving angry winter's storms, S. Peggy Chalmers.	Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair; S. The Catrine woods † When all his wintry billows pour
Robin promis'd me A' my winter vittle; S. Robin shure in hairst.	Against the Buchan Bullers The Election Ballads. VI. Turbid torrents, wintry swelling S. Thickest night †
An' bardly, in a winter season, E'er spier her [my Muse's] price, Scotch Drink. 14.	The Wintry West extends his blast, Winter. Winze [an oath; "loot a winze," uttered an oath].
I could wake a winter night, For the sake of Somebody S. Somebody.	An' loot a winze, an' drew a stroke
More welcome were to me grim winter's wildest roar. Sonnet, on Death of R	Wipe. Longing to wipe each tear, to heal each groan, Ef. to R. Graham. 3.
See aged winter 'mid his surly reign, Sonnet, wr. on Birthday. Never bound by winter's chains! . S. Streams that glide!	Wisdom. Know, prudent, cautious, self-controul Is Wisdom's root. A Bard's Epit.
When Winter muffles up his cloak, . Tam Samson's El.,	Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire, To rule this mighty nation; A Dream. 5.
Picking her pouch as bare as Winter, The Author's Cry and Frager.	That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door Add. to Unco Guid. 2.
Potatoe-bings are snugged up frae skaith Of coming Winter's biting, frosty breath; The Brigs of Ayr.	Unlike sage proverb'd wisdom's hard wrung boon. Eft. to R. Graham. 5.
But twa-three winters will inform ye better 1b. 7. Then Winter's time-bleach'd locks did hoary show,	Who life and wisdom at one race begun, /b. How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite!
By Hospitality with cloudless brow. The day returns to S. The day	Frag., inser. to Fox. The greybeard, old wisdom, may beast of his treasures,
The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn By early Winter's ravage torn; S. The gloomy night t	Lus, on a mattus, Gt. 1 av
What tho', with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks, The Jolly Beggars. S. I.	Want only of wisdom denied her respect, Monody, on a Lady. Epit. wild from wisdom's way, Sent to a Gent. offended.
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year. S. The lazy mist † Alike in the winter, the cold, and the weet;	in the way His Wisdom sees the best, The Cotter's Sat. Night 18.
S. The Poor Thresher. Thro' Winter's cauld, or Summer's heat; The Twa Dogs. 29.	Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston can boast; The Election Ballads. IV.
The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last, The Winter it is past,	
Like winter on me seizes, . S. The yng Highl, Rover.	Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou; The Jolly Beggars. S. 111. O love will venture in, where wisdom ance has heen; S. The Posie.
I mean your ingle-side to guard Ae winter night. Third Ep. to J. Lap.	Wise. Was quick to learn and wise to know, A Bard's Epit. To suit some wise design; A Prayer under Anguish.
An' weary Winter comin fast, To a Mouse. To thole the Winter's sleety dribble, An' cranrench cauld! Ib.	And as we're merry, may we still be wise. Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Streekit out to bleach In winter snaw; To W. Creech.	The Rigid Righteous is a fool, The Rigid Wise anither: Add. to Unco Guid. Mott.
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms,	If Happiness hae not her seat And center in the breast,
The lang, dark night!	We may be wise, or rich, or great, But never can be blest: Ep. to Davie. 5.
Sae lond and shill's I hear the blast,	But as the clegs o' feeling stang Are wise or fool. Ep. to Maj. Logan. 6.
I'm sure it's winter fairly S. Up in the morning. When a' the bills are cover'd wi' snaw,	Ve wise ones, hence! ye hart the social eye! Ep, to R, Graham. 5.
I'm sure it's winter fairly. [re.]	The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes, Extem. in Court of Session.
I'm sure it's winter fairly.	It's guid to be merry and wise, S. Here's a health to them † De they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine; Poet. Add. to Tytler.
And grim, surly winter is near? . S. Where are the joys t	This day's propitious to be wise in. Sketch. New-I'r's Day.
Tho' women's minds like winter winds S. Women's Minds.	Then is it wise to damp our bliss?
As blooming spring unbends the brow Of surly, savage winter S. Young Peggy t	As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice! Tam o Snanter, 3.
Wirter-day. Wi' merry dance in winter-days, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	Men wha grew wise priggin out the Brigs of Ayr. 10.
	•

Yet love to friendship shall give way,

Nae heart could wish for more.

I cannot wish it less.

And my son Maitland, wise as brave,

The Election Ballads. V. I could wish mae man to get ve. S. Will ye go and marry t Save it were my very sel. Ye are sae grave, nne doubt ye're wise; . To I. S., 28. Wished, -'d, Wisht, In hopes to be mair wise. V.s, on Window, Carron. Ev'n when the wished end's deny'd, Despondency, an Ode. 2. Say, to be just, and kind, and wise, There solid self-enjoyment lies; For Eighty-eight he wish'd you [ministers] weel, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.. El. on Year 1788. plac'd by thee upon the wish'd-for height Wisemen. Et. to R. Graham, s. Nay, what are priests? those seeming godly wisemen:

Lns on Window, K.'s Arms. And for thy potence vainly wisht, Lns, on Back of Bank Note. It is the wish'd, the trysted hour; S. O Mary, at thy window t In ploughman phrase 'God send you speed,'
Still daily to grow wiser; . Ep. to Young Friend. 11. He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd, Wiser men than me's beguil'd, . S. First when Maggy + S. On a bank of flowers t If wiser too-he hinted some suggestion, Prologue, at Th., D.. Wish'd unison between the pair, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII. If wiser too—ne ninten some ages.

Wisest. The wisest Man the warl' saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O. [v.A.24]
S. Green grow the Rashes. How have I wish'd for Fortune's charms, For her dear sake, and her's alone! The Lament. De'il tak the war! I late and air Wish. But whilst your wishes and endeavours, Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours Hae wish'd since Jock departed; S. The tither morn t And wished they'd been at hame, man. The Tree of Liberty. A Ded. to G. H., 15. And wished that Parnassus a vineyard had been. Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me, S Bonie Lassie † The Whistle, 11. Wishfully. Ye little know the ills ye court, Wishfully I look and languish In that honie face of thine; When Manhood is your wish! . Despondency, an Ode. 5. S. Bonie wee thing t Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae, . . S. It is na, Jean, t Wishin'. Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues Why was an independent wish Wad seize you quick. Letter to J. Goudie. E'er planted in my mind? Man was made to Mourn. Wiss [to wish]. The honie lasses weel may wiss him,
On Scot. Bard one to IV. I. Tho' to be rich was not my wish. Yet to be great was charming, O: I'll bless her and wiss her S. My father was a farmer + A Friend above the Lift. . Wr. on Leaf of "H. More." . O Thou dread Pow'r t Up to a Parent's wish. Hae there's my hann', I wiss you weel, To Mr. J. Kennedy. . On W. Chalmers. Nor his warm-nrged wishes. . Is th' wish o' mony mae than me: . Tant Samson's El., 14. The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me; S. Farewell, thou stream † Ev'n then a wish (I mind its power) A wish, that to my latest hour She charm'd my soul, I wist na how; S. I gaed a waefu't Shall strongly beave my breast; The Ans. to the Guidwife. But little wist she Maggie's mettle Tam o' Shanter. 18. For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent! S. The Banks of Doon, Sett II. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 20. And wist na o' my fate. Had I on earth but wishes three, He wist na whare he was gann, O. S. The Cooper o' cuddy t He wist na what to say;
S. The Lass that made the bed. The first should be my Anna. S. The gowd. Locks of A. Each night and morn with voice imploring,
This wish I sigh: And I hae lost my lightsome heart The Hermit. That little wist a fa'. . The Ruined Maid's Lament. To grant my highest wishes, . The Petition of Br. Water. He had no wish but—to be glad, The Jolly Beggars. R. VII. And lang ere witless Jennie wist, Her heart was tint, her peace was stown! And not a Wish to gild the gloom! And not a Wish to gua the groom. Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown; To R. G. of F., g. . The Lament. S. There was a lass + Yet wist na what her ail might be, Wistful. I'll westward turn my wistful eye : S. Behold the hourt A Bottle and Friend. What wad ye wish for mair, man? "Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye, A humble Bardie wishes! A Dream. 1. "Nae ray of fame was to he found: Lament for Glencairn. A Guid New-year 1 wish 1 St. A' the lads o' Thornic-bak to S. A' the lads o' Thornic-bak to Translache. A Guid New-year I wish you Maggie! A Guid New-Year t And pensive gaze with wistful eyes, On Lincluden. Wistfully. Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me, S. When wild War's t I wish a heckle Were in their doup. . Add. to Toothache. By cantrain wit. My passion I will ne'er declare, I'll say, I wish thee well. Is instant made no worth a louse Add. to the Deil. 11. S. Ah, Chloris † Wit and Grace, and Love and Beauty, An' Auchenbay, I wish him joy; . Auld comrade † In ae constellation shine; . . S. Bonie wee thing t But friends an' folk that wish me well, If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire, And ne'er gude wine did fear, They sometimes roose me; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st. 16. El. on Capt. M. H., Epit. Wha I wish were maggots' meat, . S. First when Maggie † A wit in folly, and a fool in wit. A wit in folly, and a root at the Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range,

Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range,

Ep. to Young Friends, 9. . Ep. fr. Esopus. And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause, May never guid luck be their fa'! S. Here's a health to them t They [Misfortunes] gie the wit of Age to Youth ; And as wi' thee I'd wish to live, Ep. to Davie. 7. For thee I'd hear to die. For thee I a mean to all.

And aye I wish him back again.

S. My Harry was a gallant † . S. It is na, Jean, t Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 13. It's not the roar o' sea or shore, Wad make me langer wish to tarry; . S. My Bonic Mary. But your curst wit, when it comes near it, Rives't aff their back. And I the warld nor wish nor scorn, S. O bonie was you rosy t Ep. to J. R., 3. Yet tho' his caustick wit was biting, rude, His heart was warm, benevolent, and good. Extent. on W. Smellic. And here's to them that wish us weel, S. O May thy morn + I come to wish you all a good new year! Prologue, at Th , D.. Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit,
Is proof to all other temptation. . . Extern. to Mr. S. And wish them in hell for it a', man. . Ronalds of Bennals. Ye Scots wha wish auld Scotland well, . Scotch Drink, 16. Thou first of our orators, first of our wits ; Frag. inser. to Fox. I wish you luck o' the prize man. S. The deil cam fiddlin' † Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r, Gie her n Haggis. Lns on Window, K.'s Arms. . To a Haggis. In this braw age o' wit and lear, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.

. To Clarinda.

. V.s to a Landlady.

well-form'd taste, and sparkling wit Prologue, sp. by Woods.

An' strive, wi' a' your Wit an' Lear, To get remead. The Author's Cry and Prayer. 18.

3 Y

Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw:

The Belles of Mauchline.

Withered, -'d.

The Belles of Mauchline,	Warlocks grim, an' wither'd Hags, Add. to the Deil. o.
In Ayr, Wag-wits nae mair can have a handle The Brigs of Ayr, 10.	But whigs cam like a frost in June,
This Hal for genius, wit, and lore, Among the first was number'd; The Dean of Fac	View the wither'd beldam's face Ode, to Mem, of Mrs
Tho' wit and worth in either sex, St. Mary's Isle can shaw that, The Election Ballads. II.	But wither'd beldams, auld and droll, Tam o' Shanter. 14. But long ere night cut down it lies
For woman's wit, or strength o' man, Alas! can do but what they can;	All wither'd and decay'd The 1st 6 l's of goth Ps.
Altho' his carnal Wit an' Sense	Despise that Shrimp, that withered Imp. The folly Beggars, S. VI.
Like hafflins-wise o'ercomes him At times The Holy Fair, 17.	Their visage wither'd, lang an' thin, An' sour as ony slaes: The Holy Fair. 3.
It kindles Wit, it waukens Lear, It pangs us fou o' Knowledge	Within this dear mansion may wayward contention Or withered envy ne'er enter; S. The sons of old Killie.
Wi' your liberty's chain and your wit; The Kirk's Alarm. If ill manners were wit, there's no mortal so fit Ib.	And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime. [re.] S. There livid ance a carle†
Holy Will, Holy Will, there was wit i' your skull. When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor; 1b.	As feckless as a wither'd rash, To a Haggis. Withering.
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners. The Rights of Woman.	raging fortune's withering blast [re.] S. Luckless Fortune. And now beneath the withering blast
Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth Forgets there's care upo' the earth The Twa Dogs, 19.	My youth and joy consume. S. Now Spring has clad † Virtne's blossoms there shall blow,
Craigdarroch so famous for wit, worth, and law;	And fear no withering blast; Sad thy tale, †
The Whistle, 6. Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet lovely dame. 1b. 10.	Ve birdies dumb, in with ring bowers, Again ye'll charm the vocal air. S. The Catrine woods †
Has blest me with a random-shot O' countra wit	Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams, The Petition of Br. Water.
But give me real, sterling Wit, And I'm content 1b. 23.	Within.
Or hops the flavour of thy wit; To Mr. Syme.	But Och! it hardens a' within. Ep. to Young Friend. 6. Without, Would thou hae nobles' patronage, "First learn to live without it!"
But there is ane aboon the lave, Has wit, and sense, and a' that; . S. Women's Minds.	"First learn to live without it!" Extem. on Commem.s of Thomson.
And when Wit and Refinement hae polish'd her darts, S. You wild mossy mountains †	Withoutten [without]. Ye Mankins, cock your fud fu' braw,
Wit, to.	Withoutten dread; Tam Samson's El., 7. Withstand,
She lets thee to wit, that she has thee forgot, S. Eppie M'Nab. Or art thou wakin, I would wit, S. O Lassie, art thou?	And he wad gae to London town.
Witch. Laugh in Misfortune's face—the beldam witch! Add. sp. by Fontenelle.	Might nae man him withstand The Election Ballads. 1. Withstood.
An' hillocks, stanes, an' bushès kenn'd ay Frae ghaists an' witches. Death and Dr. Hornbook. 3.	Have oft withstood assailing War, Add. to Edinburgh. 5. But yet the bauld Apothecary
Lincluden's ugly witch; Epit. on Grizel Grim. the meikle deil, Wil a' his witches	Withstood the shock; Death and Dr. Hornbook. 18. Witless. witless, trusting woman . S. O Lassie, art thou
Are at it, skelpin! jig and reel, In my poor pouches. Friend of the poet	But there's a youth, a witless youth,
And you, deep-read in hell's black grammar, Warlocks and witches; On Grose's Peregrinations.	That fills the place where she should be; S. The bonic Lass of Alb.
A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,	And lang ere witless Jeanie wist, Her heart was tint, her peace was stown! S. There was a lass t
Warlocks and witches in a dance; Tam o' Shanter. 11.	Witness. And there I left for witness, an arm and a limb;
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches! Ib. 15. So Maggie runs, the witches follow,	The Jolly Beggars. S. 1. A whisp'ring throb did witness bear
Wi'mony an eldritch skreech and hollow	Of kindred sweet, The Vision. D. II. Then ban' in pieve some day we'll knot it.
S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft †	An' witness take, . Third Ep. to J. Lap Witness, to.
And list 'ning to their [Passions] witching voice Has often led me wrong. A Prayer in Prosp. of Death.	The courtier's gems may witness love S. Behold, my love t
For Oh! the yellow treasure's taen By witching skill; . Add. to the Deil. 10.	Frologic, sp. by Woods. Witness that filial circle round, Sketch. New Yr's Day.
The witching cursed delicious blinkers Hae put me hyte, . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 10.	To witness what I after shall narrate; The Brigs of Ayr. 3.
the flowery snare Of witching love, S. Now Spring has clad t	Does the sober bed of Marriage Witness brighter scenes of love? The Jolly Beggars. S. VIII.
Such witching books are baited hooks . O leave novels † It wants to me the witching grace, S. O this is no my ain †	A bard was selected to witness the fray, The Whistle. 11. Witnessed, -'d. But purer was the lover's vow
Nae snap conceits, but that sweet spell O' witchin love, Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	They witness'd in their shade yestreen. S. O bonie was you rosy t
1 thought upon the witching smile That caught my youthful fancy: S. When wild War's †	Bright Phoebus ne'er witnessed so joyous a corps, The Whistle. 13.
387143 1 C243 13	Wits. Dulness, with redoubled sway Has seized the wits of Symon Gray Symon Gray †
And wasna Cockpen right saucy witha', S. O when she cam ben t	Witty. Or witty catches, . Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 1st, 6. A wildly-witty, rustic grace The Vision. D. I. 10.
For he's bonie and braw, weel favour d with a, S. There's a youth †	Then muse-inspirin' aqua-vitæ Shall make us baith sae blythe an' witty. Third Ep. to J. Lap
Withdrawn, Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a': S. The good. Locks of A.	Third Ep. to J. Lap O Willie was a witty wight, To W. Creech.
Wither. Your beauty's a flower, in the morning that blows, And withers the faster, the faster it grows; S. Avad vel yr witchcraft †	Wives v. Wife.
Pale sickness withers lika grace, Fragment.	Wizard. Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring; S. Truc-hearted was he t
They fade and they wither awa, man. Ronalds of Bennals. When you green leaves fade frae the tree,	Wizen'd, I'll light now, and dight now,
Around my grave they'll wither. S. Sweet fa's the eve t	His sweaty, wizen'd hide Ep. to Davie. 11.

Wo. Alas the day, and we the day, S. The bonie Lass of Alb.	Kate soon will be a woefu' woman! . Tam o' Shanter. 18.
Wodrow [Rev. Peter, minister of Tarbolton].	The Brethren o' the mystic level
Auld W-w, lang has hatch'd mischief, The Twa Herds. 13.	May hing their head in wofu' bevel, Tam Samson's El
Woe. But oh, it was a tale of woe, A Vision.	That woefu' morn he ever mourn'd 1b. 8.
Sending, like bloodhounds from the slip, Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land! A Winter Night. 7.	"O thou, whase lamentable face Appears to mourn my woefu' case! The Death of Mailie.
Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land! A Winter Night. 7.	
Come weel come woe, I care na by, S. Behind you hills †	Wolf. Even as two howling, ravening wolves To dogs do turn their tail. New Psalmody.
Come weel come woe, we'll gather and go.	We still keep the ravening wolf from the door.
S. Come boat me o'er.	S. The Poor Thresher.
My woes here, shall close ne'er, But with the closing tomh! Despondency, an Ode.	Woman.
But now, what else for me remains	To say her pray'rs, donse, honest woman! Add. to the Deil. 6.
But tales of woe; . El. on Capt. M. H., 11.	Still gentler [scan] sister Woman; Add. to the Unco Guid. 7.
A workhouse! ah, that sound awakes my woes,	The billows on the ocean, The breezes idly roaming, The clouds' uncertain motion, They are but types of woman. S. Deluded swain †
Ep. fr. Esopus.	S. Deluded smain +
The pitying Heart that felt for human Woe; Epit. for Author's Father.	And dare the war with all of woman born : Ep. fr. Esopus.
There would I weep my woes, S. Had I a cave t	Here lyes a man a woman rul'd,
To work him farther woe, John Barleycorn.	The devil rul'd the woman. Epit, on Henpecked Squire.
'Twill make a man forget his woe; 1b.	And to the wealthy booby
"The voice of woe and wild despair! Lament for Glencairn.	Poor woman sacrifice: S. How cruel†
"A day to me so full of woe? Ib.	"One of two must still obey,
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe	"Is it man or woman, say, S. Husband, husband †
Frae woman's pitying e'e Lament of Mary of Scots.	Let not woman e'er complain Of inconstancy in love;
What woes wring my heart Lament, on leaving Nat. Land.	Let not woman e'er complain.
Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe, Lns on Fergusson.	Fickle man is apt to rove: . S. Let not woman t
Fell source of a' my wee and grief;	thon false woman, My sister and my fae,
Lns, on Back of Bank Note.	Lament of Mary of Scots.
Or haply, prest with cares and woes, Man was made to Mourn.	The weeping blood in woman's breast Was never known to thee;
The weary steps o' woe S. Now Spring has clad †	Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair," What tongue his woes can tell:	Frae woman's pitying e'e
The state of the s	True it is, she had one failing,
Oh, nought but love and sorrow join'd, Sic notes of woe could wanken! S. O stay, sweet warbling †	Had ae woman ever less? . Lns under Pict. of Miss B.
May He, the friend of woe and want,	If ye gie a woman a' her will, Gude faith she'll soon o'er-gang ye.
On Birth of Posth. Child.	S. O av mv wife she dang.
She [Justice] sunk abandon'd to the wildest woe.	Let witless, trusting woman say
On Death of R. Dundas.	
To mourn the woes my country must endure, Ib.	May woman on him turn her back, . On W. Stewart.
In weeds of woe that frantic beat her breast, On Death of Sir J. Blair.	To glut that direst foe—a vengeful woman:
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,	A woman—tho' the phrase may seem uncivil, As able—and as wicked as the devil! Scots Prologue.
She's from a world of woe relieved, On Poet's Daughter.	But woman is but warld's gear, . S. She's fair and fause †
The last, sad cape-stane of his woes; . Poor Mailie's El.,	Whae'er ye be that woman love,
Her smiling, sae wyling,	Nae ferlie 'tis tho' fickle she prove
Would make a wretch forget his woe: . S. Sae flaxen †	A woman has't by kind
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure.	O woman, lovely woman fair, An angel form's faun to thy share!
Scenes that former thoughts renew; S. Scenes of woe †	Kate soon will be a woefu' woman! Tam o' Shanter. 18.
By oppression's woes and pains, S. Scots, wha ha'e t	
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure, Thrill the deepest notes of woe,	The gust o' joy, the halm of woe, The saul o' life, the heav'n below,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe,	Is rapture-giving woman. The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Sonnet on Death of R.	She, honest woman, may think shame
And [Love] plunged me deep in woe. S. Talk not of Love †	That ye're connected with her
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe, The Ans. to the Guidwife.	The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.
And Thurlow growl a curse of woe, The Election Ballads, VI.	For woman's wit, or strength o' man, Alas! can do but what they can; The Election Ballads, VI.
Woe ne'er assails in vain; . The Petition of Br. Water.	Nae woman in the Country wide
With woe I nightly vigils keep, The Lament.	Nae woman in the Country wide Sae happy was as me. S. The Highl. Widow's Lament.
Awakes me up to toil and woe:	Nae woman in the warld wide
While here I sit all sore beset	Sae wretched now as me
With sorrow, grief, and wo: S. The sun he is sunk †	An' cheese an' hread, frae women's laps,
Without this tree, alake this life Is but a vale o' woe, man; . The Tree of Liberty.	Was dealt about in lunches, An' dawds The Holy Fair. 23. Of all the women in the world,
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe; . The Vowels.	I never could come at her S. The Joyful Widower.
Sad knowledge makes me know that your hearts are full of woe,	A faithless woman's broken yow The Lament.
A woe that no mortal can cure. S. The Winter it is past	And by them lies the dearest lad
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,	That ever blest a woman's ee! S. The lovely lass t
To a Mountain-Daisy.	The Rights of Woman merit some attention.
As modest want the tale of woe reveals; To Miss Graham.	The Rights of Woman.
As modest want the tale of woe reveals; To Miss Graham. Though prest with care and sunk in woe, S. To thee, lov'd Nith †	One sacred Right of Woman is protection
S. 10 thee, lov d Nith	Let Majesty your first attention summon, Ah! ça ira! The Majesty of Woman!
Enjoyment I il seek in my woe S. il here are the joys f	There's some exceptions, man an' woman; The Twa Dogs. 34.
Thou Pow'r Supreme, whose mighty Scheme, These woes of mine fulfil;	Or women sonsie, saft an' sappy.
Woe-delighted. Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,	Or women sonsie, saft an' sappy, 'Tween morn an' morn, There's naethin like †
The ministers of Grief and Pain, To Ruin.	dear, deluding woman, The joy of joys! . To J. S., 14.
Woe-worn. A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide,	Even silly woman has her warlike arts, To R. G. of F.,
Woeful, -fu', Wofu'.	But woman, nature's darling child!
Or dark as misery's woeful night Sketch. New-Yr's Day.	There all her charms she does compile; S. Twas even—the dewy †
	sten the delay

538

539

Tho' women's minds like winter winds May shift and turn, and a' that, . . S. Women's Minds. Woman-grown. Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown, The Cotter's Sat. Night. Falsest of woman-kind, canst thou declare.
All thy fond-plighted yows, fleeting as air! S. Had I a care! O that's the queen o' woman-kind, S. O wat ye wha that loes t For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer; Womh When frae my mither's womb I fell, Thou might ha'e plunged me in hell, Holy Willie's Prayer. s. Won. Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won; Add, to Shade of Thomson. And thack and rape secure the toil-won crap;

The Brigs of Ayr. 2. For prodigal thoughtless bestowing, His merit had won him respect, The Election Ballads. III. "The field thou hast won, hy you bright god of day!"

The Whistle. 18. I hae won their wanton favour. . S. Wantonness for ever t Won [to dwell]. There wons auld Colin's honie lass. S. My Lord a-hunting t There's auld Roh Morris that wons in you glen, There's auld Rob M.+ Wonder Nae wonder he's as black's the grun, Etit, on Holy Willie. Observe wha's standing wi' him. Nae wonder then they've fatal heen To honest Willie Chalmers. On W. Chalmers. No wonder I'm fond of a Sodger laddie The Jolly Beggars. S. II. The Vision, D. I. 12. My gazing wonder chiefly drew; . My gazing wonder chien, area, .

The eye with wonder and amazement fills;

Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Wonder, to. Tam o' Shanter, 11. I wonder didna turn thy stomach. . They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.

To R. G. of F., 7.

Wonder'd. I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath, What sort o' life poor dogs like you have; The Twa Dogs. 7. Wonderful, -fu'.

In the make of that wonderful creature, call'd Man, Fragment, inser. to Fox. They're maistly wonderfu' contented; . The Twa Dogs. 11. Wondering, -'ring. The polish'd jewel's blaze

May draw the wond'ring gaze, . S. Mark youder Fomp ! Crowd thick on fancy's wondering eye, . . On Lincluden. Far in their shade my Peggy's charms First blest my wond'ring eyes. . . S. Peggy Chalmers.

Wondrous. Reverence with lowly heart Him whose wondrous work thou art; Wr. in Hermitage, F. C. Wonn'd [dwelt].

There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen, Scroggam;

S. Scroggam. Wonner [wonder, a term of contempt].

Our Whipper-in, wee, blastet wonner, . The Twa Dogs. 9. . To a Louse. Ye ugly, creepan, blastet wonner, . . . Wont. Attir'd as minstrels wont to he. . . A Vision. And smile as thou wert wont to do? . S. Fairest maid t Is this the power in freedom's war That wont to hid the battle rage? . Liberty.

Wonted. Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures, . Et. to H. Parker. I sit and count my sins by chapters; Ep. to Maj. Logan. 12. Ance to the Indies I were wonted, Those wonted smiles, O let me share! . S. Fairest maid t With all her [fortune's] wonted malice, O:

S. My father was a farmer t Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
On seeing wounded Hare. He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger, Tam Samson's El., 11.

Woo', Woo [wool]. I coft a stane o' haslock woo, To mak a coat to Johnie o't; . S. The cardin o't. To scores o' lambs, an' packs of woo'! The Death of Mailie. And casting woo' to me. S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. Wi' woo' like goats, an' legs like trams; [v.A.19] Poor Mailie's El.

Woo. to. When first I gaed to woo my Jenny, A Guid New-Year \$ 5. In shepherd's phrase will woo: S. Behold, my love, †
Duncan Gray cam' here to woo, S. Duncan Gray † . S. Duncan Gray In Highland honnet woo Malvina's charms; Ep. fr. Esopus. For weel ye ken the way to woo. . S. John, come kiss. He [the cotter] woos his simple dearie: S. O poortith cauld t And weel he kend the way to woo, S. The Taylor he cam t

Marry, Katie, then we'll woo. S. Will ye go and marry t Woo'd. Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd, S. My love she's but t Mood

She soon shall see her tender brood. The pride, the pleasure o' the wood, S. A rosebud by my t But lately seen, in gladsome green,

The woods rejoic'd the day, . S. But lately seen t And ay the wild wood echoes rang, O dearly do I lo'e thee Annie. S. By Allan stream ! But chiefly the woods were her fav'rite resort, S. Caledonia. 2.

He learned to fear in his own native wood. Ib. 5. Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-hurn wood, S. Craigie burn Wood. the pride of the spring in the Craigie-hurn wood, . . . 16.

Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn El. on Capt. M. H., 2. Ey wood and wild, Yet Nature's charms, the hills and woods, The sweeping vales, and foaming floods,

Er. to Davie. 4. Hark! the mavis' evening sang Sounding Clouden's woods amang; S. Hark! the mavis' t Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave; S. I dream'd I lay t the fading yellow woods . . Lament for Glencairu.

Ye woods that shed on a' the winds The honours of the aged year, . Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods, S. My heart's in the Highlands †

Ye're like to the timmer o' you rotten wood, S. O meikle thinks my love t There wild-woods grow and rivers row, S. Of a' the airts t

When Willy wander'd thro' the wood, S. On a bank of flowers t He overtook her in the wood,

poor wanderer of the wood and field, On sceing wounded Hare. In wood and wild ye warhing throng,
On Death of Lap-dog.

Veneering oft outshines the solid wood: . . . Sketch. Ye lavish woods that wave around, S. Slow spreads the gloom t No more, ye warhlers of the wood, no more,

Sonnet, on Death of R...

. S. Streams that glide t Woods that ever verdant wave, The doubling storm roars thro' the woods; Tam o' Shanter. 10. To hear the thuds, and see the cluds O' Clans frae woods, in tartan duds, S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.

The Catrine woods were yellow seen, S. The Catrine woods † And ay the wild-wood echoes rang, As flames amang a hundred woods, The Election Ballads. VI. The gay-green woods, amang, man; The Fête Champetre. That sports by wood or water, 16. The echoing wood, the winding flood, . . . But few enjoy the calm I know in This desert wood.

Beneath the woods and rocks, aftentimes for a home, The Jolly Beggars. S. I.

But I will down you river rove among the wood sae green,
S. The Posic. Weel kend his voice thro' a' the wood, The Twa Herds. 6.

Auld, hermit Aire staw thro' his woods, The Vision. D. I. 14. High-shelt ring woods and wa's maun shield,

To a Mountain-Daisy.

O'erhung with wild woods thickening green,

To Mary in Heaven. O sweet are Coila's haughs an' woods, . To W. Simpson. The woods, wild-scattered, clothe their ample sides; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.

The sweeping theatre of hanging woods; Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	Wooing. Ha, ha, the wooing o't; [re.] S. Duncan Gray †
Among the heathy hills and ragged woods	ance whan in my wooing pride The Inventory. Woolwich.
Wr. by Fall of Fyers. Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,	And dreads a meeting worse than Woolwich bulks; Ep. fr. Esopus.
Ye banks, and braes, and streams And through the wood ye sang, lassie; S. Ye hae lien wrang.	Woor [wore]. Woor hy degrees, till her last roon
He stays among the woods and briers, S. Young Jamie †	Gaed past their viewin, To IV. Simpson, P.S.
Woodbine. Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine, S. Adown winding Nith †	Word. The Gentleman in word and deed, A Ded. to G. H., 6. By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
O happy he the woodbine bower, S. By Allan stream † Ye woodbines hanging honnilie,	Thoughts, words and deeds, the Statute hlames with reason; A Dream.
In scented howers; El. on Capt. M. H., 5. So deckt the woodhine sweet you aged tree.	A secret word or twa, man; A Fragment. 8.
El. on Miss Burnet. briers an' woodbines budding green, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st.	But, word an' blow, N-rth, F-x, and Co. Gowff'd Willie like a ha', man,
And to support his helpless woodline state, Ep. to R. Graham. 4.	Misery's another word for Grief: . Add. sp. by Fontenelle. Masons' mystic word an' grip, . Add. to the Deil. 14.
We'll to the breathing woodbine bow'r S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †	But till my last moments my words are the same, S. By yon castle wa' †
"The woodbine in the dewy weet.	My warst word is, "Welcome, and welcome again!" S. Contented wi little, †
To see the woodbine twine, S. The Banks of Doon, Sett II.	Thou know'st my words sincere! Ep. to Davie. 9.
Let fragrant birks, in woodbines drest, My craggy cliffs adorn; The Petition of Br. Water.	The words come skelpan, rank and file, Ib. II. Where words ne'er crost the muse's heckles, Ep. to H. Parker.
The woodhine I will pu', when the ev'ning star is near, S. The Posic.	Pity the best of words should be but wind! Ep. to R. Graham. 5.
To see the rose and woodhine twine; S. Ve banks and braes †	And his last words were Dem my blood! Epit. on Mr. Burton. And there's no a man in all Scotland,
Woodcock. The Woodcock baunts the lonely dells; S. Now westlin winds †	But I'll brave him at a word. S. Farewell, ye dungeons †
Wooden. There's wooden walls upon our seas, S. Does haughty Gault	Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, S. Fate gave the word † If 'tis still the lordly word, Service and obedience;
There's wooden walls upon our seas, S. Does haughty Gaul† tho' I must beg with a wooden arm and leg, The Jolly Beggars. S. I. Wood Spingerd	S. Husband, husband † He hade me on you press this one word—" Think!"
Wood-fringed. The lawns wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;	Prologue, at Th., D Rivan the words tae gar them clink; Second Ep. to Davie.
Wr. in Kenmore Inn.	My dying words attentive hear, . The Death of Mailie.
Woodland. Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow: S. Afton Water.	But fate the word has spoken: The Election Ballads. VI. For worth and bonour pawn their word, The Fête Champetre.
Ye woodland choir that channt your idle loves, El. on Miss Burnet.	Thou giv'st the word; Thy creature, man, Is to existence brought; The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps
The merle, in his noontide hower, Makes woodland echoes ring; Lament of Mary of Scots.	But ne'er a word o' faith in That's right The Holy Fair. 15. See, up he's got the word o' G-,
The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn, S. My Nanie's Awa.	His piercin words, like Highlan swords,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing, S. Raving winds to	Divide the joints an' marrow;
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace, S. Their groves of † While all around the woodland rings, To Miss C.	He's but a coof for a' that: . S. The Honest Man. As now my distraction no words can express! S. There's auld Rob M. †
Woodlark.	What words can ever speak affection
So calls the woodlark in the grove, His little faithful mate to chear, S. Here is the glen t	So thrilling and sincere as thine! To a Kiss. He tald mysel by word o' mouth,
O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay, Nor quit for me the trembling spray, S. O stay sweet warbling †	He'd tak my letter; . To Dr. Blacklock. My word of honor 1 hae gien, . To Gav. Hamilton.
S. O stay sweet warbling † Hear the woodlark charm the forest, S. Sensibility, †	At whose destruction-breathing word, The mightiest empires fall!
Woody.	The gentleman in word an' deed, . To Rev. J. M'Math.
From where the Feal wild woody coverts hide:	Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks; To W. Simpson, P.S
The Brigs of Ayr. 13. Woody, -ie [a rope, properly one made of withes or	sae sadly lie'd on By word an' write
willows; the gallows!. But may she wintle in a woodie, Adam A—'s Prayer.	Wordie [dim. of word].
The meikle devil wi' a woodie Haurl thee [death] hame El. on Capt. M. H.	Can easy, wi' a single wordie, Lowse h-ll upon me. To Rev. J. M'Math. Wordy.
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie! The Jolly Ecggars. R. IV.	And call each coxcomb to the wordy war. Ep. fr. Esopus.
And learning in a woody dance, . The Twa Herds. 16. But I'll sned besoms—thraw saugh woodies, To Dr. Blacklock.	Wordy [worthy]. My Furr ahin's a wordy heast, The Inventory.
Wooer. It's ye ha'e wooers mony ane, S. In Simmer when t Thus the wooer tell'd his mind: S. Jockey fou t	Weel are ye wordy of a grace As lang's my arm To a Haggis.
Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen, S. Last May a braw wooer †	O, M[ood]y, man, and wordy R[usse]ll, The Twa Herds. 3.
My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink, Ib.	Wore. Wore a plaid and was fu' braw, . S. Highl. Laddie. By toil and famine wore to skin and hone, To R. G. of F., 6.
A wooer like me manna hope to come speed; S. There's auld Rob M. †	Work, Works. Doom'd to that sorest task of man alive-
Oh I had wooers, eight or nine, They gied me rings and ribbons fine; S. Where Cart rins †	To make three guineas do the work of five: Add. sp. by Fontenelle.
Wooer-bab [lit. wooer-knot; the garter knotted below the knee in a couple of loops].	I see the Sire of Love on high, And own his work indeed divine! Add. to Edinburgh. 4.
The lads sae trig, wi' wooer-babs, Weel knotted on their garten,	As by his noblest work the Godhead best is known. El. on Miss Burnet.
meet knowed on their garten, Hanoween, 3.	Lo. On Mass Durmen

And fram'd her last, best work, the human-mind, Ep. to R. Graham.	And brav'd the mighty monarchs of the world. On Death of Sir J. Blair,
She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work , 16, 4. Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears	She's from a world of woe relieved, On Poet's Daughter. Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
Her noblest work she [Nature] classes, O: S. Green grow the Rashes.	Prolegue, at Th., D Till fate the curtain drops on worlds to be no more.
Still making work his selfish craft must mend. Sketch. 'An honest man's the noble work of God;' [v.A. 30]	Prologue, sp. by Woods. That future-life in worlds unknown
	Must take its hue from this alone; Sketch. New-Yr's Day. I could range the world around,
This poor man was seen to go early to work, S. The Poor Thresher.	For the sake of Somebody S. Somebody.
No work comes me wrong for 1 shear and I mow, 16. Obliging Vulcan fell to work,	Think not, though from the world receding, 1 joy my lonely days to lead in This desert drear; The Hermit.
Reverence with lowly heart Him whose wondrons work thou art; Wr. in Hermitage at F. C. Ye'll get the best o' moral works,	I he world then the love should know I hear my Highland lassie, O. S. The Highl. Lassie.
Ve'll get the best o' moral works, 'Mang black Gentoos, and Pagan Turks, A Ded. to G. H., 6.	Despising worlds with all their wealth The Petition of Br. Water.
When a' my works I did review, Ib. 12.	Of all the women in the world, I never could come at her S. The Joyful Widower.
Yet sure I am that known to Thee Are all thy works below. A Prayer under Anguish.	For in this world Rest or Peace I never more shall know! S. The sun he is sunk!
Thro' all his works abroad. The heart benevolent and kind The most resembles God A Winter Night. II.	The wide world is all before ns, But a world without a friend! S. Thickest night t
Said, nothing like his works was ever printed;	And then all the world, Sir, should know it! To Capt. Riddel.
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. If thou on men, their works and ways, Canst throw uncoomon light, El. on Capt. M. H., Epit.	Since thon, in all thy youth and charms, Must hid the world adieu, (A world 'gainst peace in constant arms) To Chloris.
Even there her other works are foil'd By the bonie lass o' Ballochmyle, S. Twas even—the dewy†	A thing unteachable in world's skill, . To R. G. of F., 3.
Work, to. To work him farther woe, . John Barleycorn.	And left us darkling in a world of tears: 1b. q. Why is the bard ampitied by the world,
Or how the collieshangie works Atween the Russians and the Turks; Kind Sir, Ive read t	Wr, under Port. of Fergusson. Worldly.
My bonie lass I work in brass, The Jolly Beggars. S. VI.	Each worldly thought a while forbear, . On Lincluden.
That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld, Till they agree. The Twa Herds. 10.	Fintry, my stay in worldly strife, The Election Ballads. VI.
Before the morn ye'll work mischief; S. Wha is that at t	Unknown each gnilty worldly fire, The Hermit, Worm ["warld's worm," a miser].
And now she works her mammie's wark, S. There was a lass† Workhouse. Who called her verse, a parish workhouse made	"The worm that gnaws my honie trees, "That Reptile wears a Ducal crown!" S. As on the banks †
For motley, foundling funcies, stolen or strayed? Ep. fr. Esopus.	That the worms ev'n d—d him Whee laid in his grave. , Efit. on Walter S—.
A workhouse! ah, that sound awakes my woes, Ib.	To meet the Warld's worm; To Gav. Hamilton.
Working, Workings. Sat working at his loom; . S. My heart was ance t	Whether thro' wimplin worms thou jink, Scotch Drink. 2.
For making o' rhymes, and working at times, Does little or naething at a', man. Ronalds of Bennals.	We've worn to crazy years thegither; A Guid New-Year † 18.
Does little or naething at a man. My barmie noddle's working prime, Ronalds of Bennals. To J. S., 4.	As my and pen's worn to the grissle; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 22.
Nor such the workings of their moon-struck hrain; To R. G. of F., S.	Here Holy Willie's sair worn clay Taks up its last abode; Epit. on Holy Willie.
Worl' [world]. To learn bon ton and see the worl'. The Twa Dogs. 22.	How sune it [wild-rose] tines its scent and hue When pn'd and worn a common toy! . S. I do confess †
World. I'll laugh, that's poz—nay more, the world shall know it;	Seem'd weary, worn with care; Man was made to Mourn. With Cares and Sorrows worn,
Add. sp. by Fontenelle. For their fame it shall last while the world goes round.	my 121 1 's halaman Tam a Chanter 15
At Meet. of D. Volunteers.	Spying the time-worn flaws in ev'ry arch; The Brigs of Ayr. 4.
They conquer'd and ruin'd a world heside; S. Caledonia. Wide o'er the naked world declare	The toil-worn Cotter frae his labor goes, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 2.
Like thee where shall I find another,	Frae the downs o' Tinwald—So was never worn. The Election Ballads. IV.
Ye'll try the world soon my lad, Ep. to Young Friend. 2.	What aspects old Time in his progress has worn;
Long since, this world's thorny ways Had number'd out my weary days, Ep. to Davic. 10.	No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn, To R. G. of F., 3.
The world were blest did bliss on them depend, Ep. to R. Graham. 5.	I see thy life is stuff o' prief, Scarce quite half worn To Terraughty.
If there's another world he lives in bliss; If there is none, he made the best of this. Epit. on a Friend.	Worry'd, Worried. That might has worried me, jo S. O wat ye what my t An' worry'd ither in diversion; . The Twa Dogs. 6.
'Tis sweeter for thee despairing, Than anght in the world beside S. Here's a health to ane †	An' worry'd ither in diversion; The Twa Dogs, b. Worrying.
Point out a censuring world, and bid me fear; Above the world on wings of love I rise, In vain wid Prudence †	Wha now will keep you frae the fox, Or worrying tykes, The Twa Herds.
His worth, his honour, all the world approved. Lus sent Sir J. Whiteford.	Worse. May never worse he sent; A Grace before Dinner.
And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown. Ib.	And dreads a meeting worse than Worker Ep. fr. Esopus. Whose spleen e'en worse than Eurns' venom
Ambition would disown 'The world's imperial crown, . S. Mark youder Pomp't	Thou know'st, the virtues cannot hate thee worse, . 10.
Then out into the world My course I did determine, O; S. My father was a farmer	The frank address, the soft caress, Are worse than poison'd darts of steel, S. O leave novels t
'This lower world I you resign: Nature's Law.	Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell. The Henpecked Husband.
In other worlds can Mammon fail, Ode, to Mem. of Mrs	1

And down the gate, in faith, they're worse And mair unchancy. To Mr. J. Kennedy.	His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes; To R. G. of F., 4.	Lns sent Sir J. Whiteford. Reader, dost value matchless worth?
And threaten'd worse damnation. The Election Ballads, VI. Worser.	Lns on Window, F.'s C. Her The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Or worser far, the pangs of keen remorse; Remorse. A Frag	S. My heart's in the Highlands †
Worset [worsted].	My Mary's worth, my Mary's mind, S. My Mary's face † And fortune favor worth and merit, Poem on Life.
Her braw, new, worset apron	But Worth and Truth eternal Youth
And ne'er shall glimmering planet fix	Will give to Polly Stewart S. Polly Stewart. There Isabella's spotless worth
My worship to its ray. S. Farewell, dear mistress † So their worships of the Faculty,	Shall happy be at last Sad thy tale, † I could not then just ascertain
Quite sick of merit's rudeness, The Dean of Fac Worship, to.	Its worth, for want of time, Symon Gray †
Approach this shrine, and worship here. Poet, Inscription.	If Honest Worth in heaven rise, Ye'll mend or ye win near him. Tam Samson's El., Epit
'And let us worship God!' he says with solemn air. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 12.	The Mnn of Worth, and has not left his peer, [v.A.10] Sonnet on Death of R.
Though hundreds worship at his word,	Learning and Worth in equal measures trode.
He's but a coof for a' that: S. The Honest Man. Worshipful.	The Brigs of Ayr. 13. Ah! tho' his worth noknown, far happier there I ween!
By our Right Worshipful anointed, . To a Medical Gent.	The Cotter's Sat. Night.
Worshipp'd. Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,	St. Mary's Isle can shaw that, The Election Ballads. II.
And still the second dread command he free, The Brigs of Ayr. 8.	If the virtues were pack't in a parcel, His worth might be sample for a'
Worst. I know its worst—and can that worst despise.	Here's the worth o' Broughton In a needle's e'e; Ib. IV. Here's the worth and wisdom Collieston can boast; Ib.
In vain wid Prudence † But a Miller us'd him worst of all, John Barleycorn.	In case that worth should wanted be,
But a Miller us'd him worst of all, John Barleycorn. My talents they were not the worst, S. My father was a farmer †	For worth and honour pawn their word, The Fite Champetre.
	The pith of sease, and pride of worth, Are higher ranks than a' that. S. The Honest Man.
I still was worst mistaken, O	That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth, May hear the gree, and a' that!
Beyond comparison the worst [ills] are those That to our folly, or our guilt we owe. Remorse. A Frag	Yet to worth let's be just, royal blood ye might boast,
And Quentin o' lads not the worst. The Election Ballads, III. Worth ["wae worth," woe befall].	If the ass was the king of the brutes. The Kirk's Alarm. When sweet, like modest Worth, she blusht,
Is instant made no worth a louse	And stepped ben. The Vision. D. I. 8. I sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth, The Whistle.
Just at the bit Add. to the Deil. 11. Has made them baith no worth a f-t,	Craigdarroch so famous for wit, worth, and law; Ib. 6.
Death and Dr. Hornbook. 15. Wha scarcely tent us in their way,	Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n, To a Mountain-Daisy. With native worth, and spotless fame, To a young Lady.
As hardly worth their while? Ep. to Davie. 6.	In spite o' dark banditti stabs
Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a Chieftain worth gowd, S. Here's a health to them †	At worth an' merit, To Rev. J. M'Math. Wad on thy worth be pressin'; V.s., under Grief.
For without an honest manly heart, No man was worth regarding, O.	And injured Worth forget and pardon man. Wr. in Kenmore Inn.
S. My father was a farmer †	Worthless.
Tho' life's n gift no worth receivin, When heavy-dragg'd wi' pine an' grievin; Scotch Drink, 5.	As for the jurn, poor worthless body, Adam A-'s Prayer. Ap' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit
Wae worth them for't! [v.A.25]	An' thy poor worthless daddy's spirit, Without his failins, Add. to Illegit. Child.
I am, altho' I say't mysel,	Their worthless nievefu' of a soul, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 17. This worthless hody damn'd himsel,
Worth gaun a mile to see The Petition of Br. Water. He swoor by n' was swearing worth The Jelly Beggars, R. VI.	To save the Lord the trouble Epit. on D. C. While empty greatness saves a worthless name!
He swoor by a was swearing worth The Jelly Beggars, R. VI. Life is not worth having with all it can give, S. The lazy mist †	On Death of Sir J. Blair.
That happy night was worth them a', S. The Rigs o' Barley.	Weel-pleas'd the Mother hears, it's nae wild worthless Rake. The Cotter's Sat. Night. 7.
This fruit is worth a' Afric's wealth, The Tree of Liberty.	Poor, worthless elf, it eats a dinner, Better than ony Tenant-man The Twa Dogs. q.
I doubt it's hardly worth the while, To be sae nice wi' Robin S. There was a lad t	The most detested, worthless wretch among you! Tragic Frag.
We've lost a hirkie weel worth gowd, To W. Creech. Nae Poet thought her worth his while, To IV. Simpson.	And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog. To R. G. of F., 7. An' shall his fame an' honor bleed
Nae Poet thought her worth his while, To W. Simpson. My memory's no worth a preen;	By worthless skellums, To Rev. J. M'Math.
Worth, s.	Or worthy friends rak'd i' the mools, . Add. to Toothache.
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis Will flourish without a decay. S. Adown winding Nith †	His worthy fam'ly far and near, Auld comrade †
Wide o'er the naked world declare The worth we've lost. El. on Capt. M. H., 13.	
	My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp, Ερ. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, δ.
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,	My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp, Ερ. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, δ.
Thou man of worth!	My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, & Nae hoaest worthy man need care, To meet with noble youthful Daer, On dining with Daer, At trifle scarce worthy your care; Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Thou man of worth! Ib. 10. Princes whose cumh'rous pride was all their worth, El. on Miss Burnet.	My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, & Nae hoaest worthy man need care, To meet with noble youthful Daer, On dining with Daer, At trifle scarce worthy your care; Poet. Add. to Tytler.
Thou man of worth! 16. 10. Princes whose cumbrous pride was all their worth, EL. on Miss Burnet. Plain plodding industry, and soher worth: ££. to K. Grahams. 2.	My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp, Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, S. Nae hoaest worthy man need care, To meet with noble youthful Daer, At rifle scarce worthy your care; — Peet. Add. to Tytler. To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith, P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm." May every son he worthy of his sire; Prologue, 5th by Woods.
Thou man of worth!	My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp, Ep. to J. Lk, Ap. 21st, & Nae honest worthy man need care, To meet with noble youthful Daer, A trifle scarce worthy your care; Poet, Add. to Tytler. To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith, P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm." May every son he worthy of his sire; Prologue, \$5, by Woods, A drama worthy of the name of Bruce? . Scots Prologue.
Thou man of worth! I. Ib. 10. Princes whose cumhrous pride was all their worth, El. on Miss Eurnet. Plain plodding industry, and soher worth: Ep. to R. Graham. 2. It is not purity and worth, Else Jessy had not died. Epit. on Miss Lewars, "O! why has Worth so short a date? Lament for Glencairn.	My worthy friend, ne'er gradge an' carp. Ep. to J. Lk, Ap. 21st, & Nae honest worthy man need care, To meet with noble youthful Daer, A trifle scarce worthy your care; Poet. Add. to Tytler. To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith, P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm." May every son be worthy of his sire; Prologue, \$2, by Woods, A drama worthy of the name of Bruce? Ve worthy Proveses, an' mony a Baille, The Brigs of Ayr. 9. Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
Thou man of worth!	My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp, Ep. to J. L—k, Ap. 21st, 8. Nae hoaest worthy man need care, To meet with noble youthful Daer, A trifle scarce worthy your care; To that trusty auld worthy Clackleith, P.S. to "The Kirk's Alarm." May every son be worthy of his sire; Prologue, sp. by Woods. A drama worthy of the name of Bruce?. Scots Prologue, Ye worthy Proveses, an' mony a Bailie, The Brigs of Apr. 9.

worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage, The Whistle, 15. worthy G[regor]y's latin face, To W. Creech. Wot. Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot, Nae ruder visit knows, S. Now Spring has clad This wot ye all whom it concerns, On dining with Daer. Would-be-roguish. with a would-be-roguish leer and wink, Prologue, at Th., D., Wound. Which bled all the wounds of my dolour again.
S. As I was a-wand ring t My coggie is a haly pool, That heals the wounds o' care and dool; S. Gane is the day t And ay the stound, the deadly wound, Came frae her een sae bonie blue. S. I gaed a wae fu't Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe Frae woman's pitying e'e. . Lament of Mary of Scots, And heal her cruel wounds. . On Birth of Posth. Child. Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore. On Death of R. Dundas. Dread Omnipotence, alone. Can heal the wound He gave; . . . Sad thy tale, t That heart transpiere'd with many a wound; S. The gloomy night ! The wounds I must hide which will soon be my dead. S. There's auld Rob M. + And tho' the puny wound appear, Short while it grieves. . . To I. S., 16. Find balm to soothe her hitter rankling wounds:

Wr. in Kenmore Inn. Wounded They who but feign a wounded heart,
May teach the lyre to languish; S. Could aught of song t Ve whom Sorrow never wounded, S. Musing on the roaring t The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide; The Brigs of Ayr. Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings !. . Ib. o. Woven. By barber woven, and by barber sold, Ep. fr. Esopus. Wow! [an exclamation of wonder or pleasure]. And wow! he has an unco slight O' cauk and keel. On Grose's Peregrinations. Wow, but your letter made me vauntie! To Dr. Blacklock. The warld's wrack, we share o't, S. My Wife's a winsome. Sendin' the stuff o'er muirs an' haggs Like drivin' wrack; Third Et. to J. Lap .. Wrack, to [to torment, tease]. When Remembrance wracks the mind,

When Remembrance wracks the mind,

S. Frace the friends to An' crabbed names an' stories wrack us, . Scotch Drink. I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-break him, S. What can a yng lassie † Wraith [a ghost; the apparition of a person which appears before his death]. An' Chatham's wraith, in heav'nly graith, A Fragment. S. Wrang, adj., s. [wrong]. And rascals whyles that do him wrang, Ev'n that, he does no mind it lang: " . A Ded. to G. H., 5. . A Dream. 2. Wad gar you trow ye ne'er do wrang, . Tho' they may gang a kennia wrang,
To step aside is human: Add. to Unco Guid. 7. The heart ny's the part ay,
That makes us right or wrang. . Et. to Davic. 5. But by your leaves, my learned foes, Ye're maybe wrang. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 10. An' never think o' right an' wrang By square an' rule, Et. to Maj. Logan. 6. And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man, Ronalds of Bennals. And he er a wrang seem.

In formless jumble, right an' wrang.

The Ans. to the Guidwife. Some fell for wrang and some for right,
S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor.
Right to the wrang did yield:
S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. He has cooper'd and cawd a wrang pin in't. The Kirk's Alarm. 10. Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it, An ca'd it wrang; . To W. Simpson, P.S. Ye hae lien wrang, lassie Ye've lien a' wrang; . S. I'e hae lien wrang. I fear your mind gae wrang, lassie. . . . 1b.

What is Right, and what is Wrang, by the law, [re.]

Wrangs (wrongs). For never but by British hands Maun British wrangs be righted. S. Does haughty Gaul † Then echo thro' Saint Stephen's wa's Auld Scotland's wrangs. The Author's Cry and Prayer, 12. Wrang, to [to wrong]. (To say aught less wad wrang the cartes, Ef. to Davie. 8. He'd look into thy bonie face. And say, "I [the Deil] canna wrang thee." S. O saw ve bonie L.+ May woman on him turn her back. That wrangs thee, Willie Stewart. On II'. Stewart. That never did a lassie wrang; On Window of C. Inn, F. O wrang na my virginity! S. The Lass that made the bed. Nae mair the knaves shall wrang her [the Kirk], The Ordination, 3. Wranged, -'d [wronged]. He wad na wrang'd the vera Diel, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I. He wad na wrang u tue vera 2000,

They've wranged the Lass of Albany.

S. The bonie Lass of Alb. Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye, To Rev. I. M'Math. Wrangled. Philosophers have fought an' wrangled, . Auld comrade + Wrangling, O let us not, like snarling curs, In wrangling be divided, . S. Does haushty Gaul. Wrap. Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend:

Sonnet, on Death of R.. Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay, That wraps my Highland Mary!
S. Te banks, and braes, and streams Wrant. And for a mantle large and broad,
He wrapt him in Religion. . . The Holy Fair, Mott. Wrath. When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath.

A Ded. to G. H., 10. Why, Lonsdale thus, thy wrath on vagrants pour,

Ef. fr. Esopus. . Halloween, 13. In wrath she was sae vap'rin, Because he gat the toom dish thrice, He heav'd them on the fire, In wrath Tam o' Shanter. Nursing her wrath to keep it warm. . Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath, Drew blades o' death, . . S. The Battle of Sherra-Moor. At sight of whom our Sprites forgat their kindling wrath. The Brigs of Ayr. 13. Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath, The Holy Fair. 13. They raise a din, that, in the end, Is like to breed a rupture O' wrath Wreath. So long, sweet Poet of the Year, Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won; Add. to Shade of Thomson. Deserves the proudest wreath departed heroes claim. Fragment of Ode. Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath, Innocence † Last, white-roh'd Peace, crown'd with a hazle wreath, The Brigs of Ayr. 13. Wreath'd. yellow autumn wreath'd with nodding corn;
The Briss of Ayr. 13. Wreck. A Towmont, Sirs, is gane to wreck! . Fl. on Year 1788. Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name: S. Farewell, thou fair day t A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;
S. No Churchman am I † And her two eyes like stars in skies, Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

S. O Mally's meck. All that has caused this wreck in my hosom,
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone. S. Where are the joys t Wreck, to. O Mary, can'st thou wreck his peace,
Who for thy sake would gladly die!
S. O Mary, at thy window t Ye wreck my peace hetween ye; . S. O poortith cauld t Canst thou wreck his peace for ever, Wha for thine wou'd gladly die! S. Turn again, thou t

Wreeth [wreath, a snow-drift].

While burns, wi' snawy wreeths up-choked,
Wild-eddying swirl, A Winter Night. 2.

W

W

To J. S., 13.

. Ib. 4.

rench.	
May Gravels round his blather wrench, Scotch Drink. 17. Trench'd. Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of Ruin! Scots Prologue.	
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n, He, ruin'd, sink! . To a Mountain-Daisy.	
restle. Thy girning laugh enjoys his pangs And murdering wrestle, Poem on Life.	
retch.	
With all the servile wretches in the rear, A Winter Night. 7.	
But shall thy legal rage pursue The wretch already crushed low	
The wretch already crushed low	
To scaud poor wretches! Add. to the Deil.	
O Life! Thou art a galling load, To wretches such as I! Despondency, an Ode.	
The wretch that would a Tyrant own, And the wretch, his true sworn brother, Who would set the Moh above the throne, S. Does haughty Gaul†	
The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip, To hand the wretch in order; . Ep. to Young Friend. 8.	
Whom canting wretches blam'd: Epit. for G. H.	
But he the helpless, needless wretch, Shall lose the mite he hath.	
Extem. on Comments of Thomson. The wretch beneath the dreary pole, S. Farewell, dear mistress †	
S. Farewell, dear mistress † Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown, S. Farewell, thou stream †	
Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong, The wretch's destinie! . S. Farewell, ye dungeons	
May coward shame disdain his name,	
The wretch that dares not die!	
As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore, S. Lovely Davics.	
The wretch whase doom is "hope nae mair," S. Now Spring has clad †	
Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest, On seeing wounded Hare.	
I pass by hunders, nameless wretches, That ape their hetters. Poem on Pastoral Poetry.	
Wou'd make a wretch forget his woe: S. Sae flaxen t	
Hapless wretches sold to toil, . S. Streams that glide † When wretches range, in famish'd swarms, The scented groves, The Author's Cry and Prayer, P.	
The scented groves, The Author's Cry and Prayer, P. A Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth! The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10.	
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 10. What is a lordling's pown? a cumbrons load.	
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load, Disguising oft the wretch of human kind, 1b. 19. Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life,	
The Henpecked Husband. Thou seest a wretch, who inly pines, The Lament.	
Love's veriest wretch, despairing, I Fain, fain my crime would cover: S. The last time I†	
Fain, fain my crime would cover: . S. The last time I† And my he [Hornie] catch'd the tither wretch, The Ordination. 10.	
But surely poor-folk maun he wretches! The Twa Dogs. 14.	
He to the nameless, ghastly wretch assign'd. The Vowels. Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!	
All devil as I am, a damned wretch, Tragic Frag	
The most detested, worthless wretch among you! . Ib.	
Vretched. I'm haith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't:	
A Ded. to G. II., 13. Thy creature here before Thee stands, All wretched and distrest; A Prayer under Anguish.	
Think, for a moment, on his wretched fate, Whom friends and fortune quite discoun!	
A Winter Night. 9. From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date,	
To shun a tyrant father's hate,	
Become a wretched wife! S. How cruelt	
But oh! what crouds in ev'ry land, All wretched and forlorn, Man was made to Mourn. While down the wretched vital part is driven!	
Ode, to Mem. of Mrs. —,	
Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear, The Wretched have no more to fear: S. The gloomy night †	
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,	

Nae woman in the warld wide, Sae wretched now as me, S. The Highl, Widow's Lament, But 'tis not my sufferings, thus wretched, forlorn,
S. The small birds rejoice † They're no sae wretched's ane wad think; The Twa Does, 15. That foolish, selfish, faithless ways, Lead to be wretched, vile, and base. Wr. in Friars-Carse H., Wretchedness. Still my heart melts at human wretchedness; Tragic Frag.. Wring. Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Ohey Thy high behest. A Prayer under Anguish. Something in her hosom wrings, . . S. Duncan Gray t What woes wring my heart Lament, on leaving Nat. Land. That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish, Remarse A Frag. Keen Recollection's direful train, Must wring my soul, . Th Lament. When sorrow wrings thy gentle heart. S. Wilt thou be my + Wringing. But what a weary wight can please. And care his bosom wringing. S. Sweet fa's the eve t Wrinkle. No wrinkle furrow'd by the hand of care Blest be M'Murdo t The vera wrinkles Gothic in his face: The Brigs of Ayr. 4. Wrinkled. a dame in wrinkled eild, S. In simmer when t To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow, Prologue, at Th., D .. And wrinkled was her brow. . . . The Election Ballads, I. crazy, weary, joyless Eild, Wi' wrinkl'd face, Write. sae sadly lie'd on By word an' write. To W. Simpson, P.S. Wrlte, to. And write their names in his [Deil's] black beuk S. Awa, whigs, awa. For who can write and speak as thou and I? Ep. fr. Esopus. And nought but peat reek i' my head, How can I write what ye can read? . Ep. to H. Parker. My awkart Muse sair pleads and begs,
I would na write. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 2. 'I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud, 'This vera night; Ep. to J. R., 13. So I can rhyme nor write nae mair: I could write,-but Meg mann see't, S. First when Maggyt Here's freedom to him that wad write! S. Here's a health to them t No Churchman am I for to rail and to write,
S. No Churchman am I † S. O were I on Parnass. And write how dear I love thee. old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible, Reproof by Himself. Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write And bring an angel pen to write My transports wi' my Anna!

Those happy scenes when far awa!

The Farewell. To St. I's L.. S. The gowd. Locks of A. Ye had me write you what they mean To W. Simpson. P.S. Writer [an attorney, or, in Scotch law, a solicitor]. I've heen at druken writers' teasts,
And (what would now be strange) ye godly Writers:

The Brigs of Ayr. 9. On dining with Daer. Writer-chiel [a young solicitor-fellow]. Or Ferguson, the writer-chiel,

A deathless name. . To W. Simpson. Written. And thrice it was written, Tam Glen. . . S. Tam Glen. Wrong, Wrongs.

And list'ning to their [Passions'] witching voice Has often led me wrong. A Prayer in Prosp. of Death. No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong ;

Frag. inscr. to Fox. The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong: On Death of R. Dundas.

For mony a heart thou hast made sair. That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee. S. The lovely lass t No work comes me wrong The Poor Thresher. But spare and pardon my false Love, His wrongs to Heaven and me! . S. O mirk, mirk +

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den, On Death of R. Dundas. . S. Thickest night † Wrongs injurious to redress, . to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd, Wr. in Kenmore Inn

wrong, to.	On Yarrow banks the hirken shaw, . S. Blythe was she, †
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,	But Phemie was a bonier lass
That no one should him wrong John Barleycorn.	Than braes o' Varrow ever saw , 1b.
He'd die before he'd wrong it-tis decorum.	Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes, S. Braw lads on Yar. braes t
The Rights of Woman. Wrong'd, injur'd, shunn'd, unpitied, unredrest;	But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws, Can match the lads o' Galla water
In vain would Prudence † Forgive! forgive! much-wrong'd Montrose!	Yarrow an' Tweed, to monie a time, Owre Scotland rings, To W. Simpson. 8.
The Election Ballads, VI.	True hearted was he the sad swain of the Yarrow,
Wrote.	S. True hearted was he the sad swain of the Farrow,
Whare Burns has wrote, in rhyming hlether, Tam Samson's dead! Tam Samson's El., 12.	Yaud [a mare, an old mare].
The Precepts sage they wrote to many a land:	The Murray, on the auld grey yaud, The Election Ballads, V.
The Cotter's Sat. Night. 15	That and grey yaud, yea, Nidsdale rade, Ib.
This list wi' my ain han' I wrote it, The Inventory.	Yealings [coevals, born in the same year].
And in her freaks, on ev'ry feature,	O ye, my dear-remember'd, ancient yealings,
She's wrote, the man To J. S., 3.	The Brigs of Ayr. 9.
Wrought. Monie a sair daurk we twa hae wrought,	Year.
A Guid New-Year † 16	It's now some nine-an'-twenty-year, A Guid New-Year + 4.
He [love] oft has wrought me meikle wae; S. O lay thy loof t	We've worn to crazy years thegither; Ib. 18.
M'[Gi]ll has wrought us meikle wae, The Twa Herds, 12.	Thro' a' thy childish years I'll e'e thee, Add. to Illegit. Child.
Is wrought now by a coward few, S. The Union.	Scotia's kings of other years, Fam'd heroes!
And ay she wrought her mammie's wark,	Add, to Edinburgh, 6.
S. There was a lass t	sweet Poet of the Year,
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief What ails ye now t	A prisoner aughteen year awa, . S. Amang the trees +
There ruminate with sober thought,	But three short years will soon wheel roun',
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;	S. And O for ane and twenty †
Wr. in Friars-Carse H.	Beneath the load of years and cares, . Auld comrade
Wrung. And so that heart was wrnng Sad thy tale, †	May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
Tho' despair had wrung its core,	Just five and forty years thegither! Ib.
His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung.	Repeated, successive, for many long years, 'They [the eagles] darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land; S. Caledonia.
Wry. Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang, wry faces; A Ded. to G. H., 9.	'Sax thousand years are near hand fled 'Sin' I was to the hutching hred,
Wild Imad Contantly angure, if and sould? stank	Death and Dr. Hornbook. 13.
Wud [mad, furiously angry; "red-wud," stark mad].	'They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a shengh.
	'They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a sheugh, 'In twa-three year
	Spring, thou darling of the year; . El. on Capt. M. H., 12.
An' now she's like to rin red-wud Ahout her Whisky, The Author's Cry and Prayer. 16.	With honest joy, our hearts will bound,
	To see the coming year: Ep. to Davie. 4.
A d-n'd red wud Kilburnie blastie; . The Inventory.	Still persecuted by the limmer
Wumble [wimble].	Frae year to year; Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 21st, 10.
But he was gleg as onie wumble, On Scot. Bard gne to W. I.	Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Wyle [to beguile, decoy].	Each passing year! 1b. 18.
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me, [re.] S. O whistle t	The Game shall Pay, owre moor an' dail,
She [the moon] shines sae bright, to wyle us hame,	For this, niest year. Ep. to J. R., 10.
S. O Willie brew'd †	So may the auld year gang out moaning Friend of the foet t
Wyl'd [beguiled, decoyed].	For broken laws.
She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd, S. I gaed a waefu't	Five thousand years fore my creation, Holy Willie's Prayer. 3.
Wylecoat [a flannel vest].	What have I [Winter] done of all the year,
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,	To bear this hated doom severe?
On's wylecoat; To a Louse.	Improm., on Mrs. — s Birthday.
Wyling [beguiling].	We'll send him a year to the College yet; S. Lady Mary Ann.
Her smiling, sae wyling,	Laden with years and meikle pain, Lament for Glencairn.
Wou'd make a wretch forget his woe; S. Sae flaxen	Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years; Ib.
Wyte [reproach, blame].	
Had I the wyte she bade me? [re.] S. Had I the wyte†	
I wat the kirk was in the wyte, . S. O wat ye what my	"I've seen sae monie changefu' years, "On earth I am a stranger grown;
Wyte, to [to reproach, blame].	His face was furrow'd o'er with years, Man was made to Mourn.
Eve's bonie squad priests wyte them sheerly For our grand fa'; Ep. to Maj. Logan. 9.	O Man! while in thy early years,
	How prodigal of time!
To wyte ber [my Muse's] countrymen wi' treason! Scotch Drink, 14.	We'll let her stand a year or twa, . S. My love she's but t
	And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
	Like Logan to the simmer sun S. O Logan! sweetly †
Yard [a garden; an enclosure; a churchyard; ".	Land Dogan to the early year
also, Kail-yard].	As songsters of the early year Are ilka day mair sweet to hear, S. O Phely †
Lang syne in Eden's bonie yard, . Add. to the Deil. 15.	And welcome in the blooming year! S. O wat ye wha's in
And now I greet round their green beds in the yard,	
S. By you castle wa't	
She's down in the yard, she's kissin the Laird;	And are they of no more avail,
3. Ejja n 140.	
She thro' the yard the nearest taks, Halloween. 11.	He was her Laureat monie a year, On Scot Bard gne to W. I
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard:	"The distant ware may hoast of other "Blairs"
S. I here's and Nov 11. 1	
An' a' the vittel in the yard,	And every year come in mair dear . On IV. Chalmers.
An' a' the vittel in the yard, An' theekit right, . Third Ep. to J. Lap., 7.	" Von're one year older this important day,"
Yarico.	Prologue, at Th., D.
At Yarico's sweet notes of grief,	"Another year is gone for ever." . Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
The rock with tears had flow'd. Lns on Mrs. Kemble.	A foundary may - 2 few years must
Yarrow. The hills whence classic Yarrow flows, Add. to Shade of Thomson.	Repose us in the silent dust
Add, to Snade of Thomson.	Tropose no m time onterior

Can all the wealth of India's coast, Atone for years in absence lost? S. Slow spreads the gloom † This mony a year I've stood the flood an' tide,	Yerket [jirked, lashed, got excited or roused]. My fancy yerket up sublime Wi' hasty summon: To J. S., 4. Yerl [earl]. Verl Galloway lang did rule this land, [re.]
The Brigs of Ayr. 7.	The Election Ballads. V.
A venerable Chief advanc'd in years: 1b. 13. The Parents partial eye their hopeful years; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 5.	But now Yerl Galloway's sceptre's broke,
For monien year come thro' the sheers : The Death of Mailie.	Ye'se (you shall, or will).
This seven lang years I hae lain by his side,	And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep, S. Ca' the ewes. Ye'se never scorn me. S. O can ye labour lea †
Twas in the seventeen hundred year O' Christ and ninety five,	Ye'se a' he het or I come back On Kirk of Lamington.
That year I was the waest man O' ony man alive The Election Ballads. V.	God help ns!—we're but poor—ye'se get hut thanks! Scots Prologue. B' the L-d! ye'se get them a' thegither. The Inventory.
Those mighty periods of years Which seem to ns so vast, . The 1st 6 V.s of 90th Ps As autumn to winter resigns the pale year. S. The lazy mist !	Then gae your gate ye'se nne be here! S. Wha is that at my t
The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year, S. The Posie.	Appear no more before Thy sight
That merry day the year begins, The Twa Dogs. 20. Our monarch's hindmost year but ane	Yesternight.
Was five-and-twenty days begun . S. There was a lad † As ye were nine year less than thretty,	First, what did yesternight deliver? "Another year is gone for ever." Sketch. New-Yr's Day.
Sweet ane an' twenty! Third Ep. to J. Lap	Yestreen [yesternight].
And then my fifty pounds a year Will little gain me To Dr. Blacklock.	'Twas hnt yestreen, nne farther gaen, Death and Dr. Hornbook. 16.
No gifts have I from Indian coasts	'I mind't as weel's yestreen,
Only to number out a villain's years! . To R. Graham.	O L-d! yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg, Holy Willie's Prayer, 7.
Proclaim it the pride of the year. S. Where are the joys †	I gaed a waefu' gate yestreen, . S. I gaed a waefu't
Yearly. A last request permit me here,	Was made his wedded wife yestreen; Lament for Gleneairn, But purer was the lover's vow
When yearly ye assemble n', The Farewell, To St. J.'s L.	They witness'd in their shade yestreen.
Yearn [an eagle]. Ye cliffs the haunts of sailing yearns, El. on Capt. M. H., 3.	S. O bonie was you rosy † Yestreen, when to the trembling string
Yell [giving no milk].	The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha', S. O Mary, at thy † Vestreen I met you on the moor, S. O Tibbie! †
As yell's the Bill Add. to the Deil. 10. Yell.	And the dukes that you dined wi' yestreen,
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels, S. Amang the trees †	On an empty Fellow.
Wi' a jump, yell and howl, alarm every soul, The Kirk's Alarm.	Vestreen lay on this breast o' mine
Hear, how he [Morality] gies the tither yell, Between his twa companions! The Ordination, 12.	The gowden locks of Anna
Yell, to. There [o'er hell] let him hing, and roar, and yell,	Too justly I may fear! . Desfondency, an Ode.
Whence a' the tones o' mis'ry yell, Add. to Toothache.	Yett [a gate]. May Hornie gie her donp a clink
Whar damned devils roar and yell, Holy Willie's Prayer. 4.	Ahint his yett, Adam A-'s Prayer,
But O[liphant] aft made her [Common-sense] yell, The Ordination. 2.	Come thiggan at your doors and yetts, Add. of Beelzebub. 4. And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee; . S. O whistle †
Yellow. For Oh! the yellow treasure's taen By witching skill; Add. to the Deil. 10.	At his daddie's yett, Wha met me but Rohin.
The nice yellow guineas for me. S. Awa' wi' your witchcraft †	S. Robin shure in hairst. Wha sees Kerroughtree's open yett?
the sweet yellow darlings wi' Geordie imprest,	The Election Ballads, II.
The yellow corn was waving ready: S. By Allan stream †	When angels met, at Adam's yett, . The Fête Champetre. Sae may, shon'd we to hell's yetts come,
autumn in her weeds o' yellow:	Your billy Satan sair as! . V.s, on Window, Carron. Yeuk [to itch].
An' haith a yellow George to claim,	Thy auld damned elhow yeaks wi' joy, Poem on Life.
An' thole their blethers! Ep. to J. R., 12. the fading yellow woods . Lament for Glencairn.	Yeukin [itching; feeling uneasy].
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds	If Warren Hastings' neck was yenkin; Kind Sir, I've read † Yewe v. Yowe.
Wave o'er the yellow corn! Lament of Mary of Scots. Through yellow, waving fields we'll stray,	Yield.
S. Lassie w' the lintwhite † Come autumn, sae pensive, in yellow and grey, S. My Nanie's Awa.	But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-hnrn wood, Can yield me nought hut sorrow. S. Craigie-burn Wood.
S. My Nanie's Awa. All fading-green and yellow: . S. Now westlin winds †	What heart that feels and will not yield a tear, Lus on Fergusson. Without my love, not a' the charms
Her yellow hair, heyond compare, . S. O Mally's meek.	Of Paradise could yield me joy; . S. O wat ye wha's in t
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing, . S. Raving winds †	To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield. On seeing wounded Hare.
Led yellow Antumn wreath'd with nodding corn; The Brigs of Ayr. 13.	But a' the pride of Spring's return
When first amang the yellow corn A man I reckon'd was; The Ans. to the Guidwife. The Catring woods were yellow seen S. The Catring woods	Can yield me nonght hut sorrow. S. Sweet fa's the eve † Right to the wrang did yield:
	S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil; The Whistle. 7.
The robin pensive Antumn chear, In all her locks of yellow The Petition of Br. Water.	
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks The Twa Dogs. 8.	And knee-deep in claret he'd die or he'd yield 16. 9. The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield, To a Mountain-Daisy. Fach thought interiesed however isld.
'When yellow waves the heavy grain, The Vision, D. II. 8. Wi' the burn stealing under the lang, yellow broom:	Each thought intoxicated homage yields, . To Clarinda.
Y'er [your].	O yield me now a peaceful grave, S. To thee, lov'd Nith †
Wharefore wad ye lie y'er lane! S. Will ye go and marry †	Nae joy her bonie huskit nest Can yield ava, To IV. Creech.
J	

To Beauty what man hut maun yield him a prize, S. Yon wild mossy mountains t	My honie laddie's young but he's growin yet. S. Lady Mary Ann.
Ylelded. The bravest heart on English ground, Had yielded like a coward. On Miss J. Scott.	Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik: . Ib.
Yleiding.	Young man, gin ye should be sae kind, S. Lass, when ye mither †
Hope and Fear's alternate hillow Yielding late to Nature's law, S. Musing on the roaring t	Young man, do you hear that?
Vill fold The Clachan vill had made me canty.	And a' is young and sweet like thee; S. Lassie wi' the lintwhite †
Syne as we brew, my maiden fair.	I heard a young Ploughman sae sweetly to sing; Lns on Ploughman.
Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill. S. In simmer when	Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou? Man was made to Mourn.
An' how they crouded to the yill, When they were a' dismist: The Holy Fair. 23.	Propitious Powers screen'd the young flow'rs, Nature's Law.
And yill an' whisky gie to Cairds.	That Young Man great in Issachar, . New Psalmody.
Until they sconner To J. S., 22. Yill-caup [ale-stoup].	O can ye lahour lea, young man, . S. O can ye lahour lea t An' I was but a young thing, . S. O wat ye what my t
Now, butt an' ben, the Change-house fills,	To put a young thing in a fright,
Wi' yill-caup Commentators: The Holy Fair. 18. Yird, Yirth [earth].	The young, the innocent, who fondly loved us, Remorse. A Frag
a shapely shank, As e'er tread yird; A Guid New-Year † 3.	In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men, And proper young lasses and a', man; Ronalds of Bennals.
Theu, straught or crooked, yird or nane, They roar an' cry a' throw ther; Halloween.	To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand
When lyart leaves bestrow the yird, The Jolly Beggars. R. I.	Gowd guineas a hunder or twa, man
I hae as gude a craft rig As made o' yird and stane; . S. There's news, lassies †	When I was heardless, young and blate, The Ans. to the Guidwife.
Nay, even the yirth itsel' does cry, . El. on Year 1783.	In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles, The Belles of Manchline.
Yirr [the bark of a dog]. Yirr, fancy barks, awa' we canter . Ep. to Maj. Logan. 2.	And there will be wealthy young Richard,
Yoke.	The Election Ballads, 11.
Long did I bear the heavy yoke, . S. The Joyful Widower. My wife she is willing to draw in the yoke.	I red you beware at the hunting, young men; S. The heather was blooming †
S. The Poor Thresher. Yoke, to. when I downa yoke a naig, . A Ded. to G. H., 2.	swankies young, in braw braid-claith, . The Holy Fair. 7. And still my delight is in proper young men:
"Ye needna yoke the pleugh," Death and Dr. Hornbook 24.	The Tolly Beggars, S. 11.
Yokin [yoking; a bout, a set to].	And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye sound." S. The lass that made the bed.
At length we had a hearty yokin. At sang about. Ep. to J. L-k, Ap. 1st, 2.	Haud aff your hands, young man, said she, 20.
Or haud a yokin at the pleugh, The Ans. to the Guidwife. Yon. And you the toast of a' the town, S. O Mary, at thy	Gie me the groat again, cany young man. S. The Taylor fellt
Sitting at you boord-en', . S. Rattlin, Roarin Willie.	The young anes rantan thro' the house The Twa Dogs. 20. Fullarton, the brave and young; The Vision. D. II. 6.
Ye see yon hirkie ca'd a Lord, Observ'd ye yon reverend lad S. The Honest Man. The Jolly Beggars. S. III.	I saw grim Nature's visage hoar,
He's a bonie, bonie laddie and von be he.	Struck thy young eye 1b. 13. my young Highland Rover . S. The yng Highl. Rover.
S. Their grows a bonie brier t	Young Robie was the brawest lad, S. There was a lass t
There liv'd a lass in yonder dale, And down in yonder glen, O; S. Katharine Jaffray.	"Tie friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend, To Chloris.
'Yont [beyond].	To daunton me, and me sae young, . S. To daunton me.
Aft 'yont the dyke she's heard you bumman, Add. to the Deil. 6.	Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay, To Miss C.
For her forbears were brought in ships, Frae 'yout the Tweed: . Poor Mailie's El	And God bless young Dunaskin's laird, To Mr. M'Adam.
That 'yout the hallan snugly chows her cood: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 11.	To equal young Jessie, seek Scotland all over; To equal young Jessie, you seek it in vain: To equal young Jessie, you seek it in vain:
Frae yout the western waves, man. The Tree of Liberty.	S. True hearted was he † in the fair presence of lovely young Jessie,
Yore, ancestors, in days of yore, . Add. to Edinburgh. 7.	What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man? S. What can a young lassie †
Young. For you, young Potentate o' W[ales], A Dream. 10. Young, royal Tarry-Breeks,	He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young fellows, . Ib.
When thou an' I were young an' skiegh, A Guid New-Year † S.	Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain, S. Young Jamie
dear bird, young Jeany fair, S. A Rosebud by my t	Young Paggy blooms our bonniest lass, S. Young Paggy
sweet rose-hud, young and gay,	Youngest. The youngest Brother ye wad wind Aff straught to H-ll. Add to the Deil. 14.
Mr. Namia's sharming sweet on' young.	The youngest he was the flower amang them a': S. Lady Mary Ann.
My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young; S. Behind you hills t	Voung-eyed.
old Time then was young,	Thou young-eyed spring, thy charms I cannot bear; Sonnet, on Death of R
Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark! S. Farewell, thou fair day t	Young-Guidman [newly-married man].
The mother linnet in the brake	Thence, mystic knots mak great abuse, On Young-Guidmen, fond, keen, an croose: Add. to the Deil. 11.
Bewails her ravish'd young; S. Fate gave the word,† An' young an' auld come rinnan out, Halloween. 20.	and the state of t
Wha got my young Highland thief S. Hee balon t	For me may sink or swim;
And lassie ye're but young, ye ken; S. In simmer when the l'm o'er young to marry yet, S. I'm o'er young to	
I'm o'er young, my mammy says,	
while rosy pleasure Hides young desire amid her flowery wreath, Innocense.	And teach the sportive younkers round, Wr. in Friars-Carse H.
	•

Youngling [young].	I lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
The youngling Cottagers retire to rest: The Cotter's Sat. Night. 18.	A Something to have sent you, . Ep. to Young Friend Thou golden time o' youthful prime, . S. But lately seen
The pipers and youngsters were making their game,	I listen'd to a lover's sang, And thought on youthful pleasures many:
S. As I was a-wand ring t The Youngster's artless beart o'erflows wi' joy, The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	S. By Allan stream The youthful charming Chloe; S. It was the charming
That faith, the youngsters took the sands	Or youthful Pleasure's rage? Man was made to Mourn. Thy glorious youthful prime!
Wi'nimble shanks, To W. Simpson. P.S. Younker v. Youngker.	Look not alone on youthful Prime,
Yours. And gratefully my gude auld cockie.	Yet, let not this too much, my Son, Disturb thy youthful breast:
I'm yours for ay. To Dr. Blacklock. Yoursel [yourself; yourselves].	They make your youthful fancies reel, . O leave novels
I thought them [my works] something like yoursel. A Ded. to G. H., 12.	'My youthful heart was stown away, S. O Phely, The youthful blooming Nelly lay, S. On a bank of flowers
O ye wha are sae guid yoursel, Add. to Unco Guid.	She's stately like you youthful ash, S. On Cessnock banks
An' lastly, Jamie, for yoursel, Auld Comrade t	To meet with noble youthful Daer, On dining with Daer
Ye ken yoursels, for little feck! El, on Year 1788.	Sweet early object of my youthful vows, Once fondly lov'd, Last, tho' not least in love, ye youthful fair,
But still keep something to yoursel Ep. to Young Friend. 5. Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can Eva oritical discretion.	Prologue, at Th., D.
Frae critical dissection;	In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e, The Cotter's Sat. Night, 4 "Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair,
For instance, there's yoursel just now, God knows, an unco Calf!	In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale, Ib. 9 Must I see thee, my youthful pride,
O Wives he mindfu', ance yoursel, How bonie lads ye wanted, The Holy Fair. 25.	Thus brought so very low! S. The sun he is sunk
While deil a hair yoursel ye're better, Third Ep. to J. Lap.	How I had spent my youthfu' prime,
An' gar him follow to the kirk-	An' done nae-thing, . The Vision. D. I. 4 youthful Love, warm-blushing, strong, Ib. D. II. 16
Ay when ye gang yoursel. To Gav. Hamilton. Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is, To Dr. Blacklock.	I thought upon the witching smile
Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is, To Dr. Blacklock. 'Twas noble, Sir; 'twas like yoursel, . To Mr. M'Adam,	That caught my youthful fancy: S. When wild War's Yowe, Yewe [ewe].
ourself.	Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' honie white yours
Yourself, you wait your bright reward. Sketch. New I'r's Day.	Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonie white yewes. S. Awa' wi' yr witchcraft
outh.	A cow and a caut, a yowe and a hauf, S. Her Daddie forbad
Youth, grace, and love attendant move. S. A. Masterton's bonie Anne.	Her living image in her yowe, Poor Mailie's El. To stay content wi' yowes at hame : The Death of Mailie.
We saw thee shine in youth and heauty's pride, El. on Miss Burnet.	
El. on Miss Burnet. The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred, Ep. fr. Esopus.	And there I had three score o' yowes, Skipping on you bonie knowes, S. The Highl. Widow's Lament. His gear may buy him kye and yowes. S. To datuaton me.
Adieu, dear, amiable Youth! Ep. to Young Friend, II.	His gear may buy him kye and yowes, S. To daunton me.
They [Misfortunes] gie the wit of Age to Youth; Ep. to Davie, 7.	Yowie [dim. of yowe].
The friend of age, and guide of youth : Etit, on a Friend	An' niest my yowie, silly thing The Death of Mailie.
And now heneath the withering blast My youth and joy consume. S. Now Spring has cladt	Yule [Christmas. Yule—5th Jan. old style—was not a religious festival as in England, but a season of festivities and a sunvival feet of the season of festivities and a sunvival feet of the season of festivities and a sunvival feet of the season of festivities and a sunvival feet of the season of feeting feet of the season of feeting
Their hope, their stay, their darling youth, O Thou dread Pow'r	of festivities, and a survival from Pagan times. And dawin it is dreary,
But Worth and Truth eternal Youth	When hirls are hare at Vule C Caull is 41 a district that
Will give to Polly Stewart S. Folly Stewart.	On blithe yule night when we were fou, [v.A.32] S. Duncan Gray †
Ye sprightly youths, quite flush with hope and spirit, Prologue, at Th., D.	The blude red rose at Yule may blaw, S. To daunton me.
Home of my youth, S. Slow spreads the gloom † Ilk Sportsman-youth bemoan'd a father; Tam Samson's El.	Zeal. I nm, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent.
Stand forth and tell von Premier Vouth	I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent, Your much indebted, humble servant. A Ded. to G. H., 15.
The nonest, open, naked truth: The Author's Cry and Prayer. A	An' pray'd wi' zeal and fervour, Fu' fast Halloween. 22. O.L—d thou kens what zeal I bear,
That fills the place where she should be;	When drinkers drink, and swearers swear, [v.A.11] Holy Willie's Prayer,
S. The bonie Lass of Alb.	I'll sing the zeal Drumlanrig bears, The Election Ballads, VI.
A strappan youth; he takes the Mother's eye; The Cotter's Sat. Night. 8.	An' then cry zeal for gospel laws, Like some we ken To Rev. J. M'Math.
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave; . Ib. Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth? Ib. Io.	Zealot. Ye canting Zealots, spare him! Tam Samson's El., Epit.
But she wad send the sodger youth To greet his eldest son	Zealous. Their zealous herds are vex'd an' sweatan; To IV. Simpson. P.S.
Stranger, if full of youth and riot.	Zepnyr.
And yet no grief has marr'd thy quiet, The Hermit. The plighted husband of her youth? The Lament.	And I mysel' the zephyr's breath, Amang its bonie leaves to play S. O were my love †
My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,	The zepbyr wanton'd round the bean, S. 'Twas even-the dewy t
S. There's a youth +	They zig-zag on; To J. S., 19.
in all thy youth and charms, To Chloris	Zion. Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide, The Cotter's Sat. Night, 12.
Youth and Love with sprightly dauce, Wr. in Friars-Carse H That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde, S. You wild mossy mountains t	Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep, To think upon our Zion;
inspire the nighty favour'd youth	Zipporah. Or Zipporah the scauldin jad, Was like a bluidy tiger I' th' inn that day.
The destinies intend ber S. Young Peggy † outhful, -fu'.	The Ordination, 4.
When youthfu' lovers first were pointed data to the Park	Zodiac. Down the Zodiac urge the race, Ep. to H. Parker.

When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd, Add. to the Deil. 15.

Was like a bluidy tiger I' th' inn that day. The Ordination. 4. Zodiac. Down the Zodiac urge the race, Ep. to H. Parker. Zone. Afric's hurning zone, . S. Now Spring has clad t APPENDIX. APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

In each case, the alteration made by the Poet is given immediately after the original line or lines, and the date indicated.

The Kilmarnock Edition (published, July, 1786).

A., I ne Kilmai	mock Edition (published, July, 1786).
E. 1787, &-c., Edinburgh	Edition of 1787, &c.
L. 1787, London Ed.	ition of 1787.
1.—Till tir'd at last wi' mony a farce, They set them down upon their arse	17.—At ev'ry chap
Until wi' daffin weary grown,	At ev'ry chaup
Thon a knowe they sat them down E. 1701.	Scotch Drink, 10.
The Twa Dogs.	18.—On this hand sits an Elect swatch K.
2.—Till whare ye sit, an craps o' heather,	On this hand sits n chosen swatch E. 1787.
Ye tine your dam;	The Holy Fair. 10.
Freedom and Whisky gang thegither Tak' aff your dram! K.	19She was nae get o' runted rams,
Till when ye speak, ye niblins blether,	Wi' woo' like goats, an' legs like trams; She was the flower o' Fairlee lambs, A famous breed:
Freedom and Whisky gang thegither, Tak' aff your whitter * . E. 1794. The Author's Cry and Prayer. P.	Now Robin, greetin', chows the hams
Tak' aff your whitter E. 1791.	Now Robin, greetin', chows the hams O' Mailie dead!
	The above verse occurs in original manuscript copies of " Poor
3.—An' warn him ay at ridiu time,	Mailie's Elegy" in place of the sixth verse of the poem as printed.
To stay content wi' yowes at hame; K.	20.—Quoted from a variation of the fifth verse.
An' warn him—what I winna name— To stay content wi' yowes at hame; E. 1787. The Death of Maile.	21.—His wee drap pirratch,
To stay content wi yowes at name; E. 1737.	His wee drap partitch,
4.—Quated from inserted stanzas which appeared, E. 1787,	His wee drap parritch, E. 1787. Scotch Drink. 7.
and were retained in subsequent editions.	"Pirratch" is evidently a misprint.
5Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile K.	
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile . E. 1793.	22,—W1 tidings o s-IV-t—a
The Cotter's Sat. Night.	22.—Wi' tidings o' s-lv-t—n
	The Holy Fair. 12.
6.—Great lies and nonsease baith to vend . E. 1787.	Dr. Blair suggested 'd-mn-t-n' as being more in accordance
A rousing whid at times to vend E. 1791. Death and Dr. Hornbook.	with the "Gospel" preached by the type of clergymen satirised.
7.—Auld Scotland wants nae stinking ware . L. 1787.	23.—Hence. Dempster's truth-prevailing toogue; . K. Hence, Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue; . E. 1787.
7.—Auld Scotland wants hae stinking ware . L. 1/5/.	Hence, Dempster's zeal-inspired tongue; . E. 1737.
In the London Edition of 1787 "skinking" was misprinted "stinking" "Stinking" also appears in many copies of the	The Vision. D. II. 6.
1787 Edinburgh Edition.	24.—The sweetest hours that e'er I spend . E. 1787.
8 -" But now our joys are fled." was altered by Thomson, to	The sweetest hours that e'er I spent; . E. 1793, 1794.
8.—"But now our joys are fled." was altered by Thomson, to suit the music, into "Tho now, all Nature's sweets are fled."	S. Green grow the Rashes.
g But why of this epocha make such a fuss,	The wisest man the warl' saw E. 1787.
That gave us the Hanover stem:	The wisest man the warl' e'er saw; E. 1793, 1794.
If bringing them over was lucky for us. I'm sure 'twas as lucky for them.	S. Green grow the Rashes.
I'm sure twas as lucky for them. Poet. Add. to Tytler.	25.— Wae worth them for t!
The above, which, with the exception of the first line, had been	While healths gae round to him wha, tight, Gies famous sport
previously omitted, was printed in Pickering's Edition of 1839.	Wae worth the name,
10.—Quoted from additional lines printed in Currie's Second Edition.	Nae bowdie gets a social night
Qunted from an additional verse printed in Stewart's	Or plack trae them E. 1737.
	Scotch Drink. 12. 25,-"Lugar," instead of "Stinchar," was suggested to Thomson
12.—Quoted from additional lines printed in "Cromek's Reliques," 1810.	by the Poet. 27.—Ask why God made the gem so small,
13.—An' purge the bitter ga's an' cankers, O' curst Venetian b-res an' ch-ncres	While have He made the grante?
And clear the consequential sorrows,	Because God meant mankind should set That higher value on it.
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras E. 1787.	The above version is considered the more correct, and is the
The Twa Dogs. 23.	one concorded.
"B-res," is evidently a misprint for "bubnes," a venereal	28.—when pressed with care
"B-res," is evidently a misprint for "bubnes," a venereal disease generally accompanying the "chaucres."	when horacsed with care E. 1704.
14.—And such a leg! mv Bess, I ween,	29.—And Och! that's nae r-g-n-r-t-n!
Could only peer it; K.	A Ded. to G. H., 0.
And such a leg! my bonie Jean Could only peer it; E. 1787.	The above line was omitted by the Poet in all his subsequent
Could only peer it; E. 1757. The Vision, D. I. II.	
	30 "An honest man's the noble work of God:" K.
In 1787 Burns had gut reconciled to Jean Armour.	1 The Cotter's Sat. Ment. 19.
15.—From verse inserted by the Paet in his E. Editions of	The Poet misquoted Pope, using "noble" instead of "noblest,"
1793 and 1794.	
16.—At the suggestion of Mr. Tytler, the Poet omitted the following lines when he printed "Tam o' Shanter" in his	31A variation of the two last lines of the second verse of the
Editions of 1793 and 1794:—	song.
Three lawyers' tongues, turn'd inside out,	32.—The line —
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout;	"On blithe Yule night when we were fou,"
Wi' lies seam'd like a beggar's clout; Three priests' hearts, rutten, black as muck, Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. Tamo' Shanter.	and have the moon to-
Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk. 2 am o Shanter.	On powerear's night, when we were ion.
"Tam o' Shanter" was first printed in Captain Grose's	S. Duncan Gray
"Antiquities of Scotland,"	Į.

INDEX

OF

"TITLES" AND "FIRST LINES."



INDEX OF "TITLES" AND "FIRST LINES"

The "Titles" and "First Lines" not used in the Concordance are indented. The "Titles" which are not those of the Poet, are printed in italics.

A † indicates a "First Line."

A Bard's Epitaph. Is there a whim-inspir'd fool t

A Bottle and a Friend.

Here's a bottle and an honest friend t A Dedication to G**** H****** Esq. Expect na, Sir, in this parration t

A Dream Guid-Mornin to your Majesty t

A Farewell, dear Friend! may guid luck hit you t

A Fragment. When Guilford good our Pilot stood †

A Guid New-year I wish you Maggie †
The Auld Farmer's New-year-morning Salutation to his auld Mare, Maggie.

A Grace.
L-d, we thank an' thee adore †

A Grace before Dinner.
O Thon, who kindly dost provide t

A Prayer in the Prospect of Death.
O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause A Prayer under the Pressure of violent Anguish.
O Thou great Being! what Thou art

A red, red Rose. S. O my Luve's like a red, red rose t

A Rose-bud by my early walk † S.

A Verse on being Hospitably Entertained in the Highlands. When death's dark stream I ferry o'er t

A Vision As I stood by you roofless tower t

A Winter Night. When biting Boreas, fell and donret

A' the lads o' Thornie-bank † S. Adam A-'s Prayer.

Gude pity me, because I'm little † Address of Beelzebub to the Right Hononrable the Earl of B****.

Long life, my lord, and health be yours †

Address spoken by Miss Fontenelle at the Theatre, Dumfries. Still anxious to secure your partial favor †

Address to an Illegitimate Child. Thou's welcome wean, mishanter fa' me t

Address to Edinburgh. Edina! Scotia's darling seat † Address to General Dumourier.

You're welcome to Despots, Dumourier t

Address to the Deil.
O Thou, whatever title suit thee! †

Address to the Shade of Thomson. While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood †

Address to the Tooth-Ache. My curse upon your venom'd stang t Address to the Unco Gnid, or the Rigidly Righteous.

O ye wha are sae guid yoursel

Adown winding Nith I did wander † S.

Afton Water. S. Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes

Again rejoicing Nature sees † S. Ah, Chloris, since it may na be + S. Allan Masterton's honie Anne. S.

Ye gallants bright I rede ye right †

Amang the trees where humming bees † S. An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet † S.

And O for ane and twenty, Tam † S. Anna, thy charms my bosom fire † S.

As down the burn they took their way † S. As I came o'er the Cairney mount † S.

As I gaed up by yon gate end † S.

As I was a-wand'ring on a Midsummer ev'ning † S.

As on the banks of winding Nith† Verses on the Destruction of the Woods near Drumlanrig.

Ask why God made the gem so small †
On being asked why God had made Miss Davis so Little
and Mrs. *** so Large,

At a meeting of the Dumfriesshire Volunteers (Extempore Lines).
Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast †

At Globe Tavern, Dumfries: on being compelled so to officiate.

O Lord, when hunger pinches sore t

Auld comrade dear and brither sinner † Letter to J-s T-t, Gl-nc-r.

Awa, whigs, awa. S.

Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair t

Awa' wi' your witchcraft o' beauty's alarms † S. Ay waking, O! † S.

Ay waukin, O. S.

Simmer's a pleasant time t

Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley † S.

Bebind you hills where Stinchar [Lugar] flows † S.

Behold, my love, how green the groves † S.

Behold the hour, the hoat arrive! † S.

Blest be M'Murdo to his latest day †
Inscribed on a Pane of Glass in Mr. M'Murdo's House,

Blue Bonnets. S. Wherefore sighing art thou Phillis?

Blythe was she, &c. S. Elythe, blythe, and merry was she t

Elythe hae I been on you hill † S.

Bonie Bell. S.
The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing t

Eonie Lassie, will ye go † S.

Bonie wee thing, canny wee thing † S.
The bonie wee Tbing.

Braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes † S.

Braw lads of Galla water. S.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow t

But lately seen, in gladsome green † S.

By Allan stream I chanc'd to rove \$ S.

By you castle wa' at the close of the day t S.

Ca' the Ewes to the Knowes. S.

As I gaed down the water-side † [Another Sett of this song begins "Hark! the mavis evening sang."]

Caledonia. S. There was once a day, but old time then was young t

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy? † S.

Carl, an the King come. S.

An somebodie were come again t

Cauld is the e'enin blast † S.

Cock up your heaver. S.
When first my brave Johnie lad came to this town t

Come boat me o'er to Charlie. S.

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er t

Come let me take thee to my breast † S.

[The second stanza of this song and the second and third stanzas of the song "An' I'll kiss thee yet, yet," are the same.]

Comin thro' the rye, poor hody † S. [First Sett.]

Comin thro' the rve. S.

Gin a body meet a body, comin thro' the rye† [Second Sett.]

Contented wi' little, and canty wi' mair † S.

Could aught of song declare my pains † S.

Craigie-burn Wood. S. Sweet closes the evening on Craigie burn Wood †

[Another Sett of this song begins "Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn."]

Epitaph on Gabriel Richardson. Here hrewer Gabriel's fire's extinct †

Damon and Sulvia S Yon wand'ring rill, that marks the hill t Death and Dr. Hornbook. A True Story. Some books are lies frae end to end t Delia. An Ode. Fair the face of orient day † Deluded swain, the pleasure + S. Despondency, an Ode.
Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care † Does haughty Gaul invasion threat ? + S. The Dumfries Volunteers. Donald Brodie met a lass † S. Donald Brodie. Duncan Davison. S. There was a lass, they ca'd her Meg † Duncan Gray. S. Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray t Duncan Gray cam' here to woo † S. Elegy on Capt. M— H—, A gentleman who held the Patent for his Honours immediately from Almighty God! O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody! Elegy on Peg Nicholson. Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare t Elegy on the Death of Robert Ruisseaux. Now Robin lies in his last lair t Elegy on the late Miss Burnet of Monhoddo. Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize † Elegy on the year 1788. For Lords or Kings I dinna mourn † Epigram on a Henpecked Country Squire.
O Death, hadst thou but spar'd his life t Epigram on a Henpecked Country Squire, Another. One Queen Artemisa, as old stories tell † Epigram on a Noted Coxcomb. Light lay the earth on Billy's breast † Epigram on Andrew Turner. In seventeen hunder forty-nine t Epigram on being Neglected at Inverary Inn. Whoe'er he be that sojourns here † Epigram on Capt. Francis Grose.

The Devil got notice that Grose was a dying t Epigram on Elphinstone's Translation of Martial's Epigrams.
O Thou whom Poetry abhors † Epistle from Esopus to Maria.
From those drear solitudes and frowzy cells † Epistle to a Young Friend.

I lang hae thought, my youthfu' Friend t Epistle to Davie, a Brother Poet. While winds frae off Ben-Lomond blaw † Epistle to Hugh Parker. In this strange land, this uncouth clime † Epistle to J. L*****k, an old Scotch Bard. April 1st, 1785.
While briers an' woodhines budding green † Epistle to J. L*****k, an old Scotch Bard. April 21st, 1785. While new-ca'd kye rowte at the stake † Epistle to J. R******, enclosing some Poems.
O rough, rude, ready-witted R******, † Epistle to Major Logan. Hail, thairm-inspirin', rattlin' Willie! † Epistle to R. Graham, Esq., of Fintry.
When nature her great master-piece designed † Epitaph for G. H., Esq.
The poor man weeps—here G—n sleeps † Epitaph for R. A., Esq. Know thou, O stranger to the fame † Epitaph for the Author's Father.

O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains † Epitaph on a Celebrated Ruling Elder. Here Sowter **** in Death does sleep † Epitaph on a Country Laird, not quite so Wise as Solomon. Eless Jesus Christ, O C*******, † Epitaph on a Friend. An honest man here lies at rest † Epitaph on a Henpecked Country Squire. As father Adam first was fool'd † Epitaph on a Noisy Polemic. Below thir stanes lie Jamie's banes t Epitaph on a Wag in Mauchline. Lament 'im Mauchline husbands a' †

Epitaph on D— C—. Here lies on earth a root of Hell†

Epitaph on Grizel Grim. Here lies with death auld Grizel Grim† Epitaph on Holy Willie.

Here Holy Willie's sair worn clay † Epitaph on J-n B-y, Writer, D-s. Here lies J-n B-y, honest man † Epitaph on John Dove, Innkeeper, Manchline. Here lies Johnny Pidgeon † Epitaph on Miss Jessy Lewars. Say, sages, what's the charm on earth t Epitaph on Mr. Burton. Here cursing, swearing Burton lies † Epitaph on Tam the Chapman. As Tam the Chapman on a day Epitaph on W-Stop Thief! dame Nature cried to Death t Epitaph on Walter S-Sic a reptile was Wat † Epitaph on wee Johnie. Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know † Eppie Adair. S. An' O, my Eppie † Eppie M'Nab. S. O saw ye my dearie, my Eppie M'Nah + Extempore. April, 1782.

O why the deuce should I repine t Extempore in the Court of Session. He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist † Extempore on a Person Nicknamed the Marquis. Here lies a mock Marquis † Extempore on some Commemorations of the Poet Thomson.

Dost thou not rise, indignant shade † Extempore on the late Mr. William Smellie.
To Crochallan came t Extempore. Pinned to a Lady's coach.
If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue † Extempore. To Mr. S**e, on refusing to dine with him.
No more of your guests, he they titled or not † Extempore, to an Intimate in Reply to an Invitation.
The king's most humble servant, I † Fairest maid on Devoo banks ! † S. Farewell, dear mistress of my soul † S. Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies † S. Farewell, thou stream that winding flows + S. Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong † S. Fate gave the word, the arrow sped, † S.
A Mother's Lament for the Death of her Son. First when Maggy was my care, † S. For W. Nicol, one of the Teachers of the High-school of Edinburgh. Ye maggots, feed on Nicol's brain, † Forlorn, my Love, no comfort near, † S. Frae the friends and Land I love, † S. Fragment. Now health forsakes that angel face, † Fragment, inscribed to the Right Hon. Charles James Fox. How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite!† Fragment of an Ode on the Birth-day of Prince Charles Edward.
False flatterer, Hope, away! Friend of the poet tried and leal, †
Poem, addressed to Mr. Mitchell, Collector of Excise,
Dumfries, 1796. From thee, Eliza, I must go, † S. Gane is the day and mirk's the night, † S.
Then Guidwife count the Lawin. Gat ye me, O gat ye me, † S.
The Lass of Ecclefechan. Gloomy December. S. Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December! † Grace after Dinner.
O Thou, in whom we live and move, † Green grow the Rashes. S. There's nought but care on ev'ry han', † Gudeen to you Kimmer, † S. Had I a cave on some wild distant shore, † S. Had I the wyte, had I the wyte, † S. Halloween.
Upon that night, when Fairles light †

O once I lov'd a bonie Lass t

Hark! the mavis' evening sang † S. Hee balon, my sweet wee Donald, † S. The Highland Balon. Her Daddie forbad, her Minnie forbad † S. Jumpin John.

Her flowing locks, the raven's wing t S Here is the glen, and here the bower, † S. Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear † S.

Here's a health to them that's awa † S. Here's his health in water. S. Altho' my back he at the wa', t Here's to thy health, my bonie lass † S.

Hey ca' thro'. S. Up wi' the carls of Dysart † Hey, the dusty miller † S.

Highland Laddie. S. The bonniest lad that e'er I saw t Highland Mary, S.

Powers celestial whose protection t Holy Willie's Prayer. O Thou wha in the heavens dost dwell, t

How can my poor heart be glad, † S. How cruel are the parents † S.

How lang and dreary is the night, † S. How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon, † S.

Husband, husband, cease your strife, † S. I do confess thou art sae fair, † S. I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing, † S.

I gaed a waefu' gate vestreen † S.

I met a lass, a bonie lass† S.

[Almost the whole of this piece occurs in "Donald Brodie met a lass."] I'll ay ca' in by yon town † S.

I'm o'er young to marry. S.
I am my mammy's ae bairn t

Impromptu.

At Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer † Impromptu, on Mrs. —'s Birthday, 4th Nov., 1793. Old winter with his frosty heard †

In Defence of a Lady : at Dalswinton. How daur ye ca' me howlet-faced, † In simmer when the hay was mawn † S.

In vain would Prudence, with decorous sneer, t Innocence looks gaily-smiling on t

Inscription on a Goblet.

'There's death in the cup—sae beware! † Inscription on the Tomb of Robert Fergusson, Poet. No sculptur'd marble here, nor pompous lay, †

It is na, Jean, thy honie face, † S. It was a' for our rightfu' king t S. It was the charming month of May † S.

Jamie, come try me † S. Jenny M'Craw, she has ta'en to the heather, †

Jockey fou, and Jenny fain, † S. Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss, † S.

John Anderson, my Jo, John † S. John Barleycorn. A Ballad. There was three kings into the east t

John, come kiss me now. S.
O John, come kiss me now, now, now, t

Johnny Peep. Here am I, Johnny Peep; †

Katharine Jaffray.

There liv'd a lass in yonder dale, †

Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose?†
Written in an Envelope, enclosing a Letter to Captain Grose. Killiecrankie, S.

Whare hae ye been sae braw, lad! †

Kind Sir, I've read your paper through †
Poem written to a Gentleman who had sent him a Newspaper, and offered to continue it free of Expense. Lady Mary Ann. S. O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa't

Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn.
The wind blew hollow frae the hills, †

Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots, on the Approach of Spring. Now Nature hangs her mantle green t Lament, written when the Author was about to leave his Native

O'er the mist-shrouded cliffs of the lone mountain straying †

Landlady, count the lawin + S. Hey tutti taiti.

Lass, when your mither is frae hame t S.
The Discreet Hint.

Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks. S Now Nature cleeds the flow'ry lea t

Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen + S.

Leezie Lindsay, S. Will ye go to the Highlands, Leezie Lindsay !

Let not woman e'er complain + S.

Letter to John Goudie, Kilmaroock, on the Publication of his Essays.

O Goudie! terror of the Whigs t

Liberty.
Thee, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among †

Lines addressed to Mr. John Ranken. Ae day, as Death, that grusome carl † Lines on a Ploughman, S.

As I was a-wand'ring ae morning in spring t

Lices on Fergusson.
Ill-fated genius! Heaven-taught Fergusson †

Lines sent to Sir John Whiteford of Whiteford, Bart., with Poem "Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn." Thou, who thy hooour as thy God rever'st †

Lioes written on Mrs. Kemble as Yarico. Kemble, thou cur'st my unbelief

Lines written Extempore in a Lady's Pocket-book. Grant me, indulgent heaven, that I may live t Lines written on a Window, in Friar's Carse Hermitage. To Riddell, much lamented man †

Lines written on a Window, at the King's Arms Tavern, Dumfries. Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering †

Lines written on the Back of a Bank Note. Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf †

Lines written on Windows of the Globe Tavern, Dumfries. written on windows of the Globe Lavern, Dunfirles.
1. The greybeard, old wisdom, may boast of his treasures †
2. I murder hate by field or flood †
3. The deities that I adore †
4. My bottle is a boly pool †

[This verse also occurs in the song, "Gane is the day, &c."]
5. In politics if thou would'st mix †

Lines written under the Picture of the celebrated Miss Burns. Cease, ye prudes, your envious railing †

Lines wrote by Burns, while on his Death-hed, to J-n R-k-n. He who of R-k-n sang, lies stiff and dead † Louis what reck I by thee † S.

Lovely Davies. S. O how shall I, unskilfu', try t Luckless Fortune. S.

O raging fortune's withering blast † Man was made to Mourn, a Dirge. When chill November's surly blast †

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion † S. Monody, on a Lady famed for her Caprice. How cold is that bosom which folly once fired t

[The Epitaph affixed to this Monody hegins—" Here lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,"].

Montgomerie's Peggy. S.
Altho' my hed was in yon muir t

My bonie Mary. S.
Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine t My Collier Laddie. S.
Whare live ye my bonie lass t

My father was a farmer † S.

My Harry was a gallant gay † S. O for him back again.

My heart was ance as blythe and free † S. To the Weavers gin ye go.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here † S. My Lord a hunting he is gane † S.

My Lady's gown there's gairs upon t

My love she's but a lassie yet † S.

My Love's a winsome wee thing † S.

[Another Sett of this song is headed—"My wife's a win-some wee thing," and hegins—"She is a winsome wee thing."]

My Mary's face, my Mary's form † S.

My Nanie's Awa. S. Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays t

My Sandy gied to me a ring † S. My Wife's a winsome wee thing. S

She is a winsome wee thing f [Another Sett of this song begins—"My Love's a win-some wee thing"].

On Cessnock banks there lives a lass t S.

On Cessnock banks a lassie dwells † S. [Second Sett].

Musing on the roaring ocean t S. Nachody. S. I hae a wife o' my ain † Nature's Law. A Poem humbly inscribed to G. H., Esq. Let other heroes boast their scars † New Psalmody.
O sing a new song to the L-+ No Churchman am I for to rail and to write, † Now bank and brae are clothed in green, † S. Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers t S. Now Spring has clad the grove in green † S Now westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns t S. O ay my Wife she dang me. S. On peace and rest my mind was bent † O bonie was rosy brier † S. O can ye labour lea, young man † S. O gie my love brose, brose † S. O gin ye were dead, Gudeman. S.
There's sax eggs in the pan, gudeman † O gude ale comes, and gude ale goes † S. O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie! † S. O ken ye what Meg o' the mill has gotten? † S. O Lassie, art thou sleeping yet, † S. O lay thy loof in mine, lass † S.
A slave to love's unbounded sway †
The Imploring Lover. O leave novels, ye Mauchline belles t O Logan! sweetly didst thou glide, † S. O Mally's meek, Mally's sweet. S.
As I was walking up the street † O Mary at thy window be † S. O May thy morn was ne'er sae sweet † S. O meikle thinks my love o' my beauty † S. O merry hae I been teethin a heckle † S. O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour † S. O Phely, happy be that day, † S. O poortith cauld, and restless love, † S. O saw ye bonie Lesley † S. O stay, sweet warbling wood-lark, stay t S. O steer her up and haud her gaun † S. O that I had ne'er been married † S. O this is no my ain lassie † S. O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above! t Lying at a Reverend Friend's house one night, the Author left these Verses in the room where he slept. O Tibbie! I hae seen the day t S. Yestreen I met you on the moor † O wat ye wha that lo'es me † S. O wat ye wha's in you town f S. O wat we what my minnie did † S. O were I on Parnassus hill † S. O were my love yon lilac fair, † S. O wert thou in the cauld blast † S. O wha my babie-clouts will buy? † S.
The rantin dog, the daddie o't. O whare did ye get that hauver-meal bannock? † S. Bonie Dundee. O when she cam ben she bobbed fu' law † S. When she cam ben she bobbed. O whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad † S. O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut † S. Ode, Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. -- of -----Dweller in yon dungeon dark † Of a' the airts the wind can blaw † S Oh, how can I be blythe and glad † S. Oh, open the door, some pity to shew † S. On a hank of flowers one summer's day † S.

On a Schoolmaster in Cleish Parish, Fifeshire.

Here lie Willie M—hie's hanes†
On a Scotch Bard gone to the West Indies.
A' ye wha live by sowps o' drink †

On an Evening View of the Ruins of Lincluden Castle. Ye holy walls, that, still sublime †

On an Empty Fellow.
Of lordly acquaintance you beast †

On Burns's Horse heing Impounded. Was e'er puir Poet sae befitted †

On Commissary Goldie's Brains. Lord, to account who dares thee call t On Dining with Lord Daer. This wot ye all whom it concerns t On Lord G. No Stewart art thou G-On Miss Jessy Lewars.
Talk not to me of savages † On Miss J. Scott, of Ayr.
Oh! had each Scot of aucient times t On Mr. W. Cruickshanks. Honest Will's to Heaven gane t On scaring some Water-fowl in Loch-Turit.
Why, ye tenants of the lake † On seeing a Wounded Hare limp by me, which a Fellow had Inhuman man! curse on thy barb'rous art t On seeing the beautiful Seat of Lord G.. What dost thou in that mansion fair? † On the Birth of a Posthumous Child, born in peculiar Circum-stances of Family-distress. Sweet floweret, pledge o' meikle love † On the Death of a Favourite Child.
O sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave † On the Death of a Lap-dog, named Echo. In wood and wild ye warbling throng On the Death of Robert Dundas, Esq., of Arniston, late Lord President of the Court of Session. Loue on the bleaky hills the straying flocks † On the Death of Sir James Hunter Blair.
The lamp of day with ill-presaging glare On the Kirk of Lamington.
As cauld a wind as ever blew t On the late Captain Grose's Peregrinations thro' Scotland, collecting the Antiquities of that Kingdom. Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots t On the late Duke of Queensberry.

How shall I sing Drumlanrig's Grace? † On the Poet's Daughter. Here lies a rose, a budding rose t On Willie Chalmers.
Wi' braw new branks in mickle pride t On Willie Stewart. You're welcome, Willie Stewart t On Window at Stirling. Here Stuarts once in glory reigned † On Window of Cross-Keys Inn, Falkirk. Sound be his sleep and blythe his morn t Once fondly lov'd, and still remember'd dear Written on the blank Leaf of a Copy of the Poems, presented to an old Sweetheart, then married. One fond kiss, and then we sever; † S. Parting for ever, One night as I did wander t Out over the Forth I look to the north † S. Peggy Chalmers, S. Where, braving angry winter's storms † Phillis the Fair. S. While larks with little wing Poem on Life, addressed to Colonel De Peyster, Dumfries, 1796. My honored colonel, deep I feel t Poem on Pastoral Poetry. Hail Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd!† Poetical Address to Wm. Tytler. Copy of a Poetical Address to Mr. William Tytler with the Present of the Bard's Picture. Revered defender of heauteous Stuart † Poetical Inscription, for an Altar to Independence. Thou of an independent mind † Polly Stewart. S. O Lovely Polly Stewart † Poor Mailie's Elegy. Lament in rhyme, lament in prose t Postscript to "The Kirk's Alarm."
Afton's Laird, Afton's Laird

Prologue, spoken at the Theatre, Dumfries, on New-Year's-day Evening, 1790.

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city t

Prologue, spoken by Mr. Woods on his Benefit Night, 16th Ap., 1787. When by a geoerous Public's kind acclaim t

Rattlin, Roarin Willie, S. O Rattlin, roarin Willie t

Raving winds around her blowing † S.

Remorse. A Fragment.
Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace †

Reply to a Reproof. Like Aesop's Lion, Burns says, sore I feel t

Reproof by Himself, for writing on Window at Stirling.
Rash mortal, and shaderous Poet, thy name t

Robin shure in Hairst. S.

I gned up to Dunse t

Ronalds of Bennals.

In Tarbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men t Rusticity's ungainly form †
Apologetic, to Mrs. Lawrie, Manse, Newmills.

Sne far awn. S.
O snd and beavy should I part t

Sae flaxen were her ringlets † S.

Sad thy tale, thou idle page†
On reading in a Newspaper the Death of J—M·L—, Esq.,
Brother to a Young Lady, a particular Friend of the Author's

Saw ye my Phely? S

e my Fuely? S.
O saw ye my dear, my Phely?†
[The third Stanza of this Song is identical with words in "Eppie M'Nab"—only with change of dramatis personæ.]

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure † S.

Scotch Drink.

Let other Poets raise a fracas t

Scots Prologue, for Mr. Sutherland's Benefit Night, spoken at the Theatre, Dumfries. What needs this din about the town o' Lon'on?†

Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled; † S. Robert Bruce's Address to his Army at Bannockburn. Scroggam. S.

There was a wife wonn'd in Cockpen, Scroggam t

Searching auld wives' barrels †
An Extemporaneous Effusion on being appointed to the Excise.

Second Epistle to Davie, a Brother Poet.
I'm three times, doubly, o'er your debtor Sensibility, how charming † S.

Sent to a Gentleman whom he had offended.

The friend whom wild from wisdom's way t

She's fair and fause that causes my smart † S.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot † S. Sketch

A little, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight ! Sketch. New Year's Day. To Mrs. Dunlop. This day, Time winds th' exhausted chain †

Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature † S.

Slow spreads the gloom my soul desires † S.

Somehody, S. My heart is sair, I darena tell t

Sonnet, on the Death of Mr. Riddel. No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more t

Sonnet, written on the 25th Jan., 1793, the Birthday of the Author, on hearing a Thrush sing in a morning Walk. Sing on sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough †

Spoke extempore to a young Lady.
From the white blossom'd sloe my dear Chloe requested †

Stay, my charmer, can you leave me? † S. Streams that glide in orient plains,† S. Sweet fa's the eve on Craigieburn † S.

Sweetest May let love inspire thee † S.

Symon Gray †
To a Poetaster at Dunse.

Talk not of Love, it gives me pain † S. Tam Glen. S. My heart is a-breaking, dear titty t

Tam o' Shanter. A Tale. When chapmen billies leave the street, †

Tam Samson's Elegy. Has auld K******* seen the Deil? †

That there is falsehood in his looks †
On hearing that there was Falsehood in the Rev. Dr.
B-'s very Looks.

The Answer to the Guidwife of Wauchope House. I mind it weel in early date !

The auld man he came over the lent S

The Author's earnest Cry and Prayer, to the Right Honorable and Honorable, the Scotch Representatives in the House of Commons

Ye Irish Lords, ye knights an' squires, t Postscript, to above. Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies t

The Banks of Doon, S.
Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon t

The Banks of Nith, S. The Thames flows proudly to the sea t

The Battle of Sherra-Moor. S.
O cam we here the fight to shun t

The Belles of Manchline. In Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles t

The Black-Headed Eagle The black-headed Eagle t

The bonic Lass of Albany. S.
My heart is wae, and noco wae

The Book-Worms. Through and through the inspired leaves t

The Brigs of Ayr.

The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough †

The Calf. Right, Sir! your text I'll prove it true t

The Captain's Lady. S. When the drums do beat #

The Captive Ribband, S.

Dear Myra, the captive ribhand's mine t The enrdin o't, &c. S.

I coft a stane o' haslock woo !

The Catrine woods were yellow seen † S.

The Contented Cottager. S.
Oh leeze me on my spinning-wheel †

The Cooper o' cuddy cam here awa † S.

The Cotter's Saturday Night.
My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend t

The day returns, my bosom burns † S. The Dean of Faculty. A New Ballad. Dire was the hate at old Harlaw †

The Death and dying Words of poor Mailie.
As Mailie, an' her lambs thegither †

The deil cam' fiddlin' thro' the town, † S Song, written and sung at a meeting of Excise officers.

The Deuks dang o'er my Daddie. S.
The bairns gat out wi' an unco shout † The Election Ballads.

I. The Five Carlines.

There was five carlines in the south † II. Whom will you send to London town t

III. Fy, let us a' to Kirkeudbright † IV. Wha will huy my troggin †

V. John Bushby's Lamentation. Twas in the seventeen hundred year †

VI. Epistle to R. Graham, Esq., of Fintry. Fintry, my stay in worldly strife †

The Farewell. Farewell, old Scotia's bleak domains t

The Farewell. To the Brethren of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton. Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu! †

The Fête Champetre.
O wha will to Saint Stephen's house †

The First Psalm.

The man, in life where-ever plac'd †

The First six Verses of the Ninetieth Psalm O Thou, the first, the greatest friend †

The gloomy night is gath'ring fast † S.

The gowden Locks of Anna. S. Yestreen I had a pint o' wine †

The heather was blooming, the meadows were mawn † S.

The Henpecked Husband.

Curs'd be the man, the poorest wretch in life †

The Hermit.

Whoe'er thou art, these lines now reading †

The Highland Lassie. S.

Nae gentle dames, tho e'er sae fair t

The Highland Widow's Lament. S. Oh, 1 am come to the low countrie t

The Holy Fair.
Upon a simmer Sunday morn t

The Twa Dogs, A Tale.
'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle †

O a' ye pious godly flocks t

The Twa Herds.

The Honest Man the best of Men. S Where's he for honest poverty †
Is there for honest poverty † The Humble Petition of Bruar Water.
My Lord, I know, your noble ear † The Inventory. Sir, as your mandate did request † The Jolly Beggars: A Cantata. R. I. When lyart leaves bestrow the yird † I. I am a Son of Mars who have been in many S R. II. He ended; and the Kebars shenk † II. I once was a maid the' I cannot tell when \$ S. R. III. Poor Merry Andrew in the nenk + III. Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fon t S. IV. Then niest outspak a raucle Carlin † R S IV. A highland lad my love was born + R V. A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle † S V. Let me ryke up to dight that tear t R VI. Her charms had struck a sturdy caird † S VI. My bonie lass I work in brass t R. VII. The Caird prevail'd-th' unblushing fair t VII. I am a Bard of no regard t R. VIII. So sung the Bard-and Nansie's waws t S. VIII. See the smoking bowl before us t The Joyful Widower, S. I married with a scolding wife t The Kirk's Alarm. Orthodox, orthodox, wha believe in John Knox † The Laddies by the banks o' Nith † S. The Lament. Occasioned by the unfortunate Issue of a Friend's Amour.
O Thou pale Orb, that silent shines † The Lass that made the bed to me. S.
When January winds were blawing cauld t The last braw bridal that I was at † S. The last time I came o'er the Moor † S. [This song is almost identical, especially in the last stanza, with the Song—" Farewell, thou stream, &c."] The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill # S. The League and Covenant.
The Solemn League and Covenant † The lovely lass of Inverness + S. The night was still, and o'er the hill t The noble Maxwells and their Powers † S. Nithsdale's Welcome Hame, The Ordination.

K******** Wabsters, fidge an' claw † The Ploughman he's a bonie lad † S. The Poor Thresher. S. A Nobleman liv'd in a village of late t The Posie. S. O Love will venture in, where it darena weel be seen t The Rights of Woman.
While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things † The Rigs o' Barley. S.
It was upon a Lammas night † The Ruined Maid's Lament.
O meikle do l rue, fause love † The Selkirk Grace. Some bae meat and canna eat t The Slave's Lament, S. It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthral t The small birds rejoice on the green leaves returning † S The Sons of old Killie, S.

Ye sons of old Killie assembled by Willie i The sun he is sunk in the west † S.

The Tarbolton Lasses.

The tither morn † S. The Toast.

If ye gae up to yon hill-tap t The Taylor fell thro' the bed, thimble an' a' † S. The Taylor he cam here to sew † S.
The Taylor.

"The Tears I shed."
No cold approach, no alter'd mien †

Fill me with the rosy wine † The Tree of Liberty.

Heard ye o' the Tree o' France †

The Union, S. Fareweel to a' our Scotish fame †
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation. The Vision. The sun had clos'd the winter-day, t The Vowels. 'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are ply'd \dagger The weary Pund o' Tow. S.
I bought my wife a stane o' lint † The Whistle I sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth t The winter it is past, and the summer comes at last † S. The young Highland Rover, S.
Lond blaw the frosty breezes † Their groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon t S. Theniel Menzie's bonie Mary. S. In coming by the brig o' Dye † There came a piper out o' Fife † There grows a bonie brier bush in our kail-yard † S. There liv'd ance a carle in Kellyburn-braes t S. There was a bonie lass + S. There was a lad was born in Kyle † S. There was a lass, and she was fair † S. There's a youth in this city, it were a great pity f S. There's naethin like the honest nappy ! † There's auld Rob Morris that wons in you glen t S. There's news, lasses, news † S. Thickest night surround my dwelling † S. Thine am I my faithful fair t S. Third Epistle to J. Lapraik. Guid speed an' furder to you Johny † The Northern Lass. Thou hast left me ever, Tam t S Though fickle Fortune has deceiv'd me t S. [The first Stanza of this Song is almost the same as the last four lines of "1 dream'd I lay," &c.] Tibbie Dunbar, S. O wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar t (Mossgiel-1786) —. (Mossgiel—1760). Yours this moment I unseal † To a Haggis. Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face t To a Kiss. Humid seal of soft affections t To a Lady, with a Present of a Pair of Drinking Glasses. Fair Empress of the Poet's soul † To a Louse. Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowlan ferlie † To a Medical Gentleman, inviting him to a Masonic Meeting. Friday first's the day appointed † To a Mountain-Daisy, on turning one down with the Plough. Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r † To a Monse. Wee, sleeket, cowran, tim'rous beastie † To a Painter. Dear — -, I'll gie ye some advice † To a Voung Lady, Miss Jessy L-, Dumfries. Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair † To Captain Riddel, Glenriddel.
Your news and review, Sir. I've read t To Chloris.
'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend t To Clarinda. Before I saw Clarinda's face † Song, in the Character of a Ruined Farmer. To Clarinda.
"I burn, 1 burn, as when through ripen'd corn † The blude red rose at Ynle may blaw t To Dr. Blacklock.
Wow, but your letter made me vauntie! f To Dr. Maxwell, on Miss Jessy Straig's Recovery. Maxwell, if merit here you crave † To Gavin Hamilton, Esq., Mauchline (recommending a boy)
I hold it, Sir, my hounden duty † To John M'Murdo. O, could I give thee India's wealth t

To J. Soose.

Dear Soose, the sleest, pawkie thief t

To John Taylor.

With Pegasus upon a day t To Lord G.

Spare me thy vengeance, G- +

To Mary, Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary † To Mary in Heaven.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray t To Miss Ainslie while looking for a Text at Church. Fair maid, you need not take the hint t

To Miss C., a very young Lady.
Beauteous rose-bud, young and gay t

To Miss Ferrier. Nae heatheo came shall I prefix †

To Miss Fontenelle. Sweet naiveté of feature †

To Miss Graham of Fintry, with a Present of Songs. Here, where the Scottish muse immortal lives

To Miss L., with Beattie's Poems for a New-Year's Gift. Again the silent wheels of time

To Mr. John Kennedy.
Now Kennedy, if foot or horse †
To Mr. M'Adam, of Craigen-Gillan.
Sir, o'er a gill 1 gat your card †

To Mr. Renton, of Lamerton, near Berwick. Your hillet, Sir, I grant receipt !

To Mr. S**e, with a Present of a dozen of Porter.
O had the malt thy strength of mind †

To Mr. Peter Stuart, publisher of "The Star," London. Dear Peter, dear Peter f

To R***** G***** of F*****, Esq.
Late crippled of an arm, and now a leg †

To Robert Graham, Esq. of Fintry, on receiving a Favor. I call no goddess to inspire my strains

To Ruin.
All hail! inexorable lord!!

To Terraughty, on his Birth-day.

Health to the Maxwells' yet'ran Chief t

To the Rev. John M'Math. While at the stook the shearers cow'r f

To thee, lov'd Nith. thy gladsome plains † S. To William Creech.

Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest †

To W. Simpson, Ochiltree.

I gat your letter, winsome Willie !

Tragic Fragment. All devil as I am, a damned wretch t

True hearted was he the sad swaio of the Yarrow t S.

Turn again, thou fair Eliza † S.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green † S.
'Twas even; or, the Lass o' Ballochmyle. Twas na ber bonie blue e'e was my ruin : † S.

Up in the Morning early. S.

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west †

Verse written on a Pane of Glass, on the occasion of a National Thanksgiving for a Naval Victory. Ye hypocrites! are these your pranks?†

Verses addressed to the Landlady of the Inn at Rosslyn.
My blessings on you, sonsie wife †

Verses addressed to J. Ranken. I am a keeper of the law

Verses intended to be written below a noble Earl's Picture. Whose is that noble, dauntless brow?

Verses written on a Window of the Inn at Carron. We cam' na here to view your warks

Verses written under violent Grief. Accept the gift a friend sincere !

Wae is my heart, and the tear's in my e'e t S. Wandering Willie, S.

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie ! Wantonness for ever mair + S.

Wee Willie Gray, an' his leather wallet + S.

Wha is that at my bower door? † S.

What ails ye now, ye lousie b-h+ Robert Burns' Answer to an Epistle from a Taylor.

What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man † S.

What will I do gin my Hoggie die? + S. When clouds in skies do come together t

When first I came to Stewart Kyle + S. When first I saw fair Jeanie's face † S.

When I think on the happy days t

When o'er the hill the eastern star † S. When wild War's deadly blast was blawn t S.

Where are the joys I have met in the morning # S.

Where Cart rins rowing to the sea † S.

Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene?†
Stanzas on the same Occasion as the Poem entitled "A
Prayer in the Prospect of Death." Why, why tell thy lover † S.

Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed † S. Willie Wastle's Wife.

Will ye go and marry Katie ? † S. Wilt thou be my dearie? + S.

Winter, a Dirge.
The Wintry West extends his blast † Women's Minds, S.

The women's minds like winter winds †
[Stanzas 2nd, 4th, 5th of this Song same as Stanzas in
another Sett of the Song in "The Jolly Beggars.] Written on a Blank Leaf of one of Miss Hannah More's Works

which she had given him. Thou flattering mark of friendship kind

Written in Friars-Carse Hermitage on Nith-side. Thou whom chance may hither lead Written in the Hermitage at Friars-Carse,

Thou whom chance may hither lead †

[The first 8 lines and the last 2 lines of this piece occur
in the preceding version.]

Written with a Pencil over the Chimney-piece in the Parlour of the Inn at Kenmore, Taymouth, Admiring Nature in her wildest grace

Written under the Portrait of Fergusson, the Poet.
Curse on ungrateful man, that can be pleas'd

Written with a Pencil, standing by the Fall of Fyers, Among the heathy hills and ragged woods Ye hanks, and braes, and streams around † S.

Ve banks and braes o' bonie Doon † S.

[Another Sett of this Song is entitled—"The Banks of Doon".]

Ve hae lien wrang, Lassie. S. Vour rosy cheeks are turned sae wan t

Ve Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear f S. Ve true "Loyal Natives," attend to my song f

Von wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide † S.

Young Jamie, pride of a' the plain f S. Voung Tockey was the blythest lad t S.

Young Peggy blooms our bonniest lass † S.



SUBSCRIBERS.



SUBSCRIBERS.

Aberdeen University Library (per Messrs. D. Wyllie & Son), Aberdeen.	Brook, Joss, Esq. (per Messrs. Brook & Chrystal), Sunnyside, Old Trafford, Manchester.
Aberdeen Public Library (A. W. Robertson, Esq., M.A.,	Brown & Co., A., Messrs., Aberdeen.
Librarian), Aberdeen.	Brown, William, Esq. (two copies), Edinburgh.
Allen, E. G., Esq. (two copies), London.	Bruce, R. T. Hamilton, Esq., Edinburgh.
Anderson, A. W., Esq., Oriental Club, London.	Bryce & Son, David, Messrs., Glasgow.
Anderson, Rev. F. F., M.A., . Whithorn, Wigtownshire.	Burnett, D., Esq., Bathgate.
Anderson, George Gray, Esq., Primrose Hill, London.	Burns, James, Esq., London,
Anderson, Sir James, London.	7.5
Anderson, James, Esq., M.D., London.	Burns, William, Esq., Partick.
Anderson, J. Ford, Esq., M.D., London.	
Anderson, John, Esq.,	Cambridge Free Library (J. Pink, Esq., Librarian), Cambridge.
Anderson, John, Esq., Printer, Glasgow.	Cameron, Charles, Esq., LL.D., M.P., Glasgow.
Anderson, John, Esq., Denham Green, Edinburgh.	Cameron, Hugb, Esq., Govanhill.
Anderson & Son, John, Messrs., Dumfries.	Campbell, James Alexander, Esq., LL.D., M.P., of Stracathro.
Anderson, R., Esq. (per Messrs, A. Brown & Co.), Aberdeen.	Campbell, James, Esq., of Tulliechewan.
Anderson, Robert, Esq., Ann Street Press, Glasgow.	Campbell, James, Esq., . West Regent Street, Glasgow.
	Campbell, J. Edward, Esq., Paisley.
	Carswell, John, Esq., Shortlands, Kent.
Anderson, William, Esq., Stationer,	Cassells, John, Esq.,
	Chalmers, The Rev. Andrew, Wakefield.
Armstroog, Thomas J., Esq.,	Chamberlain, Richard, Esq., M.P., Birmingham.
Arthur, James, Esq.,	Chrystal, R. Scott, Esq. (per Messrs. Brook & Chrystal).
Arthur, Matthew, Esq.,	Urmston, Manchester.
Arthur, T. G., Esq.,	Claytou, G., Esq., London.
Athenæum Club Library (H. R. Tedder, Esq., Librarian), London.	Clinkskill, John A., Esq., London.
Atkinson Free Library (Thomas Newman, Esq., Librarian),	Coats, Peter, Esq. (two copies), Paisley.
Southport.	Colquhoun, Bailie James, Glasgow.
	Cook, James, Esq.,
	Cook, James William, Esq., Snaresbrook, Essex.
Baird, J. G. A., Esq., Adamton, Monkton.	Core, Professor (per Messrs. Brook & Chrystal), Manchester.
Ballantine, Alexander, Esq., Edinburgh.	Cornish Brothers, Messrs., Birmingham.
Bayliss, William, Esq.,	Corry, Thomas Charles Steuart, Esq., M.D., M.R.C.S.Eng.,
Begg, R. Burns, Esq., Sheriff-Clerk of Kinross-shire.	Belfast.
Belfast Burns Club (R. Millar, Esq., Hon. Secy.), . Belfast.	Cowan, James, Esq., Rosshall, Paisley.
Bennett, William, Esq., Ardlui, Pollokshields.	Craig, John, Esq.,
Beveridge, David, Esq., Detroit, U.S.A.	Crnig, William, Esq.,
Bickers & Son, Messrs., London.	Cree, Thomas S., Esq.,
Bilsland, Councillor William,	Crerar, Duncan M'Gregor, Esq., New York.
Birmingham Free Library (per Messrs, Cornish Brothers),	Croll, John, Esq.,
Birmingham. Birmingham Old Library (per Messrs. Cornish Brothers), Birmingham.	Crosby, John, Esq.,
	Davidson, Frank, Esq., Birmingham.
	Davidson, Hugh, Esq., Braedale, Lanark.
Blair, Archibald Steel, Esq., Downhill, Glasgow.	Davidson, James. Esq., Insurance Manager (per Messrs. A.
Bolton, J. C., Esq., M.P., Carbrook, Larbert.	Brown & Co.), Aberdeen.
Boston Athenæum (per Messrs, Trübner & Co.), Mass., U.S.A.	Davidson, John, Esq., Glasgow.
Boston Public Library (per Messrs, Trübner & Co.) Mass., U.S.A.	Demmon, Isaac N., Esq., Michigan, U.S.A.
Boyle, Robert Whelan, Esq., London.	Dick, John, Esq., J.P., of Craigengelt, Edinburgh.
Bradshaw, Christopher, Esq., Manchester.	
	Dickson, Dr. Archibald, Edinburgh.
Bremner, G. W. M'Ewen, Esq., , , , Glasgow,	Dickson, Dr. Archibald,
	Dickson, Divinculum,
Brodie, T. D., Esq., W.S., of Gairdoch, (five copies), Edinburgh. Brogan, A. D., Esq. (two copies),	Dickson, George, Esq.,

Douglas & Foulis, Messrs. (three copies), . Edinburgh.	Hill, George W., Esq., Union Bank, Glasgow.
Downing, William, Esq., Birmingham.	Hodges, Figgis, & Co., Messrs. (two copies) Dublin.
Dudgeon, Patrick, Esq., of Cargen (per Messrs. John	Hogg, James, Esq., Bellshill.
Anderson & Son), Dumfries.	Holmes, Rohert L., Esq. (two copies), Glasgow.
Dudley, George, Esq., The Standard, Kilmarnock.	Howat, D. G., Esq., Glasgow.
Dumfries Courier and Herald, Dumfries.	Howell, Edward, Esq., Liverpool.
Duncan, James Dalrymple, Esq., F.R.S.E., Glasgow.	Hoyt Public Library, Michigan, U.S.A.
Dundee Free Library (J. M'Lauchlan, Esq., Librarian—two	Hozier, James, Esq., M.P., London.
copies),	Hunter, James, Esq., Provost of Govanbill.
Dundee Burns Club (John Beat, Esq., Librarian), . Dundee.	Hutcheson, David, Esq., Library of Congress,
Dunlop, W. H., Esq., Ayr.	Washington, D.C., U.S.A.
Duno, James H., Esq., Paisley.	Hutchison, David, Esq., Pittsburgh, Pa., U.S.A.
Earl, Robert, Esq. (per Messrs. Brook & Chrystal),	Hutt, William, Esq., London.
Urmston, Manchester.	Seelle Lebe Fee
Easton, Walter, Esq., Glasgow.	Inglis, John, Esq., Dowanhill, Glasgow.
Edinburgh University Library (H. O. Webster, Esq.,	Jack, Professor William, LL.D., University, Glasgow.
Librarian), Edinburgh.	Jacks, William, Esq., Glasgow.
Ellis, T. Leonard, Esq., Dudley House, Coatbridge.	Jackson, Richard, Esq., Leeds.
	Jamieson, George Auldjo, Esq., Edinburgh.
Fawn & Son, James, Messrs., Bristol.	Johnston, Alexander, Esq., London.
Findlay, J. R., Esq., Edinburgh.	Johnston, George P., Esq., Edinburgh.
Fisher, Edward, Esq., F.S.A.Scot., Newton Abbat.	Johnston, Henry, Esq., Glasgow.
Fleming, J. B., Esq., Beaconsfield, Kelvinside.	Johnstone, The Hon. John (per Messrs. A. C. M'Clurg & Co.),
Fletcher, Falconar, & Co., Messrs., Scotswood-on-Tyne.	Milwankee, Wis., U.S.A.
Foote, C. B., Esq., New York.	Johnston, Thomas, Esq., Sunderland.
Frazer, Daniel, Esq., Garelochhead.	Johnston, T. B., Esq., F.R.S.E., Edinburgh.
Freeland, William, Esq.,	Jones, Edward James, Esq., Dalmonach, Bonhill.
Garrat & Co., J. E., Messrs London.	
Geddes, James L., Esq., Peterculter.	Kay, Arthur, Esq.,
Gibson, Robert, Esq., Pittville, Portobello.	Kerr, Rev. John, M.A., Dirleton (per Mr. James C. Hitt), Edinburgh.
Gilfillan, The Rev. Robert T., . The Manse, Lochwinnoch.	King, Walter, Esq., Paisley.
Gilmour, Mrs. (per Messrs, Macneur & Bryden, Helensburgh).	King, W. Y., Esq., H.M. Inspector of Schools, Melrose.
Row.	Kirkwood, William, Esq. (per Messrs. A. C. M'Clurg & Co.),
Gladstone Library, National Liberal Club (Arthur W.	Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.
Hutton, Esq., Librarian), London.	Knott, John Freeman, Esq., A.B., M.B., M.R.I.A., &c.,
Glasgow, The Library of the Faculty of Procurators in.	Dublin.
Glasgow Athenæum (James Lauder, Esq., Secretary), Glasgow.	7 1 A C P
Goddard, Edwin, Esq., Newton Abbot.	Lamb, A. C., Esq.,
Gonrlay, Robert, Esq., Bank of Scotland, Glasgow.	Lamb, James B., Esq., Paisley.
Gow, David, Esq., Glasgow.	Lang, jr., William, Esq., F.C.S., Partick.
Graham, James, Esq., Dundaff, Paisley.	Langley, Miss, Reading.
Graham, Thomas, Esq., M.D., Paisley.	Lawson, Robert, Esq.,
Grant, James, Esq., Glasgow,	Lennox, James, Esq., F.S.A.Scot.,
Gray, George, Esq., Clerk of the Peace, Glasgow.	Lilburn, Charles, Esq., Sunderland.
Greig, P., Esq., Snaresbrook.	Little, Brown, & Co., Messrs., Boston, U.S.A.
Groundwater, J. R., Esq. (per Messrs. Brook & Chrystal),	Lockwood & Son, Messrs. Crosby, (two copies), . London. Logan, The Rev. Robert, Abington, Lanarkshire.
Urmston, Manchester.	
Halliday, A., Esq., New York.	Logan, Rohert, Esq., Vestry Hall, Bow, London. London Library (Robert Harrison, Esq., Librarian), London.
Hamilton, James, Esq., Glasgow.	London, James, Esq., Pollokshields.
Hamilton, John, Esq., Glasgow.	Love, George, Esq. (four copies), Glasgow.
Harrington, J. P., Esq., Port-Glasgow.	zore, cempe, rag. (tout copies), Glasgow.
Harrington, Robert, Esq., Crosshill.	M'Clurg, A. C., & Co., Messrs., . Chicago, III., U.S.A.
Harvard College Library (per Messrs. Trübner & Co.),	M Cowan, David, Esq., Glasgow.
Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.	M'Culloch, William, Esq., London.
Hay, Miss Alice, London.	Macdonald, A. G., Esq., Glasgow.
Henderson, W. Glen, Esq., Dowanbill, Glasgow.	MacDonald, James, Esq., London.
Hennedy, David, Esq., Glasgow.	Macdonald, R., Esq., London.
Higginbotham, Charles T., Esq. (two copies), Glasgow.	M'Fadyen, Angus, Esq., Glasgow.

Macfarlane, H., Esq., Paisley.	Nowery, William, Esq., Glasgow.
M'Gaan, John, Esq., Liverpool.	
MacGavin, John, Esq., L.R.C.P., &c., . Greenwich.	Outram, David Edmund, Esq., Glasgow.
M'Geachy & Co., James, Messrs. (two copies), . Glasgow.	Glasgow,
Macgregor, John Ross, Esq., Lonend, Paisley.	Delider Deco Cl. Lat. Dat.
M'Innes, Dr. Andrew, Rosario, Argentine Republic.	Paisley Burns Club (J. Edward Campbell, Esq., Secretary),
Milanes Andrew For	Paisley. Parker & Co., Messrs (two copies) Oxford.
MacKeand, Peter, Esq. (two copies).	
MacKeand, Peter, Esq. (two copies). Whauphill, Wigtownshire.	
Makellar, Rev. William, Edinburgh.	Patrick, R. W. Cochran, Esq., LL, D., F,S.A., F,S.A. Scot., of Woodside, Beith.
Mackenzie, J. M., Esq., W.S., Edinburgh.	Peter, Alexander, Esq., Brechin.
Mackenzie, Sir William, K.C.B., C.S I., London.	Peyster, General De, New York.
M'Kie, James, Esq. (two copies), Kilmarnock.	Pitcher, W. N., Esq. (per Messrs. II. Sotheran & Co.),
Mackie, John G., Esq., Auchencairn, Castle-Douglas.	Stretford,
Mackinnon, James, Esq., Glasgow.	Pollok, Robert, Esq., M.D., Laurieston House, Pollokshields,
M'Kinnon, John, Esq., Pollokshields.	Portsmouth Free Public Library (Tweed D. A. Jewers, Esq.,
Mackintosh, Andrew, Esq., Advocate, Edinburgh.	Librarian), Portsmouth.
Mackintosh, Charles Fraser-, Esq., of Drummond, M.P., London.	Primrose, Councillor John Ure, Ibrox, Glasgow.
	Provand, A. D., Esq., M.P., London.
Maclagan, Sir Douglas, M.D., Edinburgh.	
M'Laurin, Peter, Esq., Cartside, Renfrewshire.	Quantitab Research Page Bublisher (surgested)
Maclean, Kenneth, Esq. (per Messrs. Brook & Chrystal),	Quaritch, Bernard, Esq., Publisher (two copies) . London.
Rusholme, Manchester.	n 4 (11 m)
MacLehose & Son, Messrs. James, Glasgow.	Reform Club, The, London.
Macmillan, Alexander, Esq, London.	Reid, George, Esq Transylaw, Dunfermline.
Macmillan & Bowes, Messrs. (two copies), . Cambridge.	Reid, H. G., Esq., H.M.S.O., London.
M'Nab, John, Esq., Midtownfield, Howwood.	Roberts, John, Esq., London.
Macpherson, Bailie H. S., Glasgow.	Roger, J. C., Esq., F.R.A.S., . The Grange, Walthamstow.
M'Quhae, Joho, Esq., Dumfries.	Rosehery, The Right Hon. the Earl of, Dalmeny.
Maitland, William Herries, Esq., Glasgow.	Ross, David, Esq., M.A., B.Sc., LL.D., Glasgow.
Manchester Athenæum Library (per J. E. Cornish, Esq.),	Rottenburg, F., Esq.,
Manchester.	Rottenburg, Paul, Esq., Glasgow.
Manchester Free Reference Library (C. W. Sutton, Esq.,	Roy, W. G., Esq., S.S.C., Edinburgh.
Librarian), Manchester.	Royal Exchange (G. B. M. Beatson, Esq., Manager and
Martin, Edward, Esq., Glasgow.	Secretary),
Mason, Thos., Esq., Bellahouston, Glasgow.	Russell, James E., Esq., M.D., LL.D., Glasgow.
Matheson, Col. Sir Donald, K.C.B., Glasgow.	
Matheson, D. M., Esq., Collector, Inland Revenue, Glasgow,	Scott, Colin William, Esq.,
Lenzie.	Scott, Frederic, Esq., Sheffield.
Menzies & Co, John, Messrs., Glasgow.	Scott, James Porteons, Esq., Glasgow.
Merry, Colonei James, Glasgow.	Shearer, Bailie John, Merrylee, Cathcart.
Miller, T. P., Esq., J.P., Cambuslang.	Sinclair, David, Esq., Craig Ard, Sydenbam.
Miller, W. M., Esq.,	Sinton, George Stewart, Esq., Edinburgh.
Milman, Rev. Wm. H., Librarian, Sion College, . London.	Smith, William, Esq., Secretary, Royal Scottish Society of
Milne, A. & R., Messrs. (two copies), Aberdeen.	Painters in Water Colours,
Mitchell, William C., Esq., Glasgow.	
Mitchell Library (F. T. Barrett, Esq., Librarian), . Glasgow.	50116), 110-111,17
Molyneux, Nathan, Esq., Lancaster.	Dotto
Morison, James, Esq., Glasgow.	South Shields Public Free Library (J. Pike, Esq., Secretary),
Morison, James B., Esq., Greenock.	South Shields.
Morpeth Mechanics' Institute (James Ferguson, Esq.,	Stair, The Right Hon. the Earl of, K.T.,
Secretary and Librarian), Morpeth.	Oxenfoord Castle, Dalkeith.
Mowat, Daniel Gunn, Esq.,	Stark, Andrew, Esq.,
Muir, William, Esq., Strathbungo.	
Newcastle-upon-Tyne Public Library (W. J. Haggerston,	Stevenson, James C., Esq., M.P., South Shields.
Esq., Chief Librarian), Newcastle.	Stewart, Andrew, Esq., The People's Friend, Dundee.
Nicol, James, Esq., City Chamberlain Glasgow.	Stewart, Colonel James T., Edinburgh.
Nimmo, John C., Esq., London.	Stuart, James Hay, Esq., Commercial Bank, Glasgow.
Nottingham Free Public Reference Library (J. P. Briscoe,	Sydney Free Public Library (per Messrs, Trübner & Co.), Sydney, N.S.W.
Esq., Librarian), Nottingham.	Syandy, Artistic.

Taylor, Mat., Esq., New York.	Waggoner, Marshall O., Esq., Toledo, Ohio, U.S.A.
Thin, James, Esq. (four copies), Edinburgh.	Waldron, J. W., Esq., Middle Temple, London,
Thompson, James, Esq., Kelvinside.	Walker, Edwin, Esq., Craigmohr, Huddersfield.
Thomson, James, Esq., F.G.S., Glasgow.	Wallace, Bailie H., Glasgow.
Thomson, Mitchell, Esq., Edinburgh.	Wallace, John, Esq., Glasgow.
Thomson, M. C., Esq., Glasgow.	Waugh, Edwin, Esq., New Brighton, Cheshire,
Thorne, Thomas, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne.	Whitelaw, Alexander, Esq., Rowmore, Helenshurgh.
Tinkler, Rev. John, M.A., Arkengarth-dale Vicarage,	Wildridge, Gilhert J., Esq., Dalkeith.
Yorkshire.	Williams, Henry, Esq., London.
Trühner & Co., Messrs., London.	Wilson, David, Esq., Glasgow.
Turnbull, John, Jun., M.I.M.E., Glasgow.	Wilson, Ex-Preceptor,
Turner, Frederick J., Esq., Mansfield.	Wood, Alexander, Esq. (per Messrs. James M'Geachy & Co.,
	Glasgow), Saltcoats.
Underwood, F. H., Esq., LL.D., United States Consul,	Woodrow, John, Esq , Keighley, Yorkshire.
Glasgow.	Wordie, John, Esq., Glasgow.
	Wotherspoon, J. B., Esq., Paisley.
Vassie, Dr. A. H., Kirkcaldy.	Wright, Joseph, Esq., Glasgow.
Veitch, Professor John, LL.D., . University, Glasgow.	Wylie, Robert, Esq.,









R.f. PR.. 4345 R4





NOT FOR CIRCULATION

